PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.] THE winter seems disposed to give our weath-

er prophets We have had wind and frost in plenty, to the great joy of the Club des Patineurs, which has just published a most promising programme of its *fetes*. The first meeting of the members on the lake of the Bois de Boulogne will certainly be an interfrom Moscow, has defied our most renowned lady skaters. The challenge was at once accepted by a young American belle, Miss Hwhose exploits were much admired during the short winter of 1868. A Polish marquise, a Swedish countess, and two English ladies have since entered the lists, so that a simple duel is about to become an international tournament. As a French female champion had in vain been sought for, a very young man, son of a celebra-ted Parisian diplomatist, disguised himself last Wednesday and nobly endeavored to save the credit of his fair countrywomen. His beardless chin allowed him to act the part of Chérubin; and fashionably attired by the famous Worth, he presented himself at the office of the Club, where he asked to be inscribed under the name of his consin, Mlle. De S----. Recognized by a friend, he was of course betrayed and sent to the right-about amidst the laughter of the assembled committee, in spite of the remonstrances of the En-glish governess, who escorted him. This lady's protestations as to the right of her companion to wear petticoats were most amusing. The best of the joke was that the old gentlewoman was quite sincere, for she really thought herself the chaperon of the female cousin of her pupil. Our Chérnbin, it is said, does not consider himself beaten. How will he manage to pass for a damsel, now that the cat is out of the bag? I hope he may succeed; for although the Empress is an excellent skater, she can not be expected to de-fend the national honor on this occasion.

Her Majesty has just arrived in Paris after a very rough passage across the Mediterranean. The Imperial yacht, after arriving in view of Toulon, had to steer off without landing the tired passengers, and was obliged to take re-fuge in a Corsican port. The next day, notwithstanding the dangerous state of the sea, the Empress insisted upon starting once more. She had promised to be present at the launching of a new frigate, Le Marengo, and was unwilling to disappoint the sailors, to whom her visit always brings a pleasant windfall in the shape of double

rations, extra pay, etc. A great deal has been said about the costly presents offered by the Sultan to his guest and the persons of her suite. The value of the cadeaux has been strangely exaggerated. The decorations distributed are not even enriched with diamonds. The "father of the faithful," among other fa vois, gave her Majesty an admirable likeness of Napoleon III. in tapestry, which has excited the jealousy of the best artists of the Gobelins. This is no doubt a delicate attention, but such gifts will scarcely ruin the Turkish treasury. The fatigue of the voyage has been very great for all the tourists.

The letters of Princess Mathilde to Senator Sainte-Beuve have at last been returned to the writer. This affair, about which so much noise was made, is now at rest. The Princess, although she did not wish her correspondence to be published, allowed her friends to read it at her last Wednesday reception, in order to show that her opinions are neither atheistical nor anti-imperialist. She laughingly parodied the saying of Fred-crick the Great, and exclaimed: "Mon mêtier, à moi, c'est d'être Bonapartiste." And, in good truth, it is her business to be a Bonapartist. It was through the intervention of Madame Jeanne de Tourbey, a friend of the illustrious deceased, that the negotiation, badly managed at first by two male embassadors, was amicably settled. The letters have been exchanged, so that Sainte-Beuve's executors will be enabled to print those of the great critic, which will doubtless prove more interesting than the prose of the Princess. The moral of the story is that women are far better diplomatists than men; but this is a truth which has become a mere truism.

John Bull has long ceased to call the French a nation of frog-eaters; and yet the nickname was never better deserved than nowadays. Of late the importation has increased in a formidable manner. Within the last three weeks a sin-gle dealer of Vance (Grand-duchy of Luxem-burg) dispatched no less than 200,000 frogs to France, and three days back the same purveyor sent off 30,000. The delicacy is exported entire, although the hind-legs alone are eaten. Twentyfive pair of legs cost about sixty centimes, or sixpence. They principally come from the marshy banks o the Gemois, in the above-mentioned For the information of your gastronomduchy. ical readers I may add, that I once ate my share of a blanc de grenouilles prepared by a first-rate cook, and that I innocently fancied I was enjoying a peculiarly tasteless kind of chicken. If frogs are abundant, shop-keepers complain of a dearth of Russians, Germans, Brazilians, or Moldavians. Italy and Spain send us a goodly number of strangers, but mostly political exiles and beggars. As to English visitors, they are birds of passage. Were it not for Messieurs les Yankees the Hôtel de la Paix, the Grand Hôtel, etc., would be almost empty. Let me venture, also, to state, at the risk of having my eyes torn out by some envious *Parisienne*, that American beauty is now triumphant here. Many newspa-pers have mentioned the success obtained at Compiègne by the transatlantic élégantes. At the first representation of "Fidelio," at the Italian Opera, no end of New Yorkaises. Over the Imperial box, occupied on that night by Princess Clotilde, sat Mrs. Aladey and her two daughters, one of whom is about to marry Comte Pourtalès

de Neufchatel. Miss Spencer, of Boston, was also there; she will soon leave for Rome, to be united to Marquis Ricovani dei Cenci. Other marriages are spoken of in fashionable American society: that of Miss Helen Harris, a charming and witty blonde, with Mr. Whiting, a young English writer of much talent; and that of the daughter of General Régis Trobriand, a naturalized American, with Mr. Stears, a rich London merchant.

It appears that Prince Napoleon, unlike his sister Mathilde in that respect, does not consider it his business to be very imperialist. He has sent his eldest son (about seven years old) to a private school of the Rue Caumartin, where only fifteen boarders are received, and he orders (his Highness never requests, he always orders) the masters to call the new pupil Victor. "No mon-seigneur, no altesse impériale, if you please," says the democratical host of the Palais Royal, whose little salaries make a rather large hole in the budget. After all, I ought not to blame his educational plans; for it is not by surrounding his son with cringing flunkeys that he can make a man of his intelligent boy.

Though I seldom speak of books, I am induced to mention "La Reine Sauvage," a most inter-sting novel, by M. Charles d'Héricault. As far

outward appearance is concerned, it is a splendid specimen of typography, and well illustrated. It is a first attempt to introduce a romance as a It is a first attempt to introduce a romance as a gift-book; and the trial deserves to succeed, for "La Reine Sauvage" is fully worthy of the care bestowed on her by the publisher. M. D'Héri-cault's last novel is the work of a poet; although full of incident, it does not belong to the sensa-tional school. The scenery and the characters tional school. The scenery and the characters are living. Both in style and conception it offers an agreeable contrast with the trashy novels which the Parisians are condemned to devour for want of better intellectual food. A French work of fiction which may be laid on the drawing-room table after having been read with deep interest is not easily found, and I can sincerely recommend this one to such of your readers as have a liking for foreign literature.

A visitor whom the *Council* has drawn to Rome gives a flaming account of the animation of the Eternal City. His letter ends with a witty re-Eternal City. His letter ends with a witty re-mark of Pio Nono. A Catholic writer sent the successor of St. Peter the proof sheets of the biography of some newly-canonized worthy. The bachelor biographer was rather severe on one of the doings of his hero, whose name, like that of the visitor mentioned in your late number, is "immaterial." The holy personage "had lived for truth, for justice, and for heaven." But-there is always a but —" there was one snare into which his piety did not prevent him from falling" —he had married! On reading this passage, the Pope exclaimed, "No, no; we must not let that phrase stand! I can not admit that our Church recognizes six sacraments and one snare! X. Y. Z.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADA J. C. — A pinking-iron of any scalloped or notched pattern costs fifty cents. Besides this you will need a mallet and a block of lead or of wood.

S. C. G.—Six yards of silk will make a court train. J. C. G.—We always send patterns on receipt of or-der if we have published them; or if not, as soon as they appear, and hold whatever balance may remain subject to the order of the sender. This explanation will cover your case. Au reste, we subjoin your piquant letter, thinking that it may amuse the readers of the

subject to the order of the sender. This explanation will cover your case. Au veste, we subjoin your piquant letter, thinking that it may amuse the readers of the Bazar as much as it did us:

 "Dram Bazan, - I shall put 'important and strictly fonfidential' on the back of this letter, supposing you to be sufficiently human to read so enticing-looking a document. It is ave private-quite the contrary! I obguile as sweetly confiding public out of its money to be sufficiently human to read so enticing-looking a document. It is ave private-quite the contrary! I obguile as sweetly confiding public out of its money to the yout, and if you'll allow me to retrospect a litter my woes will be divulged.
 "Dring a late severe attact of misguided confidence in printed matter and fashion-plates, I wrote fascing of the point and if you'll allow me to retrospect a litter of a Sailor's Jacket as fascinatingly exhibited in her Magazine. A number of scheduling forth, not on woman's wrongs, but, as becomes the sex, improving our small minds-discuss.
 "There was not a soul spoke up for the Bazar but me, and you ought to have heard my ovalior. Note body dared contradict me, for, as I previously remarked, I am sick, and my 'Medical Faculty' says I must be blighted by opposition.
 There the price of the pattern. The ladies said, 'Why do you so?' I said I was Sallor Jacket crazy (I don't exaggerate; my mother never would let me), and wated one just right; and maybe, if I was liber passion, and not send a thing to make me look quite broken-backed (which I am not, nor ever was).
 "Draw farst compliment. But the pattern I my out size, a beard my of us can weak will send half that money back. Dear Bazar, I believe you might have heard my of us can weak will be alway for the sends a pattern ay ou sug to the heard at thing to make mere look quite back and a string to make the readise.
"Hor in aforesaid and a

the ladies, I'll send to the Bazar for two back Num-bers, and show that I at least have not given my affections unworthily. I inclosed 26 cents—six more than you ask—paying my own postage. "Any rightly constituted male mind (and you are a male mind, aren't you?)" (not necessarily, O most worthy correspondent!) "must realize that when I got only one paper for my money and pains I felt like never again putting my trust in editors of any name, age, or sex. It was not the 16 cents. 'My young remem-brance' recalls heavier draws on patience and pocket which were borne like an early martyr. No, dear Bazar, it was ridicule that hurt, faith that bled. When remarks are made about too confiding a na-ture, I do believe you could put me in a pint cup, and shut down the lid. (The doctor won't allow it done.) Now, dear Bazar (and you are dear, even with this blow fresh on my smitten spirit), you didn't do that; some of your 'people' did; and though I am not in public life (nor ever hope to be, unless the Wo-men's Rights movement enables me to marry a coun-ty sheriff), I have had servants whose conduct was not altogether regulated by either my code of morals or manners. (Mem.—Nothing personal intended, and the Exile of Erin need not show temper.) Excuse digres-sions; there always are such a lot of things jogging on. You are sorry. But I must close, for the doctor says I must not write except to sign my name; and really sometimes I find that the hardest kind of writ-ing. "Dear Bazar (and you grow dearer the more I write

on. You are sorry. But I must close, for the doctor says I must not write except to sign my name; and really sometimes I find that the hardest kind of writ-ing. "Dear Bazar (and you grow dearer the more I write and get acquainted), I have a favor to ask. (Not to send back those 16 cents—oh nol no! I ant taking that sum, with compound, doubly compounded inter-est out of you now!) It is hard coaring with pen and ink (I doubt if Venus herself could have done much that way), especially when one is almost on her back, and not able even to show her best hand-write. There's a dear, dear good Bazar—so kind to every body—so nice and willing to do a favor—there —I knew he would. He is sure to do what I ask—to wit: Send this letter to Madame —... Indeed, in-deed, I am a real somebody (real as taxes, tight boots, January bills, or New York slush in winter), and every word I say is true, only too true about the sick; and now don't cross me—there's the dearest Bazar. Who can tell but if Madame saw this appeal she might send word how that collar goes on; and it would be profitable for me to get well "Dear Bazar, I am sorry to be so strong-minded and brief. Neither gift is natural to me. My singu-lar strength and depth of mind I owe to an early pe-rusal of that gifted poetess, L. E. L. "My brevity, I am proud to state, is entirely owing to a faithful study and endeavors to copy the few and terse speeches of the Late Lamented Andrew Johnson the First. "When I wish to be diffuse and confidential (as I should have liked now) I prepare myself by studying Mr. Martin F. Tupper's Proverbial P., which enables me to be gushing and discursive. It seems almost hard, but the doctor won't allow me to read any thing so light and amusing; hence this extreme brevity. "Pardon it, and believe me admiringly yours, "J. C. G.

"Pardon it, and believe me admiringly your"

"P.S.—My own dearest *Bazar*, this very hour that "J.C.G. "P.S.—My own dearest *Bazar*, this very hour that other *Bazar* came (four days behind the first), and your character is like a June sky, all the brighter for a storm. I send my letter for three reasons: First. To encourage you in the steep and rugged paths of rectitude. (Be virtuous, and you will be happy.) Sec-ond. To fully convince you that the female mind (even in sickness) is able to grapple with the great questions of the day. Thirdly and lastly and chiefly. Because I had such a bother copying it from box-lids and old envelopes that it goes to my heart to have it wasted. Again let me subscribe myself," etc.

NINA AND NELLIE .- We know nothing of the book you mention .- It is not improper for a lady in mourning to wear a watch and jet bracelets. Hair jewelry is always worn to some extent, but is not so fashion-

able at present as jet. A CONTRIBUTOB.—Bazar No. 52, Vol. II., contains a pattern and description of trimming for your street basque. The pattern of the Velvet Jacket with white guipure trimming in No. 2, Vol. III., is also pretty for a cloth garment. A file of the *Bazar* will furnish designs for toilette cushions.—We do not know wheth-er you meant a cap or a cape for an elderly lady, but refer you to back Numbers of the Bazar for patterns of both.

M. J. C.-Any fancy store will supply you the Spanish reeds, or you can have them made to order.

E. D. M. As you will not probably care to wear such deep mourning as bombazine, get heavy English serge, or else cashmere or drap d'été for your suit. Make with two skirts and a Metternich mantle, or else a basque, and trim with the material in flat pleats all turned one way; or, as you are stout, merely bias bands two inches wide, edged with a tiny fold of crape. This is the usual street suit. Shawls are but little worn except when draped. Yours of black cashmere can be made into a very stylish garment. You will find patterns in *Bazar* Nos. 28 and 31, Vol. II.—Run a drawing string through your veil, tle it around the bonnet under your chin, and, when not worn over the face, draw it altogether to the left side, and fasten just over the ear with a plain jet pin with clasp.

KATE B.-Garnet and gray, garnet and gold, garnet and black, garnet and white, are all well worn together, and some shades of blue contrast prettily with your shade. Bands of velvet heading pleated flounces are the most stylish trimmings for black gros grain suits. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 1, Vol. III., for full directions about flounces.

EMMA Z .- We do not agree with you in admiring gilt kid gaiters for ladies, as they look too theatrical They are very pretty on little girls at dancing parties. Information about evening shoes is given in another column.

FLORIDA.-Bazar No. 38, Vol. II., contains letters for

glish history and literature, including the modern poets," more decidedly special by studying the stand-

ard authors thoroughly. Hostess.—We agree with yon that wine had better be withheld from the young, who do not require it except in certain rare cases of disease, when the doctor is the only proper person to prescribe it. We can not, however, accede to the proposition that those who have intoxicating drinks on their tables are responsible for the misuse of them by others. We might as well charge a man with being an accomplice in a murder merely because one of his dinner-knives was used as the instrument of its commission.

HOSTESS.—As the entertainer, you should not send away your plate and appear to have done until all your guests have got through.

LAUBA K .- It is always deemed good-breeding not to manifest vexation at any untoward incident at a party. Whether your china bowl is shattered, silk gown spoiled, or feelings wounded by stupidity, awkwardness, or maliciousness, you should try to appear as unconcerned as possible.

NEW YORKER .- We can hardly believe that the cancan was danced, as you state, at a late fashionable as-sembly ball at Delmonico's. If so, we infer that there were no fathers or brothers present. The cancan is a wanton dance, which has hitherto been confined exclusively to those resorts of French vice of which no one cares to confess his knowledge in the presence of a modest person.

BRIDEGROOM .- There is no fixed fee for marriages. The bridegroom can give the clergyman whatever amount of money his generosity prompts, which is not apt to be niggardly on such an occasion. The groomsman is generally made the medium of be-stowing the bounty. It is the privilege of the lady to fix the day of the wedding. DONOR.—A present should be immediately acknowl-

edged, but not returned too soon, as this would indicate an impatient sense of obligation.

BALL-GOERS.—It is not deemed proper for young un-married women to go to a ball unless attended by their mothers, married sisters, or some elderly female friend.

MRS. F .- It is not necessary that the daughter should formally assist her mother in the reception of guests at a ball or other entertainment. She should regard it as a duty, however, to aid in the dispensation of the hospitalities.

GUSSIE .- Your idea about the Afghan is excellent, and we are sure that with your evident good taste and originality, assisted by designs for appliqué and em-broidery that you will find in various numbers of Volume Second of the Bazar, you will be able to carry it out.

MRS. B. C.—The Undine and Snowflake costumes are both described in *Bazar* No. S, Vol. II. You can order the paper from this office.

BLANGEE .- To make your blue cloth costume stylishly make a short skirt and plain waist, and over this a short, half-adjusted jacket with flowing sleeves. Put a flat pleating around the skirt, headed by a black Astrakhan band two inches wide. The band alone trims the jacket.

THE perfume of the season is the Extract of Stephanotis, the Flower of Purity, one of the choicest of LETCHFORD'S Floro-Heraldic Per-This exquisite perfume, in elegant cutfumes. glass bottles, is for sale by all druggists. -[Com.]

FEMALE COMPLAINTS should be cured, as they often can be, by a few doses of Aven's Saesaparilla. — [Com.]



COPVING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-in-vented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS' LAST AND BEST STORY, "MORE SECRETS THAN ONE."

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EMMA LOUISE.—Kid or pebbled morocco gaiters with buttons at the sides, thick soles, and heels an inch and a half high, are the shoes worn this season .- Make your tarlatan over-skirt open in front, as long as the under-skirt, and then bunch it up to the proper length with small clusters of flowers. Wear a bunch of trail-ing flowers behind instead of a belt. NELLIE S.—There is nothing newer for the hair than

to roll the front \dot{a} la Pompadour, and wear a chate-laine braid.—Wear your veil in the boa style mentioned in the New York Fashions of this Number. Ladies usually take leave of gentlemen visitors in the

parlor rather than at the street-door. MATILDA.—We supply no periodicals but our own and can not give special patterns.-We know nothing about the "Consumption Doctor," and until you know more about him you had better cling to the "excel-

lent physician" you now have. J. T.—As you "abhor the use of cosmetics," the best J. T.—As you "abnor the use of cosinetics, the oscillation of the task of the set of the cream, while you avoid, as in as is consistent while proper cleanliness, the use of soap, and especially hot water.—A young girl of eighteen can make her full-dress calls in either the "round hat" or "bonnet," as she may think fit.—In reading you can not do better than make your "pretty general knowledge of En-

During the year which has just past Mrs. Stephens has been writing the above Story expressly for SAT-URDAY NIGHT, the best family paper in the country. SHE SAYS IT IS THE FINEST STORY SHE. EVER WROTE.

"More Secrets Than One" is now being published in SATURDAY NIGHT, No. 17, which is for sale by all

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