

THE LADIES.

A Budget of Breezy Gossip Relating Exclusively to the Fair Sex,

Accompanied by Some Notes on the Ever Changing Styles in Feminine Attire.

"Right as My Glove."

"Oh, poverty! where is thy sting?" do you exclaim?

Well, we'll tell you; it wounds most sadly when in the shape of a pair of worn gloves. There is nothing hurts a proud, refined girl like a seedy glove. Pardon us, but it is loss that cannot be repaired.

A tidy, trim girl can rearrange a well-worn frock; she will darn her old piece of necklace; a tarnished hat and its rusty trimmings she can freshen into respectability, and she can even go so far as to manipulate an old pair of boots into good shape; but a pair of disabled gloves breaks her heart as effectually as that mythical straw breaks the camel's back.

A pretty girl's buoyancy of young spirits is difficult to cast down; they will bubble and froth at the slightest stirring; but a pair of rough-seamed, mended, and rusty gloves takes all the sparkle and bead from her intoxicating enthusiasm.

Again, looking at the question from another standpoint, you must have noticed how a pair of neat, well-fitting gloves smartens up the most ordinary toilet, giving the wearer a corresponding individuality.

The other evening, at a club meeting of its limited but discriminating members, a young lady came forward to entertain them with a vocal selection.

Her general appearance was not striking. Her dress was a plain, evidently not absolutely fresh, white wool gown. Not an inch of her rounded arm or throat was visible, and, while well fitting in its cut, the draperies were not particularly artistic or pleasing in outline to the observer's eye.

Now we admit that it is not absolutely laid down in the contract that a singer is paid to look pretty. Of course she must conquer through her ability to charm the ear; but her battle is much more easily won if her audience's eyes are first captured, any observer of such events readily admits.

This young lady came up to the scratch only through the power of her gloves. Her hands were shapely, therefore it was entirely proper to make them conspicuous.

They were apparently molded into a perfect-fitting pair of long Suede gloves in that fresh and stylish new shade of green.

There is no more pleasing combination than this new shade of green with white, and her tapering fingers and finely rounded wrists could never have been more fascinating to the artistic eye than so covered, while altogether that perfect pair of gloves gave the requisite flavor to the whole toilet, which otherwise could not have arisen above mediocrity.

There have been of late chapters written about character in hands. The story of a character is none the less plainly told in the gloves worn.

Show me the gloves you wear, and I'll tell you what you are, is not literal, but plausible.

Did you ever take a long street-car ride and spend the tedious time philosophizing over the gloves your fellow-passengers wear?

If you haven't, just try it next opportunity you have. You will find the pastime most edifying.

Perhaps you will see a pair of hands, snug up in the front corner seat, encased in heavy, ordinary-looking, at first glance, dogskins. They are, regardless of splitting seams, held with fingers interlaced. This alone pushes them well on the hands, for they seem to have been simply slipped into, the one patent fastening not in use, which shows that the wearer is a man accustomed to gloves, so does so from force of habit; but his mind is so busily occupied he does not give them the attention required to fasten them.

Just across, a pair of hands flourishes only one glove, which is handsomely embroidered and very tight in its fit. The bare hand tells that it is not long since the wedding, because that new ring adorning it is ever twisted around and adroitly admired with an unconscious knack of caressing. That one new, shiny glove has bride written upon it as plainly as if it were a white satin bonnet.

Beyond is a pair of short-in-the-wrist black silk gloves, covering nervous, bony hands. They tightly grasp the small wooden handle of a cotton umbrella. There is mental, if not bodily, pain expressed in the twitchings of those wrinkled glove fingers.

How great the contrast between them and a pair of fluffy puff-balls—babys' plump fists in a pair of silk mittens, just disclosing soft, fat, deeply ringed wrists.

You know that pair of worn gloves belongs to a seamstress on the way to her work. The end of the first finger is ripped, and there is an honorable little bit of nutmeg-grater on the side of the finger that works so hard.

Over there is a man who seems intent on hiding his gloves. His elbows are akimbo, and all of his gloved hands are in his pockets except his thumbs. But they tell the whole story.

They are great, stubby, coarse-kidded thumbs. They must belong to the kind of hand that little Jack Horner made sticky with his own pie in his own corner, grown into a big Jack Horner, with a partiality still for pies, and plums, and all the good things of the world.

There is a small pair of hands twitching. You can tell it bases its claims to being aristocratic upon its gloves. Alas! poor hands! The gloves are there, but what sad tales we read in their breaks, rubs and corkscrews at the tips.

But we have wandered a long way from the trials of an unfortunate girl with the pair of poverty-stingy, worn-out gloves. But we have yet our idea to suggest for the amelioration of her woes.

Nearly every day we hear of some wealthy man or woman with so much money they don't know how to spend. It's an old idea to found a picture gallery, endow a hospital or asylum, or build a monument; but it would be consummately unique to establish an inexhaustible fund for providing those soul-yearning young ladies with good gloves.

Think of the pleasure unmeasurable such a philanthropy would give, the wrinkled brows it would smooth, the heart environs it would silence; while at the same time how its providings would

brighten and smarten up the community at large.

All the pretty girls in fresh, snug gloves! We love all of them, and we hereby petition for the fruition of such a consummation.—*Annie E. Myers, in Chicago Ledger.*

Miss Spangler's Strange Singularities.

One of the "characters" of Euclid avenue is Miss Spangler, the wealthy maiden lady who lives at the corner of the avenue bearing her name, says the *Cleveland World*. She lives all alone with a servant, a girl who has been in her employ a great many years, in a rather ancient wooden house in the midst of a funeral, ill-kept pine grove. Everything about the place has a "running to waste" look. To the east lies the street and oval park which she laid out over a year ago through her extensive property, but which has never been built up.

Miss Spangler herself is a short and exceedingly spare woman, quite indifferent as to her personal appearance, and full of ways of her own of doing things.

In tax-paying time she may be seen camping out in the court house for whole days at a time, running over long columns of figures and verifying her extensive tax lists. At noon she does not adjourn to any high-toned restaurant, but simply opens her lunch basket, which has been warming on the register, and eats her frugal repast alone in silence.

Miss Spangler has a great many other peculiarities. I used to see her often riding on the platform of a street car last winter.

"What makes you stay outside in such cold weather?" I finally asked one day.

"Well, I will tell you why it is," she replied. "I'm so much pestered by people who want to get some of my money that I do anything to escape their overtures. Now, if I went inside, some girl would come and sit down beside me, and ask for a chance to work for me or get into my good graces somehow."

"That's because they think you've got enough and to spare," I suggested, trying to draw her out. "Some say you're the richest woman in Cleveland."

"Oh, my! no; that's a mistake. Mrs. Bradford is the richest woman in the city, and I suppose Mrs. S. S. Stone and Mrs. Scranton follow her."

Miss Spangler is eminently plebeian. No enemy of hers would be so reckless as to charge her with being aristocratic. I often see her picking up kindling in her front yard, or engaged in some other form of manual service. Even now a vivid picture of her looms up before my mind's eye as I saw her one day last spring. It represents her in the act of crossing the public square with her arms full of asparagus stalks, the tops of which nearly brushed the telephone wires when she crossed the street.

Yet she is not an illiterate woman. She has received a seminary education, and is well informed on a wide range of subjects, including the principal topics of the day. She has a very fine piano in her parlor, and is something of a musician.

A Few California Women.

MRS. MARK HOPKINS resides in a palatial dwelling on "Nob Hill," and occasionally gives entertainments, of which she carefully counts the cost, while she preserves the remnants of the feast to be returned to the caterer.

THE MARRIAGE of Miss Hattie Crocker to Mr. Charles Alexander, of New York, occurred at Grace Church at high noon on April 26. In consequence of the recent death of Mrs. Charles Crocker there was no reception. The Crockers are one of the respectable and wealthy families of California.

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BETTER than titles or heraldry is the drinking fountain in the center of the city presented to the citizens of San Francisco by Lotta, and erected in the summer of 1875. The people of the coast rejoice over all the good fortune that comes to this lovely actress, who is now said to be worth over \$1,000,000.

NO COAT-OF-ARMS is emblazoned upon the door of Laura D. Fair's residence, but, instead, "Rooms to Rent." The lady still looks as young as the memorable day when she shot down Crittenden. The late lawyer's children are residents of San Francisco, and are among the unostentatious, but wield influence in church and society.

MRS. CROCKER is one of the most generous and charitable women in the Golden State. Her late donation was a valuable library to the city of Sacramento. There seems to be no end of wealth to the Crockers. The widow of the late Matthew Crocker has recently come into possession of \$1,000,000, which is the result of her husband's early investments in Tennessee.

CALIFORNIANS are appreciative of the yellow dust, and money is king, while the people who possess wealth, no matter what family disgrace may be attached to their name, are the rulers and autocrats of society.

ONE of the wealthiest women in San Francisco is Mrs. James G. Fair, to whom the courts gave \$4,500,000 of her husband's estate, and it is said she cannot find places enough to invest her enormous wealth. She occupies an elegant residence on "Nob Hill" with her two daughters, the elder grown to womanhood; the younger, a child of 11, who has just given her first grand fancy dress ball at the Fair mansion.

MRS. MACKAY's late "Musicale" in London, at her mansion near Buckingham gate, is the interesting subject in society just now. All of the American colony in London attended the concert. Mme. Waddington, Lady Mandeville, and Mrs. Yznaga were among the guests. A notice of Mrs. Mackay's jewels appeared in one of the late London papers, which said that she was the possessor of the finest jewels in the world. She has a sapphire purchased from a Russian prince which measures four-tenths of an inch in diameter, and cost \$159,000. She owns the most valuable emerald in existence; also a pearl necklace worth \$100,000; a pair of solitaires which cost \$425,000; and the most exquisite and valuable corals in the world, except those belonging to the Queen of Portugal.

She Ought to Know.

Mrs. H.—Great heavens, Cranston! Don't deny it. I saw you kiss her!

Mr. H. (stiffly)—You are mistaken. She kissed me.

Mr. H.—But why did you let her?

Mr. H.—I couldn't be rude to a lady.

Mr. H.—But why did she want to kiss you?

Mr. H.—I can't imagine. You ought to know.—Life.

ONE sees very few sealskin sacques standing up in the street cars.

DWIGHT L. MOODY.

His Four Months' Incessant War Upon Sin in Wicked Chicago.

A Brief but Interesting Sketch of the World-Famous Evangelist.

[Chicago special.]

After four months of incessant labor, Chicago's honored evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, has brought his mission to a close in this city. None but those who have watched the evangelistic services closely can form any conception of the immense amount of labor he has accomplished. Day after day, and week after week, he has sacrificed comfort, and even health itself, in the effort to accomplish one great and noble object—to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to the people, and seek to win souls to Christ. On Jan. 2 he preached at the First Congregational Church for the first time in the campaign against sin and the devil, and in a few days his audiences grew so large that the church would not contain them. Equal to the emergency, he at once held services in the afternoon for the church-workers and those who could attend in the day, and in the evening for those whose business occupied their attention during the day. Still his congregations increased, and from all parts of the city there came to him the cry, "Come and help us." He at once called to his assistance Evangelist Bliss, of Boston, and the churches at once threw open their doors for the work. Ministers of the various denominations united, the Chicago Evangelization Society was inaugurated, and a carefully considered, systematic warfare organized. After being here a month, Mr. Moody determined to call to his assistance Francis Murphy, the well-known apostle of temperance. Feb. 8 Mr. Murphy delivered his first address at Farwell Hall. From that time until the present gospel temperance has been in the ascendant. Thousands nightly flocked to hear Murphy, and hundreds daily signed the pledge and donned the blue ribbon, until the gospel temperance army now numbers over 17,000.

Dwight Lyman Moody.

D. L. Moody was born near Northfield, Mass., Feb. 3, 1837. When the boy was four years of age his father died, leaving the care and support of a large family to



young Moody's mother, a most estimable lady of the Unitarian faith, to whose influence and superior traits many of the strong elements of Mr. Moody's character and work are confessedly due. In 1854 he sought employment in a Boston shoe store, and in the following year came to Chicago, to enter a similar business situation. In both of these cities his earnest impulsiveness to do good became a marked feature of his daily life. The excellent ministrations of the churches which he attended confirmed him in his conviction of his life mission, and he resolved to relinquish all business of a personal nature and devote himself to the work of evangelizing. He took an active interest in the Young Men's Christian Association of Chicago, and established the North Market Mission Sunday-school, since become famous for its success in the conversion of men to religion. In the summer of 1861, says a biographer, he devoted most of his labor to the volunteers of the war of the rebellion who were stationed in Chicago, and in November of that year, when the United States Christian Commission was established, proceeded under its auspices to the camps and battle fields of the South, where he worked, alleviating the sufferings and supplying the spiritual necessities of both friend and foe.

In August, 1863, he was married to Miss Emma C. Revels of Chicago, by reason of whose sympathy of temper and religious ardor the union has resulted in great good, not to them alone but to the world. Mr. Moody has been blessed with two children—a son and a daughter.

The duties of the Christian Commission did not prevent him from attending to his Chicago school. A chapel—Farwell Hall

—was built to supply its growing needs, and soon out of the organization arose an independent church, of which Mr. Moody became the pastor. In 1865 he was elected President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and was incessant and indefatigable in his labors to further its work.

Within two years thereafter, chiefly through his influence, a building, admirably adapted

to its purposes, was erected at a cost of \$200,000.

October, 1871, the terrible fire, which devastated Chicago, destroyed Mr. Moody's home, Farwell Hall, and his church; but within a month thereafter the latter was replaced by a wooden structure, called the North Side Tabernacle, and capable of holding 1,500 persons. Here his labors, aided by the musical abilities of Mr. Sankey, continued through several years, until the summer of 1873, when he visited England, accompanied by Mr. Sankey.

Since that time Mr. Moody has been un-

known in his good work. He is one of the most resolute and successful of evangelists.

TERRELL LOSS OF LIFE.

Three Mexican Towns Almost Obliterated by Earthquakes and Volcanoes.

One Hundred and Seventy People Instantly Killed and a Large Number Wounded.

[Guaymas (Mexico) dispatch.]

The town of Bahispe, in the district of Montezuma, in Sonora, was destroyed by the recent earthquake, and 150 lives were lost. Twenty persons were killed at Oputo by the falling of buildings. Many people were injured at Granadas and Gusabar, which towns were almost completely destroyed.

[Hermosillo (Mexico) dispatch.]

The earthquake caused terrible damage in Montezuma. It destroyed several villages, but those in the northeastern part suffered most terribly. Oputo had all its houses destroyed, and nine persons were killed. Bahispe was utterly destroyed, and 150 people were killed. The houses were leveled to the ground. A new volcano appeared, and its eruption destroyed all the timber and pastures of adjoining valleys and mountains.

[City of Mexico dispatch.]

The Government has just received its first information regarding the disastrous earthquake on the 3d inst. at the town of Bahispe, in the district of Montezuma, Sonora, by which 150 persons lost their lives. The earthquake occurred at 3:30 p. m. At the same time volcanic eruptions began in the neighboring mountains, lighting up the summits for a long distance.

The prediction is made here by local scientists that Mexico is about to undergo a general seismic convulsion, and recent records of earthquakes show that there is widespread volcanic activity from one end of Mexico to the other.

[Tucson (Arizona) dispatch.]

A party has just returned from the Santa Catalina Mountains and report that the canyons are full of water, brought to the surface by the earthquake. This is a great boon for this region, as there are thousands of acres of good farming land at the base of these mountains which only need water to make them valuable. Another good effect of the earthquake is the opening of two large gold veins which were discovered in the Santa Catalina Mountains at a point where the whole side of a mountain slid down. Several prospecting parties left to-day to locate claims. From one to two slight shocks of earthquake have been felt here for several days. They are too slight to cause alarm. There is no doubt that nearly every high mountain in Southern Arizona has to a greater or less extent had its topography changed, but so far as can be learned here there is no active volcano among them.

[Nogales (Arizona) dispatch.]

Later accounts received here tend to show that the report of a volcano having broken out in the Whetstone Mountains is true. Men who arrived from Sonora say that there is strong evidence of a volcanic eruption at a point about forty miles southeast of Magdalena, and it is confidently said that one peak is throwing out large volumes of smoke, accompanied by streams of lava. Smoke and fire can be distinctly seen from several points along the line of the Sonora Railroad. As far as can be ascertained, the volcano is in the Sierra Azul range. From the appearance of the country and the heavy earthquakes that have occurred it is believed that other volcanoes will break forth in a few days.

[Laredo (Texas) dispatch.]

Passengers arriving on the Monterey train report that great fires are raging on the summit of the mountains in many places on both sides of the road. Whether these fires have any connection with the recent earthquake disturbances in Arizona and New Mexico is yet to be determined, as the tops of these mountains are almost inaccessible.

[Elmer Betts, of Portland, while re-

turning from church one night recently, began firing at a scarecrow in a fence corner. Three shots were fired, the last striking Willie Sassar, a companion of Betts, and killing him. Young Betts surrendered to the Sheriff. Coroner Kinsey and Prosecutor Adair held an inquest. After examining witnesses the