

MRS. ASTOR'S NEW GOWN.

IT IS WORN BY A VARIETY ACTRESS IN THE BOWERY.

A Big Drawing Card for the Managers—Some Points on Spanking Brought Out by a Brooklyn Paper—A Spanker Who Has Created a Sensation.

NEW YORK, Sept. 30.—The *hoi polloi*, of the east side, is at present enjoying the privilege of gazing nightly at a \$600 evening gown made expressly by Worth for Mrs. William Astor. The novel sight costs them from 15 cents upward per head, according to their capacity for beer. Mrs. Astor is not exhibited inside of the gown, but the plump, pink-and-white Miss Jennie Price, song-and-dance artist is, and that suits them quite as well if not better.

It all happened on this wise. Mrs. Astor ordered two evening costumes from the famous gown-builder, style and elegance of the last importance, cost of the least. The order was duly executed. They reached here "in good order and condition" as per invoice. Uncle Sam instead of acting the gentleman, as he usually does where his petticoated population is concerned, chose for once to act the sour old curmudgeon instead, and appraised them at what Mrs. Astor declared to be twice their value. Uncle Sam would not hand them over for a cent less, and the spunky queen of the "400" would not submit to be "skinned," to borrow from the vocabulary of a small boy with whom I am acquainted, even by so distinguished a gentleman as Uncle Sam, and the hard-hearted old vandal ruthlessly condemned the French artist's elegant handiwork to his dingy auction rooms.

Koster and Bial's enterprising manager, (Koster and Bial's by the way is an exceedingly popular beer garden in one of Gotham's slummiest localities) bought one and billed New York from the Battery to Harlem, with announcements of its approaching debut. The names of Mrs. Astor and Miss Price figure on the posters in a way that at first sight gives the impression that they are twin stars at the popular little music hall, and though Mrs. Astor will not appear in propria persona, she is helping very materially to draw crowds to the not-too-moral show going on there this week.

A republic certainly offers some advantages to its citizens. No English Johnnie ever has or probably ever will, know the ecstasy of seeing his favorite Thespian walk down before the foot-lights arrayed in a spick-and-span new gown built expressly for her majesty of England.

The other one was bought by a Brooklyn dry goods merchant, and placed in his show window duly labelled as the property of Mrs. William Astor. As I happened to be passing near the place, I thought I would have a look at it, but found I could not get within ten yards of it for the throng that was gathered on the sidewalk, without waiting a longer time than I could afford.

The editor of a Brooklyn paper lately invited Brooklyn matrons to send in their views on the age at which girls should cease to be subjected to posterior applications of the maternal hand or slipper. For a week a battle royal raged in its columns between those who maintained that spanking should be abolished, those who believed it might be inflicted moderately up to twelve or thirteen with good results, and those who were for spanking often and early and until the mature age of twenty had been attained, if there seemed any need of it. The majority, however, were abolitionists.

One of the most interesting letters published was from the principal of a boarding school for girls. She declared that spanking was the only effective means of maintaining discipline amongst her pupils that she had been able to discover; that she administered it to the refractory regardless of age, and she wound up with a description of "how she spanked them." The spanker was obliged to remove her clothing, and to adjust herself face downwards over a padded bench, specially designed and upholstered for the purpose, and then with a flat ruler she laid on according to her idea of justice.

How long this female Squeers has been running a "Do-the-girls-hall" in Brooklyn nobody knows, but she must have longed to use her spanking apparatus on herself, when the howls of the indignant and astonished public commenced to resound in her ears.

I know a robust girl of fifteen whose mother attempted not long ago to spank her with a hair brush. After a few strokes had been dealt the girl got possession of the brush, and then and there administered to her maternal parent a castigation that forever settled in that family at what age mothers should cease spanking their daughters.

I have heard it argued that juvenile cussedness is caused by the over-heating of certain portions of the brain, and that a good sound spanking sets up a healthy counter irritation where it will do no harm, and brings the inflamed bumps into a normal state, as proved by the patient's consequent good behavior. If this theory is correct, mothers are obviously justified in spanking their unruly progeny until, as in the case of the mother of my young friend, it becomes personally unsafe to do so.

Our famous humorist, Bill Nye, has written a play and christened it *The Cadi*. On Monday evening the public was invited to drop into Union square theatre and pass judgment on Mr. Nye's piece. It responded with a bumper house, and applause and encore galore. The characters are nearly all burlesques of frontier types. The military and a rampant Lo furnish a good deal of the fun. The bumptious cadet, fresh from West Point, who knows it all, "the colonel's nursery maid," also bearing all the marks of the effete civilization, and a host of others easily recognized before they opened their mouths made the evening merry, and there is nothing surer in this world than that *The Cadi* will "go," although the critics say it lacks plot, continuity, dramatic harmony, and a host of other things that nobody in the audience on Monday evening seemed to miss. The dramatist personal just stood up on the stage and fired off William's jokes, (they at least were continuous) and the audience responded responsive from start to finish.

"What more could you have?" the playwright's admirers are asking the cavaliers of the press, and they are replying in today's papers, "Bill is a good fellow, and the dear public is only petting its own William for the amusement it has already got out of him."

Another good literary woman has strayed into the broad and wicked path blazed by Edgar Saltus. Miss Lita Angelica Rice belongs to the city of culture. She has ancestors, money, genius, and a place in metropolitan society amongst the best. The late Allen Thorndyke Rice, editor of the *North American Review*, was her near relative, and her mother in the first years of her married life maintained a salon in which the bon ton of literature was proud to show itself, so Miss Lita Angelica was born in the purple. Her principal work has been poetical and journalistic, and the book in question, *Her Baneful Influence*, is, as far as I have been able to find out, her first. It deals with the immoralities of some wealthy, idle people, who seem to have been immoral because they had nothing else to do. Miss Rice has passed all her existence amongst those who command all the superfluities of life without raising a finger to earn them. She knows whereof she writes, and she gives her readers the full benefit of her knowledge. In her power to unfold it with every fascination that genius can lend, lies the extreme immorality of her book, and she is the first who has eclipsed Saltus in the ensnaring quality of his work, as well as in the vileness of the characters he portrays. HERMIA.

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

One of the Luckiest Horsemen on the English Turf. Horse racing is carried on in England in a way that astonishes American horsemen. Over 500,000 people have frequently assembled to see the Derby, and the money consideration to the winner outside of all bidding has reached as high as the meat sum of \$200,000.



For some years the Duke of Portland has been one of the foremost men in English sporting circles. His phenomenal success has made people look upon him as the luckiest man on the turf. This may be true, but besides luck he has owned the finest of stock, and handled it to perfection. Year before last he won in stakes and purses nearly \$400,000. Last year over a hundred thousand, and almost ever since he has been on the turf, he has headed the list of winning owners.

A Desperate Race.

It is said that no man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, on practical or speculative sporting, as the Earl of Oxford. Among his experiments of fancy was the determination to drive four red-deer stags in a phaeton, instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road. Unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught sight of the "four in hand," and commenced a new kind of chase, with "breast-high" alacrity.

The novelty of the scene was rich beyond description. In vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavor to ride before them; reins, trammels and the weight of the carriage were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the inn at Newmarket which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. Into the yard they bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags and the phaeton and his lordship were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.—N. Y. Ledger.

During the Sermon.

THE DEACON. The deacon's thoughts are dreams of rest, And not so very deep; His head is bowed upon his breast— The deacon's fast asleep.

THE MISER. He sighs as the parson gives out the text, For he knows the collection will follow next.

THE PRETTY GIRL. She is wondering when the service is o'er If her lover will wait her outside the door.

THE YOUNG MAN. He thinks that his seat he will have to change, For the ugly girls are only in range.

THE SPINSTER. She looks the congregation through, Counting the dresses and hats that are new, And she's never at a loss to decide Which are made over and which have been dyed.

ATTENTION. Her head is bent above her book In manner quite divine— She's noting how her diamonds look And in the darkness shine.

THE FAIR MISSIONARY. She's going to Africa's dark land To set the heathen free; I'm willing she should take a hand And try reforming me. —New York Herald.

WIND, RAIN AND SNOW.

HOW THEY ARE FURNISHED TO ORDER BY THE PROPERTY MAN.

Some Facts About Thunder and Lightning That Cannot Be Learned in the Orchestra Chairs—Mr. Chidley Tells of Further Doings Behind the Scenes.

When in the course of a play, as for instance in *The Magistrate*, somebody escapes by a balcony, only to fall through a skylight and smash all the crockery, the uproar and noise of general breaking is caused by what is known as a crash machine. This is made somewhat upon the same mechanical principle as a musical box. In the musical box, attuned tongues of music are pressed down by pins in a revolving cylinder, and the vibrations of the tongue in flying back to its fixed position gives the note. In the crash the tongues are of strong but elastic wood, which are rapidly struck in succession by cogs on a cylinder turned by a handle—the old form of an English policeman's rattle was just the same, except that the application of the power was reversed; the cogs were fixed on the handle and the rattling tongue was swung around it like a flail. A prodigious uproar can be raised by a crash machine.

The fierce howling of a gale at sea is produced by machines in which, by means of cylinders which pass a very tightly stretched piece of silk (or fabric resembling silk on its face, as alpaca, etc.) over a bar pressed down on it; the cylinders are driven by means of multiplying wheels at a high rate of speed, and the rustling of the cloth as it passes over the bar makes a very perfect imitation of wind. According to the speed employed, the noise may be that of the peculiar low sighing of the breeze, or the fierce howling of the gale. When the sea is raging in the scene, the waves are loose clothes supported at intervals by triangles of wood, which are waved from side to side by boys behind them, while from time to time the spray dashes up. This sea spray is usually a shovelful of rice, though sometimes glass beads are used.

Many years ago the celebrated painter, Clarkson Stanfield, designed a sea scene for Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, which has become, as it were, historical. Its beauty and truth has never been surpassed, although the effect has since been imitated more than once. It represented a beautiful tropical bay by moonlight, the cliffs surmounted by a few palm-trees. The moon was reflected in the water, and if nothing more had been done it would have been a charming scene. But the foreground of the scene showed the waves of the incoming tide, rising and advancing, glittering in the moonlight, curling over in a transparent arch, dashing on the shore and then receding with the rushing sound of the pebbles. The illusion was complete. The motion of the advancing waves, following each other and curling over was managed by a suitable paneled and partly transparent cloth shaded with beads, being alternated, lifted and depressed by a long cylinder with a flange round it after the manner of a screw. The sound was produced by a bunch of small chains thrown down with each revolution of the screw and dragged back over a rough surface.

Thunder, without which no theatre is complete, is produced in two ways, sometimes used separately, sometimes with great effect in combination. The smaller theatres only possess one, which is simply a sheet of thin iron about six feet long and two broad. This is suspended and shaken by a handle at the lower end. The effect is that of a thunder peal sharply breaking in the immediate neighborhood. The other method is a large box at a height from the floor and a hopper door in the front of it. In front of this are wooden troughs sloping down to a wooden receptacle on the floor. The upper box is filled with heavy cannon balls, which on being let out by lifting the hopper, produce all the banging and rumbling of a heavy storm as they fall with dull thuds upon the wood and roll away.

I have heard the noise of a locomotive engine very skillfully produced by strokes of a stick on a tin plate.

The noise of a galloping horse may be produced in two or three ways. One is by playing (as a drum is played) with two steel hammers on a lump of stone. The other is a regular machine upon the principle of the piano action. Horse shoes are attached to levers, and are made to descend upon a resonant piece of stone, or metal, by means of keys. There are four keys, and they are played precisely as a piano would be. This machine is used in *Held by the Enemy*.

The snow machine is a large box with a large number of holes pierced in the bottom. It is filled with small scraps of white paper. When required for use it is slung up to the gridiron and there rocked like a cradle by a rope, from the fly gallery. As it sways from side to side the paper falls out and flutters in the air like flakes of snow.

A capital appearance of rain or of falling water may be obtained by means of tapes covered with silver foil.

Truly it may be said behind the curtain that things are not what they seem. SYDNEY CHIDLEY.

The Billive Banner.

Another week has rolled away, and we are still on mercy's side of the coffin factory, but as our office overlooks the cemetery we won't have far to go when the town wants a first class funeral.

Parson Watson will preach at the church tomorrow, his subject being, "Now Is the Time to Believe on Me." All persons in need of faith will please call at this office.

Editor Harris, of the *Brushville Bugle*, called on us yesterday. Please send us some groceries, as we are completely out. We made \$7 this week by posing as the "living skeleton" in a dime museum. Everybody who saw us had the dry grins. It is a great thing to be a Georgia alligator. He swallows a lightwood knot in the winter, and doesn't get hungry till spring. A slow digestion is a blessing in disguise.

We recently received \$6 for the poor widow who advertised in these columns. We've got the money, and we're prepared to marry the widow at sight.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.



MELISSA

Is the name of the New Process by which Tweeds and other Cloths are rendered entirely Rainproof without the slightest trace of the application being perceptible.

It is scarcely overstating the fact to say that no discovery of the present time, affecting wearing apparel, has supplied such a universal and long felt want as the "Melissa" process which makes cloth perfectly rainproof without excluding the air. The old style of waterproof clothing has never been satisfactory, it is indeed an abomination, but has been tolerated simply because there was nothing better. True, it serves to shed the water, but it snuts out the air as well, and so generates a dampness which is not only uncomfortable, but positively dangerous. Who has not often experienced the discomfort of being almost hermetically sealed in a rubber overcoat, and enveloped in that intensely disagreeable odor which pervades all rubber clothing. All this danger and unpleasantness may now be avoided by wearing outer garments which have been made rainproof by this new and really wonderful method. The trade mark, as above, stamped upon the garment you buy, is the only visible or tangible evidence that it has passed through the Melissa process, and this endorsement is a positive guarantee that the article is absolutely rainproof, yet the air circulates through the material as freely as before; not the slightest perceptible odor has been imparted to it nor has the soft pliable texture of the goods been interfered with. Moreover, it is found that this treatment adds materially to the durability of the cloth and renders it perfectly mothproof. These goods are now being placed in the hands of the trade throughout Canada and should be found on the counters of every first-class dealer. Don't order a Waterproof of any kind until you see them.

No more Rubber Clothing to be worn to keep out the Rain

THE MELISSA MANUFACTURING CO., MONTREAL.

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An Old Story Revived.

Reading in PROGRESS the account of the eleven Russian Poles, writes an old New Yorker, reminds me of a story I heard many years ago, and at that time didn't credit its truth.

It was about three castaways from a wreck; they wandered about till they found themselves in a small country town destitute, without money, ragged, nearly starved, and unable to speak the English language; and from hardship and suffering their appearance was so hideous that everybody would flee from them. So they consulted with one another that each would take a different road and see what they could learn in the English language.

The first one picked up "we three"; the second one, "for forty pounds"; and the third one, "so we ought." Well, they managed to get together again, and were travelling along talking over their difficulties and explaining to each what the other had learned. When all of a sudden they saw the form of a man under a tree quite covered with the fallen leaves. At first they thought he was sleeping, but soon discovered their mistake, he was dead, and while exclaiming their horror, an officer of the peace drove up and they tried to make him understand that they were innocent of the crime whereupon he asked them who did it, and the first one answered and said, "We three. Well, that's bold, remarked the officer. What did you do for?" For forty pounds, replied the second one. Well, well, worse and worse, said the officer; you are villains of the worst kind, and you will be arrested. So we ought, said the third, in great earnest, at the same time bowing thanks to the officer or the kindness they thought he was showing them by giving them a hearing.

Clever Brains Did It.

This is pre-eminently an age of invention. That statement is as true as it is true. The evidences of it are on every hand. Ambition prompts invention. The desire for large and sudden fortunes stimulates it. Philanthropy will use the finished invention for purposes of amelioration, but the thought of the man who sets out to put an idea into the concrete is not usually ethical. He does not necessarily say to himself "this will uplift humanity." What he chiefly thinks is, "this will supply a need. There is room for it. People want it, but they have not known how to get it."

The inventions of our times are remarkable for their utility. They subserve the general comfort. They lessen labor. They make it easier to govern. They help the state, the municipality, and the homes. They enter into the daily life and occupations of the people. Sometimes the utility is so obvious that everybody exclaims: "why hadn't we this years ago!" This remark might well be used with respect to a new invention to which public attention is now being directed. We refer to the Melissa process for rendering all kinds of tweeds and cloths thoroughly rain-proof without its application being apparent. The ordinary waterproof coat has never been satisfactory. It has been accepted because there was nothing better, and some kind of waterproof was a necessity. They are rain proof indeed; but, as we all know to our sorrow, they are air proof as well. They are non-porous. They fold you in a clammy embrace. There is no air in the ordinary waterproof. But there is danger, there is unhealthiness, there is the confinement of the perspiration, which lingers in the undergarments. Sometimes it is the pre-disposing cause of serious ill health. The Melissa process is a discovery, not stumbled upon fortuitously, but realized after long and patient experimentation. It can be applied to any kind of covering which is used as a protection against rain or snow. When the cloth is manufactured it is proofed with "Melissa," and is thus rendered rain-proof; but it is still tweed or worsted cloth. It has not been discolored. No odor whatever has been imparted to it. The natural porosity of the cloth, has not been in the slightest degree impaired, and this is one of its prime merits. From what we have seen of the effects of this Melissa process, it can safely be predicted that its benefits will be greatly appreciated by the general public.—Toronto Daily Mail.

Bibles, New Binding. McArthur's Book-store, King Street.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring the text "How are you? Nicely, Thank You. Thank Who? Why the inventor of SCOTT'S EMULSION" and "Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."

Advertisement for Herbine Bitters, listing various ailments it treats such as Sick Headache, Indigestion, and Biliousness.

Advertisement for Narcissus Bulbs, for spring flowering, with prices and contact information for D. P. Wetmore.

Advertisement for Oysters for the Summer Season, from Prince Edward Island Oysters, with contact information for J. D. Turner.

Advertisement for Hotels, listing Hotel Stanley, Belmont House, Queen Hotel, Victoria Hotel, and Royal Hotel with their proprietors.

Advertisement for Elliott's Hotel, located at 28 to 32 Germain Street, with details on modern improvements.

Advertisement for W. Alex. Porter, Grocer and Fruit Dealer, with details on products and contact information.

Advertisement for Confectionery & Myles' Syrup, listing various confectionery items and contact information for Bonnell & Cowan.