

A HOMELY WOMAN'S CONFESSIONS.

Perhaps no woman was ever better reconciled to positive ugliness in her own person than the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of the Regent d'Orleans, who governed France during the minority of Louis XV. Thus she writes of her own appearance and manners:—

"From my earliest years I was aware how ordinary my appearance was, and did not like that people should look at me attentively. I never paid any attention to dress, because diamonds and dress were sure to attract attention. On great days my husband used to make me rouge, which I did greatly against my will. One day I made the Countess Soissons laugh heartily. She asked me why I never turned my head when I passed a mirror—everybody else did. I answered, 'Because I have too much self-love to bear the sight of my own homeliness.' I must have been very homely in my youth. I had no sort of features, with little, twitching eyes, a short, stub nose, and long, thick lips. The whole of my physiognomy was far from attractive.

"My face was large, with fat cheeks, and my figure was short and stumpy; in short, I was a very homely sort of person. Except for the goodness of my disposition, no one would have endured me. It was impossible to discover anything like intelligence in my eyes, except with a microscope. Perhaps there was not on the face of the earth such another pair of ugly hands as mine. The King often told me so, and set me laughing about it; for as I was quite sure of being very ugly, I made up my mind to be always the first to laugh at it. This succeeded very well, though I must confess it furnished me with a good stock of materials for laughter.

"One thing that always surprised me was how anybody could ever fall in love with me. I was notoriously the most homely woman in the French court, and yet I was only nineteen when I was married. I often asked my husband whether my looks did not repel him, and what he saw in me that he should fall in love. To my questions I have never received a satisfactory answer, but it seems to me that other qualities, in lack of beauty caused his attraction."

QUAINT REMEDIES AND IDEAS

At the last meeting of the New York Historical Society, Dr. Sydney H. Carney, Jun., read a paper on "The New York Medical Profession in 1800." The better to put his hearers into the proper mental attitude for what he had to say to them, Dr. Carney reminded them that at the time of which he was speaking peach, plum, and pear trees flourished in Madison Square, and Babylonian maples and sycamore trees waved their branches, as they had done for generations, in City Hall Park.

There has been some speculation among the curious as to the prevalence of gripes at bedtime among New Yorkers of a hundred years ago. The remedy for this complaint prescribed by the physicians was nutmeg and brandy and the yolk of an egg, to be taken before going to bed. For apoplexy, salt and cold water were to be used, whereupon the patient was "immediately to come to himself." A toothache remedy efficacious always with one exception in the practice of one physician, was to crush a ladybug between the thumb and forefinger and then to rub the finger on the gum and tooth. Freshly crushed bugs were recommended. For the bite of a mad dog the prescription was an ounce of the jawbone of the dog, some colt's tongue, and a scruple of verdigris, that taken from the coppers of George I, and George II, being preferred, of which compound a teaspoonful a day was to be taken. If that failed to cure, 180 grains of verdigris and half an ounce of calmel were to be given in one dose by a physician in person. If this still failed, four grains of pure opium were given to the patient. This last was a secret remedy so successful that early in the century the State Legislature bought the secret for £100.

Tadpoles figured in the regimen of that day to such an extent that it is said the people of Vermont, in a season of scarcity, almost fattened on them. And one of New York's famous physicians spent a part of his time in the study of the alimentary qualities of these tid-bits.



"WHO'S THIS COMING NOW?"



A CASE FOR THE DOCTOR OR UNDERTAKER.



Photos. by Charles Bemis.

ON GUARD.

CANINE ACTORS.