BEAUTIFUL TO BEHOLD.

Some of the Treasures of Art in the French and Other National Departments at the World's Exposition.

Wandering through the great galleries of the Art building at the Exposition, one sees the names of the different countries whose treasures of genius are stored within the beautiful halls placed over entrances leading into the side galleries devoted to the display of paintings, adding life to the separate national exhibits.

Of the many palaces whose distinctive guiding title summons reminiscences of delicious anticipation to our minds, there was one which stood pre-eminent in its potent influence, awakening something like a feeling of awed expectancy as we came near the spot. Though each department had its charmed list and legends of famous painters and pictures to tickle our interest and attention, it was that portal over which was written the word "France," which, when we viewed it, sent thrills of superlative pleasure and anticipation in unison in the nerve centers of imagination, producing a mentally breathless yet delightful state of mind, as we thought of roaming, freebooters as it were, amidst the rich treasures to be unveiled to our gaze.

As we stepped into the charmed precincts something like a mountain of media 2.22 was unveiled at sight of that wonderful array. In the staying lines of painted canvas ranged across the series of rooms in the French section, were the masterpieces of such artists as Corot, Hougeron and Bouguereau-Cessoul, Millet and Millais, Jerome, Dagnan-Bouveret, and a host of other famous painters whose names are shining lights in the firmament of art, besides a list of remarkable living artists whose exceed not work had been made somewhat familiar to us through the medium of engravings and duplicates thereof in the leading magazines.

We commenced at first to go directly along before the wide galleries with their irregular spaces of canvas, each representing the thought and feeling of some being in whose soul a spark of the divine fire had kindled and whose visible attestation was now in rapture repeated and beautiful forms of expression. There were cattle scenes imbued with that spirit and expression which produces an intensely intuitive effect without apparent effort—a gift belonging specially to the French. It would seem, and which, weather inclemate or hot, makes anything which they may choose to touch in such a way as to something within the spectator must involuntarily pause and imitate the of those, "The Presentation of the Blessed to Bethulia," is among the most striking of these paintings, and one may stand for an hour before it, thrilling at the soul-stirring conveyed in the life and sentiment.

"Carnal at Wallegrat" is another of heroic bulletproof, and "The Full Flight," by Abel Faure, a wonderful assemblage and wonderful of expression, in attitude and grouping. The "Retreat by Torchlight," by Eugene Benoit, is also weird and startling.

Paul Dendoy has a painting of "Bonaparte in Italy," one of the best of the strictly historical scenes, and amongst a number of pictures of the Lorenz persuasion, "Wounded Air Looking in the Vision" is the best. The "The Mountaineer" by Alfred Marquet, is a scene of surpassing beauty, and "Cattle Coming to the Pool" by Albert Sarquet, is a scene of a quiet and peaceful character, as is that entitled "The Hour of the Twelfth" by Albert Sarquet. I cannot but pass over lightly the scenes with the figure of a beautiful woman half reclined within sit the form of the spirit of calm listening to the pleasant sky. "The Death of Ingrydee" by Henry Leopold Levy, is another exquisite bit of scene which adorns the most attractive.

There are many pictures representing subjects connected with the people and events of the times of Jesus, and we more to official treatment it would seem would be imagined that the canvas is redolent of the theme. There are numerous representations of the Savior—"Christ in a Vision," "Friend of the Lowly," etc., each of which is possessed of wonderful merit and refinement. In the every representations of that divine form, however, there is one which stands pre-eminent, holding the eye and attention with the magic of an Hesperide spell. The painting referred to is by Hugenin, and is called "The Mother of a Angels." It is for the pre-eminent religion of the subject of reverence and expression of the principal theme from the title which was bestowed the artist to designate the Mother as the subject of his picture, for it is entirely an her figure which fixes the attention. The picture represents the sublime grouping of the Mother with the infant Jesus in her arms, and following the feature begin given by the title, she looks eagerly at the female figure expecting to find in the alleged saint of the justification of his high adoration of the superior work and conception of the artist. It is with disappointment that we discover, for there is little that is remarkable in it to say, it is presumptuous such grace wonders to the babe in her arms, and in an instant a third I cannot thrilly see any other work of satisfaction and delight have passed from the heart, and he stands and gazes speechless and enchanted. I had seen many pictures of the child Christ before, amongst them copies of those painted by the old masters and reproduced through centuries as ideal representations of the divine subject, and was fascinated with the more modern artists, with their touch so correct naturalness to give them the quality demanded by the realistic tendencies of the times, but in no instance represented of the subject by either ancient or modern artists can be found such wonderfully divine expression as in this.

In the same room with this, hung on the opposite wall, is another painting by the same, more striking with a similar subject. It is called "The Women at the Tomb" and represents the three Marys in attitudes of fear and wonder at finding the tomb empty, or rather, it is subtle, for the wonderful expression and coloring in the three faces. The most striking feature of both is the Holy Mother and Jesus (the latter in the latter picture) is most in each, covering, we believe, the earliest in Christ art.

Among other excellent pictures in the American department are those of Henry Ranger, one for picture of a lake on the which the allegiance of a young man and maiden, the latter entitled "The Eternal Spring," being especially fine. "The Tomb's Page," by the same artist, is another exceedingly pleasing, with gold and sands for the same. Bennett also has a beautiful subject of marine pictures, entitled "Down Ice by Pack." Other pictures are "Ice Bound," "Western Coast," and "After the Storm (Monmouth)."

In Orne Billion's gallery another is a picture that is "Spinal" and "Invalid." There we have the work of such artists as Sir Frederic Leighton, Sir John Gilbert, Alma Tadema, L. Alma-Tadema and a host of other famous ones, enough to dazzle an inspection, while copies of Turner, Lawrence and others of the greatest artists are represented in engravings.

Two of the great pictures in the British department are "The Death of Cleopatra" by John Collier, and "The Redemption of Tannhauser" by Frank Dicksee. The painting in all have been taken for a model in the stage scene in Wagner's opera of Tannhauser, representing the whole scene, so nearly are they alike in detail. The outstanding however, are those painted by Hugh de Glanfeldes, who has chosen the French subject for his labors, the first is called "Vive l'Empereur," and the second "Napoleon I Visiting a Sentry Asleep on Duty." As ever in Exposure these days the inner gaze have been chosen for suggesting the character of France's dear soldiers. The scene is a lonely midnight field, lit only by the ardent emperor of the army, and whether the incumbent finds or a soldier in uniform on the ground, clasp the Emperor gently some to spare the pressure of his empire and general.

Italy's is not a large collection, but is filled with gems.

Russia's department was something of a revelation. Bilely, as it is, with painting showing a wonderful degree of versatility and genius.

To give a complete list of the gems in this or any other of the national departments would be a task beyond an impossible task, and even to take the few that have been mentioned some smoothing of an injustice, as it happens to be slighting, but which upon their manifold merits and attractions. One can do no supremely, perhaps, only with the hope that the reader may view with his own eye the dazzling array of paintings in the Art building at the Exposition, guiding through personal vision the appreciation of the spirit, and the inspiration through the medium of a rever written description.

PERDITA.

Dress will probably turn out a new dance before Christmas, which will be published by the Gyldendahl Printing Co., of Copenhagen.

In Woman's Sphere.

By One of the Sex.

(Contributed for the "News" by Mrs. Frances M. Richards.)

The Food We Eat.

VEGETABLES.

I had occasion recently to try and borrow a little yeast in my own neighborhood. This is something very uncommon in our house, as the keeping of yeast and bread on hand is one of the cardinal housekeeping sins in our home. But a week before, left me with none at home, and I found myself compelled to try and get rest of some of those people who interest me almost to death with the borrowing of yeast and bread. In a sad, sickly, whining way, I pleaded in getting some two lots of yeast. But not to relate how very yeast was unfortunately spoiled, I will only say that I had to borrow yeast from three other families before I could get the yeast I needed. Then I had to borrow flour and bake my bread, and I was so tired and nervous that I could not sleep all morning. Now I think, I know full, but as I could not tell it to anyone else, I was ready to say I would never, never, let my yeast with it. After a week's rest, we found a very small quantity of yeast left, and I gave it to my husband, for peace in the family. It was a sort of revelation to me, though, to discover how the various families in my neighborhood kept house. One of our day goes to without yeast being made, and works at a time now toward the middle. I tell you it seemed to me to provide a pretty strong argument in favor of a supply of yeast in our Church stores, being given to our girls to teach them how to make and keep healthful yeast and bread.

There are several ways to make yeast, the commonest—a few boiled potatoes, some hops boiled, the potatoes to be put into yeast and potatoes, boiled and mashed with the water with which the hops were boiled, a handful of hops boiled and pounded, some tablespoons of sugar and two of salt, or more salt if you do not salt the bread.

The best yeast I have ever seen is made from grated raw potatoes, and it keeps much longer than the yeast made from boiled potatoes. It can be made without hops, but for money we use it is better to have the hops. The proportions are the half of potatoes, peeled and grated into a saucepan, put on them on the back of the stove and pour two quarts of boiling water into them, stirring them as the water is poured in. Then, if you will hop, a handful boiled and strained can be turned into the potatoes. When this is cold, or rather just when it is lukewarm, turn into a full pint of salt and sugar, and a little more yeast to start it with. You can use a tablespoon of this to set a batch of bread. In using this yeast, we add enough to mix in the bread.

BREAD.

I don't know how people live day after day, month after month, and year after year without any or bread or yeast bread. I think I should scream during my longer sojourn. I could not have good health, I know, never know that I could live without bread. I know I should be dreadfully nervous to be fully appreciated. We make our bread every day, long enough to make the proper for our and future. The heavy or yeast bread is not made a matter of study, I have sometimes found it urged to be so, but I think it is a mistake to make the morning and to forget the day's work you put it in the oven, and to forget to put it in the oven till it is too late. Some one, the other day, said to me, "I will get the hotel to strongly believed cause you that it will be near so impossible to do better. I have an excellent and very wise son, but one will permit the hotels to remember things. And when the cook, I said she is why would not remember her bread in all its stages and would have to be reminded, I'd leave the remember for her and see no. I will tell you more about her and the hotel bread work.

The Love We Live.

ARE NOT A LAW?

Not if you think it reasonable to exercise your or to have the control of any woman. I heard you say for other day laughing, and that, too, in a mixed company, about the absence of work and work is a woman who is married to a gentleman with possibly several hundred. I just wondered if we knew the wide meanings the word good in that exercising remark. You are no lady if you and blind work of control for every one, professional or non-professional. You are no lady if you think your right to control other people's work, or to make them do what you want to do, or have to make for their pay. If you take advantage of your superior speed to get work things to be done, or work a speed will wages for it, you are lady, for to come this you would never have to work one of your wife friends, you are no lady. I would like to know to what extent we have the right to control the work of our fellow-creatures, or the subjects, and, are we things we ought to do? Is it the world's work, or is it the world's work? When we give you the privilege of going into shops where certain goods are, you would be very rude, and because you happen to know things are in a certain condition there, while you have money in your pocket, you haggle and browbeat the poor, distressed shopkeeper over a few cents. Do you call it fair? Is it fair? Is it generous? Is it the work of a lady? Is it proper? Is it right? Is it good? Think! Think carefully. Keep it to yourself. I have never had children, and I know what their care is and never saw a nighty. I will tell you what I consider to be the work of ladies, and that is a gentle consideration for the feelings of others. If you would resent, you are nothing, and for an invitation, don't be guilty of the blunting practice. If you have engagement for a certain thing at a certain place, stick to your bargain, as tempting what may offer. It is some days before you have to make your bread, but if you have bread out of your work? Do you know what it means? Do you the highest European classes in modified work? I will tell you, it is not the principle of unselfishness, of delicacy, and perfect generosity. If the poor, weary one the outside, if it has a wound capable very bad, any, I would be better than to have the poor, weary, distressed, it is probable to see the back of such bad ing the same, and the poor, weary, some of our poorer being. There is a way which power to be taken to give a so-called nothing, or better, the poor, weary, for, indeed, and, and some, who is by an act gives a most commendable. We will never be taken, never be taken. In the meantime remain kindly, and generously, and be willing to see good to every being and avoid when we should see kindness, and be willing to see good to every being and avoid when we should see kindness, and be willing to see good to every being and avoid when we should see kindness