

are among her followers—that the heavenly thoroughfare, in name, was completely blocked. Consequently the police ordered the prophetess to remove to other quarters. The girl is the daughter of a prosperous Breton family. In appearance she is described as a brunette, of rare personal charms—fine features, roseate complexion, large lustrous dark eyes, figure superb. No wonder that such a Venus has many disciples.

Mlle. Conesdon modestly proclaims herself the mouthpiece of the angel Gabriel, uttering terrible forebodings to France and the world. For one of so few years she certainly is very wise. She has evidently made a careful study of the profession upon which she has entered. Her predictions are mostly general. Minute particulars would probably be beneath her oracular dignity. She prophesies that there shall be wars and rumors of wars. Now, it so happens that so far as both mythology and history go to show, there has never yet been a year since the world began when there were not either wars or rumors of wars. Such statements are quite safe for any one conducting the business of a prophet. So long as the mouthpiece confines herself to these general indications of future occurrences, she runs no risk of injuring her professional reputation. It is possible, however, that the Associated Press may prefer a charge of plagiarism against Mademoiselle, for the newspapers have been fairly faithful for over a decade in keeping us well informed of the fact that there is a large-sized hen on in Europe that is likely to hatch out several little international complications which will have a tendency to result in a revised version of the geography.

But what is to be done? Keep on grinding corn or making gunpowder—whichever is your profitable vocation. There shall be prophets and sensations, but they shall not amount to much. As to the predictions—wait. Meanwhile the world wags on.

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AFTER IT
ALL IS OVER

A FEW months ago, nearly everyone has forgotten just when, a daughter of one of

the Vanderbilts was about to be married. The family engaged special dressmakers, milliners, shoemakers, gardeners and two hustling press agents. For a short time considerable space in many newspapers was devoted to giving minute details in regard to the preparations for the occurrence. The space was generally preferred, at top of column, headings well displayed, all lines leaded, next to pure reading matter. It is impossible at present to quote rates—they vary according to paper and alleged circulation. However, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are now ensconced at Blenheim, having returned from their honeymoon. It is reported that the arrival at Woodstock, for which preparations had also been made, was marked by demonstrations of enthusiasm on the part of the townspeople, villagers, tenantry—and stockholders in the N. Y. C., and H. R. R. R. In addition to fireworks and illuminations in the evening, bunting was displayed, arches erected, bouquets presented, toasts drunk and addresses of welcome read. The young Duke replied in an extempore speech from notes on a piece of paper which he had concealed inside his hat. Both are doubtless quite satisfied, the Duke has lots of money and Miss Vanderbilt has a title. And money and titles always result in perfect bliss.

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AN
EXCEPTION

A MARRIAGE that was very notable from one point of view took place a few weeks ago in New York city. Ex-President Harrison was married to Mrs. Mary Lord Dimmick in the presence of twenty people at St. Thomas' church, which was decorated with lilacs and ascension lilies by the bride herself. The ceremony was one of simplicity and dignity. The lack of ostentation appears the more remarkable when it is remembered that the social position, wealth and popularity of the famous ex-President would have rendered it possible to have made the nuptials the occasion for one of the largest and most splendid pageants ever presented to view in America. But both bride and groom chose otherwise. Excellent taste was involved in the decision.