

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

IT is remarked by a writer in *Invention* that women inventors by no means confine themselves to those departments where they might be supposed to possess special experience. Patents have been granted to woman for a plan of deadening noise on railways, for preventing sparks from locomotives and for a new form of life raft. The greater number of their inventions, however, are connected with dress and domestic appliances. During last year nearly four hundred patents were applied for by women. Some of these have reference to textile manufactures, electrical and railway appliances and stationery. Appliances for the sick have received considerable attention from women inventors.

The burning question, "Should women ride astride?" has been settled in Somerset and Devon Counties, England. Half a dozen prominent women have adopted suitable costumes for such exercise. They find such riding habits neat and extremely convenient for the hunting parties which lend an interest to life in that part of England. One of the emancipated ones writes the following to an English newspaper: "The phenomenon no longer appears a phenomenon among us, so common has it become; but perhaps the real reason why we have so readily sunk our sense of the conventional in a sense of the convenient is that our hunt is essentially a business-like and workman-like one. We come to it not for the meet, but for the stag; we have a rough country to travel, and we dress as best pleases us best to enjoy the pleasures of our hunt with due regard to the susceptibilities of our neighbors. Thus, if it pleases her ladyship she will come in skirt and tennis blouse and straw hat, and she will consider herself thus attired neither more nor less remarkable than her sister huntress who comes in the most generally accepted form of riding habit and skirt, than the bolder lady who comes in divided skirt, than the still bolder who appears with neither garments *propria quoque maribus* and riding-habit bodice, or than the lady, most courageous of all, who rides in long riding coat, breeches, and top boots. And I, for one, think

that they are each and all entirely right."

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young, she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them, and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright; but if there is a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned up, and her apron is dirty, and her skirt is torn, she can't be liked

The London courts will be called upon soon to decide one of the most curious cases that ever puzzled legal brains. A lady was seated a few weeks ago in the Zoological Gardens, and for security's sake removed from her pocket to her lap a purse containing six sovereigns. The show elephant shortly afterwards came on its round and, mistaking the brown purse for a bun, gracefully transferred it to its trunk and thence to its stomach. The management of the Gardens were at once appealed to and emetics were applied, but no more than two of the sovereigns and munched bits of purse were recovered. The solicitors for the lady are now, therefore, suing the Zoological Society for the missing four sovereigns, and seeing that the Society possesses the elephant, and the elephant possesses the sovereigns, the plaintiff claims to have a clear case.

A man living in Sheffield, Eng., had paid for some time to the Accident Insurance Company. He tired of the annual tax and determined to give it up. His wife tried to dissuade him from this step, but did not succeed. She then did the next best thing—she paid the premium herself, and the husband was none the wiser or the worse. The very day after she paid the first premium her husband met with a mishap. He caught his foot in a nail. The hurt seemed small enough, but it had mortal issue. The unfortunate gentleman died, and Mr. Hodgkinson handed the widow a cheque for £1,000.

TOO DREADFUL.

"What we have got to do, girls," said a pretty young woman the other day, as she sat on her foot among the cushions of a divan exchanging summer adventures and winter plans with a couple of friends, "is to make war on these delightful bachelor apartment houses.

"A man called on me last nig't who went to live in one last spring. He is full of enthusiasm yet, and I don't wonder. The one he lives in is a big house, that was the former residence of Mrs.——"

"When her husband died, she disliked to live there alone, and had it made over into bachelor suites. Then she put her butler, who had married her maid, in charge, and the place is filled with men who live altogether too delightfully.

"My friend says nobody ever leaves unless he dies or gets married, and they evidently take the greatest pains to avoid either misfortune. Mr. L. has, he says, a pretty parlor, with open fire, rugs, and all that sort of thing, and a bedroom and large bath and dressing room, and he hasn't a care in the world. He never knows anything about his laundry, for instance.

"His drawers and pressers are always filled with fresh linen, of whose gathering and washing he is quite ignorant. A stitch is never needed, for it is always taken before he discovers the necessity. His clothes are looked after by the butler, who sends them away to be pressed or sponged whenever it seems to him proper.

"His hats are always brushed, and even his umbrellas are kept trim and taut ready to be grabbed up hastily.

"If he is going away, he wires up from the office, and his bag or trunk is packed and sent off to the steamer; when he comes back, his luggage goes to the house and he goes down town; when he reaches his room again, the trunk has vanished and his belongings are all in place.

"Everything he sends to the house is paid for on arrival and once a month an itemized bill is presented to him and that is the end of it. He gets up when he pleases, touching his bell when he does so, and when he is ready a tempting little breakfast is spread in his parlor. He dines when he chooses.

"I am looking forward to the winter