

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

For every widower who marries a widow, there are eleven who espouse maidens.

Of the total population of the Dominion little more than one-third are married.

In Siam the first wife may be divorced but cannot be sold. The other wives may be both divorced and sold.

Marriage is growing popular again in England. The register for the first quarter of 1894 exceeds the first quarter of any year since 1883.

A tribute to a considerate wife was expressed in the will of a physician who recently died in Glasgow. She had deserted him three months after marriage. In his will, made seventeen years later, he left his entire fortune to her, because she had "permitted him to enjoy a peaceful and quiet life."

Three years ago a tiff separated Miss Cora Spire and Mr. Joseph Buchholtz, who were engaged to be married. Two weeks ago they accidentally met in a carriage, while attending a funeral at Sharon, Pa. They were returning from the funeral, when they were married in the carriage by Rev. W. M. Tinke.

A fortune-teller in Brooklyn had among her patrons, recently, a servant girl who was anxious to peer into the future. She listened to most pleasant predictions, and was then told that for twenty-five cents extra she could see a photograph of her future husband. She paid the sum asked, and was shown a picture of Edwin Booth.

Short jackets cut square in front are used for little girls from four to ten years of age.

Slashings in sleeves, showing a different material underneath, are seen on many of the new models.

The divided skirt for bicycle riders is an accomplished fact, since it has received the sanction of fashion.

The new sleeves for autumn are no smaller than those now worn, but there is a tendency to do away with berthus and the extreme revers trimming, which add such breadth to the corsage.

You will be quite correct, says an authority on dress, if you have your new costume made with a velvet bodice, and skirt and sleeves of heavy crepon. The former may be a direct contrast to the latter if you wish, or of the same color and tint, although of such diverse material. Velvet bodices will undoubtedly be one of the features of the coming season, and will be made without sleeves, the latter almost invariably matching the skirt.

On the promise of seeing something new, if not startling, I accompanied an acquaintance to meet an incoming steamer from Europe. My acquaintance had informed me that his cousin was bringing over goods of very great value, and I expected that considerable trouble would be consumed in examining and appraising the articles. The "cousin" was an attractive young lady and looked rosy and healthy as she tripped down the long plank. She had had a delightful voyage, etc., and had been good enough to bring only two trunks. These were found, an inspector made a hasty examination of the contents, saw that they were only ordinary wearing apparel, chalked the back, and we started off. We went up town and made for a good restaurant. The interesting small talk of travelers filled in the time until we three were seated at a table and the order given for luncheon. The lady sat next to the wall.

"I suppose everything is all right, Julie?" asked my friend.

"Yes, indeed," she replied, smiling triumphantly.

"I promised to show this gentleman something," he said. "There's no danger that anybody will catch on, so if you've no objection—"

He paused. She blushed furiously and replied: "Well, I don't know that I care, but it's unusual."

Then she reached down toward the floor on the side next the wall, and of course I don't know exactly what she did, but when her hand appeared again it was closed over something. She held it toward me, saying: "Open both hands and be careful." I did as she told me and she laid upon my palms a garter that fairly blazed with diamonds. I took one look and whispered "Smuggled?" She nodded vigorously, while her companion smiled approval, and remarked: "I shall keep that interesting piece of ribbon. It saves me several thousand dollars in duties."

"There's another like it," said the fair cousin, "but I guess I won't take that off." The other, of course, was on the side not next to the wall. "You have to get a cal now for your curiosity," she added, "for that article was worn for use as well as profit, and if I walk—well, it might come down, and that wouldn't be pleasant."—Atlanta Constitution.

Miss Margaret Eleanor Tupper, a daughter of the poet Tupper, has just died in London.

The only daughter of Sig. Crispi, the premier of Italy, has become engaged to Prince di Linguaglossa, a Sicilian.

Beatrice Harraden, after the ships have passed in the night, has a habit of running barefoot on the grass of the lawn to bathe her feet in the morning dew.

Miss Frances Willard lives on the time-lock principle of division of the day—eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours for rest and recreation.

Ora Kees and Mollie Kees, two young girls, have started a paper at Grayson, Ky. It is called the Eastern Kentucky Republican and, as its name implies, is republican to the core.

The statement that Miss Philippa Fawcett, the "lady senior wrangler," is about to begin a business career as a civil engineer is said to be unfounded. She has no present intention of leaving Newnham college.

A young woman was arrested in Berlin for kissing such men as came her way, both publicly and privately. Kissing of this kind has generally gone to the other sex, and it is frequently a bad rule that works both ways; but it is most surprising than any woman should have so little refinement as to make an open display of her susceptibilities when it is so easy to exercise them without publicity and far more satisfactorily. Think of the annoyance to the person hugged.

After all, the true beauty is not that which suddenly dazzles and fascinates, but that which steals upon us insensibly. Let us each call up to memory the faces that have been most pleasant to us—those that we have loved best to look upon, that now rise most vividly before us in solitude, and oftenest haunt our slumbers—and we shall usually find them not the most perfect in form, but the sweetest in expression. They follow us in the daily routine of our varied duties, and their softening influences will give us rest and peace, for the truest beauty is that which comes from a close communion with those things which lead upward—the good and the true.

SOUNDS AND ECHOES.

Johann Strauss, king of the realms of waltz music, celebrated, in Vienna, the other day, his jubilee or his fiftieth year as the most popular orchestra leader or composer. The celebration was a public function and all Vienna was in festive garb, while the strains of Strauss waltzes sounded from every concert room, cafe and dance hall. The waltz king, who is in his 60th year, began life with a name that sounded well in the ears of music-loving people. Johann Strauss, the father, had borne the title of "waltz king" for many years when his son's great talent asserted itself. He looked upon it with ill-favor. He was not to be deposed by his own flesh and blood if he could help it. So he put the boy into a mercantile business and admonished him not to regard himself in any way as a budding genius. But Johann, junior, feared his parent only as long as he was in his immed a presence. He gathered a number of talented fiddlers around him with whom to study and practice, and before he knew it was leader of a full-fledged orchestra. That was in the year 1844. Strauss took his orchestra on a journey through the east, Hungary, Servia, and Roumania. From that time forward the musical world knows his life history. Fortune gave early to him the laurel wreath of success, and well has he worn it.

In a most able discourse delivered by ex-Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, of the New York court of common pleas, before the senior law class of the University of the City of New York, April, 1894, on the common law, its origin, sources, nature and development, he attributes the origin of the common law in England to the Norseman. Their laws of war were most chivalrous; to strike a fallen enemy was murder. No history has been more pervaded by even modern historians than that of the Vikings. Their conquests and settlement of Britain, of part of Gaul and other countries, of their expeditions and invasions, of their sea power, have been attributed to another people—the so-called Saxons of the Romans, then to the Anglos.

People shout "We belong to the glorious Anglo-Saxon race" when there is not a particle of historical facts backed by monuments to prove their assertions. On the contrary, as it will be seen, the monuments or graves found in England and called Saxon or Anglo-Saxon graves or in France Frankish graves are thoroughly Norse in origin as well as their contents.

Hippophagy, or to speak less euphemistically, the habit of eating horseflesh, is spreading in Europe. While savage man is known to have sated his ravenous hunger on horseflesh or any other variety of flesh he could find, the modern origin of this peculiar taste dates from the siege of Paris, during the Franco-Prussian war, when the populace were compelled from dire necessity to sacrifice this noble quadruped to sustain life. Many acquired a taste for the meat and the demand for it did not cease with the capitulation of the city.

"It was to be seen on sale at many of the butchers' stalls, and has been ever since a staple article of diet for thousands of the poor of the French capital. For horseflesh is much cheaper than beef. Beef in Paris is worth 20 cents a pound, while horseflesh can be had for 8 cents a pound, which affords a reason why the barbarous custom should take such a firm hold upon these people when once necessity gave it root.

Once planted in Paris the practice spread to other Continental cities, especially Berlin, where horseflesh is now consumed in considerable quantities by the poor.