

WOMAN GOSSIP.

A Bridal Greeting.

On thy bridal morning
Skies are blue and bright;
With how sweet an aspect
Day has followed night!
O! thou gentle maiden,
With the amber hair,
Be thy future bright and pleasant
As this morn is fair.

Fashion Notes.

BUTTONS are more wildly extravagant than ever.

BOTH square and round trains are worn in evening toilet.

FANCY feathers show the influence of the craze for plaided effects.

SOME very small bonnets appear among late novelties in millinery.

THE "Abbo" is the new hat worn by ladies returned from abroad.

A TRIMMING much in vogue is black net embroidered with jet beads.

DRAP tucks on dresses are a recent revival of a fashion of yesteryear.

FRENCH modistes add flowers as accessories to all but the simplest dresses.

PLUSH roses form the favourite garnitures of many lovely evening dresses.

IRISH point and church lace form the most fashionable mull neck scarfs.

BLACK dresses still hold their own and are as elegant and fashionable as ever.

AFTER the rage for big bonnets has subsided, the medium sizes will probably be most worn.

BONNETS, muffs and costumes match when worn by the most fastidiously fashionable women.

JET or coloured crystal beads enrich all the richest trimmings and embroideries on dressy costumes.

Waifs.

A GOOD soldier is an easy catch. He is always ready for an engagement.

THE spots on the sun do not begin to create the disturbance produced by the freckles on the daughter.

WHEN a man and a woman are made one, the question "Which one?" is a bothersome one until it is settled, as it soon is.

A LADY assistant in a glove shop was almost mad when a fellow asked her if she had any nice dark coloured kids.

WHEN does a budding young damsel burst into fruit?—When she becomes the apple of somebody's eye.

SOME crusty, rusty, fusty, musty, dusty, gusty curmudgeon of a man gave the following toast at a celebration:—"Our fire-engines—may they be like our old maids ever ready, but never wanted!"

"I CAN'T go to Europe," a lady is reported to have said; "I am reading forty-five continued stories, and my limited means would not let me pay the postage."

WHEN old Mrs. Pinaphor heard that a certain young lady had "gone to Europe to catch a husband," she innocently observed: "Why, is there no one in this country who will have the girl?"

THE faculty of an Ohio female seminary has issued orders that no pupil shall have more than one male visitor per week. The smart girls invite their young men to call on Sunday, so that when their fathers come on Monday the old men find themselves barred out.

A YOUNG man with an umbrella overtook an unprotected lady acquaintance in a rain-storm, and, extending his umbrella over her, requested the pleasure of acting as her rain-bow. "Oh!" exclaimed the young lady, taking his arm, "you wish me to be your rain-dear." Two souls with but a single umbrella, two forms that stepped as one.

Poetry of the Table.

More appetizing than all patent tonics is a perfectly arranged table, sparkling with cleanliness. So let us be a little extravagant in our fresh tablecloths, when soap, water, and a little labour are all we have had to pay. And now we must decide, shall we have the best china and dr with some stone-ware for every day? Or shall we pay ourselves the respect usually reserved for company? Clearly, we are the persons to whom it is of the most importance shall we sit down to odd plates and cracked saucers six

days, that we may enjoy gilded china on the seventh? By no means. We will have plain white French china, which can always be matched when broken, and we will sit down to it every day. In the same way we will bring out the plated knives and silver forks, and partake of our food with a sense of our own deserts. We shall feel increased respect for ourselves, also, with napkins and butter plates; so those we will have.

A Girl Monk.

Matrona Ivanovna, a Russian peasant girl of two-and-twenty, has recently acquired considerable notoriety in her native land, says *The London Telegraph*, through the fact that, under the monastic designation of "Father Michael," she succeeded in passing several months in the cloister of Staraja Ladoga, without incurring the least suspicion on the part of her fellow monks that she was other than she seemed to be. Forced by her father to marry a person whom she detested, she disappeared from her home on the day succeeding her wedding, and, upon search being made, her clothes and two long plaits of her "back hair" were found near the Wolhoff river, as well as a letter in her handwriting, stating that, rather than live with her husband, she had resolved to drown herself. Her relatives, believing that she had really committed suicide, forbore any further inquiry, and mourned for her as one dead. She, however, dressed in man's clothing, applied last March for admission to the above-named monastery, and was duly received into the confraternity on probation, taking the minor vows, and officiating as coachman to the prior. There is no knowing to what ecclesiastical dignities she might not in time have risen, had not unkind fortune decreed that a native of her own village should have been sent to Straja Ladoga by his master for correction at the hands of the brethren, his offense being inveterate drunkenness. Promptly recognized and denounced by this indiscreet toper as Matrona Ivanovna, a friend of his youth, "Father Michael" was handed over to the police authorities by the indignant monks, and is now awaiting trial for impudency upon a religious community—a crime likely to be visited with severe punishment in so priest-ridden a country as Russia.

Small Feet.

An American missionary, Miss Norwood, of Swatow, has lately described how the size of the foot is reduced in Chinese women. The binding of the feet is not begun till the child has learned to walk and do various things. The bandages are specially manufactured, and are about two inches wide and two yards long for the first year, and five yards long for subsequent years. The end of the strip is laid on the inside of the foot at the instep, then carried over the toes, under the foot, and round the heel, the toes being thus drawn toward and over the sole, while a bulge is produced on the instep, and a deep indentation in the sole. The indentation, it is considered, should measure about an inch and a half from the part of the foot that rests on the ground up to the instep. Successive layers of bandages are put on till the strip is all used, and the end is then sewn tightly to the ground. Large quantities of powdered alum are used to prevent ulceration, and lessen the offensive odour. After a month the foot is put in hot water to soak some time; then the bandage is carefully unwound, much dead cuticle coming off with it. Ulcers and other sores are often found on the foot. Frequently, too, a large piece of flesh sloughs off the sole, and one or two toes may even drop off, in which case the woman feels afterward repaid by having smaller and more delicate feet. Each time the bandage is taken off the feet are kneaded, to make the joints more flexible, and are then bound up again as quickly as possible with a fresh bandage, which is drawn up more tightly. During the first year the pain is so intense that the victim can do nothing, and for about two years the foot aches continually, and is the seat of a pain which is like the pricking of sharp needles. With continued rigorous binding, the foot in two years becomes dead, and ceases to ache, and the whole leg, from the knee downward, becomes shrunk, so as to be little more than skin and bone. When once formed, the "golden hly," as the Chinese lady calls her delicate little foot, can never recover its original shape.

How a Married Woman Goes to Sleep

There is an article going the rounds entitled "How Girls Go to Sleep." The manner in which they go to sleep, according to

the article, can't hold a candle to the way a married woman goes to sleep. Instead of thinking what she would have attended to before going to bed, she thinks of it afterward. While she is revolving these matters in her mind, and while snugly tucked up in bed, the old man is scratching his legs in front of the fire, and wondering how he will pay the next month's rent. Suddenly she says:

"James, did you look the door?"

"Which door?" says Jim.

"The collar door," she says.

"No," says James.

"Well, you had better go down and lock it, for I heard some person in the back-yard last night."

Accordingly Jim paddles down stairs and locks the door. About the time James returns and is going to get into bed, she remarks:

"Did you shut the stair door?"

"No," said James.

"Well, if it isn't shut the cat will get up into the bedroom."

"Let her come up, then," says James, ill-naturally.

"My goodness, no," returned the wife. "She'd suck the baby's breath."

Then James paddles down stairs again, and steps on a tack and closes the stair door, and curses the cat and returns to the bedroom. Just as he begins to climb into his couch his wife observes:

"I forgot to bring up some water. Suppose you bring up some in the big tin."

And so James with amuttered curse goes down into the dark kitchen and falls over a chair, and rakes all the tinware off the wall in search of the "big" tin, and then jerks the stair door open and howls:

"Where the deuce are the matches?"

She gives him minute instructions where to find the matches, and adds that she would rather go and get the water herself than have the neighbourhood raised about it. After which James finds the matches, procures the water, comes up stairs, and prepares himself to retire. Before accomplishing this feat the wife suddenly remembers that she forgot to chain the dog. A trip to the kennel follows, and he once more jumps into bed.

Presently his wife says:

"James, let's have an understanding about money matters. Now next week, I've got to pay—"

"I don't know what you'll have to pay, and I don't care," shouts James, as he lurches around and jams his face against the wall; "all I want now is sleep."

"That's all very well for you," snaps his wife, as she pulls the covers viciously, "you never think of the worry and trouble I have."

A Mixed Telephone.

The telephone, the wonderful offspring of Edison's great mind, is an instrument which is now looked upon as indispensable to the world's good, but it, like a great many other things, will sometimes get out of humor and act in a very crooked manner.

Mr. Charles Augustus Fitzmont is an enterprising but bashful young clerk, whose place of business is on King street, and he is most warmly attached to a fair maiden who lives in an up-town residence with a telephone in it. Oft the telephone has been used as a medium through which he has breathed words of heart-pounding love in the ears of the one he so fondly worshipped, and never did he know it to fail in the performance of its duty until yesterday, when it caused him to moan—yes, to tremble like an aspen leaf, and smite one knee against the center.

At the time mentioned Charles had not seen his affinity for over forty-eight hours, and he determined to inform her of whom he was fondly dreaming that he would be up to the house that night and sit out on the front porch with her and sigh at the moon. Seeking the telephone while no one was in the office, he said:

"Is Miss Minnie at home?"

"Yes."

"Tell her to step to the 'phone, please."

"Is that you, Charlie?" inquired a cooing voice skimming along the wire.

"Yes, dearest, it is your own Charles."

"Oh, Charles, what made you stay away so long? You must come up to-night because—"

"The baby was born an hour ago."

"Wh-at baby?"

"Your own baby."

"My baby!" shrieked the young woman, "why, I'm—I'm surprised that you—you would say such a thing. I—I didn't expect it—"

"Neither did I; I just heard it a moment ago."

"You don't believe this—this fearful report? Stay—stay you don't. You know I haven't got a baby. I never did have a baby in my life," howled the young woman in a frenzy.

"Ha! ha! old fellow, you feel so proud and happy that you have to indulge in a joke, do you? Allow me to congratulate you. It's a boy, and weighs twelve pounds. Good-bye."

"Miss Bunter—I say, Miss Bunter—"

"Oh, Charlie! what is the matter?"

"Matter enough. I want to know the man's name who told you that scandalous falsehood. I'll have his gore before sunrise. I'll follow him over sixteen different states to kill him. I'll crush him. I'll mutilate him. Tell me, was it that squint-eyed Bangs who brought that horrible lie to your ears?"

"What lie, Charlie? What do you mean?"

"I want to know who told you what—that I had a baby born to me an hour ago that weighed twelve pounds. Who is the villain?"

A piercing shriek was the only reply that came over the wire, and then Charles realized for the first time that there was some dreadful mistake, that the telephone had become mixed, and he fainted.

Trouble Brewing in Norway.

THE KING ACCUSES THE STORTHING OF EXCEEDING ITS CONSTITUTIONAL POWERS.

(From the Paris *France*.)

Not long ago I wrote to you about the constitutional conflict between the Storting and the Crown on the subject of the attendance of Ministers at the debates in the National Legislature. This conflict is not the only one. A second has arisen which seems likely to reach irritating proportions. At the close of the recent session, several projects for the reorganization of the army, which had been referred to Military Commission, were still incomplete. At one of its last sittings, that of June 19, the Storting authorized the Commission to sit after the adjournment, and until the beginning of the next session.

Upon the advice of the Norwegian Ministers, the King refused, on August 18, to sanction this action, declaring that it was impossible for him to acquiesce in the introduction of a practice by virtue of which the Storting could empower a certain number of its members to sit and deliberate in the intervals of the sessions under the name of a committee. The royal decree sets forth that, "in naming a Parliamentary Commission of this nature, the Storting committed a trespass upon the domain of the Executive, and usurped administrative functions not belonging to it. Furthermore, in authorizing one of its committees to work outside of the sessions, it exceeded its powers in another way, notably by extending the duration of its sessions beyond the term fixed by the Constitution; that is to say, beyond two months." Moreover, "a commission constituted as this one is [three military men, two of whom are very advanced members of the Opposition] does not offer the necessary guarantee that the projects, several of which have not even been examined by the Government, will be subjected to a sufficiently intelligent and impartial study."

It was this last consideration, evidently, that decided the King, for he immediately proposed a royal commission, to be composed of the three members of the Parliamentary Committee and three new and competent members to be named by the Crown. It is clear that this proposition will have to be ratified by the Storting, which must decide whether or not to permit its members to sit on this new Commission. At this moment it is announced that the President of the Military Commission, has called a meeting of the latter. Naturally this step is represented by the Ministerial press as a grave insult to the sovereign.

BISHOP ELIGIO COSTI, at Chang-Tong, in China, has invented an alphabet of 33 letters, by means of which all the sounds of the Chinese language can, it is said, be represented. The Emperor of Austria has been so well pleased with the invention that he has presented the Bishop with a complete typographical apparatus, so that the new alphabet may be employed in printing. The characters used by the Chinese number 30,000.