

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

A "SEASONED Bridesmaid" makes bitter complain in *Woman* of the behavior of engaged girls. It is an old grievance of the unengaged, but has rarely been set forth in such minuteness of detail. The engaged ring finger plays a considerable part in this remonstrance. It is always being flaunted in the face of the unengaged. If you tell the engaged person that she has a hairpin sticking out, up goes that finger to push it in. Every office that can possibly be done with one digit is sure to be done with the obtrusive engaged finger. Sometimes the engaged girl will drop in for a chat, but it is generally when her friend is tired and sleepy, and the chat is always about "him" and how he proposed, and how delightful it is to think that he has never cared for any other girl before, and how charming and sweet "his people" are. This remonstrant, who has been bridesmaid more than the fatal number of times, is beginning to sigh for a place where there will be "no marriages or giving in marriage."

The latest instance of the introduction of the famous hypnotic theory into a criminal case was furnished in the Parisian police court recently. Mlle. Sandrini, a leading Opera danseuse, had a servant whom she suspected of robbing her. A friend of the danseuse, who dabbled in mesmerism or hypnotism, took it into her head to throw the domestic into a trance, and, while the girl was in this state, it is alleged that she made a full confession of her guilt, and furthermore described accurately how she went about her predatory operations, and what she had annexed. Her legal defender was not satisfied with the hypnotic treatment of his client, and maintained that, as she was a victim to pulmonary consumption, she was subject to fits, which made her a thoroughly irresponsible being. He accordingly asked for the appointment of a medical man to report on the girl's actual mental and physical condition. The Court, evidently puzzled by the hypnotic and the consumptive theories, directed that the girl should be medically examined.

Cleanliness is beautifying. Cleansing the body is the first step towards refinement. Clean people are better

able to resist disease than those who are untidy. Frequent bathing prolongs health and retards age. Next to sleep, there is nothing more restful than a bath when the body and mind are fatigued. Actors and public men who are busy all day and have exhausting duties to perform at night find the best stimulant in water. Rose Coghlan will rehearse from noon until 5 o'clock and look as bright as a dollar at 8 o'clock—after a warm bath, a hot dinner and a cat nap.

Short corsets are absolutely necessary with the prevailing style of dress. They are also more comfortable and more graceful than the long ones. Stiff corsets high in the back and long over the hips make the waist thick and give the figure the appearance of a dummy.

Strawberries eaten after meals make the best dentifrice known. Besides cleaning the teeth there is just enough acid to make an antiseptic. One berry crushed and used on the brush will leave a deliciously clean taste in the mouth.

A large foot should never be put in a low-heeled boot nor a large hand through a tight sleeve. Have the shoe close fitting and the sleeve loose.

The maroon and cherry paint worn on the cheeks with colored veils is bad style and a sure sign of bad breeding.

Keeping the nails long and pointed will reduce the apparent bluntness of square finger tips.

Boots and black stockings are never worn in the house by women of good taste.

ONLY THE OLD SEXTON.

Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, the dress reform lecturer and inventor of the famous divided skirt, had an amusing adventure last week. As it is well known to every one who has seen her, Mrs. Miller is not only beautiful in face but possessed of a trim figure which is the envy of her audiences. In her lecture on feminine

underclothing Mrs. Miller is called upon to make a liberal display of her graceful form. No male person is ever admitted to a certain discourse delivered by her, during which the fair lecturer divests herself of skirts and petticoats and stands revealed in something that resembles a complete suit of tights, upon which foundation she proceeds to build her ideas in chemisettes and feminine pantaloons. On such occasions M.s. Jenness Miller's maid does not trust to hazard, but goes around the lecture hall, stopping up every crevice in windows and doors to disappoint the Peeping Toms who might peradventure wish to enjoy the spectacle on the platform. One day last week Mrs. Jenness Miller was delivering this particular lecture in a town in the northern part of New York. As the town hall was engaged for that afternoon her discourse was given in the Baptist church. After the audience of ladies was seated and the usual preliminary of sealing up the windows and doors was completed, Mrs. Miller retired to the vestry room in order to prepare for the illustrations of the lecture. She had taken off her ordinary street garments and was about to step on the platform in complete tights, when a fumbling was heard at the door. "Go away," cried the pretty woman in horror. "Go away at once. Don't you know I am in here? I hope you are no dreadful man" She had taken the precaution to lock the door, and at that moment held the key in her hand. Still the fumbling at the lock continued, and presently, to her dismay, the venerable sexton selected a duplicate key from the ring and opened the door. Mrs. Jenness Miller screamed and rushed precipitately to where her petticoats lay. "Don't 'ee mind me, mum," said the old sexton, imperturbably. "I am an old man an' I ain't got a tooth in my head. I've got seven children, mum, and all of 'em darters, too. So don't mind me, mum, but go on with yer strippin' comfortable an' easy. That ere stove must be tended to, clo'es or no clo'es." Thus reassured the embarrassed young lecturer escaped bashfully to the church while the old sexton proceeded to fill up the stove as calmly as if pretty women in tights were the usual features of a vestry room.—*Rochester Herald.*