Feminine Fancies and Home Circle Chat

Are English a Cheerless Race

Much has been said on this subject lately; perhaps hastily! Perhaps not! It is so easy for people to say: "Now, do be cheerful." Just as well would it be to say "Be hot!" "Be cold!" It would indeed be far more sensible to say: "Do something to make you cheerful." One thing is quite and perfectly certain; that the people who are always worrying consciously about being cheerful seldom manage to attain their ends. As for looking cheerful, that is an entirely different matter altogether. So many, alas, of us, look at life from far too serious a point of view. There is no royal road to cheerfulness. Healthy and well-to-do youth must be joyous, but none of us can always be young, and we cannot be butterflies from the cradle to the grave; and we must find that there are certain duties in each daily path, even for millionaires. There is surely something pathetically funny about the position of the American plutocrat, though, indeed, it isn't fair to restrict this remark to millionaires in the States alone, but "the pathos of wealth" is decidedly more marked there than elsewhere. It is always possible for a millionaire if he is conscientious, to indulge in philanthrophy. As, for example, Mr. Carnegie's libraries, but to throw money indiscriminately away is not philantrophy. Far from it, it does more harm than good. Poor millionaire, my experience of them (from a respectful distance mark you) is that they don't want to spend the money themselves, as they cannot do so in the proper sense of the word. They don't want to throw it away or have it stolen, or anyone else to spend it for them, so what are they to do with it? Poor, unhappy millionaires. A cheerful look has always a charm of its own, though some people have not the art or gift of expressing their style of mind in their face, and never look as if they were enjoying themselves, try as they may. Others well trained in the assumption of a bright and cheerful look, manage to look pleased and happy, when at least they are thoroughly discontented with every one and every thing. Probably in the many grave discussions on the subject the word pleasure is used frequently as if it were synonymous with recreation, but that is indeed a mistake. The happiest lives are those that parents and children live together mere amusement must pall. For genuine pleasure to be enjoyed there must be previous work. It is an old saying that the English take their pleasures sadly; and at the moment there is certainly a great lack of cheerfulness among the English nation of today. And we can only hope that the English may become a cheerful nation instead of a nation seeking cheerfulness and finding it not.

Originality vs. Mediocrity

Does one ever get a new experience in this hackneyed age? Take for example the parties one attends. The people one meets; do they not all alike bear a stereotyped resemblance? Yet it is an age that abunds in schemes for the general welfare, and a great future awaits any one with sufficient courage and influence to inaugurate a new form of entertainment. There is not a doubt that mediocrity mars the system of today. And there are far too few efforts made to aim at originality. The fact is obvious to shrewd observers. Like the Arthenians of old, people are still vainly searching for something new only to look upon it when (if ever) they find it, with suspicion of the vast majority of today, it is as true as when it was first written:

"They eat, they drink, they sleep, they plod,
They go to church on Sunday,
And many are afraid of God
And more of Mrs. Grundy."

Even to those who are most willing to believe in our times have many secret misgivings that something paralyses progress, and all is not well. Every now and again, however, one comes across some enterprising soul with a fresh suggestion for occupying our already overcrowded lives, but this new excitement does not last, and again we sink back into living a life of mediocrity. The sacred traditions of art have lowered their standards and send for the crowds of half trained students. From our academies and schools of music we have voices by the dozen with no particular quality and still less genius. Is it then a wonder to hear people say that "Music is not wanted?" The world is waiting for music and for the voice of thrilling resonance, and for the player who can play and not one who imagines himself a genius, and on the strength of his imagination bores his friends, unblushingly, to make his most tedious pianoforte recital a success. It is the same in other callings in art and drama, and also in the less exalted callings in which women abound. Hundreds of women and girls are quite satisfied to be of the same average dull, unvarying type. As units of society women show themselves hopelessly complacent of mediocrity, content to be viewed collectively and neglect many natural advantages they may have to mark them out individually. There are scores of things open for women to excel in, and by her force of character banish much boredom from the life of others. Would it not be a blessing if in this day of 'societies" one could be formed for the inauguration for the efforts of originality and the suppression of mediocrity.

Fashion's Fancies

It still remains to be decided what will be considered correct wear for smart motoring functions, but there is observable a distinct tendency to mitigate the severity of what we have hitherto been accusomed to consider as suitable attire for the pastime. This is specially noticeable in the matter of hats, which in many cases present quite a dainty and frivolous aspect as compared with the uncompromisingly practical headgear with which the lady motorist has hitherto been wont to disfigure herself. The chiffon veil and scarf that is now almost ubiquitous is, of course, not so serviceable as that of tussole, or even crepe de chine, but it is far lighter and more becoming to surround the face and for the purpose of tying in a huge bow and ends beneath the chin.

This autumn there will be a distinct fancy for green cloth, and a model I have seen is in plain green cloth, with a simple skirt on the ground and a long coat to the feet, with a seam on the hip and braided with a green braid of a somewhat darker shade. This was cut away to show a waist coat of old silver brocade, worked in a green silk braid outlined in gold and beautiful fancy buttons of green enamel, disclosing a real old fashioned jabot of cream lace. The sleeves are rather square on the shoulder, while the turned-back cuff is bound with braid and shows an under-sleeve of muslin and lace in keeping with the period. This is surmounted by a beautiful hat of green straw in a big tri-color shape, trimmed with a waving paradise plume. Harmony in color has prevailed for the last two seasons. For instance, people have with the greatest effect worn one color, though perhaps, in a thousand shades throughout the entire toilette, including footgear, gloves, veil and hat, not forgetting the stockings must match the boots or shoes, as the case may be.

Summer muffs are now the correct finishing touch to any really smart toilette, since Queen Alexandra set this pretty fashion during the London season. These dainty trifles, all made of flowers, feathers, chiffon or tulle, the only stipulation being that they must match the hat and ruffle with which they are worn.

A little bird has brought news from Paris of a quite fascinating fancy which is sure to be courting favor before many weeks are past. Therefore provide yourself (if you want to be strictly up to date) with a white cloth skirt at the hem of which appears a band of dark blue cloth. The grand coup, however, is the coat built entirely in dark blue cloth, which should fit perfectly, though loosely, and extends just a few inches below the waist. Wonderful to relate as the latest cry from the gay city, it is an economical costume. For dressy street wear the smartest and most practical thing a woman can have is the tailored suit of silk. Very smart are they in one of the new blue shades or in golden brown taffeta. Hats en suite should be in the new high crowned shapes, in the new shining straws.

Taffeta, too, makes up into lovely evening and Chinese gowns. A charming one I saw the other day was composed of pale turquoise blue taffeta, the skirt having a petticoat front and flounce of allover Valenciennes. Narrow pleatings of the silk outlined the overskirt part of the silk and were also used as a finish to narrow bands stitched on about the bottom of the lace flounce. Similar trimming was used about the low rounded neck, large dots in blue embroidery silk being hand embroidered about the decolletage as an added finish. The neck was cut out very low both back and front.

Empire modes which characterize fashions of the day are seen at their very best in loose gowns and negligees. One very charming example is leahsed in a pale pink shade of poplin. A silk and cotton fabric with a soft, rich lustre. The skirt is pleated in wide accordion pleats, the pleats graduating in width from an inch at the top to two inches at the hem. The skirt is long at the front and sides and trails some half a yard at the back. The waist is made entirely of Valenciennes insertions and fine embroidery bandings. Each band of embroidery beaded to the narrow frill of lace. Surplice lines are described in both the back and front, and the neck is simply finished with a standing frill of the lace. Pale pink satin ribbons rosetted in the back describe the Empire waist line, and finish in the front with a single rosette and long streamers that extend below the knees.

Very charming are the evening gowns made of batiste or mull, trimmed with quantities of Valenciennes insertion and tiny tucks. Those worn over white or colored china silk slips. Are most charming and becoming gowns, especially for young unmarried girls.

Passing Thoughts

That there is no virtue in telling everyone exactly what you think of them.

The man who said "tomorrow never comes" never had a bill to meet which fell due in twenty-four hours.

The longer we live the more we think, the higher value we learn to put on the friendship and tenderness of parents and friends.

The sunny sweet tempered people are the ones to make and keep friends. Bitterness and gloom willl drive every one away from you.

That candor, though an excellent virtue, can sometimes, if used without tact, cause a great deal of pain, and wound the feelings past cure.

The just man is the happiest man. His life glides on as peacably as the undisturbed waters of a clear rivulet, slowly flowing through meadows enamelled with flowers.

The world is filled with people who are eager to follow the crowd, who are so cowardly that they cannot withstand the common opinion, which they know in their hearts is vicious and dangerous. They are the real slaves, as "Lowell" said, who dare not be in the right with two or three."

Selfishness is one great cause of loneliness. If a man builds a wall around himself, so that he may keep all he has to himself, he very soon finds that he has built walls round himself which shut out all that might come to him from others. So it is quite possible that the cure of lonliness may be the overcoming of selfishness.

It is well to remember one thing Nearly all the great people of the world have always been courteous, simple and kind in manner to their fellow men, in whatever station in life they may chance to be, and if you want to imitate real greatness as well as to make life sweeter for everybody you might with advantage cultivate these accomplishments.

From Far and Near

For any ordinary greasy skin the following recipe will greatly improve matters: Equal parts of borax and carbonate of zinc made into a thin paste with cold water and well rubbed into the skin.

Miss Maud Fealy, the popular American actress, has married Mr. L. F. Sherwin, a British journalist. Miss Dawer was leading lady in the late Sir Henry Irving's last London repertoire.

The engagement is announced from Pretoria of Miss Helen Botha, daughter of the premier of the Transvaal, General Louis Botha, to Mr. Hendrick Hofner, de Waat, a member of the English bar.

It is expected that the King of the Hellens will pay a private visit to Great Britain at the end of October, when he leaves Denmark on his return to Greece. He will be the guest of the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace and at Sandringham during his stay in England.

The little girl on the left wears a hat of white linen with edges embroidered in navy blue, and a fancy blue and white ribbon, tied around the crown. Under the brim is a shirring of net with a row of pink and white roses. Her dress is of spotted lawn trimmed with satin ribbon matching the spots. The other hat has a brim of white straw lined with lace and roses in a crown of rose figured taffeta, trimmed with bows of pink ribbons.

Mr. Chamberlain, who has been spending a quiet time at Highburg, Birmingham, has returned to London. He is gradually improving in health and appears to be in good spirits in spite of being still rather lame.

We hear from the writings of Gertrude Page in "Life in Rhodesia" that there is a great demand for wives. The curator of the British South Africa company's museum has been out recently visiting the country and he, too, appears to have arrived at the conclusion that wives are wanted in that country.

Ouida has been prevailed upon to accept a grant of £20 a year from the Italian government. This grant, together with the pension of £150 a year, which was recently announced in the Civil List, places the famous novelist beyond the pale of destitution.

The death is announced of Mr. Thomas Blackwell, head of the great jam-making firm known all over the world as the firm of Crosse & Blackwell, Ltd., Soho Square, London. The firm is now two hundred years old and from quite small beginnings has expanded into the existing vast concern for the manufacture of jam and pickles and various preserved foods, employing upwards of £2,000 hands. Mr. Blackwell was known in London as the "Jam King."

Two red Indian chiefs of the once famous Sioux tribe arrived in London last week. They came from Canada to see Lord Strathcona whom they call the "Great White Chief." Their mission is to obtain the preservation of what they call their fishing rights and also their shooting rights which they say are being seriously encroached upon by rich Americans in search of sport. Lord Strathcona, after listening to their complaints, promised to lay the matter before the proper authorities.

The team of British Volunteer Artillerymen which recently left London for Canada to compete for the cup offered by His Majesty the King, is receiving a most cordial welcome in the Dominion. At a luncheon given in Quebec speeches were made declaring that visits of this nature were of importance as showing the good relations and comradeship between the Mother Country and the Dominion over the seas.

Vanity Notes

Perfumed face cream is very cooling and delightful to use and can be quite easily made at home from the following recipe: Rose water 4 oz., oil of sweet almonds 4 oz. spermacti 3 dr., white wax 2 dr., pulverized borax 10 gr., otto of roses, 4 drops. Melt together by a gentle heat the sperm wax and oil of almonds. Dissolve the borax in the water and add slowly to the melted mixture. When mixed take from the fire and stir until cold; then add the otto of roses.

The great mass of middle and working people are too anxiously engaged in the daily struggle for bread to give much attention to "beauty culture," but amongst the moneyed classes beauty is recognized as an asset, a possession which will enormously influence the girl's chances of making a good match.

An easy cure for that most unbecoming of all things, a shiny nose, is as follows: Rub in plenty of boracic acid powder with cotton wool. Leave on while in the privacy of your own room. Gently rub off when obliged to meet the public eye. A teaspoonful of the powder dissolved in a cup of very hot water makes a lotion to bathe the nose before rubbing it with the dry powder.

For the teeth nothing is better than a good powder and if carefully prepared will not scratch the teeth. Such a powder as Calvert's Carbolic powder is splendid and also has the advantage of being antiseptic. There is no difficulty in getting it as it is sold everywhere.

An excellent soap is Wright's Coal Tar Soap as it protects the user against infection and for this reason it is unequalled. It is also exceedingly good for the complexion.

One of the best preventatives for summer freckles is to powder the face over with any good toilet powder before going out in the sun, but a lotion, if preferred, can be used instead, made of one ounce of alum, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and a pint of elder flower water. This should be used twice daily.

Teacher—Why are explorers so anxious to find the north pole, Gordon?

Small Gordon—So it won't be necessary to send other explorers in search of it.

Hints and Recipes

Before beginning my letter on "housekeeping" I want to remind my readers that they need never be afraid to confess that they know how to cook—as cooking is becoming in this advanced age "a work of art." The "chef" at the Carlton hotel, the most fashionable hotel in London, has just stated that before he retires from active life he would like to teach women to become good cooks." And certainly if he seriously means this, then decidedly he could not devote himself to a more useful task than to reform the cooking in England. In fact, only Englishmen fail to realize how very badly the average Englishwoman cooks. The average young woman has no knowledge of cooking, and instead of being thoroughly ashamed of the fact she rather makes a boast of it. It is certainly a most discreditable flaw in English civilization. When a man returns home after a long, and possibly a weary day's work he needs for his health (and breathe it not, his temper's) sake, a tempting and nourishing meal. It does not help matters for his wife to play the latest music hall air on the piano or to tell him what is the french for, "Have you seen the hat of my grandfather's gardener?" It it decidedly more comforting to find a dainty meal, well cooked and prettily served waiting for him. A French woman makes herself necessary to her husband, but alas! So much can only be said for a very small proportion of English wives. Husbands and wives under our present system are partners for life; therefore it is obvious they each have their certain duties to perform. The husband earns the living, the wife looks after her household duties. Many most well meaning women would be only too glad to make comfortable homes for their husbands and children; the fault lies in the fact that they have never been taught. As I mentioned in my article a few weeks back how necessary, therefore, it is for every mother to see that her daughters are taught the meaning of domestic and household duties generally. A mother has no right to bring up her daughter without teaching her how to keep house, and see that she is made proficient in this respect, too; then, and only then, will there be better times for husbands. When they will hurry home to find a cheerful wife and a dainty dinner; and it is certainly not wise for girls to listen to the indignation expressed nowadays (chiefly by old maids, or wives whose husbands have sufficient moral courage to decline to live with them) over their ideas of women qualifying for marriage, that "woman should no longer be the slave of man"—No! Far better and happier will they be if they listen to the advice of their mothers and to learn to be useful in all matters appertaining to the management and the comfort of a home.

Little Dinner Menu

Green pea soup.
Filleted soles in cases.
Cassolettes of chicken.
Mousse of sweetbreads.
Saddle of lamb.
Iced fruit salad.
Savoury boats.

A pink and white striped dimity is sketched here trimmed with white lawn embroidery done in pink threads. The bands on the shoulders and the long mousquetaire sleeves are white figured muslin. The belt is white satin and a large spun silver buckleis worn.

Filleted Soles in Cases

Trim and divide some filleted soles into strips of a suitable size, brush the outside over with warm butter, which has been seasoned with salt, pepper and lemon juice, then cover the strips on the same side with a layer of lobster paste; then roll them up tightly and secure them with narrow tape. Butter a pie dish, scatter a finely minced shallot over it and put in the prepared fillets; pour in sufficient well seasoned fish broth and white wine (mixed in equal quantities) to nearly cover them, place a thick piece of covered paper over the top, and let them poach in a fairly quick oven for about eighteen minutes. When they are ready remove the fillets, and keep them hot, while the sauce is made. Pour a quarter of a pint of the broth in which the fish was cooked into a basin containing quarter of a pint of hot cream; have ready in a saucepan an ounce of butter smoothly mixed with rather more than half an ounce of flour, pour in the broth and cream by degrees, and stir until the sauce is thickened; then add the yolk of an egg which has been beaten up with a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and add sufficient coloring to make the sauce yellow. Have at hand as many china ramekin cases as there are fillets, which have been heated and brushed over on the inside with butter; pour a teaspoonful of the sauce into the cases, then mask the fillets with the sauce and put one into each case. Pour another teaspoonful of sauce over the top and scatter lightly with finely chopped tuffle; half a pint of sauce is sufficient for six fillets.

Cassolettes of Chicken

Make a rich white sauce, using a little cream to finish it, then add a tablespoonful of tomato catsup, a teaspoonful of grated Parnesau cheese, a few drops of carmine to color slightly and some cooked chicken (the white meat only). Cut into dice shaped pieces; the liver of the bird cut up in a similar manner, five or six champignons, coarsely chopped, and a tablespoonful or two of cooked tongue cut into dice. Heat the ingredients gradually in the sauce a short time before the mixture is required, and keep hot until it is wanted. Prepare some carsolettes according to the directions given below, and fill them with the chicken mixture; scatter a little finely chopped parsley over the top and serve them garnished with little bunches of fried parsley. For the cassolettes divide nine ounces of fresh butter into six equal portions, roll them separately on a floured board into little balls; then flatten them slightly. Dip them separately into beaten egg, cover them with very finely sifted dog bread crumbs and put them aside for a quarter of an hour; then repeat the process of egging and crumbing and before allowing time for the crumbs to harden make an incision with a very small cutter in the top of each cassolette, and brush round the edge with egg. Then fry them in deep boiling fat; take care not to let them acquire more than a golden color. On taking them from the pan drain them and then skilfully remove the portion marked by the cutter and turn out the liquid butter from the inside, and fill them as directed.

Mousse of Sweetbreads

Line a fluted mould of suitable shape with some aspic jelly which has been colored a pale green and decorate each flute with a piece of cooked asparagus, with a stalk as nearly the same length as possible as the depth of the mould. Each piece of asparagus must, of course, be kept in place by the use of a little cool jelly. Blanch and braise a pair of sweetbreads, press them until cold in the usual way, then pound them in two ounces of pate de foie gras and two ounces of cooked minced ham, and pass the mixture through a wire sieve. Season it with salt, pepper and nutmeg, and stir in half a pint of delicately flavored white sauce (thickened in the proportion of one ounce each of flour and butter mixed together to half a pint of liquid), half a pint of cool aspic jelly, a tablespoonful of sherry and half a pint of stiffly whipped cream. Fill the lined mould with the mixture, pour a little aspic over it and leave it on ice for several hours before moulding; garnish with chopped golden and green aspic.

Iced Fruit Salad

Cut the top from a medium sized and quite ripe pineapple and cut sufficient from the stalk end to ensure its standing firmly; then carefully remove all the inside portion of the pineapple, leaving a hollow case; remove the hard pieces and cut the fruit into small square pieces, put these into a deep dish with an equal quantity of ripe strawberries or any similar fruit in season, sprinkle liberally with icing sugar and pour in a wine-glassful of sherry and place on ice for an hour, tasting the fruit from time to time with the syrup; put the pineapple case into an ice box while the fruit is being iced and at the end of the time named pour a glass of champagne over it and fill the pineapple case with the salad. Stand the pineapple on a few large vine leaves in the middle of a silver dish and surround it with litle fancy paper cases filled with strawberry ice cream and garnished with chopped pistachio nuts.

Savonry Boats

Line some little boat shaped moulds which have been brushed over with butter with a thin layer of cheese biscuit paste, fill them with rice wrapped in buttered paper and bake in a moderately quick oven. When done remove the rice; unmould the boats and fill them with a mixture made as follows: Pound half a pint of shelled shrimps in a mortar with an ounce of butter, season with curry powder, white pepper and a few drops of lemon juice; then add a teasponful of anchovy essence and half a pint of very thick white sauce, pass the mixture through a sieve, color it pale pink and after making it hot in a saucepan fill the boats with it. Have ready some stiffly-whipped white of egg seasoned with salt, pepper and curry powder, cover the filling with the whisked egg and put the boats in a quick oven for a few moments to set the egg, and serve with as little delay as possible.

On Deafness of Children

Often a child is called stupid, obstinate or careless, when the only fault is entirely due to the child's hearing. A child is timid in owning that he cannot hear plainly and if afraid too often to say so. Any adult blessed with common sense says at once that he is slightly hard of hearing, but not so with children. As a rule defective hearing in children is neither serious or lasting, and is generally caused by an accumulation of wax in the ear passage. A few drops of warm (not hot) olive at night followed in the morning with syringing with soap and water, and then with clear water will usually succeed in getting rid of the wax. Nothing sharp pointed should ever be put in the ear. A deaf child should never be scolded. In any case he is not to blame for his misfortune, and needs the tendercst care and consideration.

Home Study

In his daily half-hour confidential talk with his boy, an ambitious farmer tried to give him some good advice: "Be observing, my son," said the father, on one occasion. Cultivate the habit of seeing, and you will always be a successful man, study things and remember them, don't go blindly through the world. Learn to use your eyes. Boys who are observing know a great deal more than boys who are not.

Willie listened in silence.

Several days later, when the entire family, consisting of his mother, aunt, and uncle, were present, his father said:

"Well, Willie, have you been using your eyes, as I advised you to do?" Willie nodded and after a moment's hesitation said:

"Yes, father! I have seen several things about the house. Uncle Jim has got a bottle of hair dye hidden in his trunk. Aunt Mary has got an extra set of teeth in her hat box. Mother has got some curls pinned in her best hat, and behind your desk in your study, father, I saw a pack of cards and a bottle of whisky."

For the Young Folks

Hunters of experience declare that the man eating lions so much dreaded are in reality brutes worn out in body by the accumulation of years, and soured in temper by disappointments, and that they take to man eating because they have not the patience, or agility to stalk with success the wary wild game. Man they find is often an easier victim. In "Days and Nights by the Desert," Mr. Parker Gilmore relates an artful trick, which he once played upon one of these animals. "I was hunting ostriches," he says. "At a bend in the ravine the bird disappeared and I was about to follow it, when by the merest chance, I looked behind me, and, to my surprise and horror, saw that a large lion was not over seventy yards behind me, and evidently stalking me as I had been stalking the bird. If I could have gained a tree, I should certainly have climbed it in a hurry, but no tree was near. To make a run for it would have brought the lion upon me at once. I kept steadily along the edge of the ravine till I came to a place that promised shelter, it was a drop of four feet to a ledge about thirty inches wide and afterwards a perpendicular descent of fifty or sixty feet, terminating in a quantity of broken bolders and jagged stone. With as little appearance of alarm as I could assume, I sat down on the edge of the precipice ever and anon, taking a careful glance behind me to see if my foe was near. About twenty rods behind me were a few ragged bushes. Behind these the lion had taken shelter and was keeping a careful survey of my every movement. Darkness was rapidly coming on, and I slipped from my seat and dropped down to the ledge. Instantly I slipped off my coat and hung it on the muzzle of my musket and shoved it up over the upper ledge, where I had so lately been sitting. Scarcely was this done, when my coat was torn away and my gun hurled to the bottom of the gully. But they did not go alone. No, my assailant was with them, and there he remained all night, grumbling over his disappointment at not having me for his supper. A colder night I certainly never passed, but I had to make the best of it. In the morning I found my musket was not injured, but my assailant had smashed his foreleg in his fall, so I soon ended his suffering by shooting him.

Tommy went fishing the other day without his mother's permission. The next day one of his chums met him and asked, "Did you catch anything yesterday, Tommy?" "Not till I got home," was the rather sad response of Tommy.

A Few Anecdotes

It was in Waterford, Ireland, and Mrs. O'Learly had gone after paying me a lengthy call. She came to tell me she was going to be married again, and if she said once, "He is absolutely devoted to me," she certainly said it fifty times. It seemed to me as if she was anxious to convince herself of it. Shall I ever forget what my brother Bob and I endured from stifled laughter on that never-to-be-forgotten day. A few months later, when we entertained her and her new-made husband to tea (the poor distraught man died soon after of softening of the brain) when he turned to me and said of his wife, "Lord! how that woman talks! Hark at her! Who is she? Does she belong to me?" I was fearfully overcome when Bob (like Curtius) leaped bravely into the gulf and directed the poor distracted man's attention with some amusing anecdote. But alas! the poor man was right. She did talk! And after her lengthy visit, I had to sort out and tidy my thoughts and ideas, as one sometimes does an untidy drawer of gloves and veils.

What a wonderful thing is Point of View." Some little time since I met a man, a young man, at a dinner party, who favored me with his views on many subjects, which impressed the fact upon me how very young he really was! After dinner there was music, and catching the word "Wagner" he turned to me with an engaging smile and delivered himself thus: "I am exceedingly musical. In fact I may truly say I always go to every comic opera and to every musical comedy!"

Some time ago, when on a holiday tour in Ireland, I was riding on a jaunting car. On the car during the early part of the journey was a man so morose and repellent in aspect that I was thankful when we dropped him at a wayside inn. "That was a queer-looking fellow, Pat," I remarked to the driver, as we went on our way. "Faith, my lady! and he's as quare as he looks. He's a divil. He's done fifteen years for lavin' his wife widout visible manes of support!" "Oh! Pat! What nonsense!" I said. "A man cannot get fifteen years for leaving his wife without visible means of support." "Shure and can't he," said Pat, with a twinkle in his roguish eye. "He did, thoughtless and bedad, isn't it lavin' your wife widout visible manes of support when you throw her out of a window on the third floor?"