

Bubbles.

(Continued.)

Is lovely woman, too, a faddist, like her more rugged brother of the earth? Who dares to express himself so coarsely? Let us say, rather, that she indulges in charming and playful ebullitions of fancy, in airy manifestations of that winsome caprice for which she is so delightfully notable, and which ministers so largely to the home-comfort of us poor fellows who are "only men." O, man is tame, and dull, and stupid, in the comparison! His bemuddled brain can never teem forth bubble on bubble of everlasting variety with the volatile untiring ease wherein the intellect feminine plays off its supererudant versatility of changefulness. Who does not remember the sweeping "hoop," the formidable "coal-scuttle," of his venerated grandmother? Who does not thrill with far-off recollections of the chignon? Does not the memory of the bewitching "bang" still reverberate through our susceptible hearts? Or is the swelling beauty of the "bustle" so much a thing of the past that we cannot yet recall how the youthful uninitiate looked with admiring wonder thereon, timidly revolving if it were not a gracious natural development designed as a seat of grace for the rising generation, whereon they might ride pillion behind their lovely bearers? Then there were, or are, the little watches on bracelets, parasol-handles, and so forth; possibly meant, like the mummy at the Egyptian feast, to remind the fair owner that time inexorably flies — and, with it, the chance of securing that much-contemned, yet desirable, article of household furniture, a husband.

Another reprehensible vagary of fashion was that lately in vogue of ladies wearing live beetles as adornment to their attire. Personally, I detest beetles, and I would cheerfully give a very Venus so bedecked the width of the room. But I am not alone in my distaste: many share this repugnance to things coleopteran; and the wearers of these living jewels must have thus more or less "got on the nerves" of many of their companions, besides themselves incurring the disadvantage of a disagreeable association. Above all was the practice objectionable from the point of view of the luckless beetle. How did *he* like it? How should we ourselves feel, in like case? chained by the leg to the dress of some Titaness strange of species — some incomprehensible being to whose vanity we must minister at price of liberty and every pleasure in existence. Perhaps I am only an old fogey