Of Interest to Women

I wonder where Mamma could go
To stay so very long!
I'm sure this clock is awful slow,
Or Nurse's time be wrong;
She said Mamma'd be surely here
In half an hour or so.
But still I've waited, dear, O dear!
'Most forty hours, I know.

I've looked at pictures till the book
Seems dull as it can be!
It's not that way when I just look
And someone reads to me;
Mamma, she reads the best of all,
Just on, and on, and on;
Now—Nurse won't answer if I call—
Where can Mamma be gone?

I wonder if she went to town
To buy me something good;
A dolly in a fine new gown!
(She's often said she would).
A set of block, a swimming fish—
I'd love them all, you see.
But most of all, I wish—I wish
Mamma'd come back to me!

I wonder if she's gone above,
Gone up to heaven to stay—
Nurse said she left her dearest love
When she went out today.
I wonder how I'd feel if she
Should not come back—no more
To hug or hold me on her knee—
O Nurse, it must be four!

I wonder if the Golden Street
Shines right across the sky?
Mamma says Heaven is awful sweet—
Folks go there when they die;
Mamma's so good—I almost fear
She'll die some time, and when
She does my heart will break—O dear!
I thought I heard her then!

I surely thought I heard her voice
A-humming on the stair.
I surely—but I daren't rejoice
For fear she won't be there!
I want her, O! so awful bad
You'd scarce believe it true.
And when she comes, won't I be glad—
Mamma, it's really you!

"Mr. Right."

Love is a very great and wonderful mystery that every engaged girl thinks she has managed to fathom. We all have a faculty of thinking that our judgment is infallible, though we wonder what in the world Jane Brown could see in that stupid man she married.

Each girl thinks she knows just exactly how much love her sweetheart has for her and it isn't until after marriage that she discovers she doesn't know a thing about it. It is because of this "cock sure" feeling of the engaged girl that unhappy marriages are so common and that they are painfully common is very easily to be seen.

We are all somewhat given to casting aspersions on the girl who has half a dozen sweethearts. We call her a flirt. Women sometimes look askance at her, and men shrug their shoulders over her and yet that is hardly fair.

It is quite possible for a girl to find pleasing qualities in half a dozen men, to like them as friends, to even admire them and yet to find, on closer acquantance that not one of the six is quite the man she would care to marry.

At the risk of being called a flirt, if she finds out little qualities or habits that displease her, she does well to dismiss a man from her and refuse to marry him, rather than face the lifelong misery that incompatibility of temper intails.

After all, it is simple enough to tell if a man cares for you and if you care sufficiently for him, but you cannot arrive at a true decision unless you look at things calmly and dispassionately.

"Mr. Right" loves you and shows it in so many words and actions that are quite unmistakable. Your ways may not always be his ways, but he makes them his for your sake, unless your ways are very frivolous.

He never ceases to show you the respect and courtesy due to all women. He keeps his appointments punctually, listens attentively to your conversation, remembers the books you like, the music you like; your favorite seats at the theater, every trivial thing you mention is stored up in his memory and used to show his love for you.

He remembers that you don't like to wear any flower but violets, and when you are going out with him, it is violets he sends you. He makes you put your rubbers on when it is a wet night and has a carriage for you if it is too wet.

He never dances with other girls when you are partnerless; he never takes you to the style of entertainment you dislike. He never wears a red tie because you hate red ties, and he doesn't talk upon the topics that are uninteresting to you. In short, the object of his life is to give you everything you wish for and to make you happy, for that is how he likes best to see you.

When a man loves a woman and when she really loves him, they forget the countless little irritations that two people, brought up by different mothers, in different environments, are bound to have for each other.

So constant and true is he that she cannot doubt him, and she wonders what she has done to deserve and be worthy of such happiness; and he thanks God every night for the almost inestimable blessing of a good woman's love.

The obvious sign that he is "Mr. Wrong" is when you have any doubt at all of his love. Doubt is borne of things that displease and when it is born, it proves that you are dissatisfied.

You feel that you are not loved truly when he neglects to write to you, to answer your letters, when he worriese you by countless jealous little doubts; by innumerable maddening suplcions; by a multitude of selfish exactions. He never thinks of considering you, your pleasures, your happiness.

His own pleasure is all that worries him. Or he is selfish, careless of the little attentions that girls love; or badtempered, wronged if he is kept waiting or if a dinner is badly cooked.

As a rule, the marriages that turn out badly are those between couples who are mere acquaintances. If the courtship is short they may steer clear of shoals, but 'ware the rocks afterwards.

Know a man thoroughly before you marry him. Know your own heart and when you're sure you're right, go ahead and be happy with "Mr. Right."

EVERYBODY SHOULD LEARN TO DANCE

Professor G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, Gives His Views on Dancing.

Dancing I consider a sadly neglected part of the physical trafning and education of youth.

In proper forms it embodies the best exercise and gives exhilaration to both body and mind. A person comes nearer to being in Paradise when dancing than in any other mental or physical condition.

I do not mean by this to give approval to all the many degenerate forms of dancing that now prevail. The two-step is especially bad. The waltz is somewhat better, as it has a rhythmic movement.

Rhythm is the keynote of dancing.

The value of rhythmic motions is being more and more recognized in physical culture. Some college gymnasiums have adopted them. Many schools use some form of rhythmic exercises.

I would advocate the extension of these primary rhythmic movements into more complex forms and well defined dances.

It is unfortunate that our Puritanic civilization has put a ban on dancing.

It used to be a part of nearly all religious ceremonies. The Greek chorus was one of its early forms.

Some forms of dancing were employed in the Catholic Church up to the seventeenth century.

Dancing is one of the most natural forms of religious expression. Our American Indians have used it in all their rites. A Zuni Indian woman in Arizona told me she knew 132 different dances.

Those Indians do the moon dance all night long as a sacred rite, going though many forms of pantomime.

The Indians of the Great Plains, when doing their ghost dances and sun dances, are performing religious ceremonies. The ghost dance is one of the most pathetic things I know of. It is an appeal to the spirits of their ancestors to protect them and preserve them from the extermination which they foresee at the hands of the white man.

The dancing of a people represents their place and progress in civilization.

Historic dances I consider well worthy to be cultivated.

Dancing is not only an accomplishment, it is an art. It should not stop with the mere learning of ballroom steps. That is but the beginning. It should take in the whole range of historic and religious ceremonial dances.

A TRIP TO THE MOON: WHAT ONE MIGHT SEE

SOME OF THE THINGS WANTED ON THE WAY THERE.

How would you like to take a trip to the moon? It would be a long journey, taking more than six months if you went with the speed of an express train; or if you traveled with the swiftness of a ball from a modern cannon, it would take about as long as a trip across the Atlantic in a fast steamer. Under average atmospheric conditions, a large telescope gives up a view of the moon as it would be without the telescope at a distance of 800 miles from us.

The necessary outfit for the journey must be much more extensive than for any trip on the earth, even the trip to the north pole. There will be no chance "to live off the country." In addition to warm clothing and food you must carry with you all you need to drink, and the problem of keeping it from freezing or thrawing it out if frozen will not be an easy one to solve. There is practically no air on the moon, and you must take along a supply for breathing. If you expect to make a fire and cook your dinner you must take, in addition to fuel, an additional supply of air to keep your fire going.

But suppose that in some way you are landed on the moon with a supply of things necessary for sustaining life. If you are on a part of the moon on which the sun is shining you will marvel, perhaps, first of all, at the dazzling brilliance of the sunlight and the intense blackness of the shadows. Everything [illegible] in almost total darkness, as there is no air filled with little dust particles to scatter the sunlight so that it may illuminate the places out of the direct path of its rays.

And what a sense of desolation will present itself to your view! The Desert of Sahara would look like a luxuriant park in comparison with the lunar landscape. Not a blade of grass, not a tree, or brook, or lake—nothing but a vast, stony, silent desert. There are plains, not quite as level as our western prairies and great numbers of mountains, most of them much steeper than those on the earth; they are not grouped in long ranges, as our terrestrial mountains generally are, but are scattered all over the surface, singly and in irregular groups. Most of them are shaped more or less like our terrestrial volcanoes, and they probably were volcanoes ages ago, before the moon cooled off.

If you happen to land on a part of the moon where it is early morning you will have plenty of time for explorations before night comes on. The sun rises and sets as it does on the earth, but the time between sunrise and sunset is nearly fifteen of our days. Then during the long lunar night our earth will act like the moon, and will light up that part of the moon's surface which is turned toward it. Only there will be this curious difference; it will not rise and set, but will remain nearly stationary in the same region of the sky. From the side of the moon which is always turned away from us, the earth, of course, can never be seen at all.—St. Nicholas.

STYLE No. 511—This is a corset many woman prefer to a y other. It is for a w man wi h a me ium full figure, full hips and low bust. It costs $1.00.

The corset troubles of 999 out of every 1,000 women end when they buy an E.T. Corset. Why not end yours?

Ask your dealer to fit you with the E. T. Corset, which is particularly modelled to suit your form. You'll find comfort in it, your clothes will fit perfectly, and you'll have a graceful, stylish figure.

Most dealers can supply you with

ET Corsets

Interesting Gossip About Notable Men and Women.

BY THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Lord Grey, the new Governor-General of Canada, has selected Col. Hanbury Williams as his military secretary and young Lord Bury, of the Scots guards as his A. D. C. The viscount is the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Albemarle, is unmarried, 23 years of age, good-looking, like most of the Keppels, and far from rich. He is a nephew of the Hon. George and Mrs. Keppel, and it is by no means improbable that he may seek a rich bride on the other side of the Atlantic.

Col. Hanbury Williams is, of course, a much older man, and is married to an immensely rich wife, who is also clever and tactful. When Lord Milner was governor of Cape Colony and high commissioner of South Africa, both during the war and the period that immediately preceded it, the colonel acted as his military secretary, and as Lord Milner was unmarried it was Mrs. Hanbury Williams who did the honors at Government House for him.

The colonel was specially designated by the King for the post of military attache to the British embassy at Paris. But the appointment was canceled at the request of the French Government and military authorities, who objected to it in consequence of the fact that Mrs. Hanbury Williams, who was a Miss Annie Reiss, of Manchester, belonged to the Jewish race, though not, I believe, to the Jewish faith. It was considered that in view of the anti-Semitic feeling that still prevails among military men in France, and also in certain Government circles at Paris, the fact that Mrs. Hanbury Williams was a Jewess would give rise to difficulties.

King Edward, who entertains no prejudices whatsoever with regard to the Jewish race, and who cannot understand intolerance of that kind, not only endeavored to atone for the affront by inviting Col. and Mrs. Hanbury Williams to Balmoral, but, likewise directly interested himself in their future. Indeed, it is understood that Lord Grey has chosen Col. Hanbury Williams as his military secretary in Canada at the suggestion of King Edward.

Lord and Lady Huntly, after having endeavored by every means in their power to break the will by which the late Sir William Brooks bequeathed to his grandson, Ean Cecil, the whole of his immense fortune, amounting to several millions of pounds sterling, have now been saved at the last moment from being turned out of Aboyne Castle, Lord Huntly's ancestral home, and from the dispersal of all their effects by public sale at Aberdeen, through the intervention in their behalf of young Cecil, who has not only stopped the sale, but assured to them for the remainder of their days the tranquil possession of Aboyne Castle with all its contents, at the same time providing for the future welfare of the marquis and marchioness, who are, of course, his uncle and his aunt.

This is most generous on his part, especially in view of the fact that they had exhausted every legal device to break the will and thus deprive him of the fortune which has now enabled him to save their home and all their personal belongings and treasures. They have no children and at Lord Huntly's death his marquisate, which is the premier marquisate of the Kingdom of Scotland, will pass to his only surviving brother, Lord Granville Gordon, whose second and present wife, an American woman, was the subject, some years ago of an official notice in the London Gazette by the lord chamberlain, to the effect that her presentation at court had been canceled, in consequence of the amazing disclosures which she herself made concerning her conduct during the suit for divorce brought against her by her second husband, Christian Frederick Gordon.

Lady Granville, not content with this, defied the order of the court with regard to the surrender of her child to her second husband, and although watched by private detectives, managed to elude them and to carry off the little girl disguised as a boy to France. There is no extradition for contempt of court. But should she set foot in England, Lady Granville, the future marchioness of Huntly, would be promtly sent to jail.

Lord Huntly, like his brother Granville, has been bankrupted quite a large number of times, his financial misfortunes being partly due to his own extravagance, which is a family failing of all the Gordons, and partly to the colossal expenditures of his father. It was, indeed, because Lord Huntly's father-in-law, the late Sir William Brooks, had become so tired of paying his debts, of compromising with his creditors, and of extricating him from all sorts of financial scrapes that he not only left all his money to young Ean Cecil, the son of his younger daughter, but actually bequeathed to him the reversion of Aboyne Castle—that is to say, Lord Huntly's ancestral home.

The Huntly estates, including Aboyne Castle, in Aberdeenshire, had been disentailed by Lord Huntly's spendthrift father, and soon after Sir William Brooks' eldest daughter married Lord Huntly, the old banker bought the castle and the estates, retaining the ownership thereof in order to prevent them either being made the subject of legal difficulties by creditors of his son-in-law or of its being mortgaged by the latter. It was always understood that in his will he would bequeath the castle if not to Lord Huntly himself, at any rate to the marchioness. But he did nothing of the kind. He merely gave Lady Huntly a life interest in Aboyne Castle, conditional upon her not attacking his will, and as she endeavored to upset the latter she of course forfeited her right to the castle, which passed to her nephew, Ean Cecil.

With all his faults, Lord Huntly, the chief of the historic Scotch house and clan of Gordon, is popular in Scotland, especially in Aberdeenshire, and those who knew all that he had to endure for the sake of the money from the terribly vulgar and ridiculous old Liverpool banker, his father-in-law, were exceedingly sorry when they learned of the fate which stared Lord and Lady Huntly in the face, and which has been averted by young Cecil.

The latter is heir presumptive to the honors and estates of his father's elder brother, the Marquis of Exeter, chief of the illustrious house of Cecil, and is, like him, a descendant of that lord of Burghley whose romantic marriage to the peasant girl, Sally Hoggins, constitutes the theme of one of Tennyson's most beautiful poems.

The Chateau de Chimay, once the home of that Michigan girl who married Prince Joseph de Chimay, is to let. The prince, who divorced his American wife some seven years ago, after her elopment with the Tsigane Rigo, spends most of his time at Brussels or in Paris with his 14 year old daughter and 10 year old boy, and the consequence is that the chateau stands empty during the greater part of the year.

Chimay constitutes one of the finest feudal estates left in Belgium, and the chateau is one of the few aristocratic abodes that escaped injury when the sans-culottes descended in 1794 on Belgium and plundered most of its castles and convents. But on the other hand, no building could bear more traces of the numerous sieges it underwent in the wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Often defended with success, it was captured in 1640 by the Marechal Turenne, who ordered the demolition of the greater part of the building, so that it should no longer serve as a fortress. Of seven towers, for instance, that formed part of the original structure, only one was left standing, and it still remains intact. One side of the chateau has been restored in the Tudor style with a terrace supported on arches.

The salon in which that princess of Caraman who achieved such questionable fame by her beauty and fascination as Mme. Tallien during the early days of the great French revolution is preserved undisturbed, and in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the public square of the town of Chimay, there is a beautiful monument erected in her unsavory memory above her tomb.

Another still more famous personage who lies buried there is John Froissart, author of the celebrated "Chronicles," who was a canon of this church.

The present prince, besides being a Belgian prince, is likewise a Dutch prince, a French count, and a Spanish grandee of the first class, honors which, shared by his American wife, were sacrificed along with her beautiful children for the sake of the gypsy Rigo.

Ex-Crown Princess Stephanie's mission to Vienna to invoke the intervention of Emperor Francis Joseph in behalf of her sister, Princess Louise of Coburg, has been in vain, and she must keenly regret her indiscreet utterances in the press with regard to the role, which she undertook to induce the Austrian monarch to play in what is now generally known by the name of the Coburg scandal. The fact of the matter is that the Emperor not only refrained from calling upon her while she was at Vienna, but declined her request for an audience, and moreover intimated to her that in view of the position which she had assumed in the affair, he could not allow her to pay the projected visit to her only daughter and grandchild at Prague.

The ex-Crown Princess, profoundly humiliated, kept to her rooms at the Hotel Imperial from the time of her arrival from Paris until she left for Italy, under the pretext of indisposition. But in oder that there might be no misapprehension about the matter, the Emperor caused a semi-official announcement to be published in the Government papers at Vienna, to the effect that he had neither called upon the ex-Crown Princess nor had received her in audience, it being added that her visit to her daughter had been postponed.

Ex-Crown Princess Stephanie's attitude with regard to her sister Louise has been incomprehensible throughout the entire affair. For it was her denial that she had written her name to the promissory notes on which Princess Louise and ex-Capt. Mattasich raised money and her refusal to admit her liability, that brought about the arrest of Louise and of the ex-captain at Agram, and the consignment of the one to seven years' detention in a lunatic asylum, and of the other to a long term of penal servitude for fraud.

Moreover, while the widowed Queen of Saxony, the Countess of Flanders and other relatives of Princess Louise frequently visited her during her detention in the asylum for the insane near Dresden, ex-Crown Princess Stephanie paid no attention whatever to her sister during all that time, and manifested the most profound indifference to her fate. In fact, there are many who assert that the main object of Stephanie's present reconciliation with her sister is in order to induce the latter to join forces with her in her suit still in progress against her father, King Leopold of Belgium for the surrender of what she claims to be her share in the fortunes of her mother, the late Queen Henrietta of Belgium.

Meanwhile much comment has been created at Vienna by the fact that Stephanie has not yet seen her grandchild, although the latter is now nearly 6 months old. It was Archduchess Valerie, the youngest daughter of the Emperor, who was present at the birth and at the christening in the place of Stephanie, although the latter was quite well enough to be able to travel about all over Europe at the time. And it is understood that this failure of Stephanie to visit her daughter and grandchild at Prague, in the past as in the present, is due to the wishes of the Emperor, who, it cannot sufficiently be insisted upon, strongly disapproves of the ex-Crown Princess' attitude toward her father, as was shown by the declarations made by the Austrian envoy at Brussels, not alone to the Belgian Government, but likewise the Belgian judicial authorities at the time of the trial of her suit against King Leopold.

Of course it may be asked why since Stephanie has ceased to rank as a member of the imperial house of Austria, and has become an ordinary citizen, she should be so ready to obey the Emperor's commands in the matter of visiting her daughter. In reply to this it may be pointed out that at the time when she married Count Lonyay in defiance of the wishes of her father, and the latter stopped her allowance, the Austrian Emperor conferred an annuity upon her, on which she is entirely dependent.

Patrick de Bathe, who is engaged to Miss Violet Wood, daughter of Nicholas Wood, of Gayton House, Northamptonshire, is one of the large family of children of old General Sir Henry de Bathe. Only two of the latter's children, however, namely Patrick and his elder brother, Hugo, figure as sons of the general in the "Baronetage," and other standard reference works. Hugo being the husband of Lily Langtry and next heir to the general's baronetcy. The other children, including Max de Bathe, the widowed Mrs. McCalmont, Mrs. Harry Lawson, who on her father-in-law's death will become a peeress of the realm as Lady Burnham, and whose daughter is one of the bridesmaids of Miss Pauline Astor, do not appear in the "Baronetage" among the children of the general owing to the fact that they were born before he married their mother. This does not, however, affect in any way their social position, as they are all agreeable people and deservedly popular.

Max de Bathe, by the way, was one of the men mentioned by Sir Charles Ross in the suit for divorce against his first wife. But Sir Charles did not succeed in proving his charges against Max de Bathe. Sir Charles is one of the biggest landowners in Scotland, and who goes to America several times every year, has now an American wife in the person of the youngest daughter of Andrew Ellison, in Louisville, Ky.

Queen Marie Amelie, who is to accompany her husband, the King of Portugal, to England to visit King Edward and Queen Alexandra, at Sandringham and Windsor Castle, was born in England, in the outskirffts of London, at York House, Twickenham, in 1865, and spent the first six years of her life in Great Britain, until the repeal of the law of exile pronounced against her father, the late Count de Paris, and the other princes of the house of Orleans permitted their return to France, where she spent the remainder of her girlhood until she married the then Crown Prince of Portugal, who has since become king.

On much less intimate terms with the reigning house of England than her younger sister, the Duchess of Aosta, she has not visited the land of her birth since she came to attend the funeral of her father, ten years ago, and it attracted some little attention that when, last year, Edward VII. visited Portugal, the Queen pointedly absented herself from the kingdom, leaving a few days prior to his arrival for a yachting trip in the Mediterranean. This was attributed at the time to her resentment at the species of ostracism meted out by court and society in England to her brother, the Duke of Orleans, in consequence of the published letter in which he congratulated the Parisian caricaturist, Willette, on his pictures, most of which held up the aged Queen Victoria, the benefactor of the house of Orleans, to ridicule in a particularly revolting and indecent manner. The duke has now been pardoned, after a fashion, and has been received by the King and Queen of England, for the sake of his Austrian wife, a daughter of Archduke Joseph, and I suppose that it is owing to this that Queen Marie Amelie now finds it possible to accompany her husband on his visit to the English court.

The Queen is a tall and handsome woman, now in her 39th year, a magnificent shot, an adept swimmer, and a full-fledged doctor of medicine, having passed all the necessary examinations in order to obtain her diploma as a physician. She is, moreover, the only personage of sovereign rank in Europe who has been inoculated with the antitoxin of diphtheria, and of the bubonic plague, submitting in both cases to the vaccination in order to diminish the popular dread with which these precautionary measures were regarded by her husband's subjects.

Croup.

Not a minute should be lost when a child shows symptoms of croup. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears will prevent the attack. It never fails, and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by all druggists.

Only a smart man can conceal from a woman the fact that he isn't as smart as he would wish her to think he is.

LOSS OF APPETITE.

Are You Troubled in This Way?

Why can't you eat as you used to? Simply because your liver doesn't do its work properly. Its business is to take bile out of the blood, which acts as Nature's cathartic, but your liver is sluggish and the bile accumulates too fast, and you feel worn out, tired and listless, and each succeeding day brings no relief. The use of Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills will change all this. Try them and you will be convinced that these little pills are indeed a tonic and stimulant to the functions of the liver. Then your brain will be active, your mind clear, and health conditions again established and you can eat anything. Get your liver right. Smith's Pineapple and Butternut Pills act gently but surely on the liver, and cure headache, constipation and biliousness in one night. Price only 25 cents at druggists.

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CURIOUS FEATURES OF HINDOO WEDDING

GIRLS OFTEN MARRIED WITH A NECKLACE OR THALI.

In many part of India Hindu girls are wedded, not with a ring, but with a necklace or thali. At the wedding of the daughter of a leading native at Moulmein there were present among the numerous guests a Hindu maiden and her lover, whose suit had not so far progressed to his satisfaction. While the wedding ceremony was in progress the young man suddenly went up to her, and before anyone suspected what his object was, pulled out a thali from his pocket and quietly tied it around her neck. Of course there was a hubbub, and parental lamentations over this episode, but so great is the veneration for the thali among Hindus that no one dared to remove it from the neck of the astonished maiden. All concerned, therefore, repaired to the Marriamme Temple, where the act was ratified, and the maiden who went to the wedding with her fancy free, left the scene as the legal wife of a bold and successful husband.

A correspondent, writing on the general use of the thali, says:

"I was a guest of a Christian family of position in South India, which had so far departed from the ordinary rule which prevents women from appearing before strangers, that the mistress of the house had deputed her young daughter-in-law to represent her as hostess. The young lady was profusely decorated with jewelry, some of which was unique in its nature, and she had not the slightest objection to its being admired. At dinner I was suddenly struck with the absence of the wedding ring from her finger, and on my asking her the reason she shyly pointed to her neck.

"This seemed somewhat strange, but I thought that probably for some reason she had attached the ring to the chain she was wearing around her neck. I could, however, see no trace of it, and felt somewhat puzzled till her husband explained that no wedding ring is used on the occasion of a marriage, but for it is substituted the thali, to which my hostess had drawn my attention.

"Among the Dravidians of South India the thali plays the same part as the wedding ring among the Christians in other parts of the world. No marriage can be solemnized without it. It is a small piece of gold leaf in the shape of a cucumber seed, which is attached to a necklet of worsted thread or silk. The Brahmins, who celebrate their marriages according to Vedic rites, have adopted its use, and after the sacred fire is prepared and worshiped with oblation of ghee, the blessings of the gods are invoked and the thali is tied around the neck of the bride by the bridegroom, and then the couple go round the sacred fire. The Mohammedan converts, like the Christians, find it hard to give up this little jewel, with its happy associations, and it may be seen adorning the necks of their womenkind.

"But though the thali is an indication that a girl is married, I found, much to my surprise, that in some instances it did not necessarily imply that she was the wife of any particular individual. Within the precincts of the temple I once met an attractive-looking woman, dressed very gracefully and decently, and amid the rich jewelry with which she was adorned the thali was displayed somewhat obtrusively. I took her to be a member of some highly respectable family, but was surprised to learn that she was a devadassi (handmaiden of the god), and was, in fact, a dancing girl attached to the temple. There is a special caste of these women, who, as soon as they grow out of girlhood, are taken to the temple, and, with much ceremony, formally married to a sword or a god, the thalis being tied round their necks by some man of the caste. This class is sometimes recruited from girls belonging to the Royas, Behaurus and certain other castes, who, in the absence of male associates, dedicate a daughter to some deity, who, they believe, will give them sons."—London Telegraph.

The Centenarians.

Hardly a day passes without the announcement of the death or birthday of a man or woman who had reached the ripe old age of 100 years. How do they do it? It is a fair question. Most of us growl and grumble at the things that happen to us in this life, but are mighty careful to hang on to it as long as possible. Everybody would like to know how to live a century. There is no royal road to the century post. A good constitution comes first, and knowledge of one's own self is next. Most persons are as well acquainted with Sanscrit as they are with the structure of their own bodies. They insult their intricate and delicate organisms through ignorance rather than design. If they knew more about the actual effect of such abuses and how they lop years off human lives there isn't a doubt that there would be more sane living. Most of our centenarians have lived simply. Few of them have made a study of living. Most of them were poor and outside the pale of high-living temptations. Alice O'Connor, of Jersey City, celebrated her 103rd birthday recently. She has children aged 77, 75 and 63. She says she never had a pain or an ache that she can remember. Mrs. Linus Ackerman, of Brookdale, N. J., has whooping cough at 97.

Refugio Pontolongeon died in Mexico City, aged 123. He lived in the same house for 113 years. "Uncle" Coon Withers, of Liberty, Mo., still uses his daily allowance of tobacco at the age of 100. The list could be continued indefinitely, and the same story is found in almost every case. Comparative poverty; a vocation that contained a living and little worry; temperament of the sunny kind; a disposition that took the world as it came, and a mighty good constitution to start with.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

Men of a singular race have been discovered in New Guinea. Living as they do in the marshes these men have no need to walk. On the other hand, the marshes are covered with a growth that prevents navigation in canoes. The men have built huts in trees and, as organs of prehension alone are useful to them, their lower limbs have almost atrophied. These natives have only feeble and withered legs and feet.

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