

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

THE KISS.

It was noon, but the thick crimson curtains
Within made a shadowy dusk
A glimmer with statues and mirrors
And sweet with the odor of musk,
And the delicate fragrance of roses
That, still with the dewdrops impearled,
In a slender white vase on the table
Their satiny petals uncured.

My lover leaned over in silence
And toyed with my kerchief of lace,
While the passion that burned in my bosom
Flamed up in a blush to my face.
There was no one to see us but Cupid,
At Artemes aiming his dart;
I repeat there was no one but Cupid,
So he folded me close to his heart.

My hand fluttered up to his shoulder,
To his neck, and around it, and lay
Caressing his fair, silken tresses,
But never a word did we say.
And still in that eloquent silence,
A tremble with passion divine,
As light as the thistledown falling,
The lips of my lover touched mine.

Oh! touched them and pressed them and clinging
Close, close in a rapturous kiss,
He drew, as the bee draweth honey,
My soul till it fainted with bliss
And paused in his breathing forever,
To have and to hold as his own
Till the earth is a handful of ashes
By the winds of eternity blown.

I said I would marry for money,
That this beauty of mine should be sold
For the lustre of satins and sables
And the glitter of jewels and gold.
But now I have wedded my darling,
Though a penniless wooer was he,
For the gold of his looks and his kisses
Are dearer than diamonds to me.

MINNIE IRVING.

A SWEDISH QUEEN'S grave has been re-opened at Upsala, Sweden, in the presence of the Prince Regent, the Archbishop and many professors. The grave, which dates from 1584, is situated in a side aisle of the Cathedral of Upsala, in a vault beneath the pavement; on the ceiling are painted the Royal Arms. On the immense stone over the grave are engraved in Latin the words: "Catherine, Queen of Sweden, died September 16, 1583; daughter of Sigismund, King of Poland, and wife of Johann III., King of Sweden. She was buried on the 16th of February, 1584." On removing this stone a copper coffin was found and opened. Within was a wooden coffin somewhat decayed and lined with velvet in rags. Beneath a velvet cover lay the corpse of the Queen, clothed in velvet, the feet in stuffed shoes. Amid the folds of the velvet lay an extremely small skull.

The "Majestic Polonaise" is intended for the opening number of the programme for the ensuing season. For the information of the young ladies and gentlemen of Victoria who indulge

in dancing, THE HOME JOURNAL will explain the new dance: It begins with the march, all the couples being upon the floor. The march concludes, and immediately upon the introduction to the polonaise being struck up by the orchestra the first couple form an arch by joining right hands and the second couple pass through to opposite place, and, turning, salute their opposites, with whom they then proceed to dance the "Majestic" in this way: The two couples advance and retire, then advance, and the gentlemen, changing partners, turn the ladies to the side—that is, half round, facing the opposite couple again—then by crossing hands in the centre a wheel is formed, by which all pass to place and turn partners. Then a pretty effect, which will be enjoyed, is the posing movement, which is performed by the gentlemen and ladies advancing one step toward each other, raising hands slowly and resting thus one bar, then turning partners, a forward and back movement again, then forward, the ladies change partners, and the four persons in one line dance forward for four bars, and a wheel is formed in couples, the ladies retire together and salute the opposite gentlemen, who respond, of course, and get ready for the "Presto" movement which follows, by the ladies passing or skipping quickly under the arch thus formed by the gentlemen, then back to place, where a circle is formed, original partners are regaired and the "Deux Temps" danced. The step used in this polonaise is exceedingly pretty and at once elegant and refined, and has the merit of being simple and therefore easily acquired. The right foot goes forward, the left foot comes close behind, the right foot forward again and the left goes forward to the front, while the dancer gracefully raises on the ball of the right foot, than the backward movement is made by two slow walking steps, followed by three short steps.

What is considered a very important "literary marriage" has just been announced at Christiania. The only son of Henry Ibsen, M. Sigurd Ibsen, is engaged to be married to the daughter of Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Mlle. Bergliott is a very beautiful girl of eighteen, whose portrait was one of the sensations of the Paris Salon of a season or two ago. Young Ibsen is a

man of about thirty-two, who had to quit the diplomatic service on account of his extreme political opinions. He is the author of a book on the subject of the union of Sweden and Norway.

Not one girl in ten knows how to sit in a rocking chair. You must not let your feet fly up in the air each time that the chair tips back. Keep one pretty little foot on the floor all the time. Of course the stocking will show a little, but if you don't see it you are not supposed to know it, and if you don't who should? The foot lifts till only the tip of the toe is on the floor, and in that position the foot is held just in the way that best displays an arched instep and a round ankle. The rest of the body sways easily as the chair goes. You should look like a flower afloat in the breeze when the stem nods.—Clara Belle.

Nearly every woman likes to kiss and be kissed. It is a part of her nature, just as it is the nature of birds to sing and owls to blink. If she cannot kiss a bewhiskered face she is satisfied with a smooth one. And if the smooth one is the face of one of their own sex the kiss counts just the same. But she certainly does object to being kissed brutally. By this is meant forcibly, burglariously, furiously, muscularly. No woman wants to be pounced upon for a kiss as a falcon seizes upon its feathered victim or a cat pounces upon an unfortunate mouse. A kiss to be enjoyable must be delicately artistic.

It was the prettiest little nest of a room, with one window that opened straight toward the sunrise and one all cool and shady, with maple boughs. There were all manner of pretty little femininities scattered about, and in addition, a photograph of a very roguish young gentleman.

"And then," continued Primose, hiding her face on her visitor's shoulder, "he—he—kissed me!"

"Just as any sensible man would," the latter remarked.

"Mamma never lets me accept presents from gentlemen," she said; that is, anything substantial, you know. Flowers or candy or fruit—of course that's different; they're what I call perishable goods. But books or jewelry, things of that kind—what I call staple goods—she never allows me to accept."

"And a kiss you classed among the perishables, I suppose, to be kept?"

"No," said Primose demurely, "among the staples. I returned it."