

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

Ladies have taken to the exhilarating but somewhat risky and exhausting game of cycle-polo.

It is a fact not generally known that maids of honor to the Queen, although their duties are wearisome and the salary a small one considering its inevitable cost in costumes, have one golden chance. If a maid of honor marries during her term of duty the monarch gives her the handsome little present of £1,000.

At Windsor everything is done methodically. When invitations are dispatched, the hour at which the guests are invited or, rather, "commanded," to attend, is carefully noted down, as well as the rooms which each is to occupy during his temporary sojourn beneath the royal roof. Consequently, as each guest appears, he is promptly conducted to the apartment set apart for his accommodation without hesitation or confusion. An accomplished servant attends the guest, and assists in "grooming" him for the evening's entertainment.

Mrs. Deborah Doty is, in her way, quite a unique personage in the world of wheels. She is 101 years of age, and six months ago she made her first plucky attempt to steer a bicycle through a crowded street. Now the old lady rides it with ease, says the Boston Traveller. She is probably the only person who can boast of having used every vehicle the century has produced—first the horse-pillion, then the stage-coach, the canal-boat, the railroad, the steamboat, and now the "bike."

The highest ambition of a thoroughly womanly woman when she becomes a wife will be to make her home so home-like and attractive to her husband that he will find his greatest happiness there. You will never hear her complain of this as being a narrow sphere for a woman's life and energies, for she is wise enough to know it is anything but an easy task she has undertaken, and also that the influences for good of such a home are not confined within the four walls that form its visible limits, but affect in some degree all who enter it, and that they will extend onward for generations.

Burghead, in Elginshire, is the only place in Britain where any relic of fire-worship is to be found to-day. Once a year the old practice known as the "burning of the clavie" is carried out. The "clavie" consists of half a tar barrel attached to a fir pole. The second half is broken up,

and put inside, and mixed with tar. The broken bits are then set alight by means of burning peat; this peat, by the way, has been supplied by one man for thirty years, while the "clavie" has been made by the same hands for more than fifty years. On a dark night the blazing tar-barrel is borne up one street and down another at a run, and then the pole is set up on high, and the "clavie" burns out. Now comes the most interesting part of this curious ceremony. The women rush in and pick up the burning pieces of the "clavie," which they carefully preserve to keep away the witches.

A hand or body warmer which can be carried in the pocket is one of the novelties of the season. The pocket "Instra," as it is called, is the first practical means by which slow burning fuel has been made available for heating the human body in a safe and cleanly manner. So small an amount of fuel is used that a refill, which lasts three or four hours, weighs only one-seventh of an ounce. To show their safety "Instras" have been habitually carried in the same pocket mixed up with gun-powder cartridges, and they are equally effective in their cleanliness. Possibly the pocket "Instras" will be most popularly carried in a lady's muff, or in the pocket to give warmth to the body; but we can also imagine them to be very useful to travelers by road or rail, particularly as they are quite free from smell.

Young wives have the whole happiness of their future lives in their hands, if they only knew it. It depends upon the way their married life is begun, how it continues, and yet many and many a young wife throws away her golden opportunities, and only sees what they were when it is too late to recall them. As she begins she will go on. If during the first year or two, during all the disenchantment and loss of romance that attend married life, she manages to keep her husbands love for her, and to increase his respect, she is pretty sure to go on doing both during the rest of their lives together. If, on the other hand, she lets trifles go; if she says to herself that she is sure of her husband's affection for her, and now that she is married she need not trouble about it; if she is content with this, and does not try to improve—she is quite sure to do the other thing, for nobody stands still in life.

Flip—"I saw Tottie this morning, and as she recognized me, her face fell."

Flap—"How was that?"

Flip—"Because the pavement was slippery. The rest of her fell too."