

to stop. But I was interested in Miss Athelwood, so I ventured an inquiry as to her parentage.

"Ah, well may yer say that; not but what yer mightn't understand, seein as 'ow ye're a stranger in these parts. The poor, young dear never 'ad no father to know but Mr. Athelwood, the lawyer. I 'eard tell she were just fetched up from them gold fields by a feller called Kellarey—a miner chap, who give 'er to Mr. Athelwood along of a fortune which 'e said was 'ers. That's 20 years or more now—the same year as my good man was took by the perlice for the Orange bushraugin case, and 'im not never so much as 'avin a 'alf-penny of the money, but"—

I stopped the dear old lady's family history by asking whom Miss Athelwood was about to marry. As I put the question an old and villainously dirty swagman placed his roll of blankets down at the church door and pushed his way toward us.

"In beggin yer pardon," my old lady went on, "Miss Athelwood's agoin to marry, as it's not in my mind to remember—a dook or a heart, but I can't say which on 'em. Haid de comp to the governor, they do say he is. But look, look, 'ere they comes!"

Carriage after carriage rolled up to the church door and set down its load of fashionables. Then amid continuous cheering Mr. and Miss Athelwood arrived. She looked surpassingly beautiful, and I noticed that the old swagman was so overcome with astonishment that he kept his eyes staring at the door long after she had passed through it and all had rushed into the church to see the ceremony.

My whole attention was devoted to watching the bride. I could not drive her romance out of head. She went up the aisle a nameless girl, the product of a gold field, and returned to the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," a countess and a member of one of the oldest families in Europe.

After all the carriages had rolled away and I was turning to go the old swagman touched my arm, saying:

"Mister, I'm agoin to get yer to do me a favor."

Asking him what it was, he replied,

"Let's go somewhere out of this, where we're alone, an I'll tell yer."

When we had adjourned to a more fitting place, my companion spoke.

"I guess you'd call me a liar if I told you that I was the man as brought up that girl as we've just see married. But I am—I'm Dog Kellarey, sure enough, 'im as give 'er into Lawyer Athelwood's 'ands, 20 years ago, with 'er share of the mine that panned out so rich.

"Why don't you go to her then? I hear

she's been hunting high and low for you!"

"That's just it. I know she has. But d'yer thing I'm agoin into the company o' the likes o' 'er friends? Not me! I'd be makin a fool o' the girl, an she'd be ashamed o' 'erself. No! I've tramped close on 400 miles to see her married, an now I'm agoin back into the bush to-night for good. I want you to write this 'ere in a letter for me—it ain't much. 'From Dog Kellarey to 'is luck penny on 'er weddin day,' an put in the corner, 'I ain't forgot yer,' mind!"

I wrote as he directed, and inclosed—what do you think? A baby's little wool-len shoe! The old man had kept this relic as his most sacred treasure for nearly 20 years.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE silk Butterfly curtain clip is an exceedingly pretty novelty. When fashioned of chameleon silk, with a velvet body harmonizing with the principal tone, the effect is very unique. Sometimes the butterfly is given velvet wings, and if the velvet is shot in several hues small jewels are sprinkled over the wings and are placed as eyes in the head of the dainty creature. Bolting cloth, tinted with water colors, makes up well into these butterfly curtain clips.

For a "notion" useful to a traveller commend us to the damp detector. It is made of silver and looks much like a compass. At the back there are small holes in the silver, through which a damp atmosphere passes and moves the needle until it points to the word damp. The detector is placed in the bed, and is a certain tell-tale if sheets are unaired.

The Tam O'Shanter is being brought out in several chic styles. This novelty headgear is frequently fashioned of velvet, black, green or bronze, the brim being fluted all round except at the left side, where a bunch of tips poses, or a pouff of lace is secured by a glittering buckle.

A dainty costume for a little girl is of spotted Indian silk or of challie. The skirt is plain, with two or three rows of narrow braid or embroidery. The waist is full, with narrow shoulder ruffles, full-topped sleeves, and a folded belt. The dress-yoke and cuffs are of embroidery.

The new flannelettes show a great variety of checks and stripes. These are nice for children's dresses.

A great many of the dress skirts show an under and contrasting skirt at the

hem. Without doubt we are going to wear upper and under skirts.

Small diamonds are never used to more advantage than in the dainty flower-wreathed brooches that are in vogue.

The new bodice ruffs are strictly Elizabethan in width and volume, but are light and subtle, and do not, as the historic ruffs did, make the wearer look and feel as if pilloried for a misdemeanor.

A healthy system will supply oil enough for the hair if the head is kept clean. If the scalp is unnaturally dry, a mixture of half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia in a pint of sweet oil makes the most esteemed hair invigorator.

The new perfumes that have just been brought out are especially delicate. They are blush rose and pink lilac.

A neat cap for a maid is made of a little square of linen, slightly gathered in the centre, and with a bow or not as the wearer may prefer. This, with a small white apron, will make a maid look the very acme of neatness, and adds no little to the general tone of the household.

A black hat trimmed with plumes may be brightened with a bow or rosette of pink, blue or yellow ribbon, and will look quite jaunty with the addition.

A lovely little bonnet has a crown of violet velvet, embroidered with gold and spangles, a tuft of little green wings, from whence comes a maize aigrette. Another is a simple roll of black velvet, above which is a half wreath of "cabbage" bows in pale green satin, pointed velvet ears, with an aigrette of bright green spangles.

A baby's exhibition without the baby is the latest in the line of shows. This time it is intended to give a clear idea of all the appliances most useful to the monarch of the nursery and his attendants. The contents of such an exhibition, to be held in London, are to be divided into five classes—foods, clothing, nursery furniture, toys and specialties for household use. Could there be a better novelty to interest all motherhood and the slaves of the infant tyrants who rule the big grown-up world at large? How much belongs to nursery hygiene is to have special representation, and the spectator is promised a surprise when he witnesses the strides taken in that direction within ten years' time. One of the extraordinary features of the exhibit are the daintiest of corsets! What says the corsetless to this idea of arraying infantile forms in a "horrid" corset? And yet here they are, for the support of weaklings unable to hold their small selves together long enough to sit up and look pleasant.