

herself Maria. She belongs to her, as Maria. Some time to E—— county to iness and took Nellie only recognized the any people she had om my first daughter A mile from the old lhouse where Maria Nellie hae never use, yet she described e expressed a desire k her there, and she to the desk her sister ng: 'This is mine.' lead come back from mother will nct have at if that is true, she l, and that God gave t try to explain it."

PEARANCE OF RIST.

is an exact copy of a is said to have been ancient manuscripts entulus, president of an Senate:

this time in Judea a character, whose name he barbarians esteem is, but his followers immediate offspring dowed with such un- is to be able to call n their graves and to disease with a word person is tall and ele- aspect amiable and

in those beautiful united colors can graceful curls below touching the shoul- n the crown, like the called the Nazarites. is smooth and his spot. His nose and with exquisite sym- rd is thick and suited head, reaching to a in, where it parts in are bright, clear and kes with majesty and suasive language, his hether in words or e and strictly charac- ed a being. No man laugh, but all Judea held him weep.

ads, his tears are so the multitudes are theirs from mingling very modest, temper- whatever this phenom- be end, he now seems strange beauty and in every way surpass- f men."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE current issue of the *Standard* presents a picture of Queen Victoria at the age of six, when she was still a Princess with exceedingly remote chances of ever becoming England's sovereign. She then used to ride daily in her queer little carriage through Hyde Park, while the children flocked after her. The picture is a copy from a painting by John Doyle, now in the possession of his son, Dr. Conan Doyle, the celebrated physician and story-writer of London.

Miss Sayyee's lecture on physical culture and dress reform, Wednesday afternoon, was well attended. It is said that there are many in Victoria who take a deep interest in the subject.

The theory that French women do not care for physical exercise has just been exploded with what Mr. William Nye would call "a loud and reverberating report." The famous Alpine Club includes a large number of French women among its members—such women as the Princess Mathilda, Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, Mmes. Caron, Vallot, Milot and Mlle. Ronal Duval. All of these ladies have climbed to the summit of Mount Blanc. Of the seventy-one women who have accomplished this feat twenty-three were French.

The plan of the "Dormitory Association" of Chicago is demanding and receiving much space from the newspapers. Its beauties have been further unfolded in a recent issue of Miss Willard's paper, in which Miss Mary Hayden tells women how they can buy a share of stock for \$10 and have board and lodging in one of the dormitory buildings during the Fair for \$1.50. There will be four dormitories in all, each to accommodate 1,250 women. There will be flowers and vines in the grounds and, presumably, "a cosy and homelike air" about the menage.

Somebody has taken the trouble to draw up a list of all the lyrical works of women composers from 1675 to the present time. He has succeeded in compiling a catalogue of 153 dramatic works (operas, operettas and oratorios),

which are distributed among the various nationalities as follows: Eighty-seven are by French composers, thirty-four by Italian, twenty by German, seven by English, two by Dutch, and one each by Russian, Spanish and Swedish. This is enough to make American women gnash their teeth.

From Roumania comes the glad tidings that "Carmen Sylvia's" health is much improved. Her Majesty is still unable to walk, but she is gaining strength every day.

The most successful golf player in Scotland is Miss K. Bruce Johnstone, of Edinburgh, who has just carried off the Jubilee Plate in the annual tournament among the members of the St. Andrew's Ladies' Golf Club.

The Empress Frederick is hard at work on a memoir of her husband. In this labor of love she is aided by her son, Emperor William, and by Queen Victoria, whom she is to visit in England very soon.

Patti, too, has been writing her memoirs and reminiscences with great frankness. On one occasion, she says, she was actually embarrassed by the late King of Spain. He was conducting her over the palace, in company with the present queen. Every four or five minutes, His Majesty called the singer's attention to some picture or trinket and exclaimed mournfully "That belonged to my dear Mercedes" (his first wife). The Queen and the artiste tried to change the subject, but Alfonso XII. was full of loving reminiscences, and he led the conversation.

Victoria ladies are sometimes very witty. For instance, in speaking of a recent wedding the other day, a gentleman inquired of one of the bridesmaids why it was that the bridegroom did not kiss the bride, and added that had he been the groom or even a groomsman he would not only have kissed the bride, but the bridesmaids as well. The retort from the bridesmaid was quick and short, "Well, I'm sure it is not too late yet." This story may yet have a sequel.

It is a surprising fact that the bride is almost always the one to bear the trials and embarrassments of the wedding ceremony with the most fortitude and *sang froid*, despite the fact that she

invariably is the focus of every eye. A shy, modest looking little creature, robed in white, will stand perfectly erect, looking the minister calmly and squarely in the eye, without for an instant losing her self poise, while the big, blunt six-footer of a bridegroom by her side is pale and nervous and trembling. The bride seldom makes any mistake, either during the ceremony or at the still more trying reception afterward, while the groom is almost always sure to put both feet in it and then flounder about in despair until his better half comes to his rescue and gives him the first chance to appreciate the advantage of having some one to take care of him.

The number of women duellists has been increased by two Spanish girls, who recently retired to a lonely spot and fired shot after shot at each other until one of them, a maiden of seventeen, was seriously wounded. Commenting on this affair, the *St. James' Gazette* remarks editorially that a pair of English girls would have shut their eyes and fired once wildly, and would then have fallen on each others necks in floods of tears.

Miss Annie Luker, an English woman, made an attempt to swim from Kew Pier to Greenwich, a distance of eighteen and a half miles. At 2 o'clock, Miss Luker dived from the deck of the steamer *Shah*, which accompanied her during her journey, and with but little in the way of incident made steady progress with her task. At London Bridge, she was still going well, but on reaching Tunnel Pier, fourteen and three-quarter miles from the start, she left the water, having been immersed six hours and fifty minutes.

It was noticeable that the most fashionably dressed audience which has ever been seen in The Victoria was the one that attended Sol. Smith Russell's performance last Wednesday night.

An enterprising school-girl from an inland town, on returning home to her parents after her first visit to the seashore, took with her a small bottle containing a half-inch of sand and two inches of salt water, just to give her parents, who had never seen the ocean, some idea of how it was constructed. The parents, we learn from private sources, were very much impressed.