

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

CHATTY CHEERFUL'S GOSSIP.

O H dear! Oh dear! At last I have risen superior. Perhaps you have been wondering why I have not written oftener, but really the name Mari-gold was too much for me. I tried to fancy myself a marigold—nasty, yellow thing—and failed, for I'm not the least bit yellow, but pure white. Then I tried to fancy the little brown centre might do for my eyes, but when I looked in the glass—of course, for the first time—they were blue, and, when I came to the perfume—hugh! it sickened me so I was completely disgusted with myself as represented by that flower, and vowed never to write under that heading again. Marigolds are all very well at a distance to fill up a corner, not wanted for anything else, but they are not a bit like me; I must be everywhere and have a finger in every pie near me or I am not happy

Then just think of the horrible imputation the two words have. Marry gold! Indeed, not I. When I do marry, I want a man—a big, true, generous-hearted man—somebody whom I can look up to and who will want to govern me, but will like to be governed just a little. When the gold and the man go together, it is all right; but, when the choice comes—either gold or a man—take the man, girls, every time. Money is all very well in its way, as an accessory, but money will never create happiness, only so far as you can use it for others' good. If you have never been used to it, and suddenly become possessed of it, your first thought is "How selfish I am to have so much when others have so little." If you try to live up to it, and think you must take life more easily than heretofore, you will get tired of doing nothing; tired of balls and parties; tired and sick at heart when you think, "If it was not for my wealth all these people would not care a jot for me. They are simply dazzled by the splendor, and have no heartfelt sympathy with me or mine."

Then, too, if you get only the wreck of a man with the money, how you suffer, and how your children suffer. He is too selfish to deny himself for you, to spend his time with you and yours. He has always been used to drinking, gambling and all-night rounds with the "boys." You cannot love him or respect him with his bloated face, shifting eyes and slighting manners. You turn for comfort to your little ones—those little ones, alas, who see altogether too little of their own mothers. You find them puny, sickly, diseased children, with no constitutions. They are always whining and crying, and you think, "Oh, children have no sense of fun, they are not one bit like the little ones in the story books who are so full of witty sayings and childish humor." You turn in disgust from them and—where can you find real enjoyment real true genuine pleasure? I'll tell you.

Marry a man—never mind the money. He will earn enough to keep you. Then you will be pleased with every dress, every bonnet and everything you purchase, especially when you think you have made a bargain. Where would be the enjoyment of buying if you could have no choice? Where the pleasure when you buy a dress to-day and can get another to-morrow, if so inclined? What is the use of draping yourself—(people don't dress now-a-days, everything is hung or folded on you; this information is particularly for the men, for I know they always peruse the ladies' columns of a newspaper)—in gorgeous attire and costly raiment when you are sick at heart? And when your husband comes home at night, and you see him romp and tumble with his strong, chubby little ones, you hear their peals of laughter and their noisy feet, as they scamper after him; when he comes in with his hair all tumbled, the baby on his shoulder, the younger ones impeding him,

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by holding on to his legs; when he stops to kiss you with the glad lovelight showing in his eyes and calls you "mother," then your cup of happiness is full to overflowing, and a few quiet tears of joy steal down on the little frock you are making.

Why is it women always cry when they are too happy. "Don't mind me, dear," they always say, "I'm only too happy—that's all." And then the tears begin to fall down their cheeks and off their noses into their laps, while he, poor man, looks on, but cannot understand.

Coming across the James Bay bridge, the other day, I happened to be walking behind a dear little boy and his mamma, when suddenly he put up his hand and held his nose, saying, "Oh, mamma, just hark to the smell!" I wonder what he meant, for there cannot be any smell there. The city fathers are so careful about anything like a scent near the city limits! why, I hear they are even going through Chinatown, hunting out stray smells, and fining them for peddling without a license.

CHATTY CHEERFUL.

"DO you mean that pretty, slim, graceful woman, with black eyes and hair, in a big hat and fur cape, over there by the third pillar?" said one woman to another at a recent New York matinee. "Well, I'll tell you something surprising about her. As you don't know her, I shall not tell you her name. Doesn't she look refined? You will hardly believe it, I know, but—she swears!"

"Swears!" the other woman echoed in horrified tones.

"Yes, swears—but it wouldn't shock you if

you heard her as I have heard her. It wouldn't even shock a preacher. It didn't shock me, and I am rather fastidious in my choice of English. She may not do it habitually, but I heard her swear once."

The second woman looked at the accused with bulging eyes.

"One afternoon we were having a cosy little gossip over our fancy work in her boudoir, and she had occasion to go into her closet for something. As she was groping about on a lower shelf a piece-bag fell down from its hook on to her head. She hung it up. A second time she went into the closet, and a second time the piece-bag fell down on her head. Again she hung it in its place. A third time she was in the closet, and once more that diabolical bag came off the hook and dropped on her head. As she picked it up for the third time she turned towards me with a most angelic smile on her bright face, and said in the softest, mildest, most honeyed and caressing accents 'D— that piece-bag!'

"Her tone was so gentle, so free from excitement that no shock was produced. Still I was surprised and exclaimed: 'Why, Louise, what do you mean?' 'I mean what I say,' she replied. And in the same soft, composed, mellifluous tone, she added, 'I mean d— that piece-bag. That is not swearing. Swearing is violent objurgation and profanity. I am not violent nor profane; I merely express my sentiments towards that piece-bag under the circumstances.'

"Well," commented the other woman, "I should call that swearing."

"Perhaps it was," admitted the woman who had told the story, "but it was very musical and entertaining. I don't say that I approve of it; I merely give you the incident."