

PERSONAL.

The late Miss Marianno North was one of the most notable of English women. About twenty years ago, being rich and independent, she went alone to India, China, Japan, Australia, California, the South Sea Islands, and the West Indies to study the native flora. She penetrated where few men had set foot, and in twelve years of exploration made a priceless collection of plants and drawings, which she deposited at Kew Gardens, in a museum built at her own expense, and presented as a free gift to the nation. Miss North was not only a naturalist, a linguist, and an explorer, but an artist, a musician, and a most brilliant talker, as well as a noble-hearted woman.

Monsieur Charles Francois Fehn, the famous armless painter of Flanders, pronounced the greatest living copyist, and eminent also as a portrait-painter, has lately celebrated his sixtieth birthday. Born without arms, but early showing artistic instincts, he was taught by his devoted mother to use his feet almost as nimbly as other children use their hands, and he owes her not only fame and fortune, but a cheerful spirit which has made him hosts of friends.

Dr. Rose Wright Bryan, of New York, has established something new under the sun. This is a eupetie lunch-room, where the dyspeptic may go and be happy. This refuge is called "The Aryan," is found at No. 29 East Twentieth Street, and is furnished with such foods only as nature, interpreted by Dr. Bryan, intended mankind to eat.

Miss Sabry Seamans, of Factoryville, Pennsylvania, a thrifty householder, seventy-three years of age, does her own domestic work, keeps a large henery, takes care of her garden, weaves hundreds of yards of rag carpet every year, and works out her road tax with shovel, hoe, and wheelbarrow, and with an honest thoroughness that makes the heart of the road-master to rejoice.

Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, well known for her successful attempt to prepare sterilized milk on her New Hampshire farm for the use of New York babies, has been sifting statistics to ascertain whether college-bred women are indifferent mothers. She finds that nine-tenths of their children survive infancy, a record never before equalled in any class, age, or country. Mrs. Wood is herself a graduate of Vassar, a trustee of Barnard, a strong writer, a steady and brilliant speaker on social and reformatory topics, a power in society, the scientific secretary of her husband—a well-known physician—and a model mother.

Mathematical honors multiply for women. Miss Julia Rappicourt, of Melbourne, Australia, took honors in Greek and French at Melbourne University at the age of sixteen. Now, at the age of nineteen, in the examination for the clerical division of the Victoria civil service, with one hundred and ninety competitors, the diligent young lady secures 492 marks out of a possible 500 in mathematics—the highest rank ever taken in such a competition. She hopes to take her degree of M. A., and to study law.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, when Miss Dorothy Tennant, was almost the first lady in London to practice "slimming." She used to befriend little street vagabonds, and reward them for good behavior by teaching them to play familiar airs with one finger on her piano, and sing them to this accompaniment. "She relates of her experiments, with much delight, that one young gutter-snipe was heard to render "Rule, Britannia! Britannia rules the wave!" as follows:

"Rule, Britannia!
Britannia rules the whales.
True-hearted Britons
Never, never shall be slain."

Two pretty stories are just now told about Von Moltke. One is that on taking out his purse to pay a cabman after a rather long ride, the cabman started his horse, cried out, "No, no; it has been a great honor for me, Herr Feld-marschall," and drove off, to receive next day the Count's photograph, with the words, "To his cab-driver." And the other is that an American lady, with a young daughter, staying at the hotel where the great soldier was attending a regimental banquet, sent him a photograph of himself, which she asked him to sign, and so give more pleasure to the girl on her seventeenth birthday than all her presents had done. In reply, mother and daughter were invited to the supper-room, were treated by Von Moltke with the kindest hospitality, and received the photograph, on which was written, "I have been young, and now I am old, but I have not seen the righteous forsaken."

Purifies the breath and preserves the teeth, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.



Fig. 54.—No 4817.—GIRLS' DRESS. PRICE, 20 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 4 years, 4½ yards; 5 years, 4¾ yards; 6 years, 5 yards; 7 years, 5¼ yards; 8 years, 5½ yards; 9 years, 6 yards; 10 years, 6½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for 4 years, 2½ yards; 5 years, 2¾ yards; 6 years, 2¾ yards; 7 years, 2¾ yards; 8 years, 2¾ yards; 9 years, 3 yards; 10 years, 3¼ yards. If made of material illustrated, 2 yards of 42-inch material, 1½ yards of velvet, and 5 yards of ribbon velvet will be required for the medium size.

FIG. 54.—The reader will find, Pattern No. 4817, an unusually pretty and stylish model for a girl's dress, showing the novel combination of woolen plaid material with velvet sleeves and adorned with a tastefully disposed trimming of passementerie, which if preferred, may be embroidery. The waist is gathered at the belt in full folds. The skirt is also gathered, and two rosettes are placed on the belt-line. The velvet sleeves, which may be of plush if desired, are somewhat high on the shoulder. The velvet forms a vest effect above a point cut out in the bodice, and there is a very high collar which, like the vest-piece, is adorned with the passementerie or hand-work. Then, again, where the armhole is seen, a band of the trimming laid upon a band of the velvet, and surrounding the top of the arm, is displayed, this trimming turning toward the neck and so broad as almost to meet the collar. The wrists are without a cuff and are tight. Price 20 cents.

The Hour Before the Crucifixion.

"The divine nature of Christ appeared very plainly in His declaration that all was fore-known and fore-arranged. This is your hour and the power of darkness. There are no accidents in the government of God. The horrors of these hours were robbed of half their terror when this great truth was declared. What is so striking in all this scene as the calmness of Jesus? He has accepted His Father's will. Every step is now arranged for. This is, indeed, your hour; but it is so only because God permits it. Bound firmly by its cable to pier the vessel may be borne to and fro by the storm, but it is secure. Hold fast by this confidence and we are safe. God will let the hour and power of darkness so just as far as is needful for His own purposes, but no further.

The powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall reign to-morrow.

Pennacaline (gleefully)—"My last batch of poems to the Hightone Magazine has not been returned so far." Mrs. P.—"It has probably been miscarried."

For a Rainy Evening.

Rainy-day amusements are always in demand, and especially for that time of the year when it is hardly cold enough for the great fires, but one is very willing to have a little blaze upon the hearth, or feels no disinclination to the neighborhood of an argand gas-burner. One of the pleasantest of these amusements, in the beginning and in the end, is that of making candy in the dining-room—the caramel, the glace walnut, and the various kinds of nougat. If one has a fixture for the drop-light of the dining table, where one is used, or, if there is no gas, an Etma or alcohol lamp, one may accomplish some delicate work in sugar that a confectioner need not be ashamed of.

It is a good plan to remove the table-cloth, and replace it by a coarser cover, and to have your few utensils kept for the purpose. Begin, then, by bringing a little water to boil in your saucepan while you are shelling about a quarter of a pound of almonds; throw them into the boiling water for a moment or two, then pour out into a small wire sieve held over a bowl, when you can easily rub off the skins—the blanching process. Rub them then put in the refrigerator; if spread out one by one, as they can be by passing the hand over them, and the dish set flat upon the ice, they will be cool enough presently to cut into long narrow strips with a sharp knife, after which they are best sent out to the kitchen and put into the oven for a few minutes to dry off well. As soon as your almonds are thus made ready, put into your saucepan a quarter of a pound, or four heaping-tablespoonfuls of sugar—not the confectioner's fine sugar, but the common white granulated—with one dessert-spoonful of water only, and stir it till it is quite melted; some one else will in the meantime have buttered for you a very shallow pan, or other tin dish. The moment that your sugar is thoroughly melted, and before it has a chance to boil, throw in your almonds, continue to stir for about a minute and then pour out and put on the cool window-ledge to "set," and you will have a delicate nougat, good enough for any sweet-tooth. This may be varied by using any nuts attainable, always excepting pecan-nuts, which vulgarize and injure the flavor of any candy, spreading them out over the bottom of the buttered pan, and putting four tablespoonfuls of water to the same amount of sugar as before, bringing it not only to the melting but to the boiling point, and pouring it out evenly over the nuts. Another and at once richer and more delicate sort can be made with a little more trouble by powdering and sifting an ounce of gum-arabic, and setting it away for half an hour in four tablespoonfuls of water, and then gradually heat it by setting it inside a larger vessel of boiling water till the gum dissolves. At this, strain the result through a fine wire sieve upon three very heaping table-spoonfuls, or five level ones, of confectioner's sugar, and stir it over the fire till it turns white and thick like a laundress's starch when she pours on boiling water. While you are stirring this, which should be during a good half-hour, or a little more, let some one else beat up about half the white of an egg (it increases the pleasure if the work be divided among several), adding to it at the last instant half a teaspoonful of vanilla, or as much rose-water, if preferred, and stir this in just as the sugar and gum-arabic are taken from the fire, and then add at once a quarter of a pound of already blanched and minced sweet almonds, with two or three bitter ones to heighten the flavor. Let whatever dish you pour it into then be well floured with fine sifted flour, with corn-starch, or maizena, or arrow-root, as cooks flour their biscuit pans, and set it away to cool.

The Bridge Mystery.

The story of the man who stood on London bridge and offered gold sovereigns for sale at 6d. apiece is well known, but it points a moral, to wit:—That there are lots of good things to be had by keeping one's eyes open. All the best doctors in the Dominion agree that the new underverts for ladies and children, just introduced as the Health Brand are about the best thing they have ever seen, being both luxurious to wear and making it almost impossible to take cold. When you go down town step into W. A. Murray & Co.'s and ask them to show you this article, and you will see at once that you can go out in any wind or weather with perfect safety if you wear them.

Not Excuse

"I am sorry to learn your mother is ill," said the sympathizing teacher to the little girl who had come in late. "Is she sick abed?"

"Not quite," replied the truthful child. "She's just sick a-sofa."

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday.—

Dawn purples all the east and light;
Day o'er the earth is gliding bright;
Morn's sparkling rays their course begin;
Farewell to darkness and to sin!
Each evil dream of night, depart,
Each thought of guilt, forsake the heart!
Let ever ill that darkness brought
Beneath its shade, now come to naught!
So that last morning, dread and great,
Which we with trembling hope await,
With blessed light for us shall glow,
Who chant the song we learnt below.
O Father, that we ask be done,
Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;
Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,
Shall live and reign eternally.

—Anonymous.

Tuesday.—The way to begin a Christian life is not to study theology. Piety before theology. Right living will produce right thinking. Yet many men when their consciences are aroused, run for catechisms and commentaries and systems. They do not mean to be shallow Christians. They intend to be thorough if they enter upon the Christian life at all. Now theologies are well in their place, but repentance and love must come before all other experiences.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Wednesday.—The Roman Catholic Church of the middle ages took under its guardianship all the relations of life, all life's energies and manifestations, the whole man, physical and moral. Nor can it be denied that thereby much peaceful happiness was created, life glowed with an inner warmth, and the arts, like silently growing flowers, unfolded themselves in a splendor that is to this day our astonishment, and that we, with all our hastily-acquired knowledge, cannot imitate. But the spirit has its eternal rights, it is neither to be hemmed in by prohibitions, nor lulled to sleep by church bells; it threw down its prison walls and severed the iron leading-strings that bound it to mother church. In the ecstasy of freedom it swept wildly over the whole earth, ascended the highest peaks of the mountains, shouted aloud in very wantonness, thought over old time doubts, speculated on the wonder of the day, and counted the stars of night.—Anonymous.

Thursday.—We know not yet the number of the stars; the mystery of the day is still unsolved; the old doubts have become mighty questionings on our souls—but are we happier now than heretofore? We know that this question is not easy of answer in the affirmative as regards the multitude; but we know also that the happiness for which we are indebted to a lie can be no true happiness, and that in certain solitary fragmentary moments of god-like intention, a higher dignity of soul, a purer happiness, is ours than in long vegetating years of blind faith.—Heinrich Heine.

Friday.—

My hope, my steadfast trust,
On thy help repose;
That thou, my God, art good and just
My soul with comfort knows.
Whatever events befall,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.
The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

—Anonymous.

Saturday.—Consider this point a little! We go to Scotland, or wherever it may be, in a railway train, and straightway before our eyes there flashes a continual series of "scenes" from nature as the train rushes on. Are these pictures? Not a bit of it. We have no preference for one moment's view over another, unless it be that we catch sight of some little incident of rustic or urban life—a girl standing beside her sweet-heart watching the train, a boy shepherding in the fields, some laborers toiling homeward through the evening shadows. For all or any of these trivial matters worth, so to speak, identify the scene with ourselves, and a quicker than electric inter-change of sympathies takes place between us; and though the express be flying along a sixty miles an hour, our hearts have outstripped its speed, and are the richer for one more of those definite human impressions by which, all unconsciously, the fabric of our life is built.—H. Quiller.

Lovely Hair.

Up and away, the best thing for washing the hair is hard soap, procured from the kitchen. Make a strong suds, rub it quickly on the hair and just as quickly wash it off again. This removes superfluous oil and leaves the hair in good condition for a general rubbing and shampooing with warm water and perfumed toilet soap. Soap suds, thickened with glycerine and the white of an egg, are responsible for the lovely, satiny gloss to be seen in the back coils of so many of our pretty society lassies.