

you become a victim yourself, which will not be at all unlikely if you allow it in your presence, remember that Old Somnus holds the best antidote for all such poisonous infections.

It is a little thing to cultivate a pleasing demeanor, yet is one of the keys which unlock the portals to the highways of usefulness. It may be the person of long standing success can afford to be gruff and repellent, but such is not the case with the aspirant. He must attract and win, must inspire delight in that which he would promote, through whatever means he uses. If a speaker, he must be pleasing in voice, gesture and bearing; if a writer, he must attract through graceful, sprightly sentences and blooming periods. This element is stronger in woman than in man. In her it is as the gardener's flower, which has been cultivated into doubling its splendor. From the time her infant lips first lisp language, until, as grandparent, she teaches children's children, much of her life, all along, is an effort to please—to make not only her own person and manners attractive, but everything about her, as well. Her parlor is more entertaining if it allure the eye; for the same reason, her sitting room is more restful, and her dining room more healthful. So active, in practical ways, is this element in woman's nature, that she naturally looks for the same faculty in others. Failing to find it, she usually turns away to where it may be found. Then let the aspirant of success, where woman must give the laurels, cultivate his knightly *mein*; let him acquire of pleasing attributes all that his advantages permit: and would he influence woman in any special direction, let him do it by presenting its beauties, whether moral, intellectual or material.

Marriage in Bulgaria, though it is usually a very happy event for both bride and groom, is certainly a very tedious and wearisome one for the bride. The wedding trousseau is invariably one home-woven woolen gown, and a wreath of showy artificial flowers, with tinsel strings and ribbons, the length of which determines the magnificence of the wedding. Previous to her marriage day, the maiden wears patched and made-over dresses, and the one she wears for the first time at Hymen's altar lasts the remainder of her life time. The ceremony begins by the bride being led into a room in which are women only, where her eyes are sealed tightly with white wax. Then the priest and his train, dressed in a cloth of gold, enter, and the bride is led forward by two young girls, and the arti-

ficial wreaths, with the tinsel strings and long ribbons, are handed to the priest. These he places upon the heads before him and passes through a ceremony which lasts an hour. After this religious rite is over, the bride, still blinded, is placed astride the keg of wine provided for the occasion, and there she must sit until the contents of the keg are emptied, which usually takes the day. She is then led to her room by the bridesmaids and undressed and her eyes unsealed, when she is left to herself. No eating or drinking must she indulge in during the day. The bridegroom passes through no such ordeal. If the bride should faint or be overcome with fatigue, it is considered a very bad omen; either she will not live long or she will have poor health. It would seem to American maidens that such a ceremony would not be the most desirable; but, perhaps, it is tainted with as much of the romantic as their poor, servile lives ever experience. For so oppressed are the Bulgarian people by the Turks that they seldom laugh, and their conversation is ever low and guarded, for fear of the unwelcome presence of the Turk, who, with his family and retinue, is stationed in their midst.

Every woman, certainly every philanthropic woman, is interested in the noble purpose of the Pundita Ramabai, a high caste Hindoo widow, who is giving her life to the bettering of woman's condition in her native land. She has been in America since 1886, working with the avowed purpose of founding a college for high caste Hindoo widows, whose only crime, as she tells us in her remarkable book, "The High Caste Hindoo Woman," is, that they were ever born at all, and who are all their lives cursed in the eyes of their kinsfolk, because death took away the boys to whom they were betrothed in their infancy, and they are held to be the cause of the loss and grief in their husbands' homes. This book tells of their bondage, from which suicide and shame are their only sources of deliverance. A thorough Christian education is, in the belief of the Pundita, the only means which can raise these women into a better condition. The Pundita herself is a woman of superior education, having been professor of Sanskrit in Cheltenham college, England, and having received from the learned Pundits, of Calcutta, the degree of *Sararati*, which was an honor never before received by a woman. She is now engaged in Philadelphia, in writing text books, to be used in the college, which she firmly believes she is divinely appointed to establish. The money