

**THE SEXTONS' SUPPER.**

The Plague, his black hand lifted,  
Was floating down the Rhine,  
His bark a soft-lined coffin  
(On each side grew the vine);  
He struck the miller at his wheel,  
The woodman by his tree;  
Before him rose the prayer and hymn,  
Behind, the Dirige.

He found them spinning wedding-ropes,  
He left them digging graves;  
High over faces pale and wrong  
The earth heaped up its waves  
He struck the baron at his gate,  
The peasant at the plow,  
And from his sable banner shook  
Darkness on every brow.

At this time in belfry-room  
Five sextons drained the wine,  
Red from the toll that brought the fee  
And made their old eyes shine.  
Their seats were cedar coffin-planks,  
All velvet-trimmed and soft;  
The chalice-cups by them defiled,  
Were filled and emptied oft.

They drank "A long reign to King  
Plague"  
"A wet year and a foul!"  
As screaming through the open loops  
Flew in and out the owl.  
Their shirts were made of dead men's  
vests  
(Dead men are meek and dumb),  
And each one wore a dead knight's ring  
Upon his thievish thumb.

Down from the boarded floor above  
The heavy bell-rope swung,  
It coiled around the howls and flasks,  
The cups and drinking things,  
The cresset throws a gloom of black  
Upon the red-tiled floor—  
Three faces dark—on two the lights  
Their golden lustres pour.

Beside the table sink the steps  
That lead into a vault—  
A treasure-house no thieves but five  
Dared ever yet assault,  
And through the darkness to the left  
Winds up the belfry stair—  
Up to the old bell-chamber—  
Up to the cooler air.

The wall was hung with coffin-plates,  
The dates rubbed dull out  
(Dead men are very dull and slow  
In finding these things out).  
They toast "The Doctors of Cologne,  
Who keep the church-spades bright!"  
Such toasts as these, such feasts as that,  
Were fit for such a night.

Far, far above among the bells  
The wind blew devil fierce,  
The sleet upon the baggar fell,  
And stabbed him carte and tierce,  
There was a pother in the roofs,  
And such a clash of tiles,  
That dying creatures' sobs and groans  
Were heard around for miles.

They drink to "Peter and to Paul!"  
And "All men underground!"  
Then with a laugh and wink, and nudge,  
The passing-bell they sound,  
They drink to the tree that gives the  
plank  
And the tree that guards the dead—  
The coal-black tree with the blood-drop  
fruit,  
So poisonous, soft and red.

In God, then, sleeping? Not see there,  
How one tears at his throat,  
And haring neck and shoulder,  
Bids all his fellows note,  
A plague-spot, blue and swollen,  
Shows ghastly on the skin,  
And on his knees he prays to Christ  
To yet forgive his sin.

Dead! And the eldest, tolling  
The rope that o'er them hung,  
Called, with a curse, "Lads, fill your cups,  
Let another song be sung!"  
Then reels—his white face sickens,  
And as he staggers down,  
Another drags at the heavy bell  
Stamped with the cross and crown.

So every time a toper fell  
Another rose to toll,  
And all the rest screamed out a dirge  
For the sinner's passing soul,  
And round they stirred the gallon jug,  
And high they flung the cup;  
With half a song and half a prayer  
They tossed it, filling up.

Now but one left, and he, though faint,  
Staggered towards the rope,  
And tolls—first draining cup and bowl,  
Half dead, without a hope—  
Tolls, till the old tower rocks again—  
Tolls, with a hand of lead—  
Then falls upon the wine-drenched floor  
Upon his fellows—dead!  
—Walter Thornbury, in San Francisco  
Argonaut.

**EVA'S AMBITION.**

Eva Norrington inserted her latch key into the keyhole of a Bedford square boarding house, and entered. It was a dismal, windy, rainy November evening, and ever since lunch she had been paddling about London, climbing grimy stairs of newspaper offices, and talking to people who did not seem especially pleased to see her. Her skirts were wet, and a wisp of damp hair was tumbling over her eyes. On the hall table, disclosed by the flickering gas jet, were some letters. "A year ago to-day!" said Eva to herself as she closed the door against the wind. "Has he written, or has he forgotten?" He had not forgotten. Eva picked up the letter from the hall table, looked quickly round at the closed hall door, and at the baited door that led to the kitchen stairs—and kissed it. Then she went up-stairs to her bed-sitting-room with the letter in her hand and joy in her heart. "Hateful little room!" she murmured to herself, as she struck a match and lit the gas. "But it's the last time, thank God!" The room was not really bad; a bed in the corner, a wash-stand, a wardrobe, here and there a picture on the walls, and a table by the window, rather rickety, on which lay a heap of manuscript—a half-finished story. "I will burn that before I go to bed to-night," said Eva, as she caught sight of it.

she did not open it at once. Now that happiness stretched in front of her it was pleasant to linger on the confines of misery, to look back on the life she was to leave.

"It is not every one," said Eva reflectively, "who can make experiments in life—without expense."

Eva Norrington had been the pride of the provincial town which gave her birth. At the high school no girl could stand against her. Her form governess, who now and then asked her favorite pupils to tea, even said she might be a head mistress one day. To Eva this seemed absurd. But when, at the age of 20, she gained a guinea prize for a story in a weekly paper she began to think that at least she might be a great novelist. At any rate she felt sure that somewhere ahead of her stretched a career; and as her 21st birthday approached she announced to her startled parents her intention of going to London in search of it. Thereupon ensued a series of domestic scenes such as have been common of late in the homes of England, wherein the parents play the part of the apprehensive hen, the daughter that of the adventurous duckling. The duckling invariably gains its point; and so it was with Eva Norrington. Having refuted argument and resisted persuasion for a certain number of weeks, Eva obtained a grudging consent to her departure. The townspeople knew not whether to admire or disapprove. But they had read in novels of young ladies who took their lives and latchkeys into their own hands, became famous, and married respectably after all. So during the weeks of preparation for her campaign Eva became something of a figure in local society, and more than one dinner party was given in her honor, as well as plentiful advice as to the necessary precautions against London gulls, and many recipes for guarding against the colds induced by the fogs that infest the metropolises.

Eva was almost happy; for she had the hopefulness of youth and beauty, and all the exhilaration of taking her life into her hands and fashioning it as she would, with none to raise objections to the process. She would have been quite happy but for Allan Craig. For Allan Craig, whenever he heard that Eva was bent on going to London to make a name for herself, promptly offered her his own for a substitute. It was a good enough name, and at the foot of a check it was generally respected, as Allan Craig had lately stepped into his father's business as estate agent and was prospering. Eva was disturbed, but she turned not aside from her project. Eva had mapped out her life and Allan Craig was not included in the scheme.

As she sat fingering her letter in her bed-room, she went over the parting scene in her mind. The details of it would only increase the delight of the letter. For Eva had learned during the last year that happiness is so rare that it deserved to be rolled on the tongue and not swallowed in haste. It was at a dance on the night before her departure—her last dance, so she thought, before she started life in earnest. They were sitting out a dance together, for Eva was not disposed to think unkindly of Allan, though she might resent his intrusion into her scheme of life. She remembered how there had been silence between them for some moments, how Allan had leaned his elbows on his knees and dug the heel of his dancing shoes into the carpet. "And so you are quite determined to leave us?" said Allan. "Of course," replied Eva. "My boxes are all packed."

"Full of manuscript novels and other things?" "One novel and several stories." "I cannot understand why you want to go when—"

"I want to—well—to live a larger life." "You mean you want to live in a bigger place?" "Well, not exactly. I don't think you quite understand."

"I quite understand that there is not enough scope for you here, and that I am a selfish brute for trying to keep you from your ambition. Look here, Eva, can you honestly say that you don't love me a little bit?"

Allan had risen and was standing over her. Eva looked up at him. She could see him standing there now—big, comely, with something in his eyes that thrilled her, half with fear and half with pleasure. She rose and faced him. "I shall be sorry to leave you—very sorry."

"Then why—?" "Can't you see, Allan? I know I have it in me to do good work, and I must be where good work is wanted. Here I am hampered; in London—"

"You may fail," said Allan, with a note of hope in his voice. Then Eva spoke: "I shall succeed—I know I shall."

"Will you write to me?" Eva hesitated. She was half inclined to give in to that extent. Allan had mistaken her hesitation. "No," he said. "There shall be no selfishness in my love for you. I will wait a year from to-night, and then, if London is no go, you know there will always be me. You can't expect me to pray for your success, can you?"

Eva, placed on her mettle, looked him in the face. "I am bound to succeed," she said, and turned to go. The waits had ceased in the room below, and a rustle of skirts and a ripple of tongues had taken its place. "Eva—once—the last time, perhaps." She turned again, laughing. "Quick!" she said; "some one will come."

A woman may forget many things, but no woman ever forgets the first time a lover's arm was around her waist and a lover's lips upon her own. And as Eva sat in the corner of a third-class carriage in the London train next morning, looking forward to the career before her, the remembrance of

the support of Allan's arm persisted in obtruding itself. Having got what she wanted she had already begun to doubt if she wanted what she had got. For a career, after all, is rather a lonesome sort of a thing.

Such small success as may come to the inexperienced girl upon her first incursion into literature came to Eva. She lived sparingly, worked hard, and never made the mistake of refusing invitations on the ground of work. She staid up a little later or got up a little earlier instead. A weekly column on "Health and Beauty" placed at her disposal by the youthful editor of a new woman's paper, who had met her at the Writer's Club and thought her pretty, paid her weekly bill at the boarding-house. Her stories found frequent acceptance and occasional welcome in the minor periodicals, and a happy meeting with an editor at a dinner party paved the way to her appearance in a widely read magazine. By the end of the year Eva Norrington had got so far toward the realization of her ambition that when people heard her name mentioned they wrinkled their brows and tried to remember where they had heard it before. At home, of course, her fame was great. The papers in which she wrote circulated freely in the town, her stories were discussed at afternoon teas, and town-folk were glad to think that they participated to some extent in the literary work of the century.

All this time Eva was horribly lonely. She knew plenty of people and liked them; they were kind to her, some of them because they liked her for herself, others because they saw that she was marked for ultimate success. Having advanced a certain distance along the road she had longed to travel, she could judge better whether it would lead her. It would lead her to a place in the newspaper paragraphs, to a place on the bookstalls, to a place in the photographer's windows, and to a place at Bayswater or South Kensington. This, then, must be the end of the struggle and the turmoil of the fight. And how she hated the fight! A fight where-in victory would bring her no nearer to the actualities of life; for she had come to learn in the year's struggle that our social system by no means places women on an equality with men, and that whereas men can buy the coveted fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil by the potle, women must buy the tree outright, and pay cash. It was terribly unfair. And the most unfair thing about the whole business was that, while success was almost within her grasp, success was not what she wanted. There is no fun in living your own life when that is precisely the life you do not want to lead.

It was not as though Allan Craig had never kissed Eva Norrington.

She opened the letter—cutting the envelope with her nail scissors. For some distinction must be made between your first love letter and your bootmaker's bill. She felt like one who has held his breath to feel what suffocation is like. The letter was long. Eva read quickly at first, then slowly, knitting her brows as she turned the pages, and came at last to the signature, "Ever your friend, Allan Craig."

The letter lay for some minutes in Eva's lap, while she looked vaguely round her room. "He is afraid of spoiling my career—my success has put an insuperable barrier between us," she murmured. The phrases of the letter had burned themselves into her brain. "O, Allan! I wish I could tell you—or do you want to hear?"

When the dinner bell rang an hour afterward Eva rose wearily from her writing table, where she had been toiling over her half-finished manuscript. She had not burned it.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected—at the exit of the theater where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife, to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan, in answer to Eva's polite question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Eva—my wife's name, curiously enough."

He stood by the hansom as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the address, he said: "I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—you owe it all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes; I owe it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron closed upon her, and the attendant constable grew impatient. "Come and see me—Tuesdays."

"I can't think why I should be so silly," said Eva to herself, as she stuffed her handkerchief back into her pocket and felt for her latch-key, when the cab drew up before the hall door of her flat at Kensington.—Black and White.

**Rheumatism.** Many curious remedies have been recommended for the cure of rheumatism, but none more curious than a vest made of snake's skin. Not long ago a tramp was arrested in one of the streets of Paris, and was found to be wearing a closely-fitting jersey made of the skins of snakes, cleverly woven together, and he claimed that this odd garment was a splendid cure for rheumatism and other diseases that attack the bones. He said that he had been in the army, and while serving in Tonkin, had contracted rheumatism by sleeping upon the bare ground. A native made him the snake's skin jersey, and ever since that time he had slept upon the dampest ground with impunity.

The man with the largest mouth is not always the one who talks the loudest.

**THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.**

Several Groups of the Famous Trees Are Still Standing.

In St. Nicholas there is an article entitled "Silk and Cedars," by Harry Fenn, the artist, describing a visit to the mountains of Lebanon. He says:

Every girl and boy of the Christian world has heard and read, over and over again, of the "Cedars of Lebanon"; but very few have any idea of the locality and surroundings of the famous grove. It is a popular error, by the way, to suppose that there are no other cedars remaining besides this group at the head of the "Wady" (valley or canyon) Kadisha. There are, to my knowledge, ten other groves, some numbering thousands of trees. This particular group that we are about to visit is called by the Arabs by a name which means "Cedars of the Lord." They number about four hundred trees, among them a circle of gigantic fellows that are called by the natives "The Twelve Apostles," upon the strength of an old tradition that Jesus and his disciples having come to this spot and left their staves standing in the ground, these staves sprouted into cedar-groves.

There is every reason to suppose that in the time of King Solomon these scattered groves were part of an enormous unbroken forest, extending the entire length of the Lebanon range of mountains, about one hundred miles, running nearly parallel with the Mediterranean shore from a little below Beirut. The summits of the range are from fifteen to twenty miles from the coast.

The Lebanon—that is, the "White"—does not derive its name from glittering snowpeaks, but from the white limestone cliffs of its summits. The first historical mention of the trees is in the Bible (2 Sam. v. 11): "And Hiram, King of Tyre, sent messengers to David, and cedar trees, and carpenters, and masons; and they built David an house."

From that day to this the people have been almost as reckless and wasteful of these noble giants of the mountains as our own people are of these cedars' first cousins, the redwood trees of the California coast-range. As we approach the grove, which stands upon the top of a small hill, the foliage is almost black against the snow-covered crags of Dahrel-Kadib, which rears its highest peak over ten thousand feet above the sea.

There is a Maronite chapel in the grove, its patriarch claiming the sole right to the sacred trees; and, luckily, the superstition with which the trees have been surrounded has been their salvation. All the cedars of Lebanon would have been demolished for redwood years ago were not the people threatened with dire calamity should they take a single stick.

**Industrial Progress in Russia.**

The recent industrial growth of Russia has been one of the marvels of the present decade. In addition to her extensive sulphuric acid industry, Russia is opening up important manufactures of chromate salts, vitriol, phosphates, lead, zinc, tin, strontium and copper salts and mineral dyes, and platinum is almost a Russian monopoly. In medicinal plant growing the progress in Russia is very great. Six castor oil factories, all working from native-grown seed, were represented at the exhibition, and oils of peppermint, wormwood, caraway, fennel, anise and pine needles were also shown. The output of Russian benzine has grown from 31,500 gallons in 1882 to nearly 1,570,000 gallons in 1894. The petroleum industry is the second largest in the world. One firm alone owns 188 miles of petroleum pipe lines. It has an enormous fleet and owns 1,157 tank wagons for the conveyance of its products by rail. The industry of the dry distillation of wood in Russia is only just beginning. In northern Russia, away from the railways, there are still many thousands of square miles under wood, yet up to the present only one-half per cent. of all the resin, but a slightly larger proportion of the turpentine used in Russia has been of home manufacture. It has generally been assumed that the Russian fir could not be made to yield turpentine and resin of equal quality or abundance to the French or American pines, but experiments show that Russian turpentine, if collected by the French process, does not differ materially from the French, except that it is dextrogyre to the same degree that the French is laevogyre. Moreover, a balsam was obtained from one variety that will advantageously replace Canada balsam for technical and microscopic purposes. The day of the chemical exploitation of the Russian forests is therefore dawning, and within a few years the country of the Czar may export, instead of buy from abroad, acetate acid, wood naphtha, acetone, wood vinegar and acetate of lime. The importance of the Russian licorice juice and licorice root industry is generally known.

**A Ready Response.** "What's the matter?" said the wayfarer who was approached by a mendicant. "Something on your mind?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "Wot worries me ain't somethin' on me mind. It's nothin' on me stomach."—Washington Star.

**Her Dearest Friend.** Dom (sweetly)—Fred didn't blow his brains out because you filted him the other night; he came right over and proposed to me.

Maud (super-sweetly)—Did he? Then he must have got rid of his brains some other way.—Tid-Bits.

**Self-Sacrifice.** Hubby—Yes, dear, you look nice in that dress, but it cost me a heap of money.

Wife—Freddie, dear, what do I care for money when it is a question of pleasing you?—Tid-Bits.



**WIVES IN POLITICAL LIFE.**

SOME politicians readily agree with ex-Senator Hill of New York that a man in public life is hindered rather than helped by being married. It is noticeable, though, that most men who entertain this view are, like Mr. Hill, confirmed bachelors. It may be that Mr. Hill has demonstrated by his own experience and to his own satisfaction that celibacy and the ignoring of social life are conditions of political success, but if the distinguished gentleman will stop to look over the members of that august body of which he was so lately a member, or the members of Congress or the list of successful statesmen and politicians in any one of the States, he will discover that the overwhelming majority of them are men who have willingly become Cupid's victims.

Perhaps no better illustration can be given of how valuable to a politician a wife may be than was furnished by the late Senator Logan, who many a time and often expressed absolute confidence in his wife's judgment, never failing to act in accordance therewith. Gladstone, who is admitted to be one of the greatest of English politicians, has paid worthy tribute to the services of his devoted and thoughtful wife, who has striven so faithfully to promote his success in the field of politics, and there are not a few other Englishmen in politics who find efficient political helpmeets and shrewd campaign managers in their wives. Turning to this country, we find America's political history replete with instances of the successful participation of wives in the political life of their husbands, and the great majority of our statesmen have paid considerable attention to social life.

David B. Hill may find his life of celibacy "one grand sweet song," but the great majority of men would tire of their solo singing after a time. Be this as it may, most American youths will undoubtedly prefer to emulate the example of those men who, while possessing marked abilities, have thought it not good that man should be alone, and have not hesitated to enter the field of matrimony through fear of thus imperiling any political chances they might have.

**Two Handsome Suits.** Elegant riding habit of hunter's green ladies' cloth, made with adjustable skirt, the folds being caught up and fastened on the left so that it is "walking length" when my lady is off the horse. There is a severely tailor-made coat, with the new coat sleeve, slightly fluted on the shoulder. There are cloth-covered buttons. Chic bicycle suit of grey covert cloth, accordion-plated skirt. The pretty blouse is trimmed with black silk in Norfolk effect, and there is a perfectly new style of what is called the wheel collar, braided, giving a tab effect. There are eight double rows of braid ornamenting the skirt at intervals of one and one-half feet, also two rows of the braid on the lower edge give a neat finish to the skirt.

**Proper Food for Beauty.** Clear complexions do not wait on the fickle, nor rosy cheeks on the morning griddle cake. The woman who intends to have a good complexion must make a careful study of the food question. It goes without saying that sugary substances must be banished from the bill of fare. Candies are, of course, excluded. Cakes follow in their wake. As for pies and all other compounds of flour and grease, they are fatal to clear skins. Bread that is doughy or starchy ranks almost as low as pastry in the estimation of the seeker after good looks. Whatever excites the nerves or overheats the blood tends toward the final destruction of the smooth, peachy texture which is the chief of every woman's ambition to attain. Whatever has the effect of producing a healthy action of the digestive organs is good for the complexion. Acid and laxative fruits especially, if taken at breakfast, are good. Graham bread and toast rank high among the bread beautifiers. Red and juicy meats, green vegetables, milk and eggs, are all conducive to the attaining of a brilliant complexion.

**A Home-Made Rag.** Have your blacksmith bend two heavy wires in the shape of a hair pin, twenty-four inches long and two inches between the prongs. On these wind woolen rags cut half an inch wide, winding them in and out as you crimp your hair. Prepare a foundation—a piece of old grain carpet or a coffee sack answers well, the carpet being the best. Lay one of the filled pins on one end of the foundation and stitch down

through the center on the machine. Pull out the pin and lay the other, similarly filled, in place, pressing back the loops from which you pulled the wires, so as to bring the next row close to them. The rows of stitching should not be more than three-quarters of an inch apart. The loops may be cut or left whole. Two persons can work at this advantageously, one winding the pins, the other doing the stitching. The rag thus made is very durable. Dark colors are preferable; hit-and-miss gives a good effect.

**Pretty Wedding Custom.** One of the pretty features of the modern English wedding is the tiny maid and miniature man who attend the bride as bridesmaid and page. There may be one little pair or three or four; but they make a very pretty picture in their quaint costumes following the bride to the altar. The small boys are usually dressed in court costume of white satin or cloth embroidered with

silver or gold, and decorated with paste buttons. Sapphire blue velvet, trimmed with lace ruffles, is another favorite dress, and with the large blue hat and white feather it is very effective.

The little page illustrated was one of three at a recent fashionable wedding. The costume is a white satin blouse with Vandyke collar and cuffs, knee breeches with rhinestone buttons, and a cape of green velvet lined with white satin hanging from one shoulder. The three little maids who accompanied the pages had white satin gowns covered with white chiffon, frilled chiffon' flicus, and mob caps of green velvet. Another quaint little costume shown, is a long dress of white satin with bishop sleeves and a deep knitted frill of white chiffon around the neck, edged with three rows of narrow lace.

**Black Satin Skirts.** Women who have black satin skirts need not think because light-colored skirts are now so much favored that the former useful possession is passe. They will be worn just as much as ever, and this is something to feel a little happiness over, for they can so often be brought into use, and always look well and generally in place.

**What Women Are Doing.** Two women are about to establish a factory in Atlanta, Ga., for the manufacture of a bicycle tire they have patented.

Mrs. Nansen, Sr., mother of the well-known explorer, Dr. Nansen, is accredited with having inaugurated the healthful pastime for women of tobogganing and gliding on snowshoes.

Miss Frances Bray has the honor of being the second woman in the United Kingdom entitled to add the letters LL.D. to her name. The first, Dr. Letitia Walkington, is likewise an Irish woman and a native of Belfast.

The queerest fad on record is that of Miss Dell Ten Eyck, of Worcester, Mass., who amuses herself by capturing and taming all sorts of sea monstrosities. She has jars of devil fish and says she really enjoys their presence.

Cuban women of the families of the insurgents are incalculating what they consider right ideas in the minds of their children. A primer has just been printed in Cuba setting forth revolutionary sentiments in an attractive manner.

Mrs. Zella Nuttall, the archaeologist, whose explanation of the Mexican calendar stone has elicited surprised applause from scientific men, represented the University of Pennsylvania museum at the ethnological congress at Riga, Russia.

**Flings at the Fair Sex.** She—I can sympathize with you. I was married once myself. He—But you wasn't married to a woman.—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Kuddler—Do you know, George, that everybody says the baby is just like me? Mr. Kuddler—Nonsense, Anne; the baby is now more than six months old and it has never spoken a word.—Boston Transcript.

If a woman should select a husband suited to her disposition as carefully as she matches her gowns to her complexion there might not be such a short path from the marriage altar to the divorce court.—Athenian Globe.

"Why do you send Blum such a handsome and costly present every year, Saxe?" "Just because you and me, Blum married the girl that had promised to marry me. I can't do enough for him."—Detroit Free Press.

Charlie (to his friend Bob)—What do you think of this new picture of my wife, Bob? Bob—Why, it's grand—it's instantaneous, isn't it? Charlie—What makes you think so, Bob? Bob—Oh, well, because she has her mouth shut.—New York Tribune.

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MAIDS AND PAGES.

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Mrs. Kuddler—Do you know, George, that everybody says the baby is just like me? Mr. Kuddler—Nonsense, Anne; the baby is now more than six months old and it has never spoken a word.—Boston Transcript.

If a woman should select a husband suited to her disposition as carefully as she matches her gowns to her complexion there might not be such a short path from the marriage altar to the divorce court.—Athenian Globe.

"Why do you send Blum such a handsome and costly present every year, Saxe?" "Just because you and me, Blum married the girl that had promised to marry me. I can't do enough for him."—Detroit Free Press.

Charlie (to his friend Bob)—What do you think of this new picture of my wife, Bob? Bob—Why, it's grand—it's instantaneous, isn't it? Charlie—What makes you think so, Bob? Bob—Oh, well, because she has her mouth shut.—New York Tribune.