

THE VANDERBILT WEALTH.

No Other Single Family in the World Is So Enormously Rich.

The combined Vanderbilt wealth amounts to \$274,000,000, and the estimated income from it per annum is \$13,864,400. No other single family in the world is so rich. If kept intact the total fortune will at the end of twenty-five years almost reach \$1,000,000,000, and this result will be attained by the simple arithmetical progression of compound interest. The rapid increase of the Vanderbilt millions clearly shows how money begets money.

If the combined Vanderbilt wealth were all in one-dollar bills the area of paper would be just equal to the amount of white paper required to print 4,182,538 copies of the eight-page World. If the bills were joined end to end they would stretch out 31,321 miles, or, in other words, would go a trifle more than once and a quarter around the globe at its greatest circumference.

A careful estimation of the wealth of individual members of the Vanderbilt family makes the following exhibit:

Cornelius Vanderbilt	\$190,000,000
William H. Vanderbilt	80,000,000
Frederick W. Vanderbilt	35,000,000
George W. Vanderbilt	15,000,000
Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard	12,000,000
Mrs. William D. Sloane	12,000,000
Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly	12,000,000
Mrs. W. Seward Webb	12,000,000
Total	\$274,000,000

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt has no fortune in her own name, contrary to the general belief. She has an annuity of \$200,000.

When William H. Vanderbilt died he left a fortune, in round numbers, of \$200,000,000. It is remarkable how it has increased in the three years that have elapsed since his death. Old Commodore Vanderbilt left his grandson Cornelius \$5,000,000 and his other three grandsons \$2,000,000 each. William K. operated extensively in the stock market five years ago and, it was generally understood at the time, lost his entire fortune, which he had increased to \$5,000,000. He was reported to have received an allowance of \$70,000 a year from his father for his personal expenses thereafter and until the death of the latter. About the time of or shortly before the termination of William K.'s disastrous experience in Wall street, Cornelius began speculating and was reported to have lost about \$3,000,000 of his fortune, which had, however, grown to \$8,000,000. The fortunes of Frederick and George Vanderbilt had also appreciated in value, though not to the same extent as the others. Frederick had been successful in stock speculations and George had made highly remunerative investments under the direction of his father. Altogether, there was in the family, outside of William H. Vanderbilt's personal fortune, \$12,000,000. Deducting that amount the wealth of William H. Vanderbilt has increased \$62,000,000 since his death.—N. Y. World.

AN EMIGRANT'S LUCK.

From Castle Garden to Maiden Lane in Less Than Seven Years.

"During the half century of my business career no incident of greater interest has come to my knowledge than the peculiar circumstances attending the debut of a young man into Maiden Lane a few years ago who is now a prominent and successful importer of diamonds.

"It was a warm afternoon in July, nine years ago, that I had occasion to visit the office of Superintendent Jackson at Castle Garden, to inquire after the whereabouts of our housekeeper's sister, who had arrived the day previous and had suddenly disappeared. While standing in the crowded rotunda my attention was attracted to a strapping young German of the blonde type who had lost his sweetheart and was distracted at not being able to find her.

"A few weeks later I was in Washington Market with my wife, and for the second time saw the young man who interested me at Castle Garden. He was employed at a butcher's stand dressing beef. I addressed him in German and asked him if he had found his girl. Yes, he had, and she had got a fine situation as chambermaid.

"Early in the following fall at Twenty-third street and Broadway, as I was returning from the theater, the same man crossed my path again. He asked me to translate for him what was written on one side of a small package which he said he had picked up in the street. I saw it was the address of a prominent jeweler in Union Square and I knew at a glance that the package contained diamonds. I kept it and giving him my number asked him to call on me the following morning. It turned out that a careless clerk had lost the package the previous afternoon. The diamonds were worth several thousands of dollars and the butcher received a handsome reward. Never before to his knowledge had he seen a diamond, and when the sparkling gems were scattered over a velvet covered table, the sight almost took his breath away.

"From that moment he has possessed a passion for diamonds. He sought and obtained a menial position with a Broadway retailer, and soon acquired a knowledge of the English language. All his spare time was devoted to the study of precious stones, and six years ago he ventured into the field as an importer. He is prosperous and respected and all is due to the accidental display of gems in the Union Square dealer's office. Probably no self-made man in the trade has acquired in so short a time an easy air of refinement combined with business shrewdness. He lives in Brooklyn, is happily married and is the father of several little girls."—Jewelers' Weekly.

RUSSIAN STUDENTS.

These Are Spies at Their Elbows Even While They Are Studying Abroad.

All Russian students at the German universities are carefully watched by the spies of the Czar. These spies receive liberal salaries from the Russian Government in order that they may not be debarr'd by lack of money from associating with young Russian noblemen. They mingle as much as possible with all foreign university students. They register generally, as do the majority of their countrymen, in the Department of Law. They attend all the drinking bouts to which they can get invitations, and note with care what their countrymen say about politics and the government of the Czar. They play billiards and drink coffee in the same cafes with the other Russian students. They make many acquaintances in the university, as they spend their Government funds liberally and their real mission is unsuspected by their fellow students.

They have considerable difficulty, however, in gaining admission to the exclusive social circle of their countrymen. The Russian spy is usually a man of humble birth and name. Most of the other Russians at his university are noblemen of the most stiff-necked and conservative type. As they all are wealthy and free with their money, they are not so accessible to a display of wealth as the ordinary continental nobleman. Therefore only in exceptional cases is the spy able to buy his way into this noble circle.

Usually he picks up his information as to the politics and political connections of his fellow-countrymen from unwitting German go-betweens. And even these crumbs of hearsay are secured only with considerable pains, for all Russian students at German universities know there is a spy among them, though his identity is unknown. They often say, even when such abstract political subjects as constitutional liberty are broached to them in public places: "N-a-a-a, my friend, but the walls have ears."

But, like most jolly good students at German universities, the Russians often take a drop too much in public beer-cellars, and then the spy gets a chance to earn his wages. In a social way the young Russian nobleman is an uncompromising aristocrat. In politics, especially after he has passed a year or two abroad, he is full of radicalism. This latent radicalism is just what is apt to get him into a peck of trouble when he becomes garrulous over his wine. The omnipresent spy overhears the young nobleman's expression of radical political prejudice, reports it to headquarters at St. Petersburg, whence it is communicated to officials on the Russo-German border, and when the imprudent young nobleman starts none with his brand new Ph. D. and foreign airs he is snapp'd up on the border by Government officers, who escort him to St. Petersburg. His fate then depends, of course, upon the enormity of his crime. If he called the Czar a "meal-sack" he is liable to a dose of Siberia. Smaller offenses, like complaints of the absolutism of the Petersburg court, are punished with a year or two in Siberia.

Of course the one important remark in question is not always the excuse for this punishment. The spy can generally get together a good lot of more or less relevant evidence at his university to prove that the young Russian nobleman was not a loyal Russian or was guilty of "general cussedness."

In 1881 young Herr Micalowski, of Moscow, studied jurisprudence in Leipzig. One evening in the Boersener restaurant he and his friends discussed the last financial crisis through which the Russian Government had passed. Young Micalowski said: "The whole concern (that is, the Russian Government) would go to the devil shortly if the financial methods weren't reformed." Eighteen months later, as he crossed the Russian border on his way home, an official arrested him. When Micalowski demurred, the official quoted to him the above derogatory remark concerning the Russian Government, adding: "You said it in the Leipzig Boersener-keller on November 19, 1881." Young Micalowski eventually got a short sentence for Siberia.

Less than three years ago a Russian spy got very drunk at a students' knepie in Jena and confessed his business. He was thrown out of the room by the students and two days later was driven out of the town. Generally, however, the spies do their work quietly and unsuspected, and a Russian student of liberal political tendencies must keep his mouth pretty tight shut if he wishes to escape a winter or two in Siberia upon his return to Russia.—Leipzig Cor. N. Y. Sun.

—It is a notable fact that great soldiers are usually successful when they lay aside the sword for a pen. Caesar and Xenophon described their own campaigns better than any historian who ever attempted the task. Napoleon's letters will stand as models of style for all time. Cardinal Newman considers Wellington's dispatches the best specimens of compact English in existence. General Grant's book has won universal praise for its directness and simple purity of style.

—A wife (revisiting the scene of her betrothal)—"I remember, Algernon, so well when you proposed to me how painfully embarrassed you were." Algernon—"Yes, dear; and I remember so well how kind and encouraging you were and how easy you made it for me, after all."—Life.

THE CLEVER DETECTIVE.

Although of Wood He Was Worth a Dozen of the Ordinary Kind.

"Who is the new man on the force?"

There was no answer. None of the officers assembled at headquarters knew anything concerning him except that the inspector had brought him in quietly a few evenings before and introduced him as Sergeant Fetechem. The strange inappropriateness of such a name for a detective had struck them at once, but the new man had gone to work without a word as if thoroughly familiar with his duties, and his first job had been the arrest of a burglar whom he had caught in the act and overpowered, bringing him to the station alone, despite the fact that the prisoner was a burly, powerful fellow nearly twice the size of his captor.

Every day since his accession to the force he had signaled himself by some unheard-of exploit. He had discovered a nest of counterfeiters, arrested and put in jail a hitherto unsuspected Anarchist whose attic was full of dynamite bombs, and located a bank embezzler who had eluded the police for two whole years. All this he had done as a matter of course, and had listened impassively to the encomiums passed upon his singular skill and adroitness. The other members of the detective corps began to grow jealous, and a watch was put upon his actions. He had no difficulty in evading them in the performance of his duties, but they made the discovery that he was closeted with the inspector for about five minutes every Monday morning. The most diligent effort failed to discover the object of these conferences, if such they were, for no conversation between the chief and the new detective ever reached the ears of the listeners on the outside.

One Monday morning, immediately after one of these secret interviews, Sergeant Fetechem was seen to leave the office and board an outward-bound train. He was not seen again during the week. Monday morning came again and he had not yet turned up. The inspector was visibly uneasy.

"It is not here in less than an hour all is lost!" he muttered, as he glanced at his watch and went to the door to look up and down the street. It was snowing furiously.

Seized with a sudden impulse, he hailed a passing cab and was driven rapidly to a railway station in the suburbs, reaching it just in time to get aboard a train coming into the city. As he entered the forward door of a car he saw a man rapidly get out through the rear door, jump off the train, and disappear in the blinding snow-storm.

With a cry of dismay the inspector rushed down the aisle. When half-way through the car he stopped suddenly. In one of the seats was the motionless figure of Sergeant Fetechem. It was in a half erect position, with one arm extended. The eyes were gazing into vacancy with a lack luster expression.

"Too late!" exclaimed the inspector, bitterly. "Fifty thousand dollars gone! That man who left the car a moment ago was Tascott!"

The passengers crowded around. They explained that the sergeant a few minutes before had made a sudden but apparently weak effort to fasten himself with a chain to the prisoner, but that the latter had quickly risen and grappled with him. The sergeant had nearly succeeded in his design when suddenly he seemed to stiffen. His grasp relaxed, his arm remained stretched out, a glassy look came into his eyes, and his whole frame became motionless. The prisoner broke away from him and was out of the car before the spectators had recovered from their surprise.

Such was the story they told the inspector.

"What is the matter with the officer? Is he dead?" they inquired.

"He has run down!" groaned the inspector. "Fool! Idiot that I was not to have met him one station beyond here! This detective," he explained, "was a cunning piece of machinery. It took Edison a year to manufacture him, and I paid him ten thousand dollars. He warned me that if I ever failed to wind him up at the regular hour he would be ruined. Sergeant Fetechem was a seven-day detective. I wound him up as usual last Monday morning and sent him out to search for Tascott. I might have known," he added, bitterly, "that if he hadn't caught him he would have reported on this. This failure is all owing to my blind neglect. Tascott's gone again now and he'll stay gone!"

The inspector looked long and mournfully at the wonderful and costly piece of machinery, now ruined forever.

"He was a wooden detective," he said at last, "but he was worth a dozen of the ordinary kind."—Chicago Tribune.

An Immense Church Organ.

A correspondent of La Science et Famille says that in the Protestant church at Libau (Russia) there is an organ which occupies the whole width of the church, about 60 feet, and which has 131 registers, 8,000 pipes and 14 bellows of large size. It has 4 harpsichords and 1 pedal. The largest pipe is formed of planks 3 inches thick and 31 feet in length and has a section of 7 square inches and weighs 1,540 pounds. Besides the 131 registers, there are 21 accessory stops that permit of combining various parts of the instrument without having direct recourse to the registers. By special pneumatic combination the organist can couple the four harpsichords and obtain surprising results.

"THE EVIL EYE."

A Remarkable Pair of Optics Once Seen by an English Traveler.

The original source of most superstitions, and of all idolatries in which the idol is not deliberately manufactured by human hands, is now recognized to be the sense of surprise, of sudden fear, or admiration, felt by the "untutored mind," as the Lichfield school would have called it, for any thing unusual. It may be a remarkable tree, or a rock with a defined form, or an oddly-shaped stone, or a shell with its convolutions reversed, or a curious fruit like the *escoc-de-mer*; but it strikes the savage imagination and is thereupon surrounded by some of the instinctive awe felt for the supernatural. A regular worship, as Sir Alfred Lyall has shown, often grows up round such a curiosity, or it becomes, as in the case of the shaligram, sacred over a great tract of the world and among entire races of mankind. Now, nothing is more frequently unusual, or so to speak, surprising, than the human eye, which varies, in occasional cases, from the normal type to a degree that has never yet been quite satisfactorily explained. Why is one eye fishy, while another flashes fire? There are eyes which do literally "beam," and they so common as to have given rise to a separate description in most languages; there are eyes which in anger seem to emit light from within—Mr. Gladstone's do there are eyes, generally steel gray in Europe, but often black in Asia, which never cease to menace, even when the face is gentle or at ease, and there are eyes into which a look of almost intolerable scrutiny can be thrown, eyes, as Lord Beaconsfield described them, "which would daunt a galley slave."

The writer saw a remarkable pair of them once. He was waiting with a crowd of passengers on the French frontier of Italy, all under order to pass through a barrier in single file. The Emperor Napoleon had been warned about some projected attempt by *carbonari*, and a special agent had been dispatched from Paris to examine every passenger by the train. The eyes of this agent were absolutely different from those of any human being the writer ever saw, and the Italians, as they passed under their fire, visibly quailed, every third man, perhaps, throwing out his fingers to counteract the malefic effect of their influence. Even the English, who had nothing to fear, did not like the eyes, which this writer will remember at the Judgment Day; and one, presumably an actor, said audibly: "My God, that is Mephistopheles alive!"—Spectator.

TABLE ETIQUETTE.

A Few of the Things Every Self-Respecting Person Should Know.

Table etiquette is almost a science nowadays, and it is necessary to conform to its laws. A good rule is to use the fork almost constantly, and put only a little upon it at a time. In this way the food is conveyed to the mouth—never with the knife—although in some countries the knife is still used, even amongst royalty. If you have strawberries and cream, soup, melons, stewed fruit, preserved fruit, preserves and jellies, eat them with a spoon. These things, because of their juiciness, can not be eaten with a knife and fork, and every well-regulated house, when it serves oysters on the half shell, will place a small, silver fork beside each guest's plate. When the hostess serves strawberries with the green stems, then they are invariably to be taken up in the fingers (by the stem) and eaten one at a time. Fruit like pears and apples is first peeled, then quartered, and then taken up in the fingers and eaten. With salads, the knife and fork are used, if the salad has not been cut up before being served. No hostess who understands table etiquette, nor a waiter who has been well trained, will ever think of offering you more than a ladleful of soup, and if you are at a private or fashionable dinner (anywhere except a hotel), and the dinner is too hot, or you do not happen to like a certain dish after it has been served, pretend to eat it, and this consideration on your part will make you the everlasting friend of the host and hostess. Don't stop short and sit back in your chair. That is the most embarrassing kind of embarrassment for both yourself, your host and your associates. These are a few of the things every body should know.—Farm and Fireside.

The Cure of Shyness.

A shy disposition is a misfortune to its possessor. It causes him to shrink from meeting others, and when he can not help meeting them it makes him stiff in manner and awkward in speech. Archbishop Whately was very shy in his early life. His friends counseled him to imitate the example of polite men. He tried, but the effort made him think so much of himself that he became more shy than ever. After a time he said to himself: "I am, and perhaps I must continue to be, as awkward as a bear. Well, I will try and not think much about it, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured." Acting on this resolve he says: "I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also of those faults of manner which shyness produces, and acquired an easy and natural manner." In saying this the Archbishop told the secret by which all shy people may conquer their shyness, at least in part. It is, forget yourself. Self-forgetfulness is the cure of shyness.—Our Youth.

HUMOROUS.

—Husband (of economical views)—"That's a very becoming bonnet, my dear." Wife (of sarcastic turn)—"Oh, yes, becoming very old and decrepit."—N. Y. Ledger.

—Mother—"And the serpent, as a punishment for tempting Eve, was made to crawl all the rest of his life." Bobbie—"Well, mamma, how did he get along before?"—Babyhood.

—Shakespeare was slightly mixed in his "seven ages." It is the "whining schoolboy" whom the maternal eye has detected in some flagrant act of disobedience that "shifts into the slippered pantaloons."—Puck.

—Lady Friend—"What is the hardest thing connected with your editorial duties, Mr. Lempy?" Editor—"The hardest thing is to leave the impression that I am out of town on the first of the month."—Nebraska State Journal.

—Mrs. Chipping—"So these are your children, are they?" Mrs. Marrow—"Yes, and every body says they're just the image of me." Mrs. Chipping—"Why, so they are, poor little things."—Buffalo Courier.

—An exchange has an article headed "The Mystery of a Golden Chain." The mystery is probably at the pocket end, and opinions are equally balanced as to whether it is an old-fashioned pinhead or only a bunch of keys."—Boston Transcript.

—"Poor Jenny! It must be an awful shock to you!" sympathized her friend; "and to think that you trusted him all these years, while he was embezzling such enormous sums." "Yes," she sobbed, "I knew my millinery alone came to more than his salary, but I never suspected him."—Time.

—Landlord—"I think you will like this store, Mr. Scales. The rent is cheap and it is light and airy, as you see—not a dark corner in it anywhere." Mr. Scales—"That's just the trouble, Mr. Quarterday. It won't do for a grocery store at all, you see. It would be an awful nuisance to have to go away down in the cellar every time to sand the sugar."—Somerville Journal.

—Mrs. Minks—"I think it is too bad, Mr. Minks! Why can't a man be as considerate for his wife a few years after marriage as he was before? But I suppose it is too much to expect; men are all alike, and care only for themselves." Mr. Minks—"Really, my dear, I don't know what you are driving at." Mrs. Minks—"Oh, no; of course not! You don't even know that this is my birthday, and yet only a few years ago the date was engraven on your heart, and you never failed to give me a present. Why didn't you do so to-day?" Mr. Minks—"Because, my dear, I did not wish at your age to remind you of the painful fact that you were a year older."—N. Y. Ledger.

WELLINGTON'S MODESTY.

The Unostentatious Way in Which He Announced the Victory at Waterloo.

Earl Stanhope's volume of "Notes on Conversations with the Duke of Wellington" furnishes many interesting anecdotes which are not yet familiar to the reading public. Lord Stanhope tells the following story of Daniel Webster:

I breakfasted this morning with Hallam, and met Mr. Webster, the justly celebrated American, whose acquaintance I had already made the day but one before at a dinner at Lord Stanley's. He told me that on his way out he had been reading two or three odd volumes of the Duke of Wellington's dispatches, and had been greatly struck at their total freedom from any thing like pomp or ostentation, even in moments of the greatest triumph. The Waterloo dispatch itself contained nothing about "victory and glory." So unpretending was it, said Mr. Webster, that Mr. Quincy Adams, who was our Minister at London at the time, and who had a good deal of bitter feeling against this country, with which peace had only just been concluded, declared, on first reading the dispatch, that it came from a defeated General, and that in real truth the Duke's army must have been annihilated at Waterloo. This he seriously believed for some time. What a contrast, continued Mr. Webster, to Napoleon's rhetorical bulletins. One day one read in them: "We have thrown Blucher into the Bober!" and a few days afterward one found that Blucher had somehow got out of this Bober and defeated Napoleon himself at Leipsic.

Lord Stanhope gives the Duke's version of the way the news of Waterloo was brought to England, thus: "The news of Waterloo was first brought over by a Jew in the service of Rothschild. He embarked at Ostend, and nobody on board the vessel knew of it but he. The way he got at it was this: He was at Ghent, looking in with a crowd at the window, when a messenger arrived to the King of France, and he saw that the King, after reading the letter, embraced the messenger and 'kissed him all around the room and all about the house.' Upon this the Jew felt sure that the news was a victory, and without an instant's delay set off upon his journey to England. At Ostend he saw Malcolm, but told him nothing, nor did he tell any one until he reached Rothschild's house in the city. He afterward went to Lord Liverpool. Lord Maryborough added that before they sailed from Ostend they saw a dragon run down to the beach, take off his cap and wave it in the air. The other people on board all wondered what it could mean, and none guessed; but the Jew had still the composure to keep his secret."—London Life.

CURRENT ITEMS.

—A dentist of Paris, after chloroforming a patient, with the supposed intention of extracting a tooth, robbed the helpless sufferer of \$1,000 in money and then decamped.

—A lady's marriage ring, which was lost sixteen years ago on a farm near Glasgow, Scotland, was recently turned up in plowing and restored to her. It was as bright as when lost.

—In a lithograph establishment in New York employing six hundred men, the employers have to furnish each man with a quart of beer per day. Any attempt to cut off this perquisite would result in a strike.

—A farmer walked into the office of the Covington (Ga.) Star the other day, and deposited on the editor's desk a huge potato which had grown into the exact shape of a duck. The head was a little inclined to one side, as is usual in the duck species, thus making the resemblance all the more remarkable.

—A young woman in Bridgeport, Conn., recently complained to the police that she was being systematically robbed of her jewelry by an unknown thief. It was subsequently found that the owner of the missing articles had taken the trinkets herself while asleep and hidden them between the mattresses of her bed.

—London has a poor relief society that receives as contributions garments instead of money. Each member is obliged to contribute two garments a year. These are disposed of in various ways by the officers of the society. Some are sold at a low price to the poor; some are given away, and some are kept in stock and loaned.

—The Navajo Indians of Arizona are very successful in raising stock. According to the figures of the reservation agent they own 245,000 horses and ponies, 300 mules, 3,500 cattle, 800,000 goats, and 500 burros. The wool clipped for the year amounted to 1,300,000 pounds, and they also sold 300,000 sheep pelts and 100,000 goat skins.

—A man who is operating among the coal fields of Alabama, made a singular discovery a few weeks since. A force of hands were at work at the bottom of a shaft 180 feet below the surface, when they came upon the petrified remains of a sheep. It was in so perfect a state of preservation as to be readily recognized and was kept intact for several days, after which it was broken and the pieces distributed among the miners as curios.

—An enormous wave is reported to have struck the beach at Baracora, in Cuba, recently, and flowed inland for a distance of four hundred feet before it retired. It destroyed in its course nearly three hundred huts and houses, but happily no lives, as the inhabitants saw it coming and fled to the nearest hill. Curiously enough the wave was neither tidal nor due to earthquake disturbance, but, it is stated, to a north wind which had blown for three successive days.

—A young couple stood up in church at Culpepper, Va., the other evening, and over their heads was an arch of evergreens and flowers. Just as the minister began the evergreens caught fire and began to burn fiercely. The bride turned pale, but the groom whispered to her, and she stood still by his side and the minister went on with the ceremony, and the two were made one under an arch of fire. Then they marched deliberately down the aisle, and the wedding guests went to work to put out the fire.

A Jewish student of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Allegheny City, Pa., has renounced the faith of his fathers, notwithstanding the step will lead to his being discarded by his relations and friends of the Hebrew faith. He says: "According to a Jewish custom, when a person departs from their faith he is regarded as dead. My parents, when they know of the step I have taken, will formally pronounce me dead, and for seven days they will sit in mourning for me. Mother often told me this, as she knew my inquiring disposition."

—A case of mistaken identity amused a Chicago court the other day. A colored prisoner, about sixteen years old, appeared before the judge on a charge of stealing a pie. "Take off your cap," said the judge. "What for?" asked the prisoner, who made no effort to remove the red woolen cap from the kinky hair. "What for? You are in court. Take off your hat." "I don't have ter," said the prisoner; and the exasperated judge turned to the supposed father of the culprit. "Is that your son?" "No," said the man with an appreciative grin, "I guess he ain't nobody's son."

An Innovation for Weddings.

The latest novelty at fashionable weddings is for the bridesmaids to carry a satin shoe filled with flowers, and the result is charmingly pretty. At one wedding the shoes were of eau de Nil satin and were filled with plush-pink roses. At another there was a very effective combination of pink satin and maize-colored roses, while the delicate structure depended from the bridesmaid's arm by pink satin ribbons, like a veritable miniature hanging-garden. At the third the shoes were pink satin, and the flowers were golden-brown chrysanthemums, toning from dark brown to pale yellow. In some cases these shoe bouquets take the place of ordinary posies; in others they are merely supplementary to huge clusters of flowers carried in the hand; sometimes, however, by way of intensifying the novelty of the innovation, the bridesmaids are divided into two detachments, half carrying shoes filled with flowers, and the other half being supplied with bouquets of the regulation pattern.—London Life.