

A SONG FOR OLD FRIENDS.

The earth to the songs of the poet Resounds in a deathless tune, Though hearts be upon or below it—

Sing the charms of the winsome Molly, And the graces of Madeline fair—

The red of the April's blooming, By the whispers of springtime fanned, Cannot shine where the gloom is entombing—

ATTACK OF LUMBAGO.

"Ah!" exclaimed my friend Thorley, the eminent physician, throwing down the evening paper, which he had just been perusing, and delivering himself in his most sententious manner.

"And what, pray, most sapient philosopher, has evoked from you that profound sentiment?" I inquired, laughingly.

"The concluding sentence in this obituary notice of the bishop of X," he said, taking up the paper again and reading aloud the passage: "He married, in 1866, Margaretta, third daughter of the late Joshua Barker."

"Indeed," I said, "and is it a comedy, my philosopher, or a tragedy that lurks in that very simple historical announcement?"

"Umph! A comedy. At any rate the comic element prevails."

"You knew the bishop in his young days, I believe?"

"Intimately, and his wife, too. In fact, I myself was a spectator of the little comedy which resulted in their marriage."

"You were?"

"I was," said Thorley, with an impressive air, "I saw that he was bursting to tell a good story. We were by ourselves in a corner of the club smoking room. There are men from whom, in like circumstances, I should have fled incontinently, pleading an immediate engagement. But Thorley was an excellent raconteur and I had nothing particular to do for half an hour. I therefore lay back in my chair and regarded him encouragingly."

"I believe," he went on, "that you would find the story rather diverting."

"Then, by all means, let me hear it," I suggested.

And, nothing loath, he began: "It all happened more than thirty years ago," Thorley said, "I need hardly say that the bishop had not, in those days, attained to episcopal honors. He was, in fact, merely the vicar of Pemborough, where I, a youngster, was carrying on my first practice, and where Margaretta's father was brewing indifferent beer. But even then his reverence was a cleric marked out for future preferment, no less by his aristocratic connections than by his intrinsic personal merits. Nor by that do I mean to imply that those merits were inconsiderable. He was decidedly intellectual, an eloquent preacher, a good organizer. And his bodily presence contributed an appreciable quota to the effect of those qualities. He was tall, imposingly dignified. Calm authority sat upon his placid and ample forehead. Solidity and weight swelled in the undulations of his capacious waistcoat. Severe moral rectitude helped to stiffen every line of his upright and stately bearing. Even apart, therefore, from his intrinsic self he made a splendid figurehead for the spiritual life of the parish. I suppose his age must have been about 40, though he looked older. And he was a confirmed bachelor. So much so, in fact, that the single ladies in Pemborough, of whom there were many, hardly regarded the vicar as a matrimonially possible; albeit, with his high connections, and good prospects, he would have been an excellent spec for the best of them."

"Not that he was a boor or a brutal misogynist or anything of that kind. Very much the reverse. He mixed freely in the social life of the place. He enjoyed the company of ladies, and, indeed, in his sanctified way, was quite a proficient flirt. But to that deeper, lasting sentiment which leads through courtship to wedlock he was entirely strange, and I honestly believe that the bare idea of matrimony had never crossed his mind."

"Now I will revert for a minute to the Barkers."

"I have said that Joshua Barker, the head of that family, was a brewer of indifferent beer. In spite of the quality of his malt liquors he did a large business, having many tied houses, and was worth a considerable sum of money. But then he was the father of fourteen children, so that his fine income was somewhat discounted. I shall not have much to say about any of them, excepting his eldest daughter, Margaretta, whom I knew better than any of the others and who was a great friend of my wife's. In fact, the young lady spent a great part of her time at our house. And I was glad that she did so, for my wife, having only lately been married to me, and having come from a house full of brothers and sis-

ters, was in need of a congenial companion.

"Margaretta was a handsome and prepossessing girl; though, even in those days she showed some slight tendency toward that richness of form and feature which she has since abundantly realized. You have never met the bishop's wife? Ah, well! She has long measured a good forty-five inches round the waist and is now the possessor of four chins. But in her girlhood she was pretty and fascinating, and slight, and not a few local bloods were enamored of her. These local bloods, however, were all of the plebeian class, and Margaretta was a girl of aspirations. She wanted to escape altogether from the sordid vulgarity of Pemborough society and to blossom into some more select and fashionable sphere. Thus, at least, she frequently confided to my wife, who, womanlike, aided and abetted her in this ambitious folly."

"My wife was talking to me about Margaretta one day. She was deploring the fact that there was no well born and bred young man in Pemborough to marry the poor girl, and remove her into that higher circle in which she was so well qualified to shine. And I said, laughingly:

"There's the vicar. He's splendidly connected. Why shouldn't she make a match of it with the vicar?"

"It was simply a little joke of mine. But my wife (to whom this was evidently a new idea) took it quite seriously."

"To be sure," she cried, clapping her hands. "There's the vicar. I wonder I have never thought of him. Of course, he's the very man!"

"I laughed aloud at the eager seriousness with which she said it."

"My dear," I told her, "I was only joking. You don't suppose that the vicar would look at Margaretta, do you?"

"And why not?" demanded my wife, bridling. "Margaretta is good enough for any man."

"Perhaps so," I observed. "Far be it from me to depreciate Margaretta. But you see, my dear, the vicar is not a marrying man. In fact, for all his flirting propensities, he is as confirmed a bachelor as I have ever come across."

"It is a crying scandal that such a man should be a bachelor," exclaimed my wife, in an indignant tone. "I call it outrageous!"

"Especially with girls like Margaretta about," I suggested, slyly.

"But my wife was in no mood for jesting over this affair."

"I wish you wouldn't make jokes out of everything," she retorted, quite crossly. "It is scandalous that the vicar should remain a bachelor. It ought not to be allowed. Everybody admits that it is the bounden duty of a benefited clergyman to marry. Look what an invaluable help a wife is 'n a parish! You can't deny that, can you?"

"Certainly not, my dear. It is quite indispensable," I assented, for it was after dinner. I was spoiling for my nap, and it was my hope that if I allowed my wife to silence me in argument she would let the discussion drop. Wherein, to my great thankfulness, I was not deceived."

"But although no more was said on the subject just then, this idea which I had so lightly mooted and which my wife had jumped at with such eagerness was not allowed by that persevering angel to rest. The keenness with which she threw herself into her new scheme, the energy with which she set herself to execute it, excited my supreme wonder and amusement. No little dodge whereby the vicar and Margaretta might be brought together was too barefaced for her; no little pretext was too flimsy. She inveigled the reverend gentleman into little dinners, luncheons, teas, picnics, at which it was invariably managed that he should be brought into close proximity with Margaretta. She made them partners at tennis and croquet, at whist and four-handed chess. The vicar evidently enjoyed all this—as a pastime—for Margaretta was very pretty. But while he flirted with her, decorously and as a clergyman should, and even sometimes went rather further than a clergyman should, he never went, nor had any idea of going, to the length which Margaretta pined for."

"You, my dear fellow, are a married man, and you know the ways of women. You will, therefore, feel no surprise to hear that either Miss Barker nor my wife thought for a minute of being content with these unpractical flirtations. Nor will it cause you the smallest sensation of wonder to be informed that the entire blame for the vicar's declining to toe the scratch was shunted on to me. 'If I had been half a man,' etc., 'if I had cared a fraction of a straw for my wife's peace of mind,' etc., 'if I had been at all like some other husbands she knew,' etc. However, you, being married, have all this, of course, at your fingers' ends, so I will not go into that part of it. Nor will I dwell upon the piteous accounts given me by my wife of poor Margaretta's breaking heart, and of how she was pining and wasting away, and qualifying for early quarters in the local cemetery. That is an old story which I will take leave to skip, and will resume my narrative after an interval of two or three months."

"One morning I was sent for in my professional capacity to visit our vicar. The complaint from which I found him suffering was of quite a trifling nature, being nothing more serious than an attack of lumbago, and not a very severe attack at that, for he was perfectly free from pain, in most postures, and was only very violently gripped by the malady when attempting to rise after stooping or kneeling. Still, of course, this was sufficiently inconvenient to a clergyman, as it precluded his taking part in the church services, and he was particularly anxious to be well again by the following Sunday."

"Now, there's no doubt about it, lumbago does give rise to some very ridiculous situations. In fact, the patient's movements when trying, if you understand me, to slide round that particular posture, in which he knows that he will be gripped, and to gain the desired perpendicular by dodging, so to speak, the muscles of his own back, are often extremely grotesque. Take it, also, that the patient is one who prides himself on the dignity of his deportment—as our vicar did—and this grotesqueness is appreciably enhanced. Indeed, what could be a funnier sight to see than dignity struggling with lumbago? I, myself, though hardened by professional experience, have often derived the hugest amusement from it. And I certainly did so in this case."

"Our excellent vicar was extremely sorry for himself. He gave me a graphic account of the torturing agonies which he had endured, in trying to rise from a kneeling posture in church—where he had been suddenly seized—and how it had taken him good five minutes to regain his feet. I prescribed some of the usual remedies, and promised to call again in a day or two. When I reached home the first question my wife asked me was:

"Well, what is the matter with the vicar?"

"Only a touch of lumbago," I answered.

"Then he will be unable to attend the parish conversation this evening, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. I have told him that he may keep all his social engagements. Church is the only thing tabooed, because the poor man cannot kneel, or rather when he kneels cannot get up again."

"Oh! I am glad that he will be there this evening. The parish conversation without the vicar would be quite the play without Hamlet, would it not?"

"Yes—for Margaretta," I replied, jestingly.

"I said that on purpose to draw my wife. But the shaft missed. She seemed, indeed, not to even have heard my remark, and I saw that she had suddenly fallen into one of her absent fits. Soon afterward she left the room and went upstairs, humming a tune, a thing which she always did when she was enveloped in a brown study."

"We both went to the parish conversation that evening. It was one of a series of functions held quarterly by the vicar and the church wardens to promote social intercourse and friendliness between the members of the congregation. These gatherings took place at the town hall, and consisted of tea and coffee, twaddle and flirtations, for which last-named amusement various alcoves in the lobbies and passages were not inconveniently provided; the more so, as the said lobbies and passages were but indifferently lighted."

"At this particular function everybody, of course, was present, including Margaretta, her parents and other adolescent members of her family. My wife bore down upon Margaretta the moment she appeared, and I saw them soon engaged in a whispered conversation in a corner of the room. I did not observe them again for some little time, being just then tackled by a wealthy and hypochondriacal old lady—one of my best patients—who insisted on recounting to me a long history of all that she had suffered since our last meeting. I was inexpressibly bored by this tiresome old person. But I could not offend her, so was obliged to listen. And when at last I was free from her—which was not for twenty minutes—I noted, with a grin of amusement, that Margaretta (aid, no doubt, by my wife), had made her pounce, and was in the act of sailing out of the room upon the arm of our stately vicar, who did not, indeed, seem at all loth to lead forth this beauteous damsel into the greater seclusion of the dimly lighted passages."

"I looked round for my wife. Ah! There she was hobnobbing and nattering with old Joshua Barker, not three yards from where I stood! Presently I heard her say to him:

"Don't you think this room rather hot, Mr. Barker? Shall we go out into the lobby for a few minutes?"

"Certainly—a good idea," answered the brewer, offering her his arm.

"And off they went—my wife throwing me a meaning but mystifying glance over her shoulder as she passed. That she was up to some mischief I could see plainly. That this mischief was in connection with the vicar and Margaretta I could conjecture with tolerable certainty. But beyond that general impression, I was quite in the dark and, being detached just then and seeing nobody about with whom I had the least desire to converse, I strolled out myself into the lobby with the idea of seeing if possible what my wife's little game was."

"As I sauntered slowly along one of the side passages, I heard the sound of murmured conversation on my right. Glancing in that direction, I descried the vicar and Margaretta seated in contiguous chairs, screened by a big palm. They were too much taken up to have observed me. And, I am half ashamed to confess it, but I did a low thing. I slipped behind a brawny plaster Hercules, which stood adjacent and played the eavesdropper."

"The vicar was bending close to Margaretta, uttering many pretty speeches—but nowise committing himself—and she was listening with heightening color and downcast eyes, ever and anon, however, raising those features and darting at him glances of radiant tenderness, meant, doubtless, to evoke something from his lips more practical than these empty compliments. Once or twice I half thought that a declaration was coming; but on each occasion he pulled himself up just at the critical point, and turned what looked like being a proposal into a mere piece of flirtatious rhetoric. It must have been uncommonly tantalizing for Margaretta. But she kept her head and her temper admirably, and concluded

to smile on him as blandly as heretofore.

"At last—having, as I supposed, given up all hope for that occasion, since I was not then aware of the wonderful resourcefulness of woman—Margaretta suggested that they should be rejoicing the others. They rose from their seats, and as they did so, Margaretta, happening to glance down at her particularly neat little toes, uttered a sudden ejaculation."

"Oh! Look! The ankle strap of my shoe has come unbuttoned. Oh! dear! I—I—if it would not be presuming too much upon your kindness, Mr. Travers, I—I—"

"Don't mention it. With pleasure," murmured the reverend gentleman, as he sank gracefully upon one knee and proceeded to negotiate the strap round her pretty ankle."

"Ha! my friend," I chuckled to myself from behind my Hercules. "In the gallant impulse of the moment, you have forgotten your lumbago. Facilis descensus! Sed revocare gradum!"

"I did. For as the vicar, still oblivious of his lumbago disability, gayly essayed to rise to his feet in the usual way, he was suddenly gripped and pulled back with a spasmodic jerk. He made another effort and another, adopting that gingerly, feeling-your-way sort of movement which is so eminently characteristic of lumbago. It was a supremely ridiculous spectacle, this reverend dignified person fixed on one knee and vainly trying to slide upward. I was within an ace of betraying my presence by bursting into a roar of laughter. But I just managed to control myself."

"Oh, please get up, Mr. Travers," murmured Miss Margaretta, blushing, affecting to be ignorant of the true state of the case. "Oh, please get up! Somebody will see you."

"I—I—will you—give me your hand?" gasped the vicar, desperately.

"She did so, in the prettiest confusion. The vicar clasped it with all the fervor of lumbago."

"Then it all came about more suddenly than you would believe. For there stood Joshua Barker and there stood my wife, as though they had dropped from the clouds. And Joshua was shaking the still kneeling vicar by the hand and saying:

"Congratulations young dear vicar, congratulate you! I ought not to intrude just now. But I was passing, by Jove, and couldn't help seeing and my feelings as a father got the better of my discretion. You have won a treasure—a treasure, sir," etc."

"At the same time my wife was kissing Margaretta, who had covered her blushing face with her hands, and God-blessing her and heaven knows what beside, looking the while as innocently pleased and happy as a guileless child."

"It was splendid sport for everybody—except the vicar. And he—poor man!—was more taken aback and flabbergasted than anybody I have ever seen. He never attempted to expostulate or explain. Perhaps he meant to defer the difficult and disagreeable task until he could perform it by letter. If so, the delay was fatal to him; for, before the evening was over, everybody present had heard of the engagement, and the vicar had run the gantlet of a hundred congratulations. By accepting these, without repudiation—as he did—he simply gave himself away, and rendered any future explanation impossible."

"He must have been extremely weak minded."

"Perhaps. But then, you see, he was in an uncommonly tight corner. He had been flirting in a risky way with Margaretta, and it was quite natural that she should misunderstand what occurred. Under those circumstances, to disabuse her would have been a delicate task, from which any man might well be excused for shrinking. At any rate, he did shrink, and the consequence was the little biographical circumstances which has evoked the story."—London Truth.

**Refused the Wrong Beggar.**

"I never refuse the plea of a beggar," says a leading member of Congress. "You must not use my name and advertise me as a philanthropist, for I am not. It is simply a matter of necessity with me. I am obliged to give something to every beggar or I could not sleep at night. I made a bad mistake once, and I would rather give occasionally to the unworthy than to ever deny assistance to the worthy."

"Once upon a time I was in St. Louis on business. It was winter, and you know how cold that town can be when it tried hard. I was out on the street at 11 o'clock one bitter night when a chap struck me for a dime. He was poorly clad, looked hungry and sick, and I ought to have handed out the money at once, but I was just brute enough not to do it. He followed me a hundred feet, begging and pleading, and I finally threatened to have him arrested. He turned away with a sob in his throat, and I went on to the hotel."

"There was a big snowstorm that night, and next morning they found him in a drift, frozen stark and stiff. I saw the body and recognized it. The pale face was pinched and drawn with hunger and suffering, and the eyes were wide open as yours—great big blue eyes, sunken in their sockets, and staring at me in an awful way. Yes, sir, they seemed to be fastened on me alone, and to follow me as I moved. When I heard car drivers, draymen, bootblacks and newsboys saying how gladly they would have given the poor wretch a quarter to buy lodgings and food I sneaked away, feeling that I was a murderer. It hurt me more than I can tell you. I don't wait now to be asked for alms. I give to some who are, no doubt, undeserving, but I take my chances on that. That thing rests like a murder on my conscience, and nothing like it shall happen again."—St. Paul Globe.

involved an awkward gait. The foot of a large woman should be larger than the foot of a small woman or slenderly built woman, and usually, to her unnecessary sorrow—she has a large one. The foot in length should be the length of the ulna, a bone of the forearm, which extends from the lump in the outer portion of the wrist to the elbow. Of course the ulna is longer in tall people, and to be graceful the foot should be also.

"Carrying a Man to Reform Him." "The most subtle and deceitful of all vices ever existed, and one which wrecks the happiness of many a young girl's life," writes Evangelist Dwight L. Moody, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It is the common delusion that a woman can best reform a man by marrying him. It is a mystery to me how people can be so blinded to the hundreds of cases in every community where tottering homes have fallen and broken lives have been wrecked, because some young girl has persisted in marrying a scoundrel in the hope of saving him. I have never known such a union, and I have seen hundreds of them result in anything but sadness and disaster. Let no young girl think that she may be able to accomplish what a loving mother or sympathetic sisters have been unable to do. Before there is any contract of marriage there should be convincing proof that there has been real and thorough regeneration."

**Teaching Daughters How to Shop.** A practical mother has determined another "course" for her daughter. She has taught her how to shop. It takes costly experience often to show women the pitfalls of the shops. The staples of dry goods, housekeeping lines, blankets, regular grades of dress goods, as serges, flannels and the like, the list of white goods—all such and many more have distinctive characteristics. Useful knowledge of which should be acquired before attempts to purchase are made. The rage among women for "bargains" tempts even the most respectable merchants to keep "seconds" in stock—it is valuable to know them in sight and to reject or accept them as may seem expedient.

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**Strawberry Ambrosia.** Fill a pretty glass dish with alternate layers of strawberries and powdered sugar. Pour over them orange juice and claret in the proportions of the juice of two oranges—and one gill of claret to one quart of berries. Let them stand on the ice an hour before serving.

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**Why He Was Good.** Mrs. Cobwigger—I hear you were very good little boy while I was out. Freddie—Were you out, ma? Why thought you were in the next room the time.—New York Journal.



PETTICOAT OF FLANNEL

A FLANNEL petticoat used to be a flannel petticoat, no matter how much you embowered it. But now it is made in ways that were never dreamed of in the days when flannel skirt making was an art. The newest ones show yokes of white taffeta, to make the waist smaller. Wash silk is used and the flannel, which is very fine, is gathered on the silk yoke. The principal trimming is ribbon. This is used for strapping the seams and for decorating the top of the ruffle. When lace is put on the flannel, it is put out underneath and the lace strengthened with coarse thread stitches, but on invisibly. Ruffles of ribbon are set underneath the skirt or deep douces of white needlework. There is a pattern of hand embroidery upon every flannel skirt, but it is done as a finish to the ribbon and lace, and not as the main trimming of the skirt.



THE NEWEST FLANNEL SKIRTS.

**The Rights of a Young Wife.** "Before everything else the young woman has a right to expect from her husband tenderness, sympathy and faith," says Ruth Ashmore, writing in the Ladies' Home Journal of "What to Expect from a Young Man." "But sometimes, in his eagerness to make his life fair to her, he fancies she is a doll, and not a woman. And a doll is a very selfish toy; it demands careful treatment all the time, and it gives nothing but a pretty appearance in return. It is the foolish wife who expects infidelity in her husband. She forgets that there is a difference between the housewife and the house moth. She should expect from her husband politeness at all times, and a certain gentleness that every man, possessing the real instinct of a man, gives to a woman. But she should not expect from him too much. She has no right whatever to ask of him permission to live a lazy life herself, and to give up all her days and years to vain and idle thoughts. \* \* \* When the wife can make her husband's home-coming a joy, his home-staying a pleasure and a delight, and his leaving home a sorrow, then, and then only, can she expect a great deal from him."

**Coiffure for a Narrow Face.** The hair should be dressed round to suit a long, narrow face. It is always best to show a coil or so from the side behind the ears; also endeavor to fill up the nape of the neck as much as possible. For a sharp-featured face always avoid dressing the hair right at the top of the back of the crown in a line with the nose, as this so accentuates the severe outlines. Dress the hair low or else quite to the crown-top to meet the fringe. For a round face narrow dressings are becoming and can be taken well down the neck.

**New Calling for Women.** The Parish Council of Langley, near Slough, has received an application from a woman for the post of slaughter-house inspector of the town of Colnbrook, under their jurisdiction. She was recommended by two local residents as well qualified for the post, but the council preferred to reappoint the present male inspector. In the adjoining Parish of Iwer a woman has acted as registrar and vaccination officer for several years with the greatest success.—Westminster Gazette.

**Ridiculous Footgear.** Women are more often too short than too tall. Height, they think, must be gained, and consequently the ridiculously high-heeled shoes are decided upon. They do, undoubtedly, give dignity as long as the wearer stands still, but when the wearer is in motion they destroy grace, even in a room, and deform the feet. Thus women are made to minister to a very short-lived fancy. American women, as a rule, have too small feet, which do not add to their beauty. The better shape a foot is the smaller it will look, but in the disproportionately small foot there is always

involved an awkward gait. The foot of a large woman should be larger than the foot of a small woman or slenderly built woman, and usually, to her unnecessary sorrow—she has a large one. The foot in length should be the length of the ulna, a bone of the forearm, which extends from the lump in the outer portion of the wrist to the elbow. Of course the ulna is longer in tall people, and to be graceful the foot should be also.

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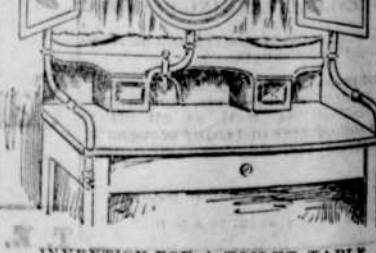
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