The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

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ROUND THE WORLD.

It is thought that the prosecution of the Irish Land Leaguers will cost over $500,000.

CAMBRIDGE (England) has this term nearly 3,000 members of the university in residence.

A PETITION for the appointment to a woman on the police force is circulated in Milwaukee.

A CHILD named Mary E. Gurd was killed by a street car in Toronto, a blow which rendered her mother a maniac.

THE work of repairing the Brest cable has been postponed to spring, on account of the boisterous weather on the Atlantic.

A CINCINNATI man turned his blind daughter into the street, though amply able to support her, because she refused to commit suicide with the poison which he provided.

DALE and Enright, the English Ritualists, have secured a hearing by the court of appeals, and have been released from imprisonment on condition that they conform to the orders of Lord Penzance.

MRS. Heingarter gave a generous breakfast to a tramp at Canton, O., and he rewarded her by pocketing some spoons. She intercepted him at the gate, shot a bullet through the stomach which she had enabled him to fill, and recovered the silverware.

DR. Glenn has finished harvesting on his great farm in Colusa County, Cal., and finds a total yield of 400,000 sacks. With the exception of 50,000 sacks reserved for seed, the total crop has been shipped. The Doctor is one of the most prominent stock raisers in the State, having upward of 4,000 head.

A WOMAN at Lodi, Pa., deliberately starved herself to death. The process required six weeks of total abstinence from food, though she drank sparingly of water. She had long been eccentric, and the death of her mother destroyed her reason. There-upon she went to bed with the avowed intention of dying, and never ate again.

A CHICAGO tenant informed the owner of the house he occupied that the drainage was defective, and demanded repairs, which were not made. His daughter was barely saved from death by diphtheria, and the physician declared that she was poisoned by sewer gas. A suit of $5,000 damages has been brought against the landlord.

HARRY THOMPSON went hunting near Cleveland, intending to return in time for his wedding, which was appointod for the same evening. He said that the diversion was necessary in order to steady his nerves; but it did not have that effect, for in climbing a fence the gun fell from his trembling hands and was discharged, killing him on the spot.

ABOUT six miles west of Beowawe station. on the Central Pacific road, there is a true geyser on the side of the mountain, or rather forty of them. The one which throws the highest stream is only about an inch and a half in diameter, but at intervals of thirty minutes it casts up boiling water to a height of twenty-five feet. A lot of others gush up in the vicinity over about forty acres of ground.

THE colossal crane at Woolwich, England, which has been upward of four years in progress of erection, and is the most powerful in the world, has now assumed a definite shape in the operation of fixing the great girder. The immensity of the work is illustrated by the weight of the iron employed in its construction, which, in the aggregate, exceeds 1,800 tons. When completed the crane will be capable of lifting three or four 100-ton guns at once.

SOME of the washing waters of Paris, which were formerly run into the city sewers, are now collected in casks, and, the suds being subjected to chemical treatment, the fatty matters are manufactured into toilet soap. made fragrant by the addit ionof oil of roses. According to this process a little sulphuric acid is added to the soap water obtained from washing linen, the whole is then stirred up, and the fatty matter is allowed to stand for a few hours, when, on its collecting upon the surface of the liquid, it is gathered in casks.

Electric Lights in Broadway, New York.

Last year the New York Board of Aldermen passed a resolution requesting the Gas Commission to cause experiments to be made with electric lights, with a view to testing their adaptability for lighting streets, avenues, parks, and squares. No action was taken by the commission until recently, when permission was granted to the Brush Electric Light Company to test their system at their own expense on Broadway, from 14th to 34th street, a distance of a mile. The posts for the new lamps are now being set up, and it is promised that the lights will be in operation by Christmas. The iron-lamp posts are twenty feet high from the base to the foot of the lamp. Their upper portions are supplied with projecting teeth, which are intended to be used as steps by the men assigned to keep the lamps in good condition. The lamps are constructed in accordance with the Brush patent, being from four to five feet in height and surmounted with an iron hood.

The whole number of lamps will be twenty-two; the wires will be carried from the top of one post to the top of the next for the present, or until the city decides to adopt the system, when they will be sunk under ground. Each lamp will, it is promised, give a two thousand candle power light, equal to about one hundred gas lamps.

The central station will be at No. 133 West 25th Street, where the Corliss engines and boiler which operates the electric generators have been placed. About twenty-five horse power will be required for the twenty-two lamps, and one wire will convey the current to the entire series. It is promised that the light will be much cheaper than gas light of equal power. The success of the Brush system elsewhere reduces this experiment to a test of cost and the ability of the lamps to satisfy the requirements of the public eye.

Swallowed His Pal.

A curious incident, which the *Precursuer*, of Autwerp, states to have positively occurred at the Zoological gardens in that town, is thus described in one of its recent impressions. It was the hour for feeding the serpents, the two of them, born a couple of years ago in the gardens, commenced simultaneously devouring the same rabbit, one beginning operations at its head the other at its tail. The natural result was that in course of time they both reached the middle of the rabbit, and a dispute arose as to which should swallow the remaining morsel. The largest serpent of the two made the greatest headway, but his colleague held as fast to the carcass, and in the heat of the battle his *vis-a-vis*, making a desperate effort to bolt the rest of the rabbit, drew in with it the head of the smaller serpent. The body gradually followed the head into its living tomb, and soon there remained but about two decimeters of tail visible. At this critical juncture the keepers perceived what was passing, and a couple of them entered the cage to rescue the victim from its unpleasant position. After considerable difficulty they succeeded in obtaining a firm grasp on the bit of tail, and with a long pull and strong pull brought back the serpent in safety, none the worse for the adventure. The swallower, however, was rather indisposed for the next few hours, says the journal which relates this most extaordinary story, but both serpents are now in their normal condition again.

A BLIND boy at Montreal has built a minature house outside an ordinary four-ounce bottle, out of forty pieces of wood neatly glued together. It would puzzle a person with good eyesight to get the parts into the bottle, to say nothing of putting them together.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

For My Lady's Sake.

Sweet heart, the love that lives for aye
Is all the wealth I bring;
Which neither lessens with the day,
Nor changes with the spring.
And since to love me you have deigned,
This motto will I take:
A life unsoiled, a soul unstained,
For my dear lady's sake,

I care not for the world's renown,
Yet count its guerdon sweet,
Could I but win its brightest crown
And lay it at her feet.
A sinless kingdom would I fain
Of my existence make,
Where she might never blush to reign,
For my dear lady's sake.

Since all of good I have is hers,
I hold my lot most dear,
With spotless sword and stainless verse
To do her honour here;
That when our dream of life be done,
Together we may wake,
And God unite our souls in one,
For my dear lady's sake.

Choosing a Bonnet.

Does any man realize the trials we women have to endure under the necessity fashion imposes upon us of selecting a suitable head covering! He is very quick to say: "How horrid you look! How in heaven's name did you come to buy such a looking thing as that you've got on you head?' And he thinks all we have to do is to exchange our unlucky purchase for something more suited to his taste. He never dreams how tiresome it is to find that something.

We go down town with a nice little sum of money in our purse, and take our best friend along to abide with her decision in a choice. We go to one millenery establishment, ask to see "the latest," remove the remains of last year's style from our head wth a tenderness we never felt for it until the present moment, take a seat, and are experimented upon for the next half-hour. Our friend plays a conspicious part in the operation. She has eyes "to the front of us," etc., but at each article placed above her brows, shakes her head most disenchantingly. Tired and dissapointed, we find nothing fits, whereupon we are told by the polite French women waiting on us: "But madame's head so small we ave to make something for her. If she selec' de style, why, we can copy egxzatle to suit her." But "madame" finds no style becoming. Her friend whispers to her of a place where she is sure she will find something to please her, and with polite thanks to the dissapointed little French woman we leave the shop in request of new fields. We are sorry at not having found something at the first store. At the second we begin to weaken on a certain shape we have seen, which, if made smaller, we think would do. We appeal to our friend. She says: "Oh, never! In the first place it is an ugly color, most unbecoming; in the next, it is not worth the price." In other words, she is sure we would never be pleased with it. With a poor excuse for an amiable smile, we decide to take her advice and not take the new shape. We reach the next place. The door is opened for us. We are rushed at by a smiling young woman who mechanically asks, "can I show you anything?" We state our errand. Once more we are seated. Once more we were shown numerous styles until we become so bewildered we don't know which to choose. Once more we cock our head in all positions and view that important portion of ourselves in every light. Nothing satisfies. We leave discouraged and so into the establishment next door. By this time the invisible net over our front hair is a perfect wreck, and the hair itself, which was prettily arranged when we started out, has a tendency to stand on an end. Their is a prospect, of nothing being becoming, from our looks! We are aggravatingly asked "What style we prefer to see?' We recklessly answer, "No particular shape—anything pretty." Again we remove our bonnet with an actual reluctance to part with it. Again we go through the old story. Our friend, who looks slightly fatigued, suddenly finds everything we try on becoming! We get up a smile. We are once more told our head is unusually small and that it is necessary to have a style copied. We find one, we think, does nicely. We leave our orders and turn our steps homeward, tired, dusty, disenchanted with everything in general, and bonnets particular. We are consoled about our small head, however, by the thought that it is a great beauty, though inconvenient. We bid our friend good-by and tell her we are sure we could do nothing without her. We speak of our success to the head of the house at dinner. He immediately asks how much we paid for our purchase. We take a long breath and boldly state the cost. There is a fuss about it. We say demurely we went all over town (for we feel tired enough to believe ourselves), and it is the cheapest thing we saw, which is the truth. For answer our amiable lord scornfully says, "Oh, pah!" We answer him, when he sees the article under discussion, he will feel perfectly satisfied. Just then the bell rings. We say, with a little air of triumph, now you will be able to judge for yourselves. In comes the band-box. We rush up stairs to a mirror, don the new fashion, arrange it most becomingly, assume our sweet impression and descend for criticism. Our better half eyes us in silence. We slowly whirl round for his benefit. His lack of enthusiasm alarms us. We falter out, "Well?" He leans back in his chair, takes us in once more, and turns round to go on with his dinner with the remark, "I'll give just $20 to burn that thing up. To tell you the truth, you look fifty years older in that than your are." We are literally crestfallen! We silently return the hat, we will never wear it in comfort now, to its resting place, consoling ourselves with the thought that it is prettier than anything we have seen, and perhaps our liege lord will learn to like it.

Dolgorouki.

The Empress of Russia, who recently died says the *Figaro*, had the most beautiful jewelery-box in the world. Her treasurers are valued at 25,000,000 francs.

Her state robes have been given by the emperor to the princess of Dagmar, the Czarine. The gifts presented by the Emperor to his wife have been reserved by the duchess of Edinburg; but the most precious of the jewels have become the property of the princess of Dolgorouki. And yet this new wife, upon whom the czar now lavishes all his affection, was so poor when she first won the sovereign's heart that she would not pay a debt of ten roubles, contracted for the purchase of a little silver ring,—her only ornament.

The traditional and splendid costume of the maids of honor was offered by the empress of Russia herself to her future rival. It consists of a white satin petticoat embroidered with gold flowers; a court-mantle of red velvet, all trimmed with gold along the hem at the sides; a white satin dodice; something like those of the Valois epoch, with a lace collar in *point d' Alencon*, standing up behind the neck. The back of the bodice is of red velvet embroidered with gold. A long veil of white tulle is attached to the back of the head-dress, and a diadem of red velvet and gold confines the hair.

It was in that dazzling costume that that blonde beauty, so haughty and irresistible, first attracted the emperor's attention. From that day he loved her madly; regretting to grieve the empress, whom he really venerated, but lacking the force of will to resist his passion.

The emperor sincerely mourned the noble companion of his youth. He certainly would not have married the Princess Dolgorouki—or at least he would not have married her as soon as he did, but for the fears of assassination.

The princess has already brought him three children, and will again shortly become a mother. The father wished to legitimatize these children whom he adores and of whose remarkably beauty he is extremely proud.

And the Nihilists haunt the dreams of the Emperor Alexander. He hears them walking within the walls of his palace, even as Angelo heard the Council of Ten. Every morning when he rises he asks himself if he will still be alive in the evening. And it is in great part owing to his dismal melancholy that his favorite has so much influence. She has a bright wit; she is cunning, shrewd, coquettish, and understands how to play her role of pretty woman to perfection. She alone is able to make the czar forget his funeral dreams. With a single tap of her fan she chases away the black birds of melancholy; with one flash of her eyes she ligetens up the gloom of his thoughts. Once more "*l'eternel feminin*" is triumphant.

But we all know that since the time of Eve "*l'eternel feminin*" has been a very dangerour counselor.

Cost too Much.

A few weeks ago, says *The Boston Commonwealth*, a New Hampshire man, who had been a widower four or five years, concluded he would take another helpmate, and instead of making his selection from the marriageable girls of his own neighbourhood, he gave out that he was going down to Boston to get him a wife. He left home for that purpose, amid the jeers of his neighbours, who predicted all sorts of misfortunes that would befall him. Arriving in this city he made his way to a well-known intelligence office, and imparted the object of his mission to the matron in attendance. After considerable questioning to satisfy herself of the honesty of the farmer's intentions, she went into the room where were a dozen or more young women waiting for situations. She stated to them that a man was in the office who had come to Boston to get him a wife. Were there any present who were willing to marry an honest New Hampshire farmer without any courtship? He said he was willing to give her a good fit-out of wedding clothes at once. One young, plump-looking Irish girl said she'd like to see the party. After a few minutes' conversation with the widower she consented to marry him, and they left the office to buy the wedding outfit. The farmer took into his confidence one of the saleswomen, who joyfully entered into the matter. After assisting them in their selection of the various necessary articles of a minor nature, they went up to the dress department to buy the wedding gown. The variety shown the young girl quite bewildered her, but she finally set her heart on a dress that exactly suited her. Unfortunately the price was $15 more than the man was willing to pay. The girl coaxed and pleaded with him; the saleswoman used all her arguments to make the sale, but the widower was inflexible. "Thirty dollars was an all-fired lot of money to pay for a gown." Finally the girl declared that nothing else would satisfy her, and began to cry in real earnest. Matters looked serious; several other saleswomen took sides with the girl and pleaded for the coveted dress but without success. Then the girl got her spirit up and told him that he was a mean old fellow, and she wouldn't marry him if he'd give her the best dress in the store, and marched out.

English Kisses.

The women of England not only salute their relations with a kiss, but all persons promiscuously; and this ceremony they repeat, gently touching them with the lips, not only with grace, but without the least immodesty. Such, however, as are of blood-royal do not kiss their inferiors, but offer the back of the hand, as men do by way of saluting each other. Erasmus writes in raptures to one of his friends on this subject. "Did you but know, my Faustus," says he, "the pleasures which England affords, you would fly here on winged feet, and, if your gout would not allow you, you would wish yourself a Dædalus. To mention to you one among many things, here are nymphs of the loveliest looks, good humored, easy of access, and whom you would prefer even to your favorite muses. Here, also, prevails a custom never enough to be commended, that, wherever you come, everyone receives you with a kiss, and when you take your leave everyone gives you a kiss; when you return, kisses again meet you. If anyone leaves you, they leave you with a kiss; if you meet anyone, the first salutation is a kiss; in short, wherever you go, kisses everywhere abound; which, my Faustus, did you once taste how very sweet and how very fragrant they are, you would not, like Solon, wish for ten years' exile in England, but would desire there to spend the whole of your life." Autonio Perez, secretary to the embassy from Philip II. of Spain, writes thus to the earl of Essex: "I have this day, according to the custom of your country, kissed, at an entertainment, seven females, all of them accomplished in mind and beautiful in person."

No Signs of Simplicity.

Nothwithstanding so much has been said about returning to a more simple style of dress, there is no indication of anything of the kind at present. Even for street wear, although skirts are short, they are trimmed as much as ever with flounces, plaitings, velvet, or plush hands and galloon. Tuniques are draped in most complicated ways, and confections are covered with passementerie beads and embroideries. With the exception of ladies' walking dresses being in dark shades, and principally even black, everything is of the most showy kind. There is a rumor that puffed sleeves are to be again worn. It is most likely that these sleeves will replace plain long ones for evening use. Waists of ordinary material are made like jerseys, but toning down the back, with a single on either side of the front. Sleeves with inserted tulle or lace puffings fastened down by bands of material are used for dinner or evening toilets. Among the favorite fabrics for dressy purposes are satins and silks with light or dark groundings, worked with gold, and satins with white groundings and large golden or colored flowers, the latter with gold intermixed. Red satins have Indian palm leaves, handsomely shaded and enriched with gold threads. "Velours de Genes" have large flowers in pale tints over different colored groundings. A great pecularity with regard to these velvets is their being combined with plaited gauze, tulle, or muslin. Some of these fabrics are quite heavy enough to serve for chair or cushion coverings, and are used only for full-dressed toilets. They are generally used for vests, panel-shaped trimmings, and very long court mantles; in short, all the flat parts of the suit; it would be most unsuitable to plait, gather, or shirr each magnificent material.

Slim Sal's Sister.

Mlle. Jeanne Bernhardt, accompanied only by a maid servant, arrived in this city yesterday morning, says the New York *World*, by the French line steamer Labrador. She was met at the pier of the Campaign Generale Transaltantique by Mme. Guemard, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt's companion, who had come on from Boston the evening before, and with but a few moment's delay from the customs inspectors they drove at once to the Albermarle hotel, where they were found later by a reporter making ready to take the 4 o'clock train for Boston. Jeanne Bernhardt very strikingly resembes her elder sister, but is not quite as slender or quite as tall. Her complexion is clear and rather light, and her hair a yellow brown, the brown shades preneminating. Her cheeks are full, relieving the prominence of the cheek bone, and the hectic flush and wan appearance of Mlle. Sara are entirely wanting. Indeed, Mlle. Jeanne appeared the picture of vivacity and health. Her voice is rich and strong, and her laugh hearty and irresistible. She was dressed in olive green, the trimming being Turkish red and yellow. A plush duchess of Devenshire hat sat jauntily on her head, surmounted by a large imitation cockleshell and yellow-red bird. Her dress, of dark olive green colour, was of shaggy cloth with a front of red and yellow plaid. The sleeves were short and long thread gloves covered her plump arm nearly to the elbow. Across the back of the chair hung a long olive-green cloak lined and trimmed with fur.

Society Events in Colorado.

The engagement between Pole-cat Jim and Mush and-Milk Suze, the Denver *Tribune* says, has terminated. Parental opposition on the part of the bride.

The Colorow-Shavana nuptials will be consummated as soon as Granny Meacham, the bride's guardian, returns from Denver.

Fat Charlie has proposed and been accepted by Flap-Jack Sal. The wedding will take place in the guich below the old government saw mill.

The german tendered by Mrs. Colorow on Wednesday last was the event of the season. Miss Plumbago Cook wore a handsome plum-coloured overdress, with jacket of home-made carpet, large pockets, and beaver ornaments; Miss Sapavanero, seal brown burlaps, made short with two deep plaitings of seamless "A"—very becoming; Miss Unca Sam, blue denim overdress, with lace collar and government socks—cool but striking; Miss Antelope, stylish gored red flannel, made with train, overdress of sky-blue musquito-bar, with scalloped buttons, hair scrambled, ornaments rare; Mrs. Pill Garlic Mose, demi-trained skirt of three-ply canvas, with jacket of plain corduroy plentifully supplied with bows of cottonwool bark, looked up with sprays of slippery-elm—perfectly ravishing.

"The Trembler" Kind of Corset.

A new corset attracted my attention at the shop of a leading manufacturer. It was like the ordinary article except in one important particular. The breast was composed of a lattice work, this part of the structure covering two apertures in the otherwise staunch corset, and forming a loose support for what was to go within. This corset is in female slang called the "Trembler," and the name indicates its artful purpose. Worn over a dress waist that does not fit too tight across the bust, it permits a little unrestraint to the flesh inside, and the effect is understood to be quite enchanting to the male observer. This kind of a corset has to be made carefully to order in order to obtain all its advantages, for it should be exactly adapted to the peculiarities of the wearer.

Fashion Notes.

INDIA shaws never go out of fashion.

THE toreador is a new London bonnet.

THE Beauharnais is the latest large hat.

CAPS are *de rigueur* for a well-dressed baby.

FANCHON bonnets are becoming vulgarly popular.

VERMICELLI lace is the latest novelty in lace goods.

WHITE opera toilets are in the majority in London.

BANGLES are worn to excess by fashionable women.

FURNITURE effects are sought for in recent costumes.

THE Fanchon bonnet is called the *bebe* bonnet in Paris.

JAPANESE screen front dresses are of American origin.

FUR trimmed costumes begin to make an appearance,

HOODS on dresses, as well as on wraps, grow in favor.

LACE pins have completely superseded other kinds of brooches.

THE Drogan cap is shaped very much like a French pastry cook's.

DEEP yellow and coral pink China asters are the flower of the moment.

DULL red is a popular shade for young girls' and children's wool suits.

THE Drogan cap takes precedence of the Tam-o'-Shanter and the Glengarry.

SERPENT bracelets with golden scales and ruby eyes are coming into vogue.

THE latest hoods on dresses and wraps are rounded, not pointed, in the back.

DRINING gloves made to simulate a leopard's or tiger's claw are late novelties.

WADDED and quilted satin slippers are worn for comfortable home *neligee* toilet.

JERSEY corsages and striped woolens for skirts are leading styles in skating costumes.

MOTHER HUBBARD cloaks have gathered fulness front and back, shirred in at the neck.

THE only flowers used for winter hats and bonnets are made of plush, velvet, and satin.

MOTHER HUBBARD bonnets are shirred hats of good large size, tied down over the ears.

CHENILLE fringes, with strands of gold or silver thread are much used for ball dress trimming.

THE harmonies or symphonies of color must be well preserved in Japanese screen front dresses.

SIX bangles on each arm are not considered too many by girls who adopt the extreme of that barbaric style.

DARK-green and seal-brown cloth suits, trimmed with bands of fur, take the lead for elegant street costumes.

FICHUS, collarettes, jabots of large size, and simulated waistcoat fronts in lace are almost *de rigueur* in full dress.

GILT sautache is revived for trimming street suits and wraps, but it is not in good taste save for carriage or house wear.

A TRUE lady is as careful to make her toilet with care and taste for retiring to bed as for the morning. afternoon, or evening.

VERY wide muslin cravats trimmed with lace are worn around the neck again, with the large bow tied on one side *a la* Bernhardt.

TIN or wooden pail, hair receivers, covered with satin and banded with brass, have reticule tops drawn up with tasselled cords.

THE most wonderful embroidery, in the form of insects, birds, stems, and leaves in white silk floss, is how put on baby shawls and blankets.

WHEN the embroidered Japanese screen fronts of dresses are in bright colors, the brocades, satins, or plushes of the other parts of the costume are in colors to match the tone of the screen drapery.

PRETTY soft India mull squares, trimmed around with Breton, Languedoc, and Vermicelli laces, are used for completing the *toilette au lit*, worn as a muffler round the thrcat above the night robe collar.

Waifs.

SOME men are called muffs because they are used to keep a flirt's hand in.

DARK hair is worn smooth, or else in large, loose, natural-looking waves.

SHE sighed for the wings of a dove, but had no idea that the legs were much better eating.

COAL is so scarce in some parts of the west that young people engaged in courting have to sit in each other's laps to keep warm.

BERNHARDT dies so realistically that it is said a coroner who saw her ran around to the stage door and wanted to hold an inquest.

A CINCINNATI man says that Mamie Anderson's cherry-red lips are the prettiest in America. Bah! "we'll put our lips against her's any day."

A GERMAN lately married says: Id vas youst so easy as a needle could valk out mit a camel's eye as to get der behindt vord mit a vomans."

THE young lady who objected to being embraced by her lover was gravely informed by him that she was putting a restraint upon the liberty of the press.

"CAN there be happiness where there is no love?" solemnly queries an author in a book on marriage. Not much happiness, perhaps, but if the girl is awfully rich there can be lots of fun.

"No marm," said the shoe dealer, "I would like to give you a smaller pair, but to sell you anything below eights would render me liable under the statutes for prevention of cruelty to animals".

John's wife and John were tete-a-tete,
She witty was, industrious he;
Says John: "I've earned the bread we ate;"
"And I," says she, "have urn'd the tea."

"KNOW all men by these presents," read an old bachelor lawyer. "Why don't they put in women, too?" asked his lady client. "Because," said the o. b., "if one woman knows it, all women know it."

THE young woman who bangs away at the piano, and sings: "What is Home Without a Mother?" while her mother is bending over the washing-tub, is like a piece of cheap calico. She won't wash.

WHEN a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one might see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, it is the sister of some one else.

"Is it true, Harry, that you have broken off with Markaway's daughter!" "Alas, yes? I was forced to, although she is a charming woman." "Why?" Incompatibility of complexion. She does not suit my furniture."

WISHING to pay his friend a compliment, a gentleman remarked: "I hear you have a very industrious wife." "Yes," replied the friend, with a melancholy smile, "she is never idle. She always finds something for me to do."

Two young ladies recently saw a young man trying to dodge three cross hornets, which had got into his room and seemed to come at him from all directions; and they thought he was practising the racquet, and said he was getting it down fine.

GIRLS, if there is one thing more than any other that holds young men of our day back from matrimonial ventures, it is the disheartening spectacle so often presented to them of your own dear papa and mamma walking into church glorified respectively by a $12 ulster and a $30 bonnet. That is what scares the boys.

ELDEST Daughter—"I think you might let me come out, mamma! I'm 20, you know, and surely I've finished my education! Festive Mamma (by no means prepared to act the part of chaperon and wall flower)—"not yet, my love. Society is so hollow! I really must preserve that sweet girlish freshness of yours a little longer!"

"WHY, Jennie, you foolish girl, come into the house. What are you out in the snow for without wraps?" "Oh, nothing much, ma. You see Augustus has just called, and here are the footprints in the snow. I'm measuring to get the right size for those slippers, and do you know I don't believe I've got half enough cloth for them."

MME. D., a mature beauty, happened to take a swallow of very hot tea while dining out the other day. Her contortions and grimaces drew the attention of the whole table, and judge of the astonishment. She had no eye-brows. The steam of the tea had warmed the artificial substitutes; they had fallen into her cup, and—she had swallowed them.

A GENIAL mistake: New Beauty (unversed as yet in the mysteries of high life)—"Who's that wonderful old gentleman?" The Captain—"Sir Digby de Rigby, a Hampshire baronet, one of the oldest in England; James the First's creation, you know." New Beauty (determined to be surprised at nothing)—"Indeed, how well preserved he is! I shouldn't have thought him more than 70 or 80!"

A WOMAN complains that her sex is compelled by fashion to suffer dreadfully from cold. "Even when clad for the street," she says, "a woman is nowhere nearly so thickly covered as a man, unless it be about her chest and arms by a fur garment. Her head is usually not protected at all, and, in the other direction, her warm clothing stops at her hips, for below that her skirts are only a shield against the wind, without keeping out much cold. There is a general feminine aversion to flannel next the skin, arising from the prickliness of the one and the delicacy of the other. Below the knees the only covering is a stocking. So it is that the girl in a sealskin sacque, looking so mighty comfortable, really suffers greatly."

PROF. BLACKIE, lecturing in the Corn Exchange, Glasgow, on Sunday evening on "Socrates," remarked that he was going to do a thing for which he ought to receive the thanks of the clerk in Glasgow, who, no doubt, thought he was doing a very profane thing—some of them, perhaps the majority of them—in preaching there that night. He was going to give them a taste of Socratic theology. Always understand what they were speaking about. When they spoke of Christianity, understand it did not mean Presbyterianism. When they talked of the Scotch Sunday, understand it did not mean the Christian Sunday.

Not everybody will be able to see the Nautch girls, but everybody can get a pretty good idea of their dance by putting two hornets down the housemaid's back.

A Strange Suicide.

THE BITTER RIVALRY IN LOVE OF TWO FRENCH BROTHERS, AND THE STRANGE SUICIDE RESULTING.

A remarkable duel has just taken place, says a Paris paper, which for its novelty and fearful termination has set Parisians agog.

Two brothers, Auguste and Andre Berni, the former aged 40, the latter 33, both employed in the great glass manufactury at Saint Denis, became enamored of Adele Vergeri, a cook at Villette. Adele Vergeri is described as a young woman of plain, simple habits, who had, by dint of hard work and economy, managed to save a few hundred francs. In appearance Adele is but a humble representative of France, but she is modest and retiring, and not given to resorting to balls and theatres. She formed the acquaintance of the brothers at a baptism. Both, it appears, from the very first, began to pay her attentions.

Adele Vergeri received the visits of the brothers with much *sang froid*. To her it was amusing to see first one, then the other, come puffing and blowing in his pesire to be the first to greet her. Neither would give in to the other, and Adele had to escort them both out, as neither would leave the other alone with her. So terrible became the jealousy between the brothers that they would not speak with each other. It had, however, to be settled at last. Adele Vergeri threatened that unless her courtship ceased to be mixed with hatred she would have to ask the brothers to desist from calling upon her. The brothers met. They had parted with Adele Vergeri, and both confronted each other in one of the great wine shops of the Sain Denis quarter, so appropriately called by Zola "Assommoir." They glared at each other, and their friends saw at once that mischief was brewing. They finally motioned to each other to withdraw to a table. They spoke low, but excitedly, smoked quickly, and the blue smoke of their pipes was hot.

"A duel! Yes, a duel!" This was distinctly heard, and then the brothers beckoned to Jules Remi and Alfred Poulier, friends of theirs. They had decided upon fighting a duel, but not with swords or pistols. It was to be a duel to ths dehth.

Two bottles of rum, brought from the cellars of Jacques Barbier's Assommoir de Saint Dennis, were put upon the table. Two tumblers were set by the side of the bottles, and then this contract was made by the brother in the presence of witnesses:

"It is agreed between the brothers Auguste and Andre Berni to drink rum until either is unable to drink any more. The first who succumbs will consider himself beaten, and surrender all claims to Adele Vergeri."

The contract was signed, the bottles tipped, and the tumblers filled. At first the men drank slowly, but as the liquor began to excite their brains they fairly poured it down their throats. At the ninth glass Auguste, the younger of the brothers, gave a yell of pain and fell sense ess to the floor. Andre Berni then arose, and, with a smile on his face, turned to leave. Hardly had he reached the door of the cabarat when he threw up his hands and fell senseless. He was quickly carried to the hospital Tenon, but died shortly after reaching it, of concussion of the brain and paralysis of the heart. Auguste Berni, crazed by the rum he had drank, recovering from his faint, ran madly through the streets, and has not been seen since.

Adele Vergeri, the humble cook of La Villette, when she heard of the death of Andre and the disappearance of Auguste, merely shrugged her shoulders.

On Praying.

Professor Adler lectured on "Prayer" a short time since in New York, and told his audience that the intelligent part of the community had given up praying for the simple reason that there is no one to pray to. It is well enough for little babies to pray, he said, because it stimulates the religious sentiment. One would judge from his address that a nice little prayer uttered by a nice little boy was a pretty fair substitute for a spoonful of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup. It eases of the child's mind and has a tendency to put him into a quiet and refreshing sleep. But for full-grown men—men of brains, you know, who have got beyond all this nonsense about a personal God—men of profound research, who wink at you with a knowing wink, when you talk to them about Providence as though they knew perfectly well that the doctrine had exploded but didn't quite like to say so—for such gifted souls as these to pray is an act of condescension which even Diety, if there is one, ought not to require. We are a little inclined to think that some men know altogether too much. It is almost a pity to know so much that you must needs abolish God and prayer and Providence and immortality, and having nothing left to worship except yourself. However, the men who have in this way become abolitionists do smile with sweet complacency at their own wonderful attainments, and do worship themselves with an ardent admiration which must be very comforting, It must be quiet satisfactory to dethrone everything and everybody, and then to look around on the work of destruction and say, with Master Jack Horner, "What a great man am I!"

Young Ireland.

So far as I can recollect, only three of the really prominent Young Irelanders, Sir Charles Duffy, Mr. Richard O'Gorman, of New York, and Mr. J. P. Smith, member of Parliament, are still alive. Thomas Davis, John Dillon, Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Mitchel, McGee, Doheny, Devin Reilly, John Martin—these and many others are gone. The movement was one of more than political importance to Ireland. It was a healthy influence upon the young men of that time. It began with something in the nature of a protest against the kind of policy into which O'Conner was allowing the national movement to drift. Young men were naturally growing impatient of O'Conner's more recent policy. They had for a long time firmly believed that his intention was to rouse the spirit and organize the manhood of the country into such a condition that he would be able to make a demand upon the English Government, and if the demand were refused, to launch a rebellion at England's head. O'Conner probably at no time had any such purpose. At tho most, he only intended to get together a force with which he might threaten England, and which, if the English Government gave way, would answer all his ends. But he had not apparently prepared himself for the crisis, certain to arise at some time, when the English Government would refuse to draw back, and when, therefore, he must decide between going into rebellion or practically dissolving his organization. The time came, and O'Conner drew back. From that moment his power over the young men was gone. Besides, there had been during most of these later years something undecided, unsatisfactory, and, as many of the younger and more ardent Irishmen thought, ignoble, about his policy.—*Justin McCarthy, in Nineteenth Century.*

The Sanguine Man.

(From the Toronto Truth.)

Hopefulness, although it constantly deludes him, is one of the most fortunate endowments of man, for it gives him faith in a future which is never realized. If he could foresee at the outset all that is in store for him, would he not be dismayed at the prospect, would he not refuse to continue the unequal struggle? But hope, which makes all to-morrows bright, lures him with seductive falsehood to undertake what in plain truth he would not have courage to encounter. Yet hope is far from an unmixed blessing, of which, indeed, there is none. While it strengthens man on one side it weakens him on the other; it rouses him to battle, and yet, in the midst of victory, often betrays him to the enemy. He conquers and is conquered; he advances and retrogrades; he enjoys and suffers; he is rewarded and

PUNISHED BY THIS SELF-SAME HOPE.

How many downfalls—moral, intellectual, political, financial, and social—are attributable to hopefulness! They occur every day, and not a few of them are painful in the extreme. The preacher, the teacher, listens to the voice of hope, and, inspired with overweening confidence, puts himself against temptation that masters him and precipitates his ruin. The thinker, the writer, has now an exalted place, but he believes, with hope murmuring in his heart, that he can rise higher and extend his fame. He grapples with a theme beyond him, for which he is by nature unfitted; he incurs deserved and damaging criticism, and the radiance of his renown is suddenly eclipsed. The statesman, as he at least considers himself, is beguiled by hope of preferment into questionable conduct, and is so wholly condemned by public opinion that rehabilitation is impossible. The richest merchant or banker wants to be richer, and ventures, under the impulse of hope, upon grand, though visionary, schemes, which inevitably miscarry and leave him bankrupt. Persons in good society foolishly think that another circle is more desirable, because more pretentious, and, cheated by hope, they contradict their antecedents. In their effort to climb they tumble far and fearfully, forfeiting the esteem of the worthiest and losing their own self-regard.

THUS HOPE PLAYS MELANCHOLY TRICKS

upon its owners, and, under promise of betterment, delivers them into the hands of the Philistines. Its wiles are cruel, for it lifts them first to broad and breezy planes, where the prospect is bounteously remunerative, and then with the words, "Let us go higher," the false step comes, and all that has been achieved is forfeited. Hope always yields us something, often a great deal, but if we listen to it too long, too intently, it is apt to undo in a measure what it has done, to take back with interest much that it has lent. The truth is, we do not quite know how to interpret its speech, ever delivered in ambiguous phrase and with marked exaggeration. Hope is like the Delphic oracles: it affects wisdom supreme and yet masks the meaning of its utterance. If we only knew just how much of its counsel to accept we should have a clutch on Fortune, a key to the future.

Persons who are very hopeful not only hurt themselves, they are very likely to hurt others. That they are honest and earnest in their expectations and confidence may be deemed a sort of excuse for them, though it does not lessen the harm they work. One trouble with them is that they never learn aught by experience, and seem callous to the evil they entail.

CAUSING IRREPARABLE MISCHIEF

in one quarter of numberless assurances and absolute promises that have been unfulfilled they appear to forget it, and turn to another quarter with the same faith, the same sincerity, the same enthusiasm as before. They never are, they never can be, discouraged—it would be lucky for their acquaintances and associates if they would or could be; they believe instinctively all they wish to believe, and jump at conclusions which seldom conclude. They are prone to be optimists as well as egotists, and optimism sustained by egotism invariably begets selfishness, if it be not another form of it. They have an extraordinary capacity for bearing lightly any misfortune of their neighbours, even when they have caused it, and they are so persuaded that their own is temporary, in in some manner indemnifying, that it looses alll its sting and stress.

It is pleasant to see and met a very hopeful person, if you are not likely to have any close relations with him. You may not be instructed, though you are pretty certain to be amused, by his endeavours to show that twice ten are a hundred, and that every square is intrinsically round. He has an airy way of turning fancies into facts, and of predicting the impossible, which imposes upon those unacquainted with the world and untested by experience. It is is prudent, however, to keep on distant terms with—a very difficult task—lest in his very loving benevolence he introduces you to any number of plans by which your condition, mental, moral, and material, shall surely and vastly be improved. He is so persistent, so energetic, so voluble, if not eloquent, in their furtherance; he so quickly discovers that you of all men should participate in them that you will be in imminent danger of doing so unless you have more than the usual skepticism and power of resistance. He is often as plausible, as peservering—

FOR HOPEFULNESS IS ALWAYS PLAUSIBLE TO THE UNINITIATED—

and he can dispel most doubts by unqualified asseveration. How many plastic, unsuspecting people there are who have been brought to the verge of despair by the extreme hopefulness of their associates! Hopefulness often seems to be accorded to men instead of capacity to accomplish. If they cannot really do anything save harm to others by mental inoculation, they can work imaginary wonders by the unlimited exercise of their unlimited faculty.

He who has little hope is apt to be melancholy, rather cynical, depressing at times, but he is a safer companion in the long run than his very sanguine brother. He is not so irrepressibly benevolent in theory; he is not so affluent of counsel! he is no so importunate for your advancement and happiness. But he usually leaves you without losses of sympathy, money, or self-esteem which you may have staked upon schemes that could not possibly fail, and yet have failed calamitously. Hopefulness is, we repeat, a most fortunate endowment for the possessor, though it frequently proves disastrous to the man to whom it is imparted. The very hopeful person has an unsubstantial way of suffering for his gift, for he suffers in the main vicariously.

WHEN a man wants to enlist in the army of China his courage is subjected to a very unusual test. The recruising officer places the candidate in a chair and proceeds to extract a tooth, and the conduct of the patient under this ordeal is said to decide the question as to his fitness for the military service of the empire. If he howls and jumps up and down he is pronounced unfit; but if he smiles and exhibits generally a feeling of satisfaction he secures a permanent place in the ranks.

TWO SHILLINGS A WORD.—Lord Beaconsfield has amused himself with taking another rise out of the British public. The only true view to be taken of his new novel is that it is an elaborate jest; and no one will be more surprised than the noble author himself at the signal lack of all sense of the ridiculous exhibited by those who seriously criticise the book. "Endymion" is a practical joke in three volumes, and a joke of which the late Prime Minister has very much the best. According to one account, Lord Beaconsfield is to net £10,000—twice Mr. Gladstone's salery as Premier—by this piece of entertaining tomfoolery. If we take this estimate, we shall find that the amount paid is at the rate of rather more than £10 a page, and about 18d., or, including dialogue, perhaps more nearly 2s., a word. Whatever Lord Beaconsfield's precise profit on the book may be, no pecuniary transaction on a similar scale has been known in modern literature.