THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Revival of Some Queer Old Fashions in Paris.

THE GIRL AND HER RING.

(Cousin Kate's Weekly Budget.)

A Hint About Bridal Presents.

"It is scarcely the right thing," said a young bride, "to look a gift horse in the mouth; and yet it is hard not to speak one's mind on a matter of this kind. It does seem to me that people might think a while before buying wedding presents. I am sure if they had done so I should not have received nine biscuit-boxes. What am I to do with them all? I can only use one at a time, or at the most, two. Now, what is to be done with the other seven? It's too perplexing. If I could only show them it wouldn't be so bad; but I can't even do that."

"Dear me! I don't know why you should worry over such a little thing as that," observed her sister, who had been married nine years. "Those extra biscuit-boxes will be very useful by-and-by. Select the one or two you want to keep, and then put the others carefully away. Whenever any of your friends marry, let a biscuit-box be your gift. It'll save you lots of money. When I was married I received six fish-servers among my presents. I was cross until some one gave me the hint that I have just given you, and then I was happy. It wasn't long before I had made good use of the five fish-servers.

Women's Heads and Waists.

The Venus de Medici's head measures around the temples 20½ inches; allow for the wavy hair a half inch and call it 20 inches. I make the waist 27 inches, but as the figure is bending slightly forward it may vary, according as the measure is applied. The neck is 13 inches. A lady friend was so kind as to measure several other ladies for my benefit, continues the *Art Student*, and I do not find such a marked difference. The heads are generally larger and the waists smaller, it is true, but take one instance: Head, 21½ inches; waist, 24½ inches; neck, 12¾ inches. A young girl of 16 measures 21½ inches head and 24½ inches waist. Another lady measured just 20½ inches head. The measures were taken over the waist of the tunic. One would suppose the measures would be less if taken after the classical manner, but by some mysterious dispensation of Providence the waist of the modern woman is acknowledged to measure more when untrammeled.

The waists of English actresses have been measured by the *Stage*, with the following results: Ellen Terry has one of the largests waists—28 inches. Mary Anderson's waist a few years ago was 24½ inches, now it is 26 inches. One of her favorite shades in dress is green; she likes soft, clinging Liberty silks. She always wears her hair very loose. Miss Eastlake has a 28-inch waist. Her soft, fluffy hair and the soft, easy-going silk gowns she wears give her a rather untidy appearance. Mrs. Bernard Beers doesn't wear stays, and has a waist 27 inches. Dorothy Dene's waist is 24 inches. Mary Rorke has a 23-inch waist. Kate Vaughan has the smallest on the stage. It measures 21½ inches. Mary Moore's waist is 22 inches. Miss Norreys has a 22-inch waist. Grace Hawthorne's waist is 25 inches.

Old Fashions Revived in Paris.

An antiquated fashion that is in process of revival is that of horizontal stripes (they used to be called bayadere some thirty years ago) in dress goods. People do not realize that this fashion dates from some six hundred years ago, when French and English royal ladies had the monopoly of certain splendid materials, then called baudekin, in that style. Sometimes the stripes were alternate bands of colored velvet and cloth of gold tissue. This fashion, like history, repeats itself. A new and very lovely color, called parchment, is the latest novelty. It is a charming shade of pale yellow or rather yellowish white, more tinged with yellow than ivory white. It is almost exactly the hue of very rich cream. The new anemone purple is nothing more or less than the pretty tint of lilac which has for years past been called Ophelia. There is talk of reviving still another old fashion, which is that of carrying costly handkerchiefs in lace or lace-trimmed embroidery to grand entertainments. Nowadays a point lace handkerchief forms as much a part of the wedding toilet of a Parisian bride as her ivory-bound prayer book, but is never seen at balls or dinner parties.

Woman's Weight When Just Right.

If 5 feet in height, 100 pounds.
If 5 feet 1 inch, 106 pounds.
If 5 feet 2 inches, 113 pounds.
If 5 feet 3 inches, 119 pounds.
If 5 feet 4 inches, 130 pounds.
If 5 feet 5 inches, 138 pounds.
If 5 feet 6 inches, 144 pounds.
If 5 feet 7 inches, 150 pounds.
If 5 feet 8 inches, 155 pounds.
If 5 feet 9 inches, 163 pounds.
If 5 feet 10 inches, 169 pounds.
If 5 feet 11 inches, 176 pounds.
If 6 feet, 180 pounds.
If 6 feet 1 inch, 186 pounds.

Her Engagement Ring.

Did you ever have a chance to observe, unobserved, a young woman's conduct toward her newly-acquired engagement ring? It seems so strange upon her hand that she cannot refrain from examining it a dozen times an hour, always, however, on the sly. On the first night she sits up an hour later than usual to admire it boldly in the seclusion of her own apartment. A frequent kiss is administered to the shining band and its glittering gem, and during the night she dreams that it has fallen into a stream, and awakes, clutching the finger to assure herself that the precious pledge is still secure.

Then, on the following day, she wears it only in secret, taking care to transfer it to her pocket at the table and when in the company of intimates. But place her among strangers, or among casual acquaintances who cannot be inquisitive, and how bravely will she flaunt the token before their eyes as one who should say:

"I may not be the loveliest creature in the world, but you will observe that I get there all the same."

Gradually it assumes its place in her daily life, and her blushes grow less violent with each succeeding explanation of its insignificance, and each extravagant description of its donor's attributes. But before it finally becomes a part of herself, as it were, she must, of course, leave it a dozen times at least upon the washstand, and suffer in consequence a dozen violent attacks of palpitation of the heart until it is recovered.

What Women are Doing.

Mrs. Harrison shocks Washington fashionables by carrying her own bundles just as any other sensible woman does.

Mrs. J. Redding, editor of the New York *Art Journal*, is one of the many women who ride the new English bicycle made for women.

One of the studies pursued by the young ladies of the Wisconsin University is carpentry. The students are said to gain proficiency in that department as rapidly as in the more intellectual studies in which they are engaged.

Countess Orosy, of the Austrian nobility, lately inherited a fortune, and has spent part of it in erecting an enormous circus building at Vienna. She hopes to take her troup to the Paris exposition, and her peculiar fad is encouraged by friends who admire her originality and vigor. The countess is one of the finest horsewomen in Europe.

The State Teachers' Association of Iowa recently elected Miss Lottie Graham to the Presidency, the first woman to whom this honor has been given. Miss Graham was Superintendent of Public Schools in Page county, and at the end of her first term was re-elected by a large majority. She is a graduate of the Granville (O.) Female College.

A pretty fancy at a recent luncheon given by an American lady in London was that of marking the places of her guests by a single perfect rose upon a petal of which was delicately inscribed the name of the person to occupy the place. The writing was done by means of electricity, the effect of the electrical current being to take the color out of leaf, leaving a white line.

The much-talked-of Mississippi girl who bought calico and made a bonnet with the five cents given her for a birth-day present is, so it is said, likely to die a millionaire. She sold the bonnet, as related, for 40 cents and kept turning her capital over till it amounted to $40. This she put into a cow, whose milk she sold for $20, besides raising a calf worth as much, so now she has $60 worth of cattle and $20 cash as the result of a small beginning.

Women are beginning to abandon corsets, and it looks as though that article, like the bustle, must go. All over the country ladies are substituting the corded waists, which are said to be healthy and vastly more comfortable. Physicians say the change is a good one and the artists are enthusiastic over it. A charming dress for the woman who discards her whalebone armor is the "Tallien" gown. It falls in soft folds and conforms to the quaint effects which are so much sought in house toilets.

There are now some 9,000 women doctors in the United States—about one to each 33 of the masculine variety. Some of them have incomes exceeding $20,000 and very few fall below $1,000. They grow and thrive best in New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts. After that comes the far West. In the south they have never got a footing, and outside of Maryland and Virginia there is not one in the length and breadth of Dixieland. Only 3 per cent. of graduates forswear medicine for matrimony, and of those who do one-third marry other doctors.

Late Fashion Notes.

The Hading veil is disappearing.

Toques grow more pointed in front.

The tea gown bids fair to live forever.

Green remains the color most in vogue.

Spring willow is a lovely shade of golden green.

They are wearing hat crowns much lower just now.

Pompeiian blue looks royal and beautiful in velvets and plushes.

Round waists and belts are gradually displacing pointed bodices and basques.

Striped tennis gowns are frequently worn with striped Cowes caps to match them. So are beach gowns.

The yoke waists are now about as much worn by full grown women as they have been by children for the last two years.

The newest fabric for little girls' clothing is plaided mohair. It is light in texture and its color combinations are generally artistic.

Next in favor to green come shades of red-brown, dull brick, terra cotta and Egyptian red, which are seen in both dark and light shades.

Girdles of silver or bronze about an inch in width looped around the waist and with one end hanging down to the ankles are occasionally worn.

An evening costume recently seen at a Paris reception was of shot velvet, apparently of vieux rose and green, the combination making a dull helio trope.

A combination much worn this season is that of black and yellow. Black straw hats take yellow ribbons and flowers, and yellow straws have black ribbons and black feathers.

Thin materials for hot-weather wear are very fresh and charming, but very expensive. For the most part they are open-work tissues from India and cost quite as much as satin or velvet.

There is an extensive assortment of cotton dress fabrics for summer wear, including zephyrs, ginghams, embroidered French organdy muslin, Chambry batistes, lawns and crepons.

The most popular wrap just at present is one that partakes of the nature of both the jacket and the cape. It is a tight-fitting bodice without sleeves, over which a loose cape reaches to the waist.

The corsages of those gowns which are made of the costliest semi-diaphanous and transparent tissues have crossed surplices on the bosoms in empire style, belted or pointed waists, and airy scarfs that cross and tie in easy artistic folds.

There are any number of fancy wraps for this season's wear. There are corsage bodices with deep lace wings. Abbe Galant capes, empire mantles, Louis XV. coats, pelerines and pelisses of lace, and long lace Connemara cloaks, and ever so many more.

Fashion-makers say that the next freak in veils will be the large, long, blond lace ones in use about forty years ago. They were tied around the high crown of the Dunstable bonnet and thrown back, falling mantle-fashion over the shoulder to a point below the waist line.

MORE OF MRS. BOWSER'S TRIALS

Pathetic Stories of Two Tramps.

(From the Detroit Free Press.)

"What did that man want?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he came up to dinner the other day, just as a strange man left the door.

"He was a tramp," I replied.

"And you turned him away without even a crust!"

"Haven't you often told me to look out for those gentry? He looked like a hard case."

"He didn't look anything of the sort! The man appeared in ill-health, and it was a mean thing to turn him off in that way."

"Well, he's standing on the corner, and if you feel for him you can give him something."

"Oh, I can! How liberal you are! Well, I'm going to hand him a quarter, anyhow. No one knows what the poor fellow may have suffered. I'll let him wheel those ashes out of the yard, and give him a dollar for the job."

He beckoned the man into the alley and asked him if he wanted a job.

"What is it?" was the cautious reply.

"Wheeling out those ashes. You can do it in an hour, and I'll give you a dollar."

"I haven't come down to that yet, old man!"

"But don't you want work?"

"Not that sort. I want a quarter to get a square meal."

"But you ought to be willing to work for it."

"Would you wheel anybody's ashes for any price? Not much, you old bloke! There's a ring of you fellows who have got us poor chaps by the neck, and you want to tread us into the earth. Don't try to stop me, old man!"

"I did feel for you at first, but now—

"Oh, yes, you felt for me the same as a tiger does for an orphan baby. You wanted to get $5 worth of work for fifty cents. Go to grass, you old bond-holder!"

"Do you know who you are talking to?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

"No, and I don't care! Don't you give me any lip or I'll punch your head!"

Mr. Bowser started to pull off his coat, but the man hit him in the eye and knocked him against the fence, and then went off, saying that it was lucky for Mr. Bowser it didn't happen to be his well day.

"He couldn't have been a hard case, could he?" I queried, as I went out to Mr. Bowser.

He was holding his hand to his eye, and didn't reply.

"He appeared to me to be in ill-health," I softly continued. "Mr. Bowser, you have a heart of stone!"

He didn't say a word until he had washed his eye in salt and water and eaten his dinner. Then, as he took his hat to go, he turned on me with:

"It was the way in which you treated his request that drove him to desperation, and it will be singular if he doesn't return and burn our barn! Mrs. Bowser, I've got to have a plain talk with you! This thing can't go much further!"

But it did. He got half the police force after the tramp, secured his arrest, and then had him sent up for three months.

One day a woman called and asked for aid and told a pitiful story of distress. I was asking for her street and number when Mr. Bowser came in.

"Do you mean to insult the woman?" he brusquely demanded as I wrote down the information.

"I am going to help her if she has told me a straight story!"

"Straight! Do you think she has sat here and lied to you?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the woman, as she rolled her eyes to the ceiling.

"My good woman," said Mr. Bowser, as he turned to her, "you have no doubt spoken the truth. Any one can see that you are frail and delicate and greatly worried. Expect no sympathy from my wife. She'd demand a certificate of character from an angel. Here are a couple of dollars, and if you will call again I'll do something further."

"Heaven bless you, sir! You have a heart indeed!"

When she had gone Mr. Bowser said to me:

"You'll get your pay for such conduct, old lady! No wonder you are in such mortal terror of thunder storms!"

"I'll bet the woman is a fraud!" I hotly replied.

"That's a poor way to sneak out of it. I haven't a doubt every word she has spoken has been the solemn truth."

That afternoon I rode over to the street and number she had given me, but could see nothing of her. I made persistent inquiry for blocks around, but she was not to be heard of. I had just returned home when she came along and sat down on the front steps to wait for Mr. Bowser. I thought she acted rather singular, and when Mr. Bowser came up the suspicion was verified.

"Whoop! Hooray!" she shouted as he came near. "Shay, old man, you're a daisy!"

"W-what's this!" demanded Mr. Bowser, as he stopped short.

"Ole gal's zhrunk again—zhat's all!" she replied as she tried to throw her arms about him.

"Are you the—the woman who called here this forenoon?" he asked.

"You bez I am!"

"And I gave you $2."

"Sho, you did, ole boy, and I've come back for two more! I'll bez on you every time, ole lily of the valley."

"Woman, did you spend any of that money for drink?" he demanded.

"Did I! Shertingly I did! Shay, ole man, zhere ain't no flies on you! Let me kiss you for your muzzer!"

"Go away, woman!"

"Who's go away, woman! Don't talk zat way to me! I'm muzzer of five lizzle children, I am, and they hain't got nuthing to eat or wear."

"I believe you are an impostor!"

"Whaz zat? Don't shass me, you ole reprobate, or I'll make it sad for you! I want $2 right away!"

He got by her and got into the house, probably hoping I hadn't seen or heard anything. But I said:

"Mr. Bowser, do you want to insult the woman?"

He didn't reply.

"I called at the address she gave, but no one in the neighborhood ever heard of her. However, I don't want to prejudice you against——"

"Her troubles have made her luny, I think," he interrupted.

"Poor thing! Then you will see about having her sent to an asylum?"

"Mrs. Bowser, will you keep still?" he exclaimed.

"But you said I was——"

"Or, must I leave this house to find peace and comfort?"

But next morning when I referred to the matter in an incidental way he put on a very innocent look and replied:

"What woman do you refer to? You must be losing your mind, Mrs. Bowser. Perhaps it would be well for you to take a week in the country this spring. I have noticed for some time past that your memory seems to be gradually getting away from you!"

Queen Victoria's Keys.

Three hours later, as I said good night, my host stopped me. "There is something you would like to see, and it is just time. Come along." As we went along an officer of the guard rushed by in full uniform, sword ringing against the stone steps, huge bear-skin helmet and all the rest, and cried out to us: "You will be late if you don't hurry," and away he went at the double-quick across the moon-lit parade. It was rather soon after dinner for a constitutional, but we followed, and found the guard already turned out under the gallery by the Bloody Tower. A moment later appeared a little squad of men, one of them in a flowing scarlet robe, with a lighted lantern, coming up the steep slope that leads from Traitors Gate. The sentry challenged sharply:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

The warder halts and answers:

"The keys."

"Whose keys?"

"Queen Victoria's keys."

"Pass, Queen Victoria's keys."

The warder in the flowing scarlet robe with the lighted lantern, followed with his little squad, starts off again, but halts again and cries aloud.

The guard comes to the present, the officer brings his sword to the salute, officer and men respond in chorus three times with a kind of cheer:

"Amen, amen, amen."

Again the warder sets out, passes, turns square to the left and vanishes, he and his flowing scarlet, and his lantern, and his little squad. He is carrying the keys of the Tower to the Governor of the Tower. It was but a minute. The guard was dismissed, the officer marched leisurely off. My friend and I are left there. Only a minute; yet that selfsame ceremony has been transacted on that same spot, at the same hour every night, for something like 800 years. Back through all those crowded centuries of English story you hear nightly that challenge ring out; nightly that blessing invoked on King or Queen, with, I suppose, an interval when Oliver Protector got the benefit of it, and nightly the clash of steel which tells the Constable of the Tower that "all is well."—*From a London Letter.*

The Champion Baby Farmer.

FOR ADOPTION—Lovely new born baby boy; full surrender. Mrs. Koehler, midwife, —th street.

A.—FOR ADOPTION lovely new-born baby girl; full surrender. Mrs. Koehler, —th street.

These advertisements appeared in a New York paper the other day, whereupon a *World* reporter visited the advertiser. Mrs. Koehler is a short, barrel-shaped woman, with small features and a complexion like a green ham. She seemed to think her traffic in babies legitimate.

"How did you get the children?" asked the reporter.

"The mothers surrender them to me. They will have better success next time getting husbands."

"Will you take less than $2?"

"Well, you can have the two for $3, and then I have nothing for the car fare."

"Do you think the babies will live?"

"Sure."

"And such," commented the reporter, "is the irony of fate," and he might have added, the tar-and-feather meanness of people of the low-down Koehler stripe.

Latest Telegraphic Jottings.

Chatham has now a population of 8,346.

No less than 27 cases of measles are reported in the Protestant Orphans' Home, London.

Rev. R. G. Fowell, Principal of Huron Theological College, London, has resigned, and will return to England.

Next month Mr. Mercer will have been 50 years connected with the sheriff's office, and 36 years Sheriff of Kent County.

Mr. Robert Northgrave, county constable, St. Mary's, has received the appointment of Chief of Police of Ingersoll. He is well qualified to fill the position. His duties begin on June 1st.

Braided lace has a rather inappropriate sound, but it really is very effective and pretty. The pattern of roses or other flowers is traced with the braid, and a raised effect is given by winding and twisting the braid about the blossoms and leaves in the design. This makes a very durable as well as effective trimming lace.

THE Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, Eng., published a statement that fifty-two (52) per cent. of the patients of that institution have unsuspected kidney disorder. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson, of the University of the City of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, says over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

Laura Bridgman Dead.

Laura Bridgman died yesterday at the South Boston Asylum, where she had long dwelt. She was 60 years old and has been deaf and dumb and blind from her second year. She was made widely famous by Charles Dickens in his "American Notes," and also by many public references to her wonderful intelligence.

Explorer Stanley is like a lady's pocket. We all know that he is somewhere but no one can find him.

The greatest snuff-taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit. In 1869 the consumption was 19,000,000 pounds, or seven ounces per head. Now it is five ounces.

"Boys Will Be Boys."

"Boys will be boys." We resent the old saying,
Current with men;
Let it be heard, in excuse for our straying,
Never again!
Ours is a hope that is higher and clearer,
Ours is a purpose far brighter and dearer,
Ours is a name that should silence the jeerer;
We will be men

"Boys will be boys" is an unworthy slander
Boys will be men!
The spirit of Philip in young Alexander
Kindled again!
As the years of our youth fly swiftly away,
As brightens about us the light of life's day,
As the glory of manhood dawns on us we say,
We will be men!

"Boys will be boys!" Yes, if boys may be pure
Models for men;
If their thoughts may be modest, their truthfulness sure,
Say it again!
If boys will be boys such as boys ought to be—
Boys full of sweet-minded, light-hearted glee—
Let boys be boys, brave, loving and free,
Till they are men

Consumption Curable.

It cannot be too often impressed on every one that the much dreaded consumption (which is only lung scrofula) is curable, if attended to at once, and that the primary symptoms, so often mistaken as signs of diseased lungs, are only symptoms of an unhealthy liver. To this organ the system is indebted for pure blood, and to pure blood the lungs are indebted no less than to pure air for healthy action. If the former is polluted, we have the hacking cough, the hectic flush, night sweats and a whole train of symptoms resembling consumption. Rouse the liver to healthy action by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, take healthy exercise, live in the open air, and all symptoms of consumption will disappear. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, chronic nasal catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, severe coughs and kindred affections it is a most wonderful remedy. The "Discovery" is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

A Mighty Mean Man.

Father—Bobby, are you too lame and tired to walk a mile and a half to the circus?

Bobby—No, indeed, father.

Father—Well, then, you will go out in the yard and run the lawn mower until bedtime. I've no circus money this year.—*Omaha World.*

They Pay $500, or Cure.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, who are thoroughly responsible financially, have offered in good faith, through nearly every newspaper in the land, a standing reward of $500 for a case of nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. It is mild, soothing, cleansing, deodorizing, antiseptic and healing.

She Could Stand It.

Fond Lover (after a long delayed proposal)—Perhaps I've been too sudden, darling.

Darling Girl (regaining her composure with a mighty effort)—Yes, George, it is very, very sudden, but—(and here she became faint again) it is not too sudden.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Still Living in the Dark Ages"

—people who, through ignorance, dose themselves with the violent cathartics that injure the digestive organs, afford but partial or temporary relief and leave the bowels more costive than before. The refinements of medical science have overcome all these evils, in the form of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are "gentle persuaders," sure in action, and aid Dame Nature to reassert her authority. When she is aided, not opposed, all is well.

It's All the Same—In Shorthand.

Prison Missionary—What are you in for?

Prisoner—For a slip of the tongue, sir—nothing else.

Missionary—A slip of the tongue? Nonsense.

Prisoner—I called a man a liar when meant a lawyer.—*Lawrence American.*

Accounted For.

Young Lady—Why do you sigh and look at me like a fool?

Lovesick Youth—Oh, Miss Emily, with what tenderness do you brush the insects from the plants. How I wish I was a rose-bush to be cared for by your gentle hand.

"Flies on you, are there?"

DUNL. 23 89.

MERCHANTS, BUTCHERS AND TRADERS generally

We want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up

CALF SKINS

for us. Cash Furnished on satisfactory guaranty Address, C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U. S

The *Shoe & Leather Reporter*, N. Y., and *Shoe & Leather Review*, Chicago, the leading trade papers of the U.S. in the Hide line, have sent their representatives to investigate Mr. Page's business, and after a thorough examination and comparison the *Reporter* gives him this endorsement

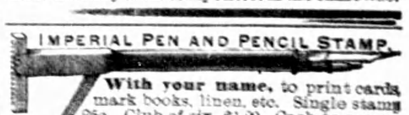
"*We believe that in extent of light-weight raw material collected and carried, Mr. Page holds the lead of any competitor and that his present stock is the largest held by any house in this country.*"

And the *Review* says:

"*After a most thorough investigation of Mr Page's business as compared with others in same line, we have become fully satisfied that this specialty, light-weight stock, he is unquestionably the largest dealer in this country, while in superiority of quality he is confessedly at the head.*"

QUERY: If Mr. Page's business is the largest in its line in the United States, is it not the best possible proof of his ability to pay highest prices? If he did not do so, would he naturally get more Skins than any of his competitors in the same line?

IMPERIAL PEN AND PENCIL STAMP.



With your name, to print cards, mark books, linen, etc. Single stamp 25c. Club of six, $1.00. Cash to accompany order. H. BARNARD, Rubber Stamp Works, Hamilton, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND