

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Nuptials of One of the Turkish Imperial Brides with an Aid-de-Camp of Low Degree—Handsome Boudoir Disordered—Bed-Chambers Oscar Wilde in His Glory.

Waifs.

The college female commencements are miss representations.

At a picnic party the other day the youth who recklessly hugged all the girls was put down as a free and squeeze fellow.

Girls, don't think a fellow is a gentleman because he gives you a polite bow. Bowers are always knaves, so a cuclre-player informs us.

From the steamer's deck she beheld a barge laden with cotton. "Ah!" murmured the fair Angelica, "my bosom friend is baled out."

Recipe for becoming æsthetic: One dictionary of art terms, three oil paintings, and a job lot of old crockery ware. Mix. No brains required.

Miss LILLWHITE, who is about to marry, remarked on Memorial day that she could sympathise with the brave boys in blue, having lost her hand in an engagement.

He was sitting in the parlor with her when a rooster crowed in the yard, and leaning over, he said: "Chanticleer." "I wish you would; I am as sleepy as I can be." He cleared.

A PROVIDENCE girl, on being told that her false hair was coming off, replied that it was no such thing, as she didn't wear false hair. And then she went and looked in the mirror.

BROWN (Philistine)—"I heard it was all 'off' between you and Miss Rowshet." Wobbison (æsthetic)—"Ya-as. Incompatibility of complexion!—she don't suit my furnitchar!"

They were at a dinner party, and he remarked that he supposed she was fond of ethnology. She said she was, but she was not very well, and the doctor had told her not to eat anything for dessert but oranges.

The winds were whispering low and the sentinel stars had set their watch in the sky as she leaned from her chamber window and tenderly asked: "Is that you, Henry?" "Course 'tix; pretty 'oman 'dozen know 'er own husband when sh' seez'im."

"I CANNOT sing the old songs," shrieked an amateur soprano, the other night, and while she took in breath for the next line a young man who had looked in for a moment was heard to remark, casually, but emphatically: "You just bet you can't." It broke up the concert on the spot.

"GEORGE, do you love me?" "I did—you know how fondly—but—" "O George, how can you say 'but'? What has changed you?" "Well, Clara, I have a prejudice—a—a—what under the sun were you caressing that dog for?" "O George, how unjust to poor Fido! He is only a friend."

A BLUE-BOTTLE fly was bumping his head against the window-pane. "Jane," said the lady, "open the window and let the poor fly out." "But see what a pouring rain," said Jane. "You have a kind heart, Jane; let him go into the next room where it is warm, and when the shower is over let him out."

"WIFE!" exclaimed Job Shuttle in alarm, "there is a depth of infamy in your cooking. I've just swallowed no less than three cherry-stones from this pie." "What of it?" retorted the woman, a little nettled; "you don't expect a cherry-orchard will grow up inside of you, do you?" Silence that betokened an unanswerable argument.

EVEN children are interested in the story of M. Paure's wonderful invention of an apparatus for storing electricity. A Brooklyn boy, who had been listening to his father's reading of Sir William Thomson's letter on the subject, took advantage of a pause to remark: "Oh, won't that be jolly, ma? When your tongue gets tired pa can just hitch a cell to it and keep it goin' the same as ever."

FOR nearly three hours they sat in the secret trysting place conjuring up the familiar images of love's young dream. At the expiration of that time her father appeared upon the scene with anger in his eye and a pitchfork in his hand. "Fly, fly," she exclaimed, "or you are lost!" But he had been sitting on an ounce of chewing gum that had treacherously slipped from her pocket, and he couldn't have flown if he had been a bald-headed eagle. Two years later she was wooed and won by another young man, but she always preserved the strips of Alfonso's pantaloons that her father bore home in triumph upon the prongs of the pitchfork. True love can never die.

A Sultana's Marriage.

The following description of the recent marriage of Naile Sultana, one of the two important brides, was furnished to the London Standard by an English lady who was an invited guest: "On our arrival at the house, a large building situated upon a steep, narrow street not far from Delma Baghiche palace, we were ushered by half a dozen eunuchs through an ante-room, in which lounged a few attendants, into a fine apartment crowded with slaves. There were requested to wait, as the sultana had not yet completed her toilet, coffee and cigarettes being placed before us to while away the time. We were just beginning to tire of watching the throng, when the stir without proclaimed the coming of the bridegroom, a man of 24 years of age, short and inclined to stoutness, but not wanting in a certain comeliness. Naile Sultana had herself chosen him at the Friday's selamluk. This power of selecting a husband by inspection, as it were, is a privilege of princesses of the house of Othman, and is carried to such an extent that even if the favored gentleman already possesses a wife he must divorce her and wed the sultana. Cases of this kind are rare, but one at least has occurred during the latter half of the present century, when an officer was compelled, much against his will, to comply with the custom. Being rich, however, he sought consolation in keeping his discarded love in a separate establishment, a proceeding which is supposed never to have reached the ears of his royal partner. In the present instance, on the contrary, Mehemet Bey was quite ready to embrace the chance which fortune offered him. Poor and without interest, a simple aid-de-camp uncertain of

promotion, he suddenly finds himself the husband of his sovereign's sister, a general and highness to boot. His appearance was the signal for a frantic rush, to which he responded by scattering quantities of silver piasters (in olden days they would have been golden liras) among the slaves. The bridegroom having passed into the sultana's presence, the ceremony of marriage was immediately performed, but only witnessed by the sultana's mother. It merely consisted in the man tying them together with a rope, and declaring them man and wife. Directly this was over, Mehemet Pasha escaped by a side entrance to avoid being mobbed and buffeted, according to the common practice of the slaves, who must have been appeased by unlimited backsheesh. As soon as the doors were thrown open the whole mob poured helter-skelter into the inner chamber, where the bride was sitting in state, with a sister by her side. All the slaves, and also the few Armenian ladies who had been invited, bent humbly down and kissed the hem of her garment, but with us she shook hands without rising, and motioned us to chairs very near her. A fair, sweet-faced woman of some 22 summers is Naile Sultana. She was dressed in a loose-fitting Turkish robe of rose-colored silk, slashed with gold, while a long white gauze veil, likewise embroidered with gold, drooped down from behind the little cap that surmounted her tightly-drawn up hair. On her shapely hands and bosom sparkled magnificent diamonds. Her single-button gloves had burst in fastening, and altogether her toilet was far less perfect than we had expected. Throughout there have been no amusements beyond a band playing European music in the court-yard. The whole affair was a confession of the economy now necessarily reigning at the palace."

Handsome Boudoirs.

The room of a maid girl which used to be a perfect cobweb hall is now, says the New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, receiving the utmost attention at her hands. She often makes the walls hideous with Oriental monstrosities in art or adorns her dressing-case with frights in needlework and paintings of her own; yet along with much that is far from admirable in the present passion for household decoration there are some peculiarities and effects that are extremely commendable. The love of home will be strengthened by the habits of industry and patience cultivated by our women in the efforts to make their home beautiful. As picture dealers and buyers insensibly educate themselves in art by familiarity with what is truly beautiful and worthy, so the feminine household decorator will learn by numerous mistakes to distinguish between what is artistic in her work and what is not. Even serious mistakes, made at a considerable expense of time and money, are educational in their tendency, both to the art amateur and the household decorator. Every woman who tries to beautify her home is as truly an art amateur as the man who indulges his liking for pictures, statuary and other costly works of art. When we began, two or three years ago, to adorn our houses with Japanese tapestries, fans, umbrellas, screens, and banners, we had no dream of where it would lead us. The taste for color and variety has grown upon us until now we reject all that is cheap, mean, gaudy, and offensive in such objects, and, studying our decorations carefully before purchasing, we give variety by adding embroideries, table-scarfs, chair-scarfs, (the new name for tidies) straw and willow baskets, in all sorts of pretty and fantastic forms, and decorated with ribbons, embroideries, velvet, plush, and satin bands and bars, with tassels, balls, and acorns of colored wools and floss silks. Besides, there is a multiplicity of forms into which porcelain, delf, and glass are manipulated to aid in the work of making homes more ornate and attractive. Of course, this sort of thing can be easily run into absurdity. For example, take the girls who are elaborately painting that necessary piece of crockery which they see when, before going to bed, they look for the hidden man. They mean well, and the results of their labors are often dazzlingly beautiful, but they nevertheless ought to be discouraged. But they can be forgiven that particular vagary, and commended for turning their general attention to beautifying their homes.

Married in a Borrowed House.

A few days ago, says the Troy Times, a man and woman of respectable appearance presented themselves at the front door of a residence in Troy and asked to see the gentleman of the house. The pair were ushered into the parlor, and soon the gentleman sought presented himself. The stranger arose, and, in gentlemanly tones and well-chosen English, said that he and the lady accompanying him had called to be married. The gentleman of the house is not a minister of the gospel, neither does he hold any civil office that entitles him to make a loving couple man and wife.

The stranger continued, however, that he did not expect his listener to perform the marriage ceremony, but simply asked the privilege of having it performed in the house. He explained that his people lived in the same part of the old country as the ancestors of the gentleman of whom he was asking the great favor, and that he and his bride to be, came from a distance to be married in Troy, but they had no friends or acquaintances here. Strange as was the request, it was granted, and a prominent minister sent for. The ceremony was quickly performed, and all were content. The newly-married pair left the house with profuse thanks to the gentleman who had so kindly loaned his parlors for the ceremony. An investigation of the couple's statements was made, and the young man was found to be all that he represented.

The Great Maudle.

I was at an "at home" yesterday and saw æstheticism in its glory, although it is to be observed that many devoted disciples of the guild, unable to resist the pressure of public ridicule in the papers and on the stage, have gone over to the Philistines. Oscar Wilde was, however, there, and in his glory, for his long hair and sickly-green cravat had a unique coat and a pair of trousers to keep them company. "His trousers, are, indeed, 'too too' whispered my neighbour, 'for there is material enough in them to make four pair!' The great Maudle was flopping on a divan, his hands folded, his eyes upturned, while a "precious" creature in kindred "art colors" communion with him. Pres-

ently, while a long-haired being played upon the violinello, and a young lady had burst forth into a rapturous German lied, I noticed in the hall-way a decidedly pretty girl who had just arrived. She was trying to take off a Newmarket coat which fitted her so closely that one of the buttons burst as she did so, and this Newmarket coat—oh, "precious" incongruity of cut and material!—was made of "crushed strawberry" hued cloth. When, with the assistance of the page and her friends, she had succeeded in disembarrassing herself of this garment, she stood revealed in a "quite too too" robe of palest green cloth, trimmed with olive velvet, and made in the exact style as that worn by Marguerite in "Faust," down to the chateleine pocket and the old silver clasp and girdle. Top this with an unmistakably nineteenth century bonnet, and foot it with boots of our day, and you may well believe that this lovely but misguided girl looked as though she had just stepped from some such extravaganza as "Le Petit Faust." The hostess did not on this occasion—and does not—encourage this style of attire by personal emulation. Like the Baroness de Chamber in "Frou-Frou," she lets other people make themselves ridiculous.

Steam Whistles in a Fog Curious Phenomena.

Norwich, Conn., Bulletin.

Captain Shirley, of the steamer City of Lawrence, of the Norwich and New York Transportation Company's line, reports a strange phenomenon on the Sound during foggy nights, which is worthy the investigation of scientific men. He says that when the steamer City of Lawrence was three or four miles east of Stratford Shoals light, on the night of the 12th May, he heard a whistle which sounded off the starboard bow. He blew the whistle of his boat several times, but could get no reply. He stopped his boat, blew three whistles, and was delayed three minutes, when the steamer State of New York suddenly appeared, blew two whistles and passed him on the left. On the same night, when near Faulkner's Island, the State of New York whistled to the north of the Lawrence. She blew two whistles, and the New York returned one blast, and she passed to the southward. Capt. Shirley did not hear her whistle from the time that he heard her first blast until she passed him. Whistles were heard to the eastward, but not to the westward that night.

Sunday night, when the Lawrence was two miles from Bartlett Reef lifeboat, the bell was heard plainly, but when the Lawrence had got within a mile of the lifeboat they lost the sound until within an eighth of a mile of it, when they saw the glimmer of the light. The same phenomenon occurred off the Cornfield light.

The water was calm, and a light northeasterly breeze was blowing. When off Huntington, on the same night, Captain Shirley heard a whistle blow four or five times. It then grew fainter and fainter, until it could be no longer heard. He thought that it was a steamer going away from him. After running for two or three minutes, he heard a whistle close ahead on the starboard bow. The Lawrence blew three whistles and backed, and had to hail a large tug with barges in tow to leave their helm to their starboard to prevent a collision. The tug passed the Lawrence with about ten feet of lee room. Capt. Mott, an old Sound navigator, remembers the occurrence of similar phenomena on the night of the collision between the steamers Stonington and Narragansett, in June, 1880.

Why the sound of whistles is not conveyed as well on a foggy night as on a clear one is a problem to be solved. It cannot be attributed to head winds or heavy seas, for the sea was calm and the air almost motionless. The signals at Huntington and Execution lights have been heard over fifteen miles against a northeast gale. The navigators of the Sound are anxious to have the phenomena explained.

Drifting Half a Year.

The following report of the rescue of nine Japanese sailors by the Pacific steamship City of Pekin, is printed in the San Francisco Chronicle of June 30: The Japanese had been blown out to sea in a storm which occurred December 9, 1880. They lost their masts and rudder in the storm, and had been drifting at the mercy of the winds, they knew not where. After their own provisions were exhausted they subsisted on their cargo, mostly beans and dried fish, and such rain water as they could catch during the six months which had elapsed since the typhoon occurred. They had burned most of the small woodwork, doors, berths, windows, etc., of their vessel for fuel, and were on short food rations, 40 beans per day for each man being the allowance. Their fire, when put out from time to time, they had rekindled by rubbing two pieces of wood together. They had given up all hope of ever seeing land or anything human again, when, on Saturday, the 28th of May, in latitude 36° 37' north, longitude 143° 54' east, about 300 miles from the Bay of Yeddo and Yokohama, they sighted the Pekin on the wide waste of water. Captain Berry, in answer to their signals of distress, bore down and sent one of the boats off with an officer and the doctor to examine into their sanitary condition, and the poor souls were soon landed on her deck. One of their number had died the day previous from exposure, hunger, and anxiety.

ALTHOUGH only 19, Alida Mayer has had a great amount of matrimonial trouble. She married a wealthy oil speculator at Corry, Pa., three years ago, and soon deserted him, stealing \$5,000 of his money. She then went to live in Buffalo, where her beauty quickly won a second husband; and she lived happily with him, but only for a few months. The first husband found her by means of detectives, and she was compelled to fly without being able to steal more than a few hundred dollars from the second husband. In Chicago she married a third husband; but there she was again prosecuted, for the first and second husbands joined in the pursuit, and she had to hastily quit the third before she had robbed him at all to escape arrest for bigamy and larceny.

She complained to her milkman that he did not give her good measure; and he said it was the fault of her pitcher—he filled it chalk full always. She admitted it was so, and told him she was glad he spoke the truth at all times.

A Short Sermon About Matrimony.

Dedicated to Young Women who want Husbands.

From Dr. Lewis's work, Our Girls.

Girls, if any of you have made up your mind that you "wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, there!" skip this little sermon, because it will have no interest for you. Men will shut their ears if they have a spark of delicacy, for every word of this is *private and confidential*.

MY TEXT.

The text or rather the occasion for what I am about to say on the subject of marriage, was this:

About a week ago, a young woman of twenty-six (she said twenty-six, so I am sure about her age), came to me in regard to her health; and after our professional convention we fell into a pleasant and general chat. She was delightfully frank, and said, while we were discussing the ever fruitful subject of matrimony:

"I wish I was little."

"That is too bad," I replied. "I have been admiring your grand, queenly proportions ever since you entered; and now you spoil it all by showing that you are not grateful."

"I can't help it; I wish I didn't weigh more than eighty pounds, and wasn't more than four and a half feet high."

"I am shocked! Do tell me why you wish that."

"To be frank, the reason is just this: men are so fond of saying, 'My little wife.'"

I laughed, thinking it was intended as a bright speech; but her flushed face assured me that she was uttering her very heart. "Go on," I said, "tell me your thoughts."

"My thoughts are just these: and I believe they are the thoughts of all unmarried, marriageable women. I long for nothing this side of heaven so much as to bury all my uncertainties and anxieties in the love of a husband. Eagerly would I make any sacrifice to secure his precious treasure. But I fear there is nothing left for me but to sneered at as an old maid. So, while I might otherwise be grateful for what you choose to call my queenly proportions, I can only wish I was one of the little women whom men fancy."

I will not repeat any more of this conversation, and my lady friend will excuse this, as it furnished a text for my little sermon. Only she and I will know to whom it refers.

I wonder if it is improper to speak plainly about that of which so many are thinking. I will venture a little. My hair is of a color which might introduce me to you in the character of a father. I shall speak very plainly. It cannot compromise anyone, for as I told you, this is all *private and confidential*.

YOU WANT HUSBANDS.

Don't deny it; it is silly. It is like the earnest declaration of the mother who is managing her daughters through Saratoga, Newport and an endless round of parties, but who constantly declares, in the most earnest way, that she has no more girls than she wants, that she could not consent to lose one of them, and who, at length, when pressed to part with dear Arabella, gives a reluctant and painful assent, and who may be seen on the wedding day penetrated with inconsolable grief at parting with that dear child. Girls, don't join in this farce. You want husbands. You think of them by day and dream of them by night. You talk of little else. Think on and dream on. Even if you never get them it will make you better and nobler to think about them. On our side of the house we are all thinking and dreaming of you, and, although we may never marry, our hearts will be warmer and purer for having been filled with thoughts of you.

WHY MEN DO NOT PROPOSE.

In entering upon this most important and delightful relation, we men are expected to take the overt initiative. You are perplexed and grieved that so many of us hold back, and wander about, homeless bachelors, all our lives, leaving you to die old maids. Let me whisper in your ears. *We are afraid of you!*

As I am out of the matrimonial market I will let my friend Robert, who is in said market, explain. Robert is a splendid fellow, and anxious to have a home of his own. He declared in my parlor the other evening that he would prefer ten years of happy marriage life to fifty years unmarried.

My wife said: "Well, Robert, if you cannot find a wife, you had better give a commission to some one who can." With a flushed face, he replied:

"See here, Mrs. Lewis; I am a banker; my salary is two thousand dollars. I cannot marry a scrub. I must marry a wife of culture and refinement. My mother and sisters, to say nothing of myself, would break their hearts if my choice were below their idea. Just tell me how—with such a wife—I could pull through on two thousand a year? Why, her dress alone would cost half of it. Board for two would cost a least fifty dollars a week, and even with that, you know we should not have first-class board. And then come the extras—the little trips, the lectures, the concerts, the opere, etc.; one cannot live in society without a little of such things."

"Oh, no, unless I first make up my mind to rob the bank, I cannot think of matrimony. If I had five thousand a year I would venture; but with two thousand,—well, I am not quite a madman, and so I stay where I can pay my debts. My lady friends think I am so much in love with the Club that I have no time for them. One of them said to me the other day, when we were discussing the matter:

"Why, what you spent in that miserable club would easily support a wife."

"It won't pay for bonnets," I replied."

Now, ladies, Robert is extravagant, so we will let him retire, and I will go on with my little sermon. I do not often preach, but in this case, nothing but a sermon will do.

BEAUTY OF WOMAN'S BODY.

Firstly. You are perfect idiots to go on in this way. Your bodies are the most beautiful of God's creation. In the continental galleries I constantly saw groups of people gathered about the pictures of women. It was not passion; the gazers were quite as likely to be women as men. It was the wondrous beauty of woman's body.

Now stand with me at my office window and see a lady pass. There goes one! now isn't she a pretty looking object? A big hump, three big lumps, a wildness of crimps and trills, a hauling up of the dress here and there, an enormous, hideous mass of false hair or bark pinned on the top of her head, and on the very top of that, a little

non-descript thing, ornamented with bits of lace, birds' tails, etc.; while the shop windows tell us of the paddings, whalebones, and springs which occupy most of the space within that outer rig. In the name of all the simple, sweet sentiments which cluster about a home, I would ask how a man is to fall in love with such a compound, doubled and twisted, starched, conical, artificial, touch me not, wiggling curiosity.

THIS DRESS CHECKS YOUR MOVEMENTS.

Secondly. With that wasp waist, your lungs, stomach, liver and other organs squeezed down out of their place and into one-half their natural size, and with that long trail dragging on the ground, how can any man of sense—who knows that life is made up of use, of service, of work—take such a partner? He must be desperate to unite himself for life with such a deformed, fettered, half-breathing ornament. If I were in the matrimonial market, I might marry a woman that had but one arm, or one eye, or no eyes at all, if she suited me otherwise; but so long as God permitted me to retain my senses, I could never join my fortunes with those of a woman with a *small waist*.

A small waist! I am a physiologist, and know what a small waist means. It means the organs of the abdomen jammed down into the pelvis; it means the organs of the chest stuffed up into the throat; it means a weak back; it means a delicate, nervous invalid; it means a suffering patient, and not a vigorous helpmate. Thousands of men dare not venture, because they wisely fear that, instead of a helpmate, they will get an invalid to take care of. Besides this, bad health in you, just as in men, makes the mind, as well as the body, weak and effeminate. You have no power, no magnetism. I know you giggle freely, and use big words, such as "splendid," "awful," etc.; but this does not deceive us: we see through all that. The fact is, you are superficial, affected and silly. You have none of that womanly strength and warmth which are so assuring and attractive to men.

Why, you have actually become so childish that you refuse to wear decent names, and insist upon little baby ones. Instead of Helen, Margaret and Elizabeth, you affect Nellie, Maggie and Lizzie. When your brothers were babies, you called them Bobbie, Dickie and Johnnie; but when they grew up to manhood, they would have no more of that silly trash, if you please. I know a woman, twenty-five years old, and as big as both my grandmothers put together, who insists upon being called *Kittie*, when her real name is *Catherine*; and although her brain is big enough to conduct affairs of State, she does nothing but giggle, cover up her face with her fan, and exclaim, "Don't, now, you are real mean." How can a sensible man propose a life partnership to such a silly goose?

My dear girls, if you would get husbands and sensible ones, you must dress in plain, neat, becoming garments, and talk like sensible sisters. You say you don't care, you won't dress to please men, etc. Then, as I said in opening this sermon, I am not speaking to you. I am speaking to such girls as want husbands and would like to know how to get them. You say that the most sensible men are crazy after these butterflies of fashion. I beg your pardon, it is not so. Occasionally, even a brilliant man may marry a silly, weak woman. But to say, as I have heard a woman say a hundred times, that the most sensible men marry women without sense, is simply absurd. Nineteen times in twenty, sensible men choose sensible women. I grant you that in company men are very likely to gabble and toy with these over-dressed and forward creatures; but as to going to the altar with them, they beg to be excused.

Thirdly. Among the men in the matrimonial market, only a very small number are rich; and in America these very rarely make good husbands. But the number of those who are beginning life, who are filled with a noble ambition, who have a future is very large. These are worth having. But such will not, dare not, ask you to join them while they see you so idle, silly and gorgeously attired.

Let them see that you are industrious, economical, with habits that secure health and strength, that your life is earnest and real, that you are willing to begin at the beginning of life with the man you marry, then marriage will become the rule, and not, as now among certain classes, the exception. Ah, if ever the time shall come when you young women have occupations, and can sustain a healthy, dignified attitude toward men,—if ever the time shall come when women are not such pitiful dependents, then marriage shall come universal, and we shall all be happier, better and nobler.

I hear some plucky, spirited young woman exclaim:

"That is all very well. No doubt your sermon, as you call it, contains a good deal of truth; but how about the young men who spend their time drinking, smoking, loafing about club-houses, and running after strange women? I suppose you think they are perfect angels."

My dear friend, have I said anything in this sermon, or do I say anything in this book, which leads you to suppose that I think men better than women? It is because I believe that in the constitution of the race, you are the fountain-head of social, moral and religious influence, that I come directly to you. My mother taught me long ago, the great moral superiority of woman. She taught me that most of the good and pure in this world comes from woman.

So far from thinking man is an angel, and woman a nothing, and a bad nothing, the strongest article in my religious creed is, that when woman has been redeemed from the shilly-shally, lace, ribbon and feather life into which she had so unhappily drifted—when woman shall be restored to herself—she will be strong enough to take us men in arms and carry us to heaven.

I beg you will not suppose that in my criticisms upon woman, I am prompted by the belief that she needs special exhortation on her own account. I appeal to her on account of us all, believing that the most direct and effective way to redeem the race is to induce woman to lay aside every weight and the special sins that beset her, and to run the race with the highest womanly heroism.

A MAN called out to his creditor: "Get out, you orthorhythmus." The man departed meekly. "Who's that?" inquired a friend of the speaker. "An orthorhythmus." "How's that?" "Well, Webster defines him as 'a beast with a bill.'"