



Miss Mabel

CHAPTER XI—Continued.

The third "stony-hearted" publisher had taken a good deal of trouble over the rejected MS. He had read it carefully, and inclosed the "reader's" opinion, a shrewd, kindly, and, if severe, no unjust analysis of the whole; holding out a hope that after long years of study the author might succeed in finding a public, not for that but for something else of a different sort.

"Very kind of him," said Roderick, passively, "and in the meantime we may starve."

"Not quite that, dear," said Silence, gently. "You know we have enough for ourselves, if we live wholly to ourselves. Remember that Mrs. Grierson was saying the other day that the greatest evil of poverty was because people will not spend their money upon their own family and its needs, but in making a show before the eyes of the world. Now, this might be necessary at Richerden, but here, where we live so quietly—"

"Quietly, quietly! Blackhall will soon drive me mad with its quietness! To vegetate here upon a pound or two a week, so long as there was the remotest chance of working my way to something better! I can't do it; no man could."

"And no woman who really loved her husband would let him do it."

"Thank you, my darling, I thought you would say so. Even though you are a woman, you can understand. You will not be a coward? You will buckle on my breastplate, and let me plunge into the fight? Then, like our friend Macbeth—"

"At least I'll die with harness on my back."

She laughed—they both laughed. At even though all their distress. There was in them that wonderful, ever-renewed spring of hope, which in pure natures is long before it runs dry.

"So that is settled. I will say, Mr. Black to-morrow about the possibility of letting Blackhall, and then, if we can let it, we will go to London at once."

Silence made no reply. Her drooped face turned white—then scarlet—then white once more.

"Come, wise little woman, what is the matter with you? You have given your consent, now give your opinion. Where shall we go, and when?"

"I think, if you will let it be so, I should like us to stay quietly here until the spring."

Silence put both her arms around her husband's neck, and looked at him, right into his eyes, a strangely solemn, tender, absolutely speechless look.

Then he knew.

CHAPTER XII.

The very day after their return to Blackhall, Roderick, with a cheerful countenance, put his luckless MS. on the topmost shelf of the old oak press in the dining-room, where "body could get at it by anything short of a most resolute will and a step-ladder."

"Lie there, my magnanimous opus! fill I have gathered sufficient opus to publish you at my own expense, and distribute a copy each to all my friends, who then may have become so numerous that I shall clear off thereby at least the first edition. For the rest," seeing, though his wife tried to smile, her eyes were brimming, "never mind, love, even if your husband was not born to be a writer, or my rate, a novel writer—I may come out in another line, as a moral essayist, perhaps; or, who knows! having, they say, a little of my grandfather in me, I may drop, or rise, into a capital man of business after all."

"What do you mean?" she asked, timidly.

"Something of what I have been thinking all night, and am going to speak to Black about this morning," said Roderick, taking down his hat. "Never let gross grow under your feet when you have made up your mind to a thing. I may not have much 'mind'—according to old Adam and all the rest of the poor Grandfather Paterson, I'll do it, and not be ashamed of it, either."

"Nor I. Nothing that my husband did could make me ashamed of him, except his doing something wrong. But now—"

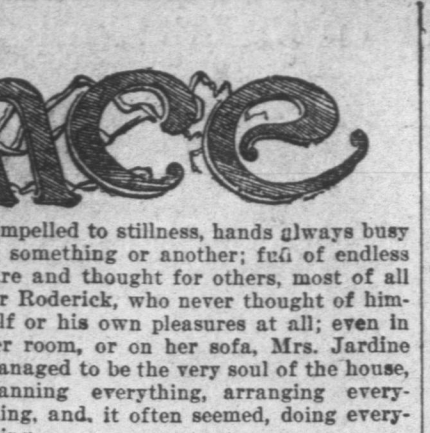
She stopped, her voice choking; and again, weak-minded little woman that she was, she cried—they both cried. Then they gathered up their courage for the new life which began the next Monday morning.

It might have been—possibly any person more worldly-wise than those young folks would have said it was—that this two-pounds-a-week, so important to them, came out of the softest bit in old Black's heart, rather than his full and usually tightly shut purse; seeing it would be some months before an ignorant "gentleman," however capable, could be equal in value to an experienced workman, or even as foreman at a mill. But they did not know this, and without another word they cheerfully accepted the new life which was to begin the next Monday morning.

The hardest bit of it was the long hours—the separation from the dusk of the morning till after nightfall. Sometimes Roderick came in so tired that, instead of talking, he would just throw himself shuttles, and then, as the weary days left for her, but on the rug at her feet—and fall asleep till bedtime, while she, anxious to use her busy fingers to the last available minute, sewed silently, watching him while. If he had seen that watch! Does a man ever thoroughly comprehend how a woman loves him?

But, the working days that there were the blessed Sundays, he never knew how blessed, he said, till he became a "working-man." Church over, his wife sent him to take a long stroll over the hills, while she gathered round her for an hour the little class of mill girls, taught for so many years by Miss Jardine. Roderick sometimes grumbled at this, but she said, gently, "We each do our work. I think this is mine; let me do it." And by the time he came to tea it was done, and the jealous fellow had his wife to himself for the whole evening.

Those sweet Sunday evenings, when the "rain was on the roof" for winter set in early that year—how comfortable they were! The two, shut in together, had to learn the great secret, and go



Roderick

through the hardest test of married life—even such young married life as theirs—constant companionship; not love, not passion, scarcely even affection—for all these can sometimes exist without it, at least for a long time; but a true companionship, that priceless friendship which is "love without his wings."

"Suppose you had been a goose, Silence," he said one day. "Suppose you had expected me to be always making love to you, instead of talking to you like a sensible woman; suppose you had not cared for the things I care for, but wanted something totally different—say dressing and dancing and going out of evenings—what in the world would have become of me?"

She laughed merrily. "And suppose you had been a man of the world, who liked good dinners and brilliant society, and was ashamed of his poor little wife because she was not clever—"

"Nonsense!"

"Not clever," she repeated, with a sweet decision, "after the fashion that is called cleverness, beautiful, not grand; but brought him no money, and given him no position—I don't speak often of this, but I know it all. Suppose, Roderick, you had been different from what you are; I wonder what would have become of me? No, no! And her gayety pleased him, and he grew placid. "Whatever the future brings we have the present. Let us rejoice in it, and—let us thank God."

In his old life Roderick had seldom thought of this. Now, when every night he saw his wife kneel down by her bedside, he had come instinctively to kneel beside her, "saying his prayers" as the children do; or, rather, since with her always near him there seemed nothing left to pray for, just whispering in his heart, "Thank God!" As he did now—ay, and many a time in the day, in the midst of his work, which was not too pleasant sometimes. But it grew pleasant and easy when there flashed across him the vision of the sweet face at home—no longer the ideal mistress of his dreams, but the dear wife of his bosom, always at hand to lighten his burdens and divide his cares.

(To be continued.)

The Kissing of Stones.

Around the center of Jerusalem, where the religious growths of centuries gather like crystals around a rod, a half-sedentary, half-floating population is to be found, whose chief object is the pursuit of piety and the veneration of the traces of Jesus, the Nazarene. Here is a world within a world—a Christian picture in a Moslem frame.

In this city, where the religion of Mohammed, thirteen centuries ago, overcame that of Christ, and where, at present, its followers prevent the rival Christians from fighting for the possession of the venerated spots, we have a little area of ground which has been arranged by the sects of Christianity to suit the brief descriptions of the Testament, but in which no single place exists that can be proved to have been the scene of the events ascribed to it.

All things which are offered for veneration are venerated in this place of faith, where both native and European Christians become seized with what I am constrained to term a lithophilic mania, since they are seen to be constantly engaged in kissing cherished stones of the most doubtful authenticity.—The Fortnightly Review.

Plan for Improving Steamers.

If the owners of the Campana pulled out all her boilers and for every five pulled out put back two new boilers same diameter, same length, same heating surface—in fact, each new boiler an exact fac simile of the old one, except that the iron must be three times as heavy, so as to fit it for raising 500 pounds of steam instead of 180 pounds of steam, and if they alter the first and possibly the second cylinders of their engines (leave the last cylinders alone; they are the true measures of the steam consumed) so as to fit them for working 500 pounds of steam and expanding it down to the same pressure as at present, then I say they will save three-fifths of their present boiler room, they may dismiss three stokers out of five, retaining only two, and they may reduce their quantity of coal and space for coal to about two-fifths of the present quantity—say from 3,000 tons (if that is the quantity) down to 1,200 tons, and they will still drive the Campana at her present speed—25 miles an hour. But the saving of coal will be on the coal used for the actual propelling of the ship.—Industries and Iron.

Sympathetic Butter.

It is a way of poets—poets and children—to attribute their own feelings to natural objects. For them the wind sighs, the brooks laugh, and the landscape smiles or frowns.

"Mister Green," said a venerable negro, entering the store of the village grocer and provision dealer one morning, "here's some butter my missus made, an' I done toted it in see if yo' hab de opp'unity to sell it, sah."

"Good butter, is it?" said the store-keeper, as he took the package.

"Yas, sah, prime butter," responded the old lady; "ony I's feared it mought 'a' melted less a bit on de way."

"Oh, I guess not," said the grocer; "this is a pretty cool morning."

"Yas, sah," said the lady, wiping his face with his big handkerchief, "dis an' mighty pleasant, cool mawnin' but yo' see, I toted it down here poaty fast."

Tennyson and Wellington.

In Tennyson's ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington are the lines: "Not once or twice in our fair island-story, The path of duty was the way to glory."

The lines, thrice repeated, with slight variations, are a paraphrase of a remark of the Iron Duke which had deeply impressed the poet.

Some one told Wellington that the word "glory" never occurred in his dispatches.

"If glory had been my object," he answered, "the doing my duty must have been the means."

Selfish Tommy.

Compliments and kind wishes should be swallowed at once, and no questions asked.

A little Chicago boy, according to the Record, had greeted his grandfather with a very politely expressed birthday greeting. The old gentleman thanked him, but being of a facetious turn, felt bound to ask a question.

"And why do you hope that I may have many happy returns of the day?" he inquired.

"Cause you always give me some-thing," answered the innocent Tommy.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Hush Money.—His Aunt's Visitor.—Within Bounds.—A Birthday Surprise, Etc., Etc.

HUSH MONEY.

"What is this hush money I've heard so much about?"

"Er—well, it's the kind that speaks for itself!"

HIS AUNT'S VISITOR.

Little boy—Mr. Baldie comes here pretty often, doesn't he? Does he come to see you?

Maiden aunt—Te-he! I suppose he does.

Little boy—Mebby he wants you to adopt him.

WITHIN BOUNDS.

Mother—So Mrs. Nixdoor treated you to cookies? I hope you did not make a pig of yourself.

Johnny—No, indeed. A pig could eat about a bushel. I didn't have over a peck.

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.

Little Fannie—Mamma, this is your birthday, and I'm going to surprise you with a bunch of flowers.

"Where did you get them, Fannie?"

"Off your Easter hat, mamma."

FOREWARNED.

Dashway—Did you tell the Briders that I was going to call there last night?

Clevertown—Yes. How did you know?

Dashway—The wedding present I gave them was in the front parlor.

NOT SURPRISED.

Bass—Do you know that Fender-son is a regular lady killer?

Cass—I suspected as much from what he said about the woman in the big hat just in front of him at the theater the other night.

HIS PET GRIEVANCE.

"What makes you look so unhappy while you are singing?" asked a friend of the tenor of a prominent church.

"Put yourself in my place," said the tenor, crossly. "As soon as I reach my solo the soprano begins to flirt with the bass and the members of the congregation are so diverted by them that they pay no attention to me. Is it any wonder I look unhappy?"

DOES SEEM QUEER.

"No," said Smallwort, "I hardly feel justified in saying that Peppers is inordinately vain, but when a fellow has a music box in his room arranged to play 'Hail to the Chief' as soon as he opens the door, what is one to think of him?"

A RELIABLE GUEST.

Proprietor—Seems to me you were rather careless to give the best room in the house to an utter stranger without baggage.

Hotel clerk—Oh, he's all right. He's worth a million at least. He's here as defendant in a suit for breach of promise—damages to the plaintiff's injured heart, \$200,000.

AN OFF DAY.

Miss Newgate—What was done at the New Woman International Progressive Club to-day?

Bachelor girl—Nothing, you see, Mrs. Sweetie happened to come in with her baby, and before we all got through kissing the little cherub it was time to adjourn.

DAUGHTERLY SYMPTOMS.

"I fear that Maud is developing 'new woman' tendencies," said the anxious mother.

"What has she been doing?" asked the father, in genuine alarm. "Been wanting bloomers?"

"Oh, not so bad as that. But she used a buttonhook instead of a hair-finish this morning to fasten her shoes."

A SAFE RULE.

"I don't know whether you'll like this. It's a peculiar mixture of mine—half English breakfast and half Oolong."

"It certainly ought to be right. One of the first rules I learned in school was that we should always cross our teas."

ENOUGH FOR THE CEREMONY.

Sweet girl—Papa says you can't afford to marry.

Ardent youth—Nonsense! I can get a preacher to perform the ceremony for \$2.

Sweet girl—Can you? How foolish papa is!

HERE'S TALENT.

Agnes—Great mimic, the Count. Gives wonderful imitations.

Jack—Yes; he gave one a year or so ago that cost him three months in jail.

Agnes—Impossible! What was it?

Jack—Gave his landlord an imitation of a \$20 bill.

AFTER THE CIRCUS.

"I'd like," said the elephant, reflectively, "to get hold of that idiot who fed me a fake macaroon with a gob of tar in the middle of it. I'd—"

"But it was no doubt kindly meant," interrupted the laughing Hyena. "Tar is good to keep the moths out of your trunk, you know."

The laughing hyena knew that the elephant was securely chained.

IN THE FUTURE NOVEL.

"Adolphus," said the new girl, in tones of strong, vibrant tenderness, "be not afraid, sweet one; look up, and tell me you will share my lot! I cannot offer you fame or fortune at present, but the path to both is opening before me. This very week I have been made attorney for the Maidens' and Matrons' Bank, the Salesladies' Trust Company (limited), and the Shoppers' Railroad Association. Rely upon my strong heart and willing hand, dearest, and be

told.

Adolphus, trembling and blushing, toyed with the flower in his button-hole. It was her gift. She drew nearer to him; their eyes met, and with one yielding sigh he dropped his head upon her stalwart shoulder and whispered "Yes!"—Harper's Bazar.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

Dick—I have a dreadful cold. Tom—Why don't you take something for it?

Dick—I'd like to, but I can't get any. I'll let you have it away below cost if you want it.

LOOKING FORWARD.

"I thought you were paying attention to Willie Bright?"

"I was, but he is too womanish in his ways for me. He thinks he ought to have a vote, same as a woman."

CURE FOR LOCKJAW.

Dr. Paul Gibber Believes He Has a Remedy.

Science may have mastered the secret of coping with the terrible disease known as lockjaw, death from which is often said to be more terrible than from the worst form of hydrophobia. Before the Medico Legal Society of New York a paper was read by Dr. Paul Gibber, director of the New York Pasteur Institute, in which he presented the interesting facts of a discovery in which he claimed that anti-toxine of tetanus is a positive preventive, if not an absolute remedy for lockjaw. He entered at length into the details of the preparation of the anti-toxine, and cited numerous cases where the introduction of the fluid into the system both prevented lockjaw and effected cures. Through a large microscope, which Dr. Gibber had previously set up on the platform, his hearers were enabled to peep at magnified "bacilli" of tetanus, with which he had charged the glass.

"These are the germs which produce the terrible tetanus," said Dr. Gibber. "The bacilli of tetanus cover all sections of the earth inhabited by man or beast. The germs are indigenous, I might say, to the soil where man or animal live. Particularly in the stable myriads and myriads of these germs of disease have their being. The horse, more than any other animal, is susceptible to tetanus, and this may be accounted for from the fact that the filth of the stable is more conducive to the development of the tetanus bacilli than any other condition."

"The disease is not contracted by inhalation. It is the result of the germs being introduced into a wound or opening of the skin. Once in the wound the germs of tetanus thrive wonderfully, and in a few days produce that awful condition which results in the stiffening of the muscles of the jaw, terrible convulsions and rigidity of frame and ends in death."

Dr. Gibber quoted statistics showing that sixty-five per cent of the cases of tetanus resulted fatally, these figures including deaths on the battle field and in railroad accidents. The development of tetanus among victims of railroad disasters, he said, was due to the introduction of the germ-charged rail into the wounds.

The Enormous Sun, Arcturus.

If the earth were situated midway between the sun and Arcturus it would receive 5,198 times as much light from that star as it would from the sun! It is quite probable, moreover, that the heat of Arcturus exceeds the solar heat in the same ratio, for the spectroscopic shows that although Arcturus is surrounded with a cloak of metallic vapors proportionately far more extensive than the sun's, yet, smothered as the great star seems in some respects to be, it rivals Sirius itself in the intensity of its radiant energy.

If we suppose the radiation of Arcturus to be the same per unit of surface as the sun's, it follows that Arcturus exceeds the sun about 375,000 times in volume, and that its diameter is no less than 62,350,000 miles! Imagine the earth and the other planets constituting the solar system removed to Arcturus and set revolving around it in orbits of the same forms and sizes as those in which they circle about the sun. Poor Mercury! For that little planet it would indeed be a jump from the frying pan into the fire, because, as it rushed to perihelion, Mercury would plunge more than 2,500,000 miles beneath the surface of the giant star. Venus and the earth would perhaps melt like snowflakes at the mouth of a furnace. Even far away Neptune, the remotest member of the system, would be bathed in torrid heat.

The Drake Cross.

The prayer book cross, or Drake cross, as the cross in Golden Gate Park is known, is by far the largest cross in the world and is in many respects the most notable piece of stonework on the American continent. It is 57 feet high, standing upon a pedestal of solid stonework 17 feet 6 inches square by 7 feet in height. The cross is composed of sixty-eight pieces of stone, aggregating 600,000 pounds in weight. The arms are formed of eight pieces, each weighing 24,000 pounds, making a total weight of 192,000 pounds. There are ten stones in this cross larger than the largest stone in the famous pyramid of Cheops. The stone used in the construction of the cross is blue sandstone from quarries in Colusa County, and it stands a crushing test of from 9,000 to 12,000 pounds to the square inch. The cross—erected to commemorate the first use of the book of common prayer in this country, at a service held on the shore of Drake's Bay about St. John's Day, 1579—was the gift of the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and was unveiled January 1, 1895.—San Francisco Call.

Popularity of the Telephone.

Berlin and Vienna were connected by telephone only about a month ago, and already there is business enough to need another line. The line has been connected with Trieste at one end and Hamburg at the other, making a total length of 900 miles. It is expected that Hamburg will soon be connected with Copenhagen, which is joined to the Swedish system, extending 850 miles north, when it will be possible for northern Sweden and southern Austria to communicate by telephone.

SWEARING IN RECRUITS.

How it is Done Here and How in Germany.

"The unostentatious manner in which our national affairs are administered is well illustrated by the striking contrast between the ceremony of swearing in recruits in our army and the same ceremony in Germany," remarked an officer who is stationed at Fort Wayne to a Detroit Free Press reporter. "Here the recruit after expressing his desire to serve Uncle Sam is ushered into the room, a bare, dingy, rented apartment, which serves as office for the enlisting officer of the army, and then there is called upon to repeat, after the said officer, the following oath, its solemn import marked by the cursory upward tendency of the irrespectable right hand: 'I do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America and that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever; and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States, and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules and articles of war. So help me God.' Signature to this oath makes him, without more ado, a full fledged soldier."

"How different is the following ceremony used in binding Germany's soldiers to their Kaisers. The young conscript is conducted to the church of the parish in which he enlists, where he is first addressed by the pastor on the sacred character and great import of the oath he is about to take. Then the flag of his country and that of his battalion being placed on the altar, the embryo soldier is required to place his left hand on these flags, and, raising his right, to repeat the following: 'I swear before God, who is all powerful and who knows all, that I will serve loyally and faithfully my very gracious sovereign under all circumstances. On land and sea, in peace and in war, and in all places, I swear to seek only his good and to do everything to prevent injury to him. I swear to observe strictly the articles of war which have just been read to me. I swear to obey all orders and to conduct myself as a brave, courageous, honest soldier ought to do, delighting in fulfilling the duties that honor impose upon me. As surely as God will aid me in gaining eternally through Jesus Christ, amen.'"

"Is it not a serious question whether our simplicity in the administration of a sacred oath does not defeat its very purpose? We, in this free born American Republic, are justly proud of our simple, unostentatious ways, marked by want of useless ceremony, and we, by our example, daily administer rebuke to the old world for the vanity of its ways, but let us not carry the feeling too far. Human nature here, as elsewhere, is impressionable, and if an obligation is rendered more binding by impressiveness we should not hesitate to employ its necessary accompaniments even to the fust and feathers employed by our elders in the sisterhood of nations."

"The average American, unversed in patriotic lore, woefully ignorant of patriotic symbols, is constantly accused of want of devotion to his country, of too great individualism, too little nationalism. Let us hope that this is not so, that our patriotism but lies dormant, awaiting the occasion which will call it into play and make its existent strength emphatically evident to the world."

"In the meantime, let the soldier swear by his country's beautiful emblem; furthermore, let the Stars and Stripes be displayed more often and with more reverence before the people at large. Nothing will contribute further to arouse our heterogeneous population, our too large disorderly element, the product of the sordid, selfish individualism, to a realization of other more worthy interests; of a duty paramount to all others, yet so generally lost sight of, to a country that exists, to a flag that waves on this side of the ocean."

New Palindromes.

Uncertainty about spelling words is something that has not been cured by typewriting machines. Some of the machines spell worse than lead pencils or pens in the hands of reporters not entirely great. For small people, who are backward about spelling, a few words have been constructed that can be spelled backward or forward and answer the same purpose. They are Adda, Anna, bab, bib, bob, bub, civic, dad, deed, deified, deved, dewed, did, dood, ecce eve, ewe, eye, gag, gig, gog, level, madam, Maram, noon, non, Otto, pap, peep, pip, pop, pup, redder, refer, repaper, revolver, rotator, sees seller, sexes, sis, siss, sis, semes, stellet, tat, tenet, tit, toot, tot, tut, waw and welow.

School Hygiene.

Dr. Chapin, of New York City, believes that one of the most active sources of spreading contagious diseases among public school children is through their outer clothing. The garments come from all sorts of homes, and are usually piled together, whether wet or dry, in an unventilated place, that makes an excellent incubator for disease germs, especially those of diphtheria. In some cities, where school buildings are crowded, this same clothing is sometimes hung in the schoolroom itself, or in the wardrobe room, where it is placed, is used for an extra recitation room. There should be a room for wraps that is thoroughly ventilated, and a place where they can be dried in wet weather.

Oil Production in Pennsylvania.

The oil fields of Pennsylvania have produced during the year 1894 about 30,000,000 barrels of oil. During the year 1893 the total product was 31,000,000 barrels. The oil was sold during 1893 for 64 cents, and last year for 82 cents a barrel. In all about 3,900 new wells were drilled in 1894, while in the previous year only 2,000 new wells were prepared. The demand for Pennsylvania oil showed no diminution during the year.

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

In Rome, Finland and Java Woman's Supremacy is an Old Story.

It is only among people of modern civilization that the supremacy of woman is regarded as a novelty. In Rome under the empire there was a singular institution where a tribunal of women was established to decide questions regarding luxury and etiquette. The Emperor Heliogabalus consulted this assembly frequently. They decided questions of precedence, the number and state of females at court, upon the style of carriage the emperor should ride in, whether sedan chairs should be ornamented with silver or ivory, and contested the rights of man with an intelligence worthy of the present time. It was a veritable Senate of Fashion, was approved by wiser men than Heliogabalus, and was re-established and maintained by his successors.

There occurred in the reign of Henry VIII. a curious case of a woman who acted as a judge. She was Lady Anne Berkeley, of Gloucestershire, who appealed to the king to punish a party of rioters who had entered her park, killed her deer, and burned her hayricks. His majesty granted her a special commission to try the offenders, and, being armed with this authority, she appeared in court, heard the charge, and, on a verdict of guilty, pronounced the sentence.

This question of woman's supremacy does not always signify an advanced state of society, as will be seen from the following account of a small State in Java, between the towns of Samarang and Batavia, known as the Kingdom of Bantam. In regard to its form of government, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants it far exceeds the wildest dreams of feminine minds. From time immemorial Bantam, though tributary to Holland, has been governed by women. The sovereign is a man; but that is a small matter, as he himself is subject to a council of three women. High dignitaries, officers, soldiers, and all the court attendants are without exception women, who see that the men are employed in agriculture and commerce. The king's bodyguard is composed of a corps of women soldiers who ride astride their horses like men and handle a short, sharp lance with dexterity. They carry a rifle, too, with skill and aim, and fire with accuracy at full gallop. The oldest son of the king succeeds to the crown; but, if the king dies without male heirs, a hundred women specially appointed meet and select one of their own sons by vote, and proclaim him the legitimate sovereign.

In several villages of Finland the woman has authority, for a religious sect exists there whose disciples are forced when about to marry to take a vow to submit to the woman for their governing head, whose duty it is to see that the men behave themselves, and to punish them if they transgress. Similar are the Puritans of Liberia, who also recognize the supremacy of women.

All Wedded to Titles.

The Countess de Castellane will find on her arrival in France that she is in the midst of a sisterhood of American girls who have married foreign titles. The fate of most of them has been sad, those marrying into the English nobility being much better off than the ones who sought rank across the channel. Following are the principal marriages between American girls and English noblemen:

Miss Helen Magruder, daughter of Commodore Magruder, U. S. N., married Lord Alington in 1868.

Miss Mary Livingston King, Sandwich, Ga., married at Paris, 1880, to the Marquis of Anglesley.

Miss Matilda Murphy, New York, married in 1864 to Sir Robert Burnett.

Miss Ellen Stager, of Chicago, daughter of General Anson Stager, U. S. A., married in 1877 to Lord Butler, heir to the Marquisate of Ormonde.

Miss Jennie Jerome, New York, married in 1874 Lord Randolph Churchill.

Miss Mary Reade, New York, married in 1879 Lord Falkland.

Miss Katherine McKiver, New York, married in 1879 Lord Grantley. She was the divorced wife of his uncle.

Miss Elizabeth Motley, daughter of the historian, married in 1876 Sir William Vernon Harcourt.

Miss Consuelo Yanagata del Valle, of Louisiana, married in 1876 Viscount Mandeville, eldest son of the Duke of Manchester.

Mrs. Louis Hamersley, of New York, married in 1888 the Duke of Marlborough.

Miss Frances Lawrence, of New York, married in 1885 to Lord Vernon.

"Now buckram dames do walk in sweet Mayfair," and in the streets of Boston, too, says the Boston Transcript. Fashions have stiffened, and linings grown heroic of haircloth to such a degree of late that "tis rumored that the penance of her carriage or her calling gown is lenient to ladies who on the promenade rejoice in the armor that is concealed even in silk attire. The effect of the enlarging sleeves is balanced, to a fine perception, by the counterpoise afforded by all the stiffening the goddess of fashion indulges in. Trust not the soft exterior of the most gentle maid or matron who has traffic with fashion these days; there is costly weight of wool to be carried about when buckram rules. Neither the notions of the cloister nor the manners of the old days when the stuff was of a costlier kind than now are copied by those who wear haircloth to-day.

Largest Gold Coin.

The largest gold coin in existence is said to be the gold ingot, or "loaf" of Annam, a flat, round piece, worth about \$325, the value being written on it in India ink.

Pretty soft vests of lace or thin embroidery over soft satin are in many of the gowns.