

**A Terrible Misfortune Overtakes a Christening Party in Hungary.**  
In the country parts of Hungary, where there is often no church within many miles, the christening of a child is a momentous event, which people look forward to with joyful anticipation as to a gay festival. It includes a long drive to the town or village where the church is situated, with a stop for refreshments on the way, and on the return home a banquet, with the usual accompaniment of singing, drinking and dancing. In winter, when the air is crisp and bracing, and the snow lies thick upon the ground, the christening party drive to church in a sleigh with "magnificentation of the bells," and provide themselves with abundant provisions before setting out. This was what John and Magdalen Hatter of Kessinez, did when New Year's day they took their child to their house to Traunau, where the priest was awaiting its arrival to perform the baptismal ceremony. They had a nice hamper of provisions for the road, in which home-distilled spirits to keep the cold out occupied a prominent place. The child was carefully wrapped in further wraps and shawls till it became bulkier than it was long, after which it was deposited on the floor of the sleigh, which was thickly strewn with straw. It was a cold day, and the occupants of the sleigh were obliged to swallow large quantities of alcohol to keep the cold out, so that when they reached the parish church and were met by the priest they were all in a state of hilarious good humor. His reverence, having chid their unbecoming frivolity, asked them to hand him the child and get the ceremony over as soon as possible. Only when they discovered to their horror that they had lost the child on the way, "forgotten the child," exclaimed in reverence, "how could you have forgotten the child when you came to be christened?" "Ah! if we had only forgotten it," returned the father, "it would not much matter, but we are lost!" They at once drove back where they had come, this time with the dogman, who carried a vessel of water so as to baptize the infant in extremis, stopping and making a search wherever any heap of snow gave them grounds for surmising that the child might be there. At last they found the baby, inside all its warm wrappings, lying in the snow, but without the faintest sign of life. It was frozen to death. Instead of a banquet and merry-making the jovial party quickly to taste prison fare and the sweets of solitude.—London Telegraph.

**Facilities of Compound Interest.**  
An Idaho correspondent sends a photograph of an Idaho mortgage, which is in a startling way the amazing facilities of compound interest. The mortgage was executed in 1861, on a piece of land in Boise City, "to secure a loan of \$400, if paid in legal tender, with interest, at the rate of 10 per cent. per month. But if the said note shall not be paid... then the sum of \$1,000, with interest, at 10 per cent. per month, and if said interest is not paid at the time of the maturity of this note, said interest to be added to the principal, and said principal and interest together shall draw interest per month as above stated." These conditions were evidently not fulfilled, for a note is appended to the document as follows: "The above mortgage is not satisfied, according to the records of said county. With interest on \$170, at 10 per cent. per month, compounded every six months, the debt would now amount to \$45,972,003, 182,836.50." There are a great many millionaires in this country, but there is probably only one man in the world who is indebted to a sum of nearly forty-six millions of dollars.—N. Y. Tribune.

**Cities in Ireland.**  
Under the rule of law in Great Britain, a city is a town which is or has been the seat of a bishop there are in Ireland thirty-two cities. They are: Sligo, Derry, Down, Connor, Killybegs, Meath, Clogher, Ardagh and Raphoe, Dublin, Kildare, Leighlin, Kilmacomb, Ferns, Cashel, Emly, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Lismore, Ross, and Kerry; Tuam, Galway, Kilmacduagh, Elphin, Clontarf and Killybegs. Besides the queen, as the "fountain of grace," raised Belfast to the dignity of city in honor of her jubilee. Thomas Wolfe procured the honor for the city.—N. Y. Sun.

**A Blaine Picture.**  
The most famous picture ever taken of Mr. Blaine is now in possession of a man who lives in Brownville, Pa., his home. It is a tintype, and represents Mr. Blaine in company with several of his chums at that time. Every one has been made to get the lady to own the picture to part with it or to be copied, but she says that she is not inclined to do so, and that she will only let it for an instant.—Boston Globe.

**On an Extensive Scale.**  
Businesslike Yankee (in the near future)—Big pardon for intruding, sir, are you the governor of these islands, are you not?  
Governor of Hawaii—I am.  
Yankee—What can I do for you?  
Governor—I notice one of your subordinates is smoking. Like to have a down draft furnace for it?  
Yankee—Chicago Tribune.

**Table Talk.**  
"The unluckiest dog alive," said a lady, "is 'somebody's' always being down and leaving me in a lull."  
"That's just what makes me hot," said the Zouzouma.—Puck.

# A SONG FOR EASTER-TIDE.

**IN THE wings of the morning, my spirit, arise, and join the full chorus that gladdens the skies. The stone from the tomb of the ages is rolled, the chains of mortality broken, behold! Let me rise, let me rise on the wings of the light. And in antiphones new with the angels unite: The dumb tomb has spoken, and falls on our ears. The song of the morning that gladdens the spheres!**

The skies are all glowing, unfettered, the rills; The flowers of the south winds are lighting the hills! But what were the glories of spring times that fade If the dead in the chamber of silence were laid? Arise, then, my soul, on the wings of the light. Thy songs with the messenger angels unite! The dumb tomb has spoken, mortality bears The song of the morning that gladdens the spheres!

Celestial doors open, and falls on faith's ear An anthem as sweet as the reeds of Judea, New rising triumphant, the chorus of time, And the bells of the blessed complacent chime.

Arise, O my soul, on the wings of the light, In the songs of the Cross with the victors unite. The dumb tomb has spoken, mortality bears The song of the morning that gladdens the spheres!

The Cross gleams above us, below smile the flowers. The tomb is a chamber of heavenly powers, New life glows within us, and it will not be long That our paths we shall tread in these prisons of song.

Arise, then arise on the wings of the light, With the skies singing over us in chorus unite. The dumb tomb has spoken, and falls on our ears The song of the morning that gladdens the spheres!

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Ladies' Home Journal.

## THE EASTER BONNET.

Don't make 'em like they used to—done killed with too much style— Fixed up with birds 'n' ribbons, till you know 'em half a mile. They call 'em 'Easter bonnets,' 'in the big store windows hung— Ain't nothin' like the bonnets that they wore when we was young!

How much completer, sweeter and neater was the old-time bonnet, shadin' rosy cheeks an' ringlets black an' gold! Plain, an' so trim 'n' on it—with a string of red or blue— But a like beneath that bonnet was as sweet as honey-dew!

Don't make 'em like they use to—done killed with too much style— An' yet the girls that wear 'em give a fellow such a smile. He kinder smooths it over—forgives 'em, so high-strung— But they're nothin' like the bonnets that they wore when we was young!

—Atlanta Constitution.

# My Crystal Easter-egg.



"BESSIE," my father said to me, looking up from a letter he was reading, "how would you like to have a cousin to come and live here? A girl-cousin, about your own age, and who has your name, too—Elizabeth Bassett?"

I only stared, far too much amazed for speech. A cousin! Never had I heard of an uncle or aunt, much less a cousin.

"But, papa," I said, at last, "I never knew I had a cousin."

"H'm! No! Your mother was an only child, but I had a brother. Poor Tom! He and I had a quarrel long before we were either of us married; no matter about that now. Tom went off to the west, but he didn't find any of the wonderful good luck there that some men do. The fact is, Bess, Tom was always lazy! Lazy folks don't get along out west! But he is dead, my dear—been dead these ten years, and his wife died a week ago and left a letter for me, asking me to befriend their only child. She needn't come here, you see, if you don't want her."

"Oh, but I do want her!" I cried. "Have I not been longing for a sister all my life? I do want her, papa! Please send for her."

"Very well, my dear. I will write at once."

Then I rushed off to find Martha, who is our head servant, and I sometimes suspect, our real housekeeper, though she lets me have all the honors. Martha, who had lived with my grandmother, had known Mr. Tom, but had thought he died long ago. She was very willing, however, to help me in getting one of the prettiest rooms ready for "Miss Elizabeth," and promised dainties for the feast of welcome.

At the eleventh hour papa resolved to go himself and bring the orphan girl to her new home, and Martha and I had full scope for our hospitable plans. It was not that I had anything to do, for with our small family Martha declared she had hard work to keep the servants busy, in spite of the size of the house, but I liked to fuss about and select pretty ornaments and trimmings for my cousin's room.

Perhaps I threw myself into these preparations with more energy, because I had never quite recovered from

the heartache it gave me to part with Herbert Wilson. Two years before papa had sent him off to seek his fortune, and I lived meantime on the hope of his finding it. It was a romantic little love story, and being so much alone, I had suffered more than papa knew, so I was glad to think of having a companion of my own age.

She came with papa, and rushed into my arms, apparently as pleased as I was. I had pulled down my face to express my sympathy with her recent loss, but it was wasted sentiment. She did not appear to have any feeling about it, and longer acquaintance convinced me that she had no depth of feeling about anything.

But she was charming, a little, fairy-like blonde, with fluffy yellow hair, soft blue eyes and a complexion like strawberries and cream. I felt gigantic when I saw our reflections in a long mirror, for I was tall, decidedly brunette, and while I was just six months the younger, looked five years older than the child-like little butterfly.

It was pretty to see how she enjoyed the luxuries about her, the dainty food, the cozy arm chairs, and, above all, the idleness. Poor little mite! She had faced poverty ever since she was born, and she enjoyed comfort as much as a kitten.

"I mean to marry a rich man," she told me, "or not marry at all. Lots and lots of money! That is my idea of perfect bliss. And, by the way, Bess, why don't you marry Mr. Gordon?"

I laughed heartily. Ever since I



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could remember I had been asked why I didn't marry Mr. Gordon. He had wooed me with dolls and sugar-plums while I was a mere baby, and his devotions were apparent to the most careless. Even Bert, my own Bert, had occasional spasms of jealousy, and in our last conversation had said, imploringly: "You'll give me a fair chance, Bessie? You won't marry Gordon?"

And I solemnly promised never to marry Charles Gordon.

"Stop laughing!" Lizzie said. "We had found she had always been called Lizzie, so there was no confusion from our both having our grandmother's name. 'Stop laughing, and tell me why you don't marry Mr. Gordon. They say he is awfully rich.'"

"And they can say he is awfully silly and awfully dreadful!" I cried. "He is half a fool, Lizzie, and he is old enough to be my father. Marry Mr. Gordon, indeed!"

"Tell me," she said, nestling down in my arms, "is there not what the novels call 'another'?"

"Yes, my dear, there is."

"Where is he?"

"I don't know," I said, ruefully; "he was sent away to seek his fortune. He is a poor man, and father thought I was too young to know my own mind! But he has sent me a Christmas card and an Easter egg every time the days come round so that I know he is alive and does not forget me."

"How jolly!" said Lizzie. "And is that his ring?"

"Yes; we each had one made to order, just alike—two clasped hands, and on the reverse side our initials entwined."

"How romantic!" said Lizzie.

"I don't believe you have any heart!" I cried, indignantly.

"Not the tiniest, tiniest bit," she said, with perfect good humor; "but, Bessie, if there is 'another,' can't I have Mr. Gordon?"

"You ridiculous baby," I said, "you need not ask my permission. I wouldn't marry him if I had never heard of 'another.'"

But, after all, it was rather mortifying to my vanity to see how readily she could make my life-long lover her slave. She was so pretty, and her mourning was the merest pretense—just enough black to set off her dazzling complexion, and she knew well the power of beauty. Then her childlike, innocent ways were attractive to the elderly adorer I had always kept at a distance. She sang for him, waltzed with him, devoured his bon-bons by the box, flattered him, and when he threw his fortune and himself at her feet, she accepted him.

I think papa was secretly delighted. He was accustomed to my quiet ways, and this dancing, singing fairy flitting about rather bewildered him. We were rather old-fashioned folks, papa and I, and my cousin had considerable "girl-of-the-period" about her.

It was just before Lent that Lizzie told us of her engagement, and, as Mr. Gordon urged an early wedding day, it was decided that the week following Easter should make him "the happy man" of a gorgeous wedding.

Papa was liberal, and my Lenten duties were sadly upset by the preparations for a grand reception, after the church wedding. It was a perfect delight to Lizzie to throw off her black dress and try on the pretty finery that papa gave me permission to provide. She was not exacting, accepting what

I selected, but I had orders to be generous, and between us we had ready a trousseau of which Mrs. Gordon need not be ashamed.

But on Easter day, when I could not quite detach my heart from earthly matters, I watched eagerly for Herbert's present. I had made no secret of this little ray of hope that came to me, and father only grunted when I displayed my trifling presents.

I was in my room alone when this one came—a little box, such as I had twice before opened. And on the pink cotton a dainty crystal egg. Two lay in my jewel box; one with a tiny locket, one with a golden cross, inside. I opened this one. My heart gave one sickening throb and the whole room seemed to reel about me. When my sight was once more clear, I saw on the pretty pink cotton the ring I had given Herbert Wilson. There could be no mistake. There it lay, mocking me with its tiny clasped hands and entwined initials. He was false to me. Some fairer face had won his heart, and he had sent my ring back to me.

It had never been my habit to show my feelings on any occasion, so I closed up the pretty crystal egg, looked it away in my jewel box, and went down to dinner. Father noticed that I was very pale, but accepted a trifling headache as an excuse, and Lizzie made no comment. She was deep in the study of our visiting list, and adding a few cards to those already sent out.

The next week was all a whirl. Somehow I did manage to push back



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my personality and give myself to my cousin. The duties of hospitality were pressing, for we had bidden all our "dear five hundred friends" to the wedding, and to the reception afterward. I had escaped a bridesmaid's position by pleading that of hostess; but I was very busy, and only at night could I let my sorrow have its way. How much I had loved, how perfectly I had trusted Herbert! I learned in those days, when all my love and trust seemed thrust back upon my own heart. The last drop was added to my cup of misery the very day before Lizzie's wedding. Father came home earlier than usual, and came to my room.

"Bessie, my dear," he said, "I heard some news to-day that will come to you, sooner or later, and I thought I could tell you it more kindly than anyone else."

"Bert is married," I thought, but I could not speak the cruel words.

"Herbert Wilson has come back, my dear, and taken a partnership in the firm for which he has been traveling agent for two years. He had a legacy, not very large, but sufficient, with his own value to the firm, to give him a place. He knows, my dear, that I only wanted him to prove that he could take care of a wife, and he should have come to me at once, after what he has said, both to you and to me. Bessie, it is a hard thing to say, but I am afraid he was counting upon marrying you for my helping hand in business. Now that he does not need that—There there!"—for I broke down at last—"don't cry, dear; it's better for you to know him as he is."

Then he took me in his arms, my dear father, and gave me such caressing tenderness as my mother might have done. I had my cry out on his breast, and then I faced the truth, and knew I never could be utterly miserable while my father lived.

We agreed to say nothing to Lizzie, and I dressed her myself to go to church, thinking no fairer bride had ever been seen, nor one that was more carelessly entering upon the new, solemn duties before her. She chattered with the pretty cluster of girls who were to be her bridesmaids, and was the brightest of them all. When we drove up to the church door, we found Mr. Gordon awaiting us, and after some fluttering of lace and flowers in the vestry room, the bridal procession sailed up the broad aisle, Lizzie on papa's arm and Mr. Gordon escorting his married sister.

I slipped into my pew, and when my eyes wandered, I saw—Bert Wilson, looking at Lizzie with a dazed expression, as if she was a part of a nightmare.

Then I understood. When the organ pealed forth the wedding march, and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon walked slowly down the aisle, I caught Herbert's eyes and smiled. Two minutes later he was beside me.

"You will come to my cousin's reception," I said, shaking hands. "I should have sent you cards if I had known your address."

"I saw the card," he said, in a low, choked voice. "Charles Gordon and Elizabeth Bassett."

"And you sent back my poor, little ring?"

"But you will forgive me, Bessie, and let me have my ring again? You never told me that you had a cousin whose name was the same as your own."

Just then papa joined us. He asked no questions, and we drove home to-

gether. Explanations were made, and My Crystal Easter Egg was opened to give back Herbert's ring, which my husband tells me shall never again leave his finger.—Annie Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

## EASTER GIFTS.

Some of the Articles Appropriate for This Beautiful Feast.

"He gives not best who gives most," but he gives most who gives best," says Warwick, and to no season is the truth more applicable than to Easter. The custom of giving in this, the loveliest feast of all the year, is yet in its comparative infancy, and Easter may be saved from the reproach of overdoing if only the giver would pause and remember that verily "he gives most who gives best."

There clings to a gift which speaks thought and delicate consideration in the giver a sentiment that no merely wanton outlay can induce, and the Easter offering that conveys the meaning of the blessed season in ever so simple a way is better by far than the costliest gift which has no special significance whatever.

Easter, or the "Sunday of joy," as it was called in earlier times, is not only a religious feast, but a festival of nature as well. It tells of the wonderful resurrection of Christ; but it tells also of renewed life throughout all the land. The earth is about to come forth in all her glory, and the hearts of the people are glad for the promise of verdure, of flowers, and of fruit to come.

So it is that the giving of gifts at this blessed season of renewed life has a special meaning, and so it would seem that the gifts should be made to convey some message well suited to the time. Cards on which appropriate sentiments are either written or engraved are always acceptable at Easter, as they are at all other seasons to which special importance may be attached, and numberless devices and designs are to be seen on every side. But as the spirit of giving has seized upon the popular mind, the card of to-day is only the attendant of the gift itself. It may be simple in the extreme, or elaborate, as the purse of the sender allows, but in nearly every case it is an adjunct only, and has ceased to be in itself an object of consideration.

Gifts are a recognized feature of Easter as they are of Christmas, and it remains only to the lover of order and moderation in all things to keep the spirit of giving within certain limits, and to make the Easter gift a thing of all joy, both in the giving and receiving.

"He gives not best who gives most," but he or she who puts a portion of self into the gift gives what it cannot fail to be a genuine pleasure to receive.

Flowers make the loveliest of all Easter offerings, save for the one objection that flowers quickly fade away. Bon-bons are always in good taste, and, as the bon-bon box can be made as elegant and as costly as the giver chooses, they cannot be objected to on the ground of too great simplicity.

Books are ever in good taste, and from the costly edition de luxe to the simple yet delightful volume of verse de societe bound in dainty vellum, the range of choice is sufficiently wide to suit all tastes. But as even the tempting bonbonners and the fascinating array of books cannot fulfill all the demand for gifts, and as these belong peculiarly to the list of man's available offerings, it is well for the women to turn their thoughts to other things, and to call into play the deft fingers and the love for beautiful work for which they are renowned.—Harper's Bazar.

## WHAT EASTER MEANS.

A Refreshing of Creation, an Awakening of the Heart, Conscious, Warm, Deep and Holy.

Easterday again! Home shrine and public altar blossom once more with the stately, delicate Easter lilies. Once more the pipes of the throbbing organs breath forth the exultant Easter anthem. Once more the Easter bells proclaim in swelling triumph: "He is risen!"

But this is not the season of flowers and music alone. Man turns with wistful eyes to scan the life of his fellow man for signs of the risen Christ. And through the selfishness, the strife, the rush for gain, the oppression of the poor, the crushing of the weak, he catches faint gleams of hope.

Wherever man stoops in pity over the sorrowing or the afflicted; wherever man looks into the eyes of a foe, breathing: "I forgive," there is Christ risen indeed. Wherever the hand of woman reaches out in sweet charity, wherever she bravely walks beside to appear an erring sister, Christ is risen indeed.

"Wherever the soul of the people, Arising in courage and might, Burst forth from the error that shrouded Its hope in the gloom of the night: Wherever in sight of God's legions The armies of evil recede, And truth wins a soul for the Kingdom, The Master is risen indeed."

Ah, no! Easter means more than lilies and sermons and bells. Its coming is to the soul what the return of the sun is to the earth—a refreshing of creation, the full awakening of the heart, conscious, warm, deep, holy—a very resurrection.—Young Men's Era.

## Stab Ends of Thought.

It does as much good to forget unpleasant things as it does to remember pleasant ones.

Vanity doesn't leave as age comes on. A mistake is one of the things that should only be made once.

The head prepares the healing balm; the heart lays it upon the pain.

The man who won't pay his debts would be a common thief if he were not a coward.

Matrimony is not the kingdom of heaven, for a rich man may enter therein.

Only the animal that is in us makes as love life because it is life.

If there were no charity there could be no religion.

If a dog could think as man does, he might be less faithful.—Detroit Free Press.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

International Lesson for April 4, 1892.—The Resurrection of Christ—Matt. 28:1-10.

### AN EASTER LESSON.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15:20.

THE STORY OF THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF CHRIST.—Jesus was crucified probably on Friday, April 7, A. D. 30, from nine to three o'clock, beginning at the hour of the daily morning sacrifice, and yielding up His spirit at the hour of the evening sacrifice. Joseph of Arimathea, asked permission of Pilate to care for the body of Jesus. He with Nicodemus took the body from the cross, wrapped it in linen cloths, with an hundred weight of spices to preserve the body from decomposition, and laid it in a new sepulchre belonging to Joseph, in a garden near by, and rolled a stone against the door. The loving women who had remained near the cross saw where the body was laid, and went home to prepare spices and ointments for the completion of the embalming, and then rested over the Sabbath.

The Reality of Jesus' Death. It was of the utmost importance, though they knew it not at the time, that the fact of Christ's death should be proved beyond the possibility of cavil or doubt, for otherwise doubt would be thrown upon the fact of His resurrection. Every precaution was taken, not by His disciples, but by the enemies of Jesus.

(1) The Roman centurion assured Pilate of the death of Jesus (Mark 15:44, 45). (2) The soldiers pierced His body with a spear, and from the wounds flowed blood and water—a proof of death. (3) At the request of the chief priests, the stone against the door of the sepulchre was sealed, and a Roman guard placed around the tomb, so that no one could take away the body, and then pretend that He had risen. (4) His friends had no expectation of His rising in the way He did. They expected not His coming back to them in the body, but at all, "His second coming in glory into His kingdom." (5) The tomb was a new one, in which no one had ever been buried, and so there could be no doubt as to the identity of the body of Christ.

### LESSON NOTES.

1. "In the end of the Sabbath." Our Saturday. "As it began to dawn . . . came Mary Magdalene." i. e. Mary from Magdala, on the Sea of Galilee, whom Jesus had redeemed from the terrible affliction allied to insanity—the being possessed by seven demons (Luke 8:2). "And the other Mary." The mother of James the less and Joseph (27:56), together with Salome, the mother of John, Joanna, the wife of Chuza, and other women. As they went they were concerned about the question: "Who shall roll away the stone from the door of the tomb?" for they knew, from observation of the internment, that it was exceeding great (Mark 16: 3, 4).

2. "Behold, there was a great earthquake." Before the arrival of the women; perhaps they felt it on their way thither. "For the angel (an angel) . . . descended from Heaven." A Divine messenger, to overawe the guards, and show that Jesus rose, and was not taken from the tomb by human power. "Rolled back the stone from the door." The tomb was cut in the side of a rock, like a cave, large enough for several persons to enter. The entrance was protected by a large stone, sometimes round, like a large millstone, rolled in front of the opening. "And sat upon it." As a guard waiting to give the needed information to the disciples.

3. "His countenance (his appearance) was like lightning." In vivid and intense brightness. "And His raiment white as snow." This was heavenly apparel.

4. "And for fear of him the keepers." That is, the Roman guard. "And became as dead." Apparently swooned away with their terror.

5. "And the angel answered; the unspoken questions and fears of the women who had bowed down their faces to the ground in fear. "Fear not ye." Ye is emphatic in the original. The keepers and the enemies of Jesus had reason to fear, but not these disciples.

6. "He is risen, as He said." (Matt. 16: 21; 17:23). "Come, see the place!" to convince yourselves of the fact of His resurrection.

7. "Go quickly, and tell His disciples." To relieve their anxieties, to lead them to the great truth which was to enable them to proclaim the Gospel to the world. "He goeth before you into Galilee." When the chief meeting of Jesus with His disciples took place (26:32; 28:16-20; John 21:1-24).

8. "And as they went." By some other streets than those by which Mary Magdalene and Peter and John had gone. "Behold, Jesus met them saying: All hail!" "Rejoice," the usual form of salutation. The English "all hail" is shortened from "all health." "Hail Him by the feet!" Clapped His feet, in reverent, affectionate joy, to make sure that it was indeed their Lord, and to express their gladness. "And worshiped Him." Religious worship or adoration is here meant, not mere reverence.

10. "Go tell My brethren that they go into Galilee." The same message which the angels had given them in the sepulchre (see on ver. 7).

MISS MARY ABELL, daughter of the late A. S. Abell, founder of the Baltimore Sun, has taken the white veil at the chapel of the Academy of Visitation, in Wilmington, Del. The name that she chose was Sister Mary Joseph.

OLGA SANFORD, the granddaughter of the late Gov. Hoffman, of New York, is his only living descendant of the third generation, and will ultimately inherit his large fortune. She is now but seven years of age.

MRS. THOMAS GILROY, wife of New York's mayor-elect, has a passion for china painting. She has quite a collection of china coffee spoons, which are painted in tiny French figures.

THE direct light of the sun is about one million times more intense than that of the full moon.