

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Masked Batteries. If you'll keep it secret—honor bright—I'll tell you a little story, Joe. Something that happened to me last night here at the masquerade ball, you know.

A Woman's Feet Where Men Dared. The Sacramento (Cal.) Bee relates the following: "Some days ago, as the Freepop ferry was carrying a load of passengers across the river, and when about half way over, the rope which is attached to the shore, and by means of which the boat is towed, broke.

An Aged Darling. Jennie Green recalled the following bit of gossip in a letter to the Baltimore American from New York City: It is generally supposed that when beautiful young women marry elderly men they do it simply and solely as a matter of business—so much young flesh and blood for so much money—and there is little sympathy, for either side if the bargain does not turn out as good as was expected.

Fashion Notes. The new trimming for fall hats is a silk with a satin finish. A new shade of red, between scarlet and crimson, will be the predominating bright color next season.

The Much-Abused Mother-in-Law. The London Times, in an article on the legendary mother-in-law concludes as follows: There are obnoxious, intriguing, meddling mother-in-laws, no doubt, as were the same class years ago.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS. The Fair-Minded Men Who Walked to Boston. Two wise men walked to Boston upon a rainy day.

acts on her understanding of woman nature, and more particularly of wife nature; and because she does this, and feelingly, so far as her own feelings are concerned, it is cruel and heartless to parade as representative of the malice created by the stage by the malice of thoughtlessness of flippant paragraphs. The slander is uncalled for, because the typical mother-in-law of this age has no inclination to interfere; because she is in fact the first to encourage a separate establishment; it is cruel because it casts reproach on so many good women, the very leaders in forming the sentiment of non-interference. There are exceptional cases of mother-in-law persecution, but in striking them can we afford to wound a whole class?

Why not acknowledge the truth. The legendary mother-in-law is a myth. The jokes about her are stale and coarse, and a waste of ammunition, as they miss the mark and wound her avowed enemies. It is time we had something new in this respect. We have driven the bugaboo and spoke of her no more; we have banished her from our belief—why not drive the mother-in-law bugaboo from our everyday literature and talk, and at once relieve ourselves of an incubus of stupid stories and stale jokes.

How Some Independent British Girls Marry. The richest heiress now on the engaged list is Miss Crawshaw, the daughter of the Duke of Devonshire. Her dowry is valued at \$500,000, and she is about to bestow this with her hand and heart upon a briffish barrister on the South Wales circuit. I should be very happy to take her sister upon the same terms, if I felt inclined to marry for money. These ironmasters' daughters have a very considerable way of selecting poor men for their husbands, for Sir George Elliott's daughter married one of the special contributors of the Daily News a few days ago the heiress of a Durham colliery proprietor, betrothed with the editor of a north country newspaper. It is said of one of these ladies, perhaps it would be cruel to say which for the maneuver after all was innocent enough—that meeting with a gentleman on board a steamer which was engaged in laying a deep sea cable in the Atlantic, they very naturally took to flirting on the quarter-deck. The lady was all alone except with papa. The gentleman made a little acquaintance, and being tall and handsome, of course soon ingratiated himself with the iron king's daughter. One day, finding himself alone, he proposed there and then. "Hush!" said the lady, "papa is asleep on the sofa and might hear you. Let us take a stroll on deck. I am very sorry," said the lady, "resuming the conversation on deck, but of course you did not understand when you were talking to me below that I was engaged. But I have a sister at home who is exactly like me, you would not know us apart, and when we return home I will introduce you to her." The introduction followed in due course, and the marriage within six months. The courtship all took place by proxy.—London Letter.

He had told her his story. His name was Dick; he was twelve years old, and his father, whom he had never seen sober, was in prison for life. The antecedents were not elevating, but the boy seemed good. The next morning the old woman engaged a clerk for her small establishment. The terms were simple—his "living and a bed under the counter." If I sweep up first I'll feel better. According to his brought him a broom and he did his work well. Afterward he ate his supper with a relish. That night he slept, not in the area, but under the old woman's counter.

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The Prince of Wales. Miss Maud Howe saw the Prince of Wales at a garden party, and describes him as a very good-natured looking young man, stout, with light blue eyes. The Princess Louise, a pretty, well-dressed lady, was on his arm. The Prince sat for a few minutes; then rose and giving his arm to the Princess, they walked along, speaking to every one they knew. The Prince shook hands with several ladies as he passed them and they all courted as he took their hands. I was standing quite near him, talking with Mrs. —, when her little girl, a child, four years old, suddenly broke away, and ran to get some daisies. On her way back, as if some daisy had been in her eye, she fell flat on her face, directly in front of him, not four feet away, as if making a salute. The Prince gave a little start, and he ran forward and picked her up; but Mr. —, who was with us, caught her and brought her back again. It was the merest accident, but quite interesting—she seemed so amused and pleased with the little thing.

GILBERT WALKER, of Virginia, has the reputation of being the handsomest man in the national House of Representatives.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Fair-Minded Men Who Walked to Boston. Two wise men walked to Boston upon a rainy day. With one umbrella between them. They hit upon an honest plan for both to have a fair day.

He was a tall, thin, starved-looking boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of which crept half-way up his arms, and a hat that was nothing but a brim; and when she first saw him he was eating a crust out of a gutter. She was only a poor old woman who kept a little shop for candy and trimmings, and poor enough herself. He hadn't a penny, but she said, he looked so hungry, and he might if he had grown up and been neglected, and she couldn't stand it. She called to him: "Come here, sonny," said she, and the boy came. Before she could speak again he said: "I didn't do it. I'll take my oath on anything I didn't do it. I ain't no mean." "Didn't do what?" said the old woman. "Break your window," said the boy, nodding his head toward a shattered pane. "Why I broke that myself with my shutter last night," said the old woman. "I'm not strong enough to lift 'em, that's the fact. I'm getting old."

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It was ten o'clock. Granny sat moaning by a empty hearth. Good-natured Mrs. Jones from upstairs was "seeing to things," and trying to cheer her, when suddenly there came a rapping on the door, and a policeman looked in. "Mrs. Briggs," he said. "Here she is," said Mrs. Jones. "Yes, I'm that wretched critter," said Mrs. Briggs. "Some one wants to see you at headquarters," said the policeman. "There's a boy there and some money." "Dick!" "Dick!" "Oh, I can't be sure to look at him!" But Mrs. Jones had already tied on her bonnet, and wrapped her in a shawl, and taken her on her arm. "The wretch!" she said. "I'm so glad he's caught. You'll get your money back."

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