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MRS. BRAY.

She was a beautiful, attractive woman, black eyed and crimson cheek, with a splendid bust, and arms which she did not mind showing. I was a little pale creature, neither ugly nor pretty, but I did not envy her. Let all the men on earth admire her—one loved me. If I was fair in his eyes I cared nothing for her.

The other girls were jealous at times. Madge Burt and Barbara Brown declared that there was no such thing as getting any attention from any one where she was, and certainly she tried her best to fascinate her. Millitant Bray was her name, and I understand that, young as she was, she was a divorced woman.

It may have been that she was very much ill-used by her husband, and had been the injured party altogether—I presume it is often so—but pure women will bear a good deal rather than sever the only tie that binds them to a husband's side, and there is always a doubt about a divorce. Some of the ladies at Mrs. Horton's shrugged their shoulders and wondered what the old lady had been thinking of to take Mrs. Bray in. The gentlemen, however, fought in her defense. Beautiful, musical, fond of flirtation and apt at flattery, she won her way into their liking. For my part, I did not respect her one whit. I did not see anything to love in her, but I admired her. Unlike most women, I always found myself able to see the charms that men see in a personally attractive woman.

But were I a man I could not do as men do; flatter these flirts at the expense of true-hearted women, who love them with all their souls. When good Mrs. Carman went to her room with tears in her eyes, leaving Mr. Carman whispering soft nothings in Mrs. Bray's ear, and when little Effie Fay crimsoned and trembled with anger because her lover forgot her while he turned the beauty's music and looked down in her eyes, I often thought to myself that those were poor triumphs after all, and that those men who gave them to her were but silly creatures. She liked none of them. She mocked them and had little nicknames for each. She was cold in heart as she was warm in manner. Her impassioned glances were those of an actress and nothing more.

She gave these glances to my Harry as well as to others, but I had no fear of their effect. Of course he knew she was handsome and that she sang well; so did I.

We had met at Mrs. Horton's. I was an orphan and taught music for my bread; he was a young clerk in a wholesale house. At our first meeting we liked each other, and he was the only lover I had ever had. When I gave him my betrothal kiss it was with lips that had never met those of any man before, and I was glad to think of it. We had been engaged three months, and were to be married in the spring. We were wrapped up in each other, and concerned ourselves very little about Mrs. Bray. I did not. It pleased me better to think of better women. There were others whose minds were continually running on her, however. Jealous Effie Fay could never quite forget her. Over and over and over again she sat in my room, with tears pouring down her cheeks, and talked of her.

"She's a wretch," she declared, "a bold, forward, cruel creature. She knows Charlie is engaged to me. She knows it. I see it in her eyes; and she works so hard to get him to herself. Charlie doesn't know what he is doing for himself. I shall break with him yet, and I do love him so. No one will ever love him so much."

Then she would cry again and begin the old story of Mrs. Bray's conduct, of her looks, her contrivances, her becks and wreathed smiles. I felt sorry for the child; she was but 16, and sorry, too, for Charlie, who was acting as most foolish boys do under those circumstances. But one morning she began another strain.

"Mrs. Bray is at work with your Harry now," she said, "and she'll twist him round her finger soon, as she does my Charlie. It's witchcraft those women have—an unholy power of some kind. You'll see, Ethel; you'll suffer as I do soon."

And then she spoke of words and looks and actions that had quite escaped me, but which, spoken of, made me strangely uncomfortable. I had utter faith in Harry, but I did not like to hear such things. At first it was only that, but after a while it was more.

As the days went on I noticed one or two things that were suspicious. I saw that she contrived to meet my lover in the halls and on the stairs, to sit near him at dinner-time, to go out upon the balcony when he did.

Charlie Beech was allowed to slip back into his old place in Effie's heart, and my Harry was Mrs. Bray's object.

Effie had been sharper than I, but Harry was too strong in his love for me to yield, I felt sure.

It was about the time that Harry's business compelled him to choose a boarding-place further down town. He left Mrs. Norton's, and only called to see me in the evenings, and we began to write to each other. I have the little notes he wrote me carefully hidden away even now.

They are very precious to me. As I read them over they bring those hours back again and I am a young and loving girl once more.

I never loved Harry more tenderly than when I sat down to my desk one morning to tell him of a little festivity which I had been invited to attend, and to ask his escort. I never shall forget that day. After I had posted the letter I sat in my room and sewed upon the pretty dress I intended to wear, thinking all the while that it was Harry's favorite color and that he would be sure to like it.

Effie, happy in her recovered lover, sat with me and read aloud from a little book of verses Charlie had given her. They were not fine verses, nor was she an elegant reader, but there was love in them and in her heart, and that sufficed.

I had finished the dress, and sat looking down into the street, when I saw a boy hurrying along. It was the errand boy at Harry's place, and Effie who had seen him also, ran downstairs to bring my note to me, for we both knew that it was my answer that shimmered in the little white envelope in my hand. She ran down gayly, humming a tune. She returned with a very serious face. A note was in her hand, with my name upon it in Harry's writing, but her expression frightened me so that I caught my breath.

"What is it, Effie," I asked.

"Ethel," she said, very sadly, "I must tell you, though you'll hate me. The boy who brought that note brought one for Mrs. Bray."

I was so relieved that I burst into a fit of laughter.

"Why should that trouble me?" I inquired.

"Don't you see your Harry must have written both?" she asked.

"No," said I, "I do not. I am not jealous of Harry."

Then I broke the seal, and these were the words I read:

Madame: I have another engagement, and am obliged to decline yours.

H. HEATHCOTE.

I put the old billet down with a strange chill at my heart. What had I done to deserve this? What did it mean? What should I do? A note like this from a betrothed lover from whom I had parted with the tenderest caresses? Effie saw that I was in trouble and forebore to question me, but she glided out of the room and did not return for an hour. When she came back her face was wet with tears.

"You cannot tell me what it is?" she asked.

I answered:

"I must have offended him unconsciously. I can't say anything more."

When the dinner bell rang I went down stairs as usual. Passing the parlor door I saw Mrs. Bray. She was reading a note aloud.

"I declare, I never was so surprised," she said. "I thought he was in love with that little girl. Ah! there she comes."

She hurried away as she spoke, in assumed terror. The next moment I saw Effie speak to her and a white paper pass into her hand. Whatever it was she knew and she would tell me. She did. That evening she brought a letter into my room—a letter that Mrs. Bray had exhibited to all the house—a love-letter from Harry Heathcote, tenderer and more passionate than any he had ever written to me, and with his undoubted signature at its foot. It was no forgery. I even knew the paper, a rare and costly kind, with his own monogram upon it. It began "Darling" and ended "Your own Harry." I did not scream. I did not swoon: I faced the terrible truth as best I might. She had won him from me, but I was nowise to blame. I was true. I was sinned against, not sinning, and the blow should not crush me.

I did not allow myself to play the mourner. Contempt of my lover had taken the place of love.

He should know that I did not grieve for him; and I asked good old Mr. Halloran to be my escort, and went to the party next evening with a smile on my face, though my heart ached sorely, and life seemed a cold and cruel thing to me.

They told me I was gay that night. I chatted, I ate and drank, I danced whenever I was asked to. All the while the words of that letter Harry had written to Mrs. Bray were in my heart.

When old Mr. Halloran took me home he told me I had "wearied myself out, and was beginning to feel it." But I was strong yet.

To-morrow I had work to do that would demand all my strength—to take the matter into my own hand, to write an adieu to Charlie, send him back the gifts and letters in my possession and ask mine of him. As I went up stairs old Mrs. Morton looked out of her room.

"Your beau was here to-night," she said. "I expect he was cut up to find you out, but Mrs. Bray took care of him."

I tried to laugh. All my life I felt I must now laugh when I had rather cry. I must hide my heart. No one should ever call me a "disappointed" woman. No one should speak of me as one who had been jilted.

I wrapped myself in my dressing-gown and sat before my fire. I could not sleep. I could not even lie down. The clock struck 12, 1, 2, and still I watched the dying embers. Ten minutes more had gone by, when suddenly a frightful shriek ran through the house—another and another. I rushed to the door. Other people were in the entry. The shrieks came from Mrs. Bray's room, and, ere she could open it, it was flung wide and she rushed toward us, her long, white robe all ablaze, a horrible moving column of fire.

I don't know what I thought. I don't know what I did. I cannot remember anything more until I had her down upon the floor, with a blanket that I had snatched from a pile that lay on the table in the entry wrapped about her. I heard myself crying, "Lie still, and you will save your face!" And I saw the flames choke out, and the light, black tinder floating about me, and knew that I had at least saved her from being burned to death. Soon I knew that I had saved her life.

It was night again when some one came to my door, and told me that Mrs. Bray wished to see me. Of course I went to her. She was lying in her bed, wrapped in bandages, and she could not stir, but she looked at me earnestly.

"Send them out of the room," she said, "I want to speak to you alone."

And when the nurse had closed the door between herself and Mrs. Horton, she looked at me again in the same strange way.

"You saved my life," she said; "yes, and I remember what you said: 'Lie still and you'll save your face.' Most women would have liked me to spoil my face had I used them so. And you don't know the world, either. Go to that desk. There's a letter there. It's yours. I wanted to make you jealous, and I wrote to your beau to ask his escort somewhere.

"Two notes came at the same time to the house. I knew very well that there was a mistake made—that mine had been put into your envelope and yours into mine. I scratched your name out of that one you have there, and showed it about to make you jealous.

"He's as true as steel to you. I love you for saving my face, and tell you that. Now try to forgive me."

I was too happy to do anything else. I knew that what she said was true. And when she asked me I stooped down and gave her a kiss.

It was our last interview. When Mrs. Bray recovered she left Mrs. Horton's and Harry Heathcote never knew anything about those two mis- [illegible] been his wife too long to have any secrets from him.

The Meditated Suicide.

Speaking of suicides—There have been several lately, and a good many people are talking about them—a story is told confidentially by a worthy citizen, who contemplated shuffling off this mortal coil. He thought of it, and thinks he was in earnest, but this I doubt, because killing one's self is said to be a painful operation, and the worthy citizen is a man who is extremely careful about his own comfort. However, business has gone wrong, another man had secured the church pew he set his heart upon, rents had been raised, he wasn't very well anyway, and life didn't seem worth living. His wife would get his insurance money; she knew as much about his business as he did himself, and could get along without him.

That night he took home a box of rat poison and after his wife had retired took it out and read the directions. When he got out his razor and stropped it and loaded his revlover. He didn't know which method he would use, or whether he would try all three and make a sure thing of it. He would decide after the razor was properly sharpened. Then he stropped away, and while he was trying to cut a hair a sleepy voice came from the next room: "George, Uncle John brought us a gallon of new maple sirup to-day, and we will have fritters and sirup for breakfast. I--thought--you'd like--to know." The razor and the pistol was laid away prompty; life took on a more roseate aspect, and the next morning after breakfast the rat poison was carefully distributed along the trail of troublesome vermin. George still continues cheerful.—*Indianapolis Journal*

That Was Business.

Omaha sinner—How do you like your new minister?

Omaha saint—Dont like him at all. He is not cut out for a preacher; he ought to have been a business man.

"That's a fault, is it?"

"Yes sir, he has entirely too much business ability. Last Sunday he preached a roaring sermon on hypocrits, and at the close invited all hypocrits in the congregation to stand up. Of course no one arose."

"I suppose not, but what of that?"

"Why, then he followed his advantage by passing the contribution box."—*World.*

Dress and Undress.

"Are you aware," said Grimby to Noodles, "that men and women do not go to the theater to see the same thing?"

"That is very probable," remarked Noodles. "But what is the difference in the objects that induces the sex to attend the theaters."

"Why, the difference is, that the women go to the theaters to see the dresses which the actresses do wear, while the men go to see the actresses that dresses do not wear."—*Chicago Ledger.*

THE NEW CRAZE.

Some Interesting and Valuable Suggestions for the Amateur Clay-Modeler.

Modeling in clay is popularly supposed to belong exclusively to the sculptor's art. But this is a mistaken notion. The best teachers recommend modeling, especially in bas-relief, as an important aid in the development of the faculty of drawing. Bas-relief is the simplest form of modeling, as drawing is the primary step in the painter's art. It will also be found of invaluable assistance in wood-engraving, wood-carving, and kindred arts. And the employment is withal so fascinating and productive of such pleasing results at a small outlay of money and labor that the amateur will find in it alone an ample compensation, leaving out the possibility of the knowledge gained being turned to account in other work.

The clay is easily procured at any potter's, and should be finely ground and free from hard lumps. To ascertain whether this be the case it may be cut through and through with a wire (modelers usually have a wire fitted with handles for the purpose). It should then be thoroughly beaten and worked until it shall have become tough and somewhat elastic and shall have lost that property denominated as "short." The tools used need not be many or costly, although the "sets" that are offered for the purpose are appalling in number and perplexing to the beginner. Two or three simple wooden or bone blades and a few scrapers with saw shaped edges are quite enough, but the fingers, together with tools shaped with a convenient jack-knife, will be used more than any other implement. The shapes of the tools required will suggest themselves during the progress of the work.

A large slate or marble slab is a good thing to work on, although a board may be utilized for the purpose if the slate or marble be not at hand. A plaster cast of an animal's head is a good first study, and will not be too difficult if the worker has had any practice in drawing. Spread the clay to the requisite thickness on the slab, pressing it firmly so that there will be no bubbles in it, and take care that it be perfectly level and of uniform thickness. Then with the fingers form the object, measuring [illegible] compasses and scraping the clay away to imitate the contour, lines, and hollows of the original. In this part of the work the eye must be relied on, but it is very easily accomplished, provided there be not too much haste, and the clay be scraped away very gradually. The eyes, ears, nose, etc., are then formed in the same way, using such shaped tools as seem suitable. After the outline shall have been finished the details may be worked up, using a tool with a serrated edge for simulating the hair, just as the rasp is used in wood-carving. Smooth-haired animals, such as the squirrel, cat or rabbit, are easier to represent than those which have long, shaggy hair, which requires deep scraping to form the mass. The ground may be indented as in wood-carving, using similar tools. The work must, of course, dry slowly to prevent cracking, and it may be advisable to cover it with a damp cloth to prevent too rapid drying. It may then be baked, if desired, and will be practically indestructible.

After some practice on work of this kind, in higher or lower relief, the pupil may undertake foliage, although it is not essential to the study of modeling figures, and is really a very difficult branch of art—much more difficult than the lower forms of animal life. Copy from cast or carved leaves at first, gradually proceeding to drawings. Beware of making the leaves too thin. There is, to me, an incongruity in copying any thing that can not be copied as nearly as possible, and with clay it is impossible to simulate the thinness and transparency of flowers and foliage, so I would recommend going at once from the study of animal to human life. Begin in this branch with the hand or foot. Proceed deliberately, and measure accurately with rule and compass. The main point is to copy faithfully. When a half dozen or so hands and feet have been copied the pupil may try a bust in relief. This is easier than modeling in the round, as only half of the figure at most is presented, and models in plaster or metals are easily reproduced. The work must be kept wet until finished, which is accomplished by keeping it swathed in cloths sprinkled as occasion may require.

Some artists recommended building up the relief bit by it, but from experience I have found it more difficult than the scraping away process just described. Either method is good, and, although simple in itself, has important uses in the study of art aside from its own artistic merit. If one set out to be a sculptor the only effectual method of achieving a command of the art is to begin working on the round, leaving the study of relief to follow as a sequence, and which will be mere play in comparison; but relief work is not to be despised on that account. From high relief to the modeling of small statues the way is not difficult, and charming little ornaments in this line are often turned out from the hands of the tyro. It follows that tyros who are capable of producing pleasing objects have an eye for proportion not possessed by all. In this talent rests the main secret of success or failure, although much may be done by measurement and calculation. Indeed the most accomplished sculptor relies upon these methods of reproducing the model, but no amount of measurement and calculation can produce the exquisite qualities of light and shade found in fine sculpture. That is art.

It may be that after the amateur shall have modeled a fair bit in relief he will wish to reproduce it in plaster. This is a simple matter. We will suppose that the subject is a panel or a medallion. Build a wall of beeswax two or three inches high about its outer edge, or it may be fitted into a frame of paseboard of the exact size, and give the model a thorough oiling with a brush dipped in boiled linseed, oil. They mix plaster of paris with water to the consistency of thick cream, beating it free from lumps, and pour it upon the model until it shall be of the required thikness. Let it stand for ten minutes or so, when it will be hardened sufficiently to be separated from the clay, which may be done with a dull knife, first scraping the edge until the dividing line may be seen. In twenty-four hours the cast will be quite hard, and may be used in turn as a mold in which to produce a facsimile of the original, which is a repetition of the process just described. If the plaster has been mixed with milk and water, or if it be brushed over with a mixture of oil and wax, the surface will when dry take a good polish, and will after awhile acquire the appearance of old ivory. Another method is to keep the cast in an oven of about 300 degrees for forty-eight hours, and then to steep it in olive oil. Afterward immerse it in warm water and polish with whiting. The plaster for casts may be tinted any desired color by coloring the water with which it is mixed with soluble dyes. Gum arabic and alum mixed with the water will make the plaster as hard as the hardest wood, so that it may be used in ornamenting furniture. Gelatine is often used to make a mold to receive the plaster cast and takes a finer impression than the plaster, being smoother and softer. Stiff flour paste or the papier-mache used by stereotypers may also serve the purpose. The latter is often used by travelers to take impressions of bas- [illegible] easy to copy in any other way.

But aside from making casts of one's own work it may be desirable to copy bronze or marble medalions or panels. This may be done without injury to to the original by taking the impression in any of the materials mentioned, which serves as a mold into which to pour the plaster. A series of plaster panels over doors, or surmounting mantels, or bordering fire-places (as tiles are commonly used), will do much in the way of decoration, and the process is so easy, especially if bronze or other models be used, and the expense so trifling that amateurs will find in the work rare satisfaction.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"A Mare's Nest."

The term "a mare's nest," by the way, probably has no other history than is contained in a story current among the country people throughout the United States.

In the days when negro slaves were first imported into America, a young slave, who had in his short residence here never seen a pumpkin, but had picked up something of the language of the country, happened to see a mare lying down in the edge of a field by the side of a little heap of ripe yellow pumkins.

It occured to him that the pumpkins must be eggs that the animal had laid.

He looked in amazement for a moment, and then ran to his master as fast as his legs would carry him.

"Comee quick!" he exclaimed; "me find mare's nest—comee quick!"

The story of the comical "find" spread rapidly enough, and since that time any discovery which some person regards as very strange or important, but which other people are disposed to make light of, has been called a "mare's nest."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Artful Maiden.

About this time the pretty flirt
Thinks of the men she's jilted;
Her mind in fancy does revert
To flowers long since wilted.
Or thinks she'd like a diamond ring,
Or necklace made of corals;
And so 'tis policy to bring
An end to all her quarrels.
To all she's snubbed she's penitent—
To all she's very pleasant;
Apologies by scores are sent,
And each brings in a present.

—*The Rambler.*

Led About Like a Dog.

A man, apparently about 70 years of age, caused a ripple of excitement at the Union station. He was in charge of attendants, who were carrying him to the State Lunatic Asylum. He had a string tied to the lapel of his coat, and submitted to being led about. He did not show any signs of lunacy, except that he tried to bark like a dog. He imagined that he was a dog, his mental derangement taking this curious form.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Temporarily Insane.

A man down East says he doesn't see any particular fun in tobogganing. Since then the fact has been developed that he went tobogganing with his wife.—*Journal of Education.*

HARVARD'S NEW DEPARTURE.

A Course in Physical Training for Teachers To Be Given.

In addition so the summer course in chemistry and botany which are offered by Harvard college there will be given this summer for the first time in any college of the country a course in "physical training for teachers," writes a Boston correspondent of *The New York Times.* The importance of physical training is well recognized to-day by authorities of every college. There is scarcely an institution of learning in the land which does not have its gymnasium and its athletic field, but with all this there has always been one thing lacking, and that was competent instructors to prevent the students or pupils from injuring instead of benefiting themselves. Good athletes can easily be obtained. Good instructors can not, for a good instructor must combine the theory of physical training with its practice. To supply the demand for competent instructors in physical training, Harvard college will this summer open a summer course in this department of instruction. This action marks an important step in the rapid progress of physical training within the past few years as an adjunct to every college course. It shows the recognition for the first time of the fact that, as a university should offer instructions in physical as well as intellectual development, so, too, it should send out persons as well fitted to teach the science of physical training as to teach the science of mathematics or physics, or the language of the old Greeks and Romans. The demand which this summer course is expected to supply has been created largly by Dr. Sargent's system of examinations and exercises. This system, invented and perfected by Dr. D. A. Sargent, professor of physical training at Harvard and director of the Hemanway gymnasium, to which the name of the "Sargent system of physical training" has been given, has been adopted very generally by the different colleges of the country, among them being Harvard, Boston, Cornell, Lehigh, Johns Hopkins, Amherst, Bowdoin, Haverford, Pennsylvania, Wellesley, Vasar, Smith, Byrn Mawr, Swartamore, Tufts, Oberlin, and many others. It has been found difficult, however, to obtain competent instructors in the system to fill all these places. Though Dr. Sargent has conducted a winter course outside of the college, the number of his pupils has been small, as the persons who would naturally seek his instructions are otherwise engaged during the college year. A summer course, however, will enable instructors and teachers in other departments to prepare themselves as competent instructors in the department of physical training as well. The course will consist of lectures, examinations, and exercises. Much importance is attached to the theory of the training. Consequently the summer course is to be preceded and followed by a prescribed course of reading intended to cover the whole subject, both in theory and practice.

In addition to the facilities of the Hemanway gymnasium the students of the summer course will be allowed the free use of the college library, the museum of comparative zoology, the various athletic fields and tennis courts, and the accomodations of the boat-house on Charles river. Each person will receive a certificate, indicating the time spent at the school, the work done, and the nature of the service that each teacher is capable of rendering. The regular course for the coming Summer will begin July 6 and continue five weeks. The cost of instruction will be $50. Dr. Sargent will be at the head of the school and will be assisted by such instructors as circumstances may demand. Mr. L. H. Betts, Dr. Sargent's assistant, who comes from Betts academy, Stamford, Conn., will have immediate charge of the course, and all preliminary arrangements should be made through him by those desiring to enter. As the system has been adopted by so many female colleges, the course of instruction will be open to both sexes, and it is expected that a number of the gentler sex will avail themselves of this opportunity. In fact, it is the nearest approach to a coeducational basis that Harvard has yet reached. If the course proves successful it will be continued every summer regularly, just as the other summer courses, the success of which has justified the experiment.

Beyond.

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will sit by a bed with a marvelous face
And clasp a hand,
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep—
Darling, which one?

One of us, dear—
But one—
By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know
Darling, which one?

One of us, darling, it must be;
It may be you will slip from me;
Or perhaps my life may just be done,
Which one?

Perhaps They Were Right.

Maude—At Miss Doolittle's luncheon to-day the girls were all talking about your marriage, Mamie. They said your husband was old and decrepit, and that you had married him for his money.

Mamie—And what did you say Maude?

Maud—I said you did not do any such thing.

Mamie—Have you seen my husband, Maude?

Maude—No.

Mamie—I thought not.—*Tid-Bits.*

A Calf on the Track.

"I beg pardon," said the awkward youth, as he stepped on the hem of her flowing robe.

"Don't mention it," she replied sweetly. "All trains are occasionally stopped by cattle."—*Charlestown Enterprise.*

SOCIETY REPORTS.

How Information About Social Events Is Gathered In New York.

To a person who did not know how it was done it would be a surprise to see how "society news" is collected for the big newspapers, says a New York letter. It is the general impression that the society editor hunts up all this, but as a matter of fact he only puts it together. Of course no reporter is admitted to the private receptions, dinners and dances that are all the time going on along Fifth avenue. And the weddings and private parties are as select as possible. But every thing that is done and the dresses of all the ladies present is given in full in the morning papers. Before so much space was given to society matters the newspaper reports were meager, and it required no end of trouble to get at what little news could be obtained. If a great social event was coming off, the reporters interviewed milliners, dressmakers and hair-dressers in advance, and, when the reception was going on, industriously plied the coachman with questions, and worked themselves into the good graces of the butler and servant girls. But the times have changed, and the woman who fails to have her costume elaborately and correctly inventoried in the morning papers feels greatly slighted.

There is scarcely a society woman in New York who does not expect to be called on before a ball by a reporter, and who has not prepared a carefull description of her dress and diamonds. If the woman is not sufficiently prominent to be on the reporter's list, or there is any doubt of it, a note finds its way to the society editor with a full description of what she is to wear. Sometimes the note is accompanied by an invitation to call and view the costly silks and satins, and the hostess, if such she is to be, names an hour at which she will be pleased to see representatives of the press and furnish them with a list of the invited, and what will be done and who will serve the refreshments and give the music. It is in this way that the life of a society editor is made easy, and when he comes to make a resume of the week for the Sunday edition he finds that he has twice as much information about the leading ladies of the city and their doing as he can use. And people read [illegible] gatherings and elaborate wardrobes and wonder how so much knowledge is obtained.

Washington Ladies Who Use Tobacco.

It has been no secret that many ladies in society here of late years have smoked more or less cigarettes. This winter the practice of snuff-dipping has found great favor among the fair sex and many genteel and high-bred ladies in society have indulged in it. Each snuff-dipper has her bottle and swab-stick, from and by which she conveys the filthy dust to her lips. The article used for this repulsive purpose is the old-foshioned yellow Scotch snuff, of which four times as much is consumed in this way by the women of this metropolis as for the titillation of the olfactory organ by all the snuff-takers of both sexes. When this practice has once fastened upon a woman it is said that she rarely if ever is able to shake it off. Neither ruined health, self-respect, love for her husband, children or friends can give her sufficient resolution to abstain from "digging" or "dipping," as snuff-chewing is called.—*Albany Journal Correspondence.*

At the Texas University.

Professor—"Your composition, Mr. Anjerry, is simply disgraceful."

Anjerry—"What is there so disgraceful about it?"

"Your ignorance, sir. You state Hannibal and his army, in his invasion of Italy, passed through the St. Gothard Tunnel."

"How do you know, Professor, that he didn't go through the tunnel with his army? You were not there were you?"

"No, sir. I was not there, but I have sense enough to know that Hannibal could not have afforded to have bought tickets for all his army."

"Yes, Professor, but you forget that it happened before Regan's inter-state commerce bill became a law. There were free passes in those days."

"That's a fact young man I had forgotten all about that. I'll mark you as 'proficient' in ancient history.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Short Walk.

When an office starts out to hunt the man it does not have sufficient exercise to give it an appetite.—*San Francisco Alta.*

Movement of the Air.

The mean atmospheric pressure for the whole earth, as shown by the barometer, is found by Kleiber of St. Petersburg to be 29.91 inches. That for the northern hemisphere is 29.96 inches, and for the southern 29.87. The average northern excess is greatly increased in January, but becomes a deficiency in July, when the southern pressure is slightly the greater, a mass of air sufficient to give a pressure of nearly .24 over a hemisphere appearing to be periodically shifted from one side of the equator to the other by the changing seasons.