THE SOCIAL WORLD.

Some of the Late Happenings in Society Circles.

Engagement Announcements — The Bridges Wedding Anniversary—Clark Academy Fete—Parties to Take Place.

There was an unusually large representation of San Francisco people at the inaugural ball on Friday, which in many ways was the most brilliant State ball ever held in California. Of course, complaints have been heard, chiefly regarding the "supper crush," which was, no doubt, trying to the ladies and "ruination" to many an elaborate toilet, but the inconvenience was soon lost in the general satisfaction of participation in so proud an event. Society has paid its graceful tribute to Governor Markham in the midst of a lively season of pleasant dinner-parties and teas. From now on, until Lent, which begins on the 11th prox., we may look for many private entertainments. Among these not the least will be Mrs. Crocker's ball, and that to be given by Dr. and Mrs. Perrin next week. Club parties are slowly starting again, and the season is nearly ripe for wedding engagement announcements, in preparation for the Easter wedding season.

Cards have been issued by Mrs. Will Crocker for a ball, to take place on the 23d inst. The ball is to be given in honor of her sister, Miss Beth Sperry, who made her formal debut last Saturday week at a tea given at Mrs. Crocker's residence on California street.

During the inaugural festivities at Sacramento Mrs. Judge J. H. McKune honorably paid off a bet which she had lost to Mrs. Timothy Guy Phelps. Mrs. Phelps had wagered that Colonel Markham would be our Governor, while Mrs. McKune pinned her faith to Mr. Pond. The bet was a supper party, which duly took place on Thursday evening at the McKune residence on H street, covers being laid for ten. A delightfully merry time was passed over the table and later in the drawing-room.

It is reported that Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin will give a grand ball on the 22d inst. at the Pioneer Hall. Miss Addie Perrin, who has been East for some time, left Washington yesterday in company with Mrs. Junior McDonald, and will reach here the latter part of next week.

The consecration ceremonies at St. Mary's Cathedral yesterday, a full account of which will be found in another column, were largely attended by San Francisco's Four Hundred.

Mrs. A. N. Towne entertained a party of ladies at luncheon last Thursday in her apartments at the Palace Hotel. The table decorations were in exquisite taste, and an elaborate menu was prepared for the delectation of her guests.

The approaching visit of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the great African explorer, and his talented wife (nee Tennant) next March is already attracting considerable interest, and it is expected that they will receive many attentions at the hands of society. Mr. Stanley has already been tendered a banquet by one of the leading associations here.

The next party of the "Club of '90" will take place on Friday evening, February 6th, at the residence of the Misses McMillen, on the northwest corner of Ridley and Guerrero streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Caro will celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary on Wednesday, the 21st inst., by holding a reception from 2 to 10 o'clock at their residence, 613 Larkin street.

At a fancy-dress ball given by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Field Clark, at their handsome mansion on Drexel boulevard, Chicago, on New Year's night, Major and Mrs. Ben Truman and Miss Georgia Truman participated in the festivities.

A new club has been formed, to be called "Home Socials of '91." It is composed of six young ladies. They will give their first social Monday evening, the 26th inst.

Last Friday evening the Misses Smith of Oakland tendered a reception to the Misses Nelson of San Francisco at their home on Webster street. The evening was enjoyably spent in dancing and games, after which light refreshments were served.

Engagement Notes.

The engagement is announced of Miss Carrie Wagner, daughter of General Theodore Wagner of Orinda Park, near Martinez, Contra Costa County, and Mr. John H. Addicks, with Wells, Fargo & Co. of this city.

On February 15th will occur the wedding of Mr. Will H. Parry, the popular city editor of the Post-Intelligencer, and Miss Harriet N. Phelps of Seattle.

The engagement of Mr. A. P. Talbot, of the firm of Pope & Talbot, to Miss Alice Bolton of Providence, R. I., is announced.

The next wedding in Washington of interest to California will be that of Miss Florence Anderson, daughter of Admiral Divone, which will take place on Wednesday next. Miss Audenreid has many friends in San Francisco, and her father, the late Colonel Audenreid, is kindly remembered by many of our residents, he having paid this city a visit with General W. T. Sherman, whose aide he was, in 1870, when the party were very extensively entertained. The Count Divonne's three brothers have arrived in Washington to be present at the marriage, which has been a fascinating text in the fashionable and diplomatic circles of the capital.

The engagement is announced of Miss Miriam Kragen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Kragen, to Mr. Samuel W. Lasky. They will receive their friends next Sunday at 1510 Dolores street.

Mr. Wulfferdinger Jr. and Miss Etta Taylor of West Berkeley will be united in marriage shortly.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sadie Breslauer of this city to Mr. J. Mitchell, formerly of Denver. They were at home yesterday afternoon at 1048 Golden Gate avenue.

The engagement is announced of Miss Caroline Durbrion of this city to Mr. Alfred J. Holman of Seattle, managing editor of the Post-Intelligencer. The marriage will take place the latter part of this month.

The wedding of Miss Bessie W. Rosborough and Mr. Robert K. Gardiner, of Oakland, will take place at the residence of the bride's father, Judge A. M. Rosborough, Highland Park, next Thursday.

The Sharon Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon gave a dinner party last Tuesday evening at their suite of apartments at the Palace Hotel. Covers were laid for fourteen guests, and the table was beautifully decorated. The menu was elaborate in every respect, and several hours were occupied in its enjoyment. Vocal and instrumental music and conversation in the parlors after dinner completed the evening's enjoyment. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. John O. Reis, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Blanding, Mme. Crabbe, Miss Crabbe, Mr. J. D. Grant, Mr. Redrington, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis, Miss Newlands, Judge Ward Mc Allister and Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg.

The Coleman Lunch.

Mrs. William T. Coleman gave a most delightful lunch party last Wednesday in honor of Mrs. Fred W. Sharon at her residence on the corner of Pacific avenue and Fillmore street. Her guests were seated at three round tables, each of which was adorned by a candelabrum around which roses and fern were artistically arranged in tones that corresponded with the shades, which were of pink, yellow and green. Among those present were Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. Timothy Paige, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. John O'Neil Reis, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Ashe and others.

The Bridges Silver Wedding.

Colonel and Mrs. Lyman Bridges on Friday evening last at 2332 Pacific avenue received their relatives and a few friends, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

It proved a very enjoyable evening to all present. Rev. A. W. Runyon, pastor of the Hamilton-square Baptist Church, in a happy vein officiated, and after commenting upon the happy event, recited a poem appropriate to the occasion. The guests enjoyed good music, both instrumental and vocal, by Mrs. E. S. Osgood, Mrs. C. K. Orton and Mr. and Mrs. Dr. C. G. Toland, and the resources of the choice library with engravings and photographs of America and Europe provided other delightful entertainment.

Among those present were: Colonel and Mrs. Lyman Bridges, Colonel and Mrs. J. M. Griswold, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Orton, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Toland, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bridges, Mrs. C. Bruce Leach, Mr. and Mrs. James Dewing, Mrs. E. A. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Fiske, Mrs. S. E. Howe, Mrs. Edwin S. Osgood, Mr. and Mrs. John Moore, Rev. and Mrs. Arthur Runyon, Miss Edith Bridges, Captain A. J. Thell, Miss H. A. Keeler, Miss Alice Bruce, Mrs. William Larzelere.

Jonas Tin Wedding in Oakland.

The tin wedding of Mr. and Mrs. A. Jonas was held on Thursday evening at their home on Tenth street, Oakland. The elegant residence was gayly decorated with ferns, evergreens and flowers. At 6 o'clock the guests arrived, and were entertained at a magnificent banquet. During the feast Mr. Marcus Jonas wittily acted as toast-master. Master Irvine Jonas, Miss Gertrude and Miss Corona Jonas delighted the company with recitations during the evening, and received hearty applause.

At the banquet, amid the popping of champagne corks and the strains of music furnished by the Italian String Orchestra, complimentary toasts were given by the following gentlemen: Rev. I. Jonas, Mr. Hartman of San Francisco, Mr. J. Newman, Mr. W. Drossner, Mr. Marcus Levy of San Francisco, Mr. Alfred Dresner, Mr. D. Jonas of Santa Cruz, Mr. J. J. Jonas of San Bernardino, Mr. Leopold Jonas of New York, Mr. Marcus Jonas and Rev. M. S. Levy. Dancing was indulged in after the banquet, and was kept up till an early hour in the morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonas received many handsome and costly presents, among which was a piano from their brothers.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. I. Jonas, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Levy, Mrs. I. Simon, Rev. and Mrs. Levy, Misses Annie and Stella Hartman, Miss Jennie Dressner, Miss Minnie Jonas, Miss D. Jonas of Santa Cruz, Miss Alice Newman of Watsonville, Miss J. L. Jonas of San Bernardino, Rev. and Mrs. J. Jonas, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hartman, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. M. Jonas, Mr. and Mrs. J. Newman of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. M. Rosenberg of Nevada City, Mr. and Mrs. S. Goodman of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. L. Dressner, Mr. Saul Jonas of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Hartman, Mr. and Mrs. S. Schlauper, Mr. Leopold Jonas of New York, Mr. Louis Jonas of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jonas, Mr. A. M. Jackson, Mr. M. Heimann, Mr. Brock.

A Juvenile Dancing Entertainment.

The Art Academy of Mrs. Ada Clark was filled last Saturday evening with the happy parents and friends of the juvenile class, the occasion being the farewell of the old year and the welcome to the new.

The hall was elegantly trimmed with foliage, relieved with scarlet and orange draperies. The floor was canvassed with white and the children elegantly dressed in varied costumes, making the scene a pretty one long to be remembered by those present. The dancing was artistic in every respect and called forth the applause it deserved.

The festival opened with the Psyche of the evening, Miss Ida Marriott, in the "fling." The sailor hornpipe of little Miss Smith was marvelous, she well deserved the applause she received. The "Little Fishermen," by twenty of the smallest children, was finely done. The pas-seul by Miss Meyer was well executed. The "Love's Request" by Miss Lawson and the "Cachuca" by Miss Smith were probably the gems of the evening. The "Scarf," by eight young ladies, was much applauded.

The audience was delighted with the "Ballet of Angels," by twenty young misses. Miss McConshay, a little mite of 4 years, danced the "Irish Washerwoman," and created quite a furore among the audience, and well deserved the applause, as she danced to perfection. "The Lovers" of Miss Perry was very pretty. Miss Friedlander danced in "Silvyo" beautifully. Miss Sadie Quinn danced "Cracovienne" finely, while the "Cachuca" of Miss Davis was a poem. Miss Cochran danced "Robear" delightfully; "The Tyrolian," by Miss Smith, Miss Cochran and Master Ringrose was one of the gems of the evening; "The Hungarian," by Miss Lund and Master Heyer, was another of the exquisite dances of the evening; the double cachuca, by Miss Marsdon and Miss Perry, was very handsome; one of the handsomest dances of the evening was "La Belle Jardiniere," by Miss Bowlin; Master Hellen in the fling delighted his friends; a beautiful child looked like a fairy in the "Fairy Dance;" Miss Lawson and Master Ringrose, was applauded, and they deserved the compliment for rendering it so artistically; Miss Marriott, in "The Irishwoman," pleased all; Miss Marsdon, in "Robear," danced it very gracefully.

The impromptu of the evening was Miss Lund, a beautiful little miss of 8 years, who danced the Cracoviene, after which she stood while she was covered with flowers and presents from her many friends. Mrs. Clark then stepped forward and complimented her on the three years she had been a student in the academy, saying she was deserving of praise, and then presented a token of her love. She then in return thanked Mrs. Clark and presented her with a stand of flowers.

This little ceremony was followed by the "Leonles" by Miss Seaton, a beautiful dance; the "Farnborne," by Miss Davis; the "Love's Request," by Miss Lawson; the "Valserine," by Miss Freedlande and Miss Bowler. One of the dances of the evening deserves special mention, that of Master Heyerin the sailor's hornpipe.

The children were all costumed very elegantly, the rich colors of their dresses, their happy faces combining with the gayety of the occasion to make a fairy scene indeed.

The Polke Quadrille, the Berlin, the Republican, were danced during the evening, terminating with the country dance, after which refreshments were served, thus closing one of the prettiest festivals of the kind of the season of 1891.

Parties to Take Place.

What are enigmatically termed "Ladies' High Jinks, Mystic Degrees of Stanford High Rollers," will be given this evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

The next party of the "Sports," which is the fourth of the season, will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall Friday evening next. The march will begin promptly at 8:30. Full dress is required. Carriages may be ordered at 1. The committee is composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. J. P. Parker, J. G. McCarty, W. H. Haycock, F. A. Guiling, C. B. Sloan, F. H. Gummer, F. J. Baker, G. W. Lampman, F. M. Wheaton, W. H. Crocker, E. B. Allen, R. E. Snowgrass, W. Gregg, W. C. Heyer, R. H. Naunton, F. H. Heyer, W. C. Greer, D. J. Driscoll, W. L. Hughson, J. E. Mills.

California Guild, No. 1, Fraternal Guild, will give their New Year social and hop this evening at Union-square Hall.

"A Dream of Fairyland," the cantata which recently had such success in San Mateo, will be given at Immanuel Baptist Church, on Bartlett street, near Twenty-third, on Friday evening next.

Evans Council, No. 52, O. C. F., will hold a public installation party and hop at Washington Hall on Wednesday evening next.

Alta Lodge, No. 14, Legion of the West, will hold a public installation of officers at Shiels Building this evening, which will be followed by a grand party.

The Marine Engineers' Association, No. 35, of San Francisco, will hold their eighth anniversary ball and entertainment at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Thursday evening next.

Hesperian Parlor, No. 137, N. S. G. W., known as the "Young Giants of the Mission," will hold an open installation and entertainment at Mission Opera Hall on Thursday evening next.

National Parlor, No. 118, N. S. G. W., will hold its third anniversary party at Odd Fellows' Hall on Tuesday evening next.

The first annual ball of the Sewing-machine Agents' Protective Association will be held in Union-square Hall on Saturday evening next.

An entertainment and ball will be given by the Champion Social Club at St. George's Hall next Saturday evening.

The pupils of Anderson's Academy will receive their friends next Saturday evening at their hall, corner Seventeenth and Noe streets.

The Zig-Zag Club has issued most original invitations for its next party, which will take place at Mission Music Hall on Friday evening, the 23d inst. The invitations are printed on a long strip of heavy, ragged-edged paper, folded four times. On the outside is the name of the club, printed in raised zig-zag letters. On one of the inside leaves is printed the following:

Hip, hip, hurrah! Unfurl the flag
That bears the magic name "Zig-Zag."
Don't mind the weather; fun's the word;
But meet us January twenty-Third.

The Nyanza Club will give its twelfth hop at Mission Opera Hall on Friday evening, the 30th inst.

The Nydia Club will give their initial hop Tuesday evening, the 20th inst., at Odd Fellows' Hall. Entirely new features will be introduced by this club.

The Berlins have issued elegant invitations for their third hop, to take place at Union-square Hall on the 27th inst.

Loyola Assembly, No. 1, of the Young Men's Catholic Union, will hold its annual social at Odd Fellows' Hall, on Thursday evening, February 5th.

The Sheridan Dramatic Club will open the season 1891 with Frederick Warde's masterpiece, "Belphegor, the Mountebank," on an elaborate scale, Sunday evening, February 15th. M. Josephson has resumed management for the above club.

Borromean Council, No. 129, Y. M. I., heretofore Young Men's Institute No. 129, will give their second entertainment and ball at Mission Opera Hall, on Friday evening, January 23d.

Company A, First Infantry Regiment, N. G. C., Captain H. P. Busn commanding, will celebrate its twenty-first anniversary with a ball on Thursday evening, the 22d inst., at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Golden Gate Council, No. 34, Y. M. I., will celebrate their fourth anniversary by a party at Odd Fellows' Hall on Tuesday, the 27th inst.

Orinda Parlor, No. 56, N. D. G. W., will give its first entertainment and social at Union-square Hall on Thursday evening, January 29th.

Professors A. A. Sanders and A. M. Carrel will give a bon-bon party to their pupils and patrons at their new quarters, 310 O'Farrell street, on Saturday evening next.

The second party of the Coronados, which promises to be a very enjoyable affair, will take place at Union-square Hall on Wednesday evening, the 28th inst.

Society Personals.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dargie enjoyed the inaugural ceremonies at Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo were among the guests at the Capitol at the inaugural fete.

Miss Mary Carr, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Carr of this city, is visiting Miss Mildred Francis of Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll participated in the State ball on Friday.

Mr. W. B. Tubbs paid a few days' visit to his ranch near Calistoga last week.

Colonel C. F. Crocker attended the inaugural ball on Friday at Sacramento.

Miss Gates of Haywards and Miss Maud Badham have been visiting the Misses Wickersham of Petaluma.

Major Thomas Ward, Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed here from Vancouver Barracks on official business.

Mr. Philip Caduc and Miss Cora Caduc, went to Sacramento to attend the State ball.

Mrs. James Otis Jr., will soon leave to visit relatives in Santa Barbara.

Hon. L. B. Mizner sailed from Guatemala for home on Tuesday last.

Mrs. O. F. Willey will leave for England as soon as she receives a cablegram announcing the arrival there of her son, Mr. Frank D. Willey. Mr. and Mrs. Willey, who attended the State ball, are now at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout of Marysville attended the State ball in Sacramento on Friday.

Mrs. Bruce has gone to Benicia, where her daughter, Miss Kittie Bruce, is quite ill at the residence of Mrs. Captain Remington.

Mrs. J. J. O'Connell and Miss O'Connell, of Angel Island, are passing a month at the California.

Miss Hattie Godchaux, who has been visiting friends here, returned home to San Leandro last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Woodbury of Denver, Colo., are passing the winter at the California.

Miss Adelaide Upson and Mr. L. S. Upson attended the inaugural ball on Friday.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Geneva, Ohio, thinks it has the only horse in the world that can turn a complete somersault.

Mrs. Rathbone, daughter of A. B. Pullman of Chicago, has obtained a divorce from her husband.

C. F. Ruggles of Manistee, Mich., distributed 5000 pound packages of candy to the children of that section.

There are in use nearly 50,000 gas stoves which are let on hire by the gas companies who supply the British metropolis.

Australia has begun to send eggs to England. They must be at least six weeks old before they can be put on the market.

Berlin is the only city in Germany that has an excess of 1,000,000 population. Only twenty-six have over 100,000 inhabitants.

The Corean alphabet is phonetic, and so simple that any one can learn to read in a day. Nearly all the women in Corea can read.

There is said to be a strong sentiment in Arkansas against the convict lease system, and the Legislature will be asked to abolish it.

Cleveland owns more vessel tonnage than any other city in the United States. Among the lake ports Buffalo, Detroit, Port Huron, Milwaukee and Chicago follow in the order named.

There are only about twenty really great diamonds in the world. The most famous of them have come from Golconda and Brazil, but the largest are from the South African fields.

The new library of Congress will be even larger than the British Museum. Librarian Spofford proposes to move in within three years, although it will take five to complete the structure.

As a young woman was entering the Methodist Church, at Dover, N. H., on Sunday last, about 1200 pounds of snow fell from the roof upon her. She was taken home in a dazed condition.

Several ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South have been suspended by the Conferences for becoming candidates for political offices and leaving their churches to go on the stump.

Stamp-collecting and stamp-dealing is growing to such an extent that good stamp businesses in London now fetch very high prices, and an old established business has just been sold for no less than £13,500.

A Kansas man was injured in a railroad wreck at Breckinridge the other day, and he would not believe he was not killed until the other passengers dragged him to the mirror and made him look at a small wound on his head.

The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 600 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined to Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

The Directors of the English Great Western Railway intend to run an express train, constructed on the American system, as an experiment. It will consist entirely of long cars, having communication all through, from one end to the other.

One of the latest crazes in St. Louis is that of riding upon the electric cars to cure rheumatism, and numerous victims of the dreaded affliction, who have borne their sufferings in silence, are now eagerly seeking for information and testing the new cure.

A Grand Rapids man has a unique way of collecting a bill. A man owed him $4, and he called that man out of bed at 5 o'clock Wednesday morning and was still with him at midnight Thursday, having slept and eaten with the debtor. He says he will stick until that $4 is paid.

The new Morris Park Club-house, which is now being built for the New York Jockey Club, under the supervision of A. Huneker Morris, the son of the owner of the track, will have sixty-five rooms and cost over $300,000. A ball-room large enough for 500 people is a feature of the club-house.

A man named Simon has been arrested at the request of the Austrian Government at Leschnitz, Silesia, where he owned a handsome villa and lived in great style, his neighbors supposing him to be a wealthy speculator on the European Bourses. Evidence was secured which showed that he was the head of a secret robbery society, having agents in London, Berlin, Altona and Vienna.

A visitor in New Orleans says that there are three features of the life in the Creole City that are sure to impress the stranger forcibly. They are the cemeteries, which are veritable flower gardens; the language of the French residents, which is spoken everywhere and has the pure Parisian accent, and the fact that the negroes on the lower river still sing the old tuneful songs that were heard in slavery days.

The village of Little City, in the town of Haddam, Conn., has a fine school-house which has been without a pupil for two years. Time was when Little City had a prosperous school with thirty children, but now there is not a child in the small hamlet to educate. The cause is a general abandonment of the town by all the young men, who seek a better chance in the larger towns, while the women remain unmarried.

Another Russian officer is going to make long-distance experiments on a bicycle. This is Baron de Kellerkraus, staff Captain of the Kovne Artillery, who has already distinguished himself by a ride on horseback to Tobolsk. He is now waiting for the warmer weather, and will then travel from Warsaw by way of Vienna, Stuttgart, Paris, Lyons, to Cannes. Here he will take ship for Algiers, and thence continue his tour into Africa.

FULL-DRESS SUITS FOR HIRE, suitable for balls, parties, weddings or receptions, on reasonable terms, at Original Mistt Clothing Parlors, northwest corner Post and Dupont streets.

Officers Installed.

The following officers of Lincoln Council, No. 4, Order United American Mechanics, have been installed by L. A. Munger, D. N. C. and S. E. C. of District No. 2 of California: C. H. Holle, C.; Charles C. Robert, V. C.; L. A. Munger, R. S.; J. R. Goldsmith, F. S.; J. B. Robbins, I.; J. D. Ellis, E.; Frank Bray, T.; F. M. Thompson, I. P.; George H. Stevens, O. P.; J. B. Robbins, L. A. Munger, J. D. Ellis, Trustees.

The Fairy's Gift.

Three maidens sat one summer day,
Wishing the idle hours away.
"I am so plain!" sighed each in turn,
"Would I some fairy's haunt might learn!"

A fairy straight before them stood.
"Wish for some charm, and it 'tis good,
Grant it I will without delay—
Fine form, fine eyes, ask what you may."

The first asked for a stately form;
The next for eyes dark, deep and warm.
Transformed they stood before the third,
And smiled while waiting for her word.

That smile revealed their ugly teeth;
'Twas like a death's head in a wreath!
"My smile," the third exclaimed: "must be
The sweetest sight my love may see!"

"Give me fine teeth!" the fairy smiled.
"Thou hast well chosen, prudent child!
This SOZODONT accept—thy teeth
Shall be like pearls, bright lips beneath."

Gemmed With Pearls.

A mouth gemmed with pearls flashes radiance every time it opens. The contrast between the ruby of lovely lips and the pearly teeth they enclosed has winged the fancy of many a poet. SOZODONT, fair ones, is the thing that most contributes to adorn the feminine mouth. It is pure, it is aromatic, it retains the natural color of teeth incrusted with yellow tartar. No gritty or other objectionable ingredient contaminates it, its odor is balmy and its purifying operation horough.

PHILOMETRY.

"How much do you love me?" cried little Rose;
"As men their souls!" cry I.
"Your smile is my single lease of life;
Withhold it, and I die."

"Now, do you love me as I love you?"
But Rose makes no reply.
She nestles her bright head on my arm
And the silent hours steal by.

ERNEST L. CRANDALL, in Springfield Graphic.

A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

BY LILLIAN MAY LESLIE.

IT was a dingy, scantily furnished room in a second-class boarding-house, and as Max Rutherford glanced around a sense of disgust filled him.

"Will it be like this always?" he sighed. "Will I ever reach the goal? Here I am over head and heels in debt—wish some good fellow would advance me a few pounds until I finish this trief. If I could only win this case I believe I could see my way clear. However, I'll hope for the best." And he lit a cigar and prepared to enjoy it.

Max Rutherford was alone in this world, as far as near relatives were concerned, although he could count his friends by the score.

He was educated for the bar, but before that education was completed his father died, bequeathing his little fortune, a few thousands, to Max. As Max was an uncommonly generous fellow, as his friends were fond of saying, and being somewhat extravagant in his tastes and mode of living, he did not find it at all difficult to spend those few thousands in a very short time. And so, at the age of 25, we find him handsome, honest, good-hearted and bravely striving to reach the pedestal of his ambition, but poor.

"Now for the club-room. I don't want to stay here longer than necessary," and he picked up his hat.

The landlady met him at the door.

"A lady to see you, sir. She is in the parlor."

"A lady? All right; I will go down immediately."

At the parlor door, which was wide open, he suddenly stopped. There, sitting beside a table, back to him, was the slight, black-robed form of a woman. Her head was bowed low and her hands were tightly clasped. She looked the very picture of grief and despair.

As he crossed the threshold she arose, and with a quick, girlish grace moved toward him. Then Max saw that she was heavily veiled, and she made no movement to throw the veil back.

"You are Max Rutherford, are you not?" Max started as the low, musical tones fell on his ear.

"I beg that you will pardon me for this intrusion, but truly," and she took one more earnest, "I felt obliged to come, my trouble is so great. Nay, I was driven to it, but no one but yourself can aid me. Will you listen to my story?"

"Certainly. Pray be seated."

"I am Helen Castleton, and an orphan, and, doubtless, a stranger to you."

"You are. I have never had the pleasure of meeting you before," he answered.

"For ten years I have lived with my uncle, my father's brother. He is immensely wealthy. I am supposed to be his heiress. But my life for the past three years has been most unhappy. I am 21 years of age, and shall not be for a year to come, and my uncle is determined to persuade me to marry a man old enough to be my father. He, too, is worth his millions, and for that reason my uncle bids me marry him. This man always sees me wherever I go, professing to love me, but there professions fill my soul with disgust and fear. I hate him! I'll die before I consent to wed him!" and her voice trembled so that Max longed to snatch away that veil and gaze on the possessor of that pleading, tearful voice.

"I ran away from home two years ago," she continued, "but my uncle sent the one who claims to be my lover found and brought me home. Home! ah heaven! what a home! All the home I have had since I was a child; yet it is little better than a prison. I have never had any girl acquaintances. He would not allow me to see any one excepting his own friends, and they were old money-seeking men. I disliked them all.

"To-morrow morning my uncle says I must marry this man—that I shall be forced to do it. I cannot! oh, I cannot! Heaven let me die first!" And with a piteous movement she held her hands out to Max.

He clasped them in his, and as he did so a pitying, yearning tenderness filled his heart for this veiled stranger.

"Tell me how I can help you," he murmured.

"You can help me, and you only!"

"How?"

"Max Rutherford, will you—marry me?" Then, as if deeply ashamed, she turned from him, clasping her hand over her eyes.

As for Max, if a bomb-shell had exploded at his feet he could not have felt more astonished or bewildered, but before he could articulate a word she turned to him again.

"Listen, please. I have seen you day after day as you passed my uncle's house. You looked so honest and kind that somehow I felt that you could and would help me. Am I right or wrong? You are only a struggling lawyer."

He smiled bitterly at that.

"I have many thousands in my own right. My father willed them to me. They cannot touch that. I have drawn it all. Here it is," and she laid a roll of bank bills on the table beside him. "I ask you to accept it. It may help you. You wonder why I do not take it and flee. I do not because my uncle and that man would follow me, even to the end of the world, so it would be utterly useless. I have turned to the only refuge left me. I have crushed my pride and begged you to marry me. I was spurred on by my uncle's last threat. I realize what I have done only too well—realize that I have abased my womanhood by coming to you, a total stranger, to ask you to wed me, but then completely exhausted, she turned to the table and bowed her head on it, and sobs, deep and bitter, convulsed her form.

Max hesitated, but for only a moment, then laid his hand on her head.

"I will do as you ask; but I cannot accept your money. No, keep it. But why do you not allow me to see your face?"

She lifted her head and eagerly clasped his hand.

"You must accept the money," she said; "and I do not remove my veil, because it is best for you never to see my face. I was unwomanly, unkind enough to ask you to marry me, but I cannot and I will not ask you to link your life with mine, except in name. No, we will part at the church door; then if we should meet in the far future, you will not recognize the face of your wife."

"I shall never forget your voice!" he exclaimed, half passionately.

"Life will not be very much changed to you, unless—you love another. Tell me, do you? It is not too late. Better—far better that I should wed the other rather than tear you from your love."

"No I have no love," and his quick, frank answer reassured her. "I am perfectly free and my own master, therefore I am yours, because you wish it."

"Thank you," she said, simply but earnestly. "Then follow me now, for to-morrow will be too late."

He did as she bade him.

There was a closed carriage at the door, and as Max stepped inside he heard her order the driver to proceed to St. George's parsonage.

"If you are willing," she said to Max in an humble tone, "we will have Rev. James marry us. You will ask him to follow us to the church."

Then, as if it had suddenly dawned on her that she was asking this man to give up much for her sake, she clasped her hands appealingly.

"Oh, how you must hate me!" she cried. "Truly, I am frightened now at the step I have taken! Shall we turn back—shall I marry the other?"

"Never! You shall marry me. You wish it, and—yes—I wish it also."

He could not see the glad light that flashed into her eyes.

They soon reached the parsonage, and a few minutes later were on their way to the church, accompanied by the pastor—a kind, benevolent looking gentleman, who gazed in silent wonder at the veiled girl.

It was over at last. Max took his mother's wedding ring off his own finger and placed it on Helen's, and thus the bonds were sealed. Helen Castleton and Max Rutherford were husband and wife.

At the altar, as they were turning to go down the aisle, Max bent low, and, whispering, said:

"My wife, will you not allow me to see your face? Once—just once."

Without a word she tore the veil from her face, flung off the long black cape that encircled her form, then, throwing back her head with a proud, graceful movement, she faced him.

Max gave a faint cry of astonishment when he saw the glorious face that was revealed to him—a sorrowful face, as white as marble, large, dark, plaintive eyes that looked at him frankly yet pleadingly — eyes that thrilled him through and through. It was a face that Max Rutherford never could forget.

He made a movement as if to clasp her in his arms, but she started back, and, with a frightened cry, snatched up her cape, then turned and fled down the long aisle, and before Max could realize it she was driven away.

Nothing was left now for him to do but to return to his boarding-place.

Three years have passed, and Max Rutherford has reached the goal at last. He has made for himself a name and has attained a position to be proud of. He won not only that one case, but many more. His briefs were concise yet eloquent, sharp yet truthful and powerful, and success crowned these fearless, untiring efforts.

London society now greets him with extended arms, yet he turns away and shuns all such advances.

He is not happy or even satisfied—there is something wanting. He yearns with all his soul to make one other plea—longs to win one other case, and then he will rest content.

He has never seen or heard one word from his wife since that strange marriage occurred. His search for her has been untiring, but fruitless.

Not a penny of her money did he touch, but carefully treasured it, hoping to be able to restore it to her ere long.

One day he was called to the bedside of a dying man, who wished to make his will. As Max entered the room the attendants were sent out.

It was not an ill-looking face that Max gazed on, but it was aged by suffering, and there was a haunted expression in the eyes painful to see.

"Before the will is drawn up," he said, "I wish to make a confession. You have a good face, and I have heard of your merited success as a barrister. Perhaps you can help me."

"I will endeavor to do so."

"Three years ago my niece, Helen Castleton, was living with me. She was a good girl and I did not appreciate her. I tried to persuade her to marry a man old enough to be her father, but a man worth even more than I am, and I can count my wealth by the millions. She refused to marry him. At last I said she should be forced to it. I remember that she replied that she would sooner die. And that night she fled. We found her the next morning, just outside of London. She proudly held up a folded certificate, saying that we were too late, that she was already married. Then I—wicked sinner that I was and am—I cursed her, adding that I never wished to see her ungrateful face again, and I never have. May heaven forgive. I would give much now to see her once more—little Helen, my dead sister's child!" and his eyes glistened with tears. He continued more slowly.

"I wish you to search for her. Find her, and I leave the sum of $10,000 to you. The remainder is Helen's; if she be dead I bequeath it to her husband and her heirs. I wish to sign a will to that effect. Make haste! Send for the housekeeper to witness. Quick! I cannot live much longer." And the dying man gasped for breath.

The will was drawn and witnessed.

"You will search for her?" he pleaded.

"Yes, and heaven helping me I will find her"; and Max turned away, struggling to master himself. As he did so the door opened and a woman's form flew to the bedside.

"Uncle!" she cried; "they told me you were dying. Uncle! Uncle! do not die without taking back that terrible curse—for mother's sake bless your niece!"

"Helen, thank God! I bless you—forgive your uncle. Pray—for—pardon!" and with that last word his soul passed away.

For a moment longer she knelt there in silent prayer, then pressing a kiss on the closed lips she arose, and turning noticed Max for the first time.

He stood there with outstretched arms.

"Helen, my wife, come to me!"

With a pitiful cry she tottered toward him, and he folded her in his arms, pressing warm, passionate kisses on her face.

"Let me go, Max!" she pleaded. "You shame me! Think what I did—!—

"I do. You asked me to marry you, my precious life, now I ask you to strive to love your husband. My wife, I love you! I have loved you from the moment you unveiled your face to me."

"Max! You cannot mean it! Don't, for you torture me!" and she strove in vain to free herself.

"Listen," she said. "After I left you, traveled as companion to a lady. Lately I heard that my uncle was dying, and that curse troubled me so that I returned to London, just in time to receive his blessing. I was hoping that I would not meet you, because you wish it."

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Church Choirs.

It has become quite customary for our churches to put a gallery for our choir either behind the minister or beside the minister. The people want to see the singers; they want to face the music. I do not like the custom. These last months I have been sitting in the pews and have faced the music. I have thus added evidence, drawn from observation, to my theories, that music should be heard and not seen; it should appeal to the ear and not to the eye. The sense of worship in song through the agency of the ear is marred by the distractions which the eye brings. The organist, jumping about on his seat, pawing the pedals, pulling the stops, the size of the soprano's mouth, eccentricities of dress and de