A FATAL WEDDING.

By Lottie Braham.

CHAPTER X.

"Good morning, Mrs. Evans. How is my patient this morning? What kind of a night has he had?"

"A quiet night, sir, for aught I can tell to the contrary," answered the pretty dark-eyed Welshwoman who had come to the door of her little semi-detached villa to answer Dr. Foote's knock. "But he is the patientest creature I ever saw," she went on, as the young surgeon entered; "he never complains."

"And yet he must be in great pain," the doctor said thoughtfully. "He is alone, I suppose, and in bed?"

"In bed! Bless you, no, sir!" she replied, vehemently. "He got up as usual this morning, and Evans helped him to dress. He wanted to go to the theater, if you'll believe me, sir; and I doubt we should not have prevented him, but that he was that faint that he could not really walk across the room."

"They must do without him at the theater," the doctor said, decisively. "He will not be fit to act for some days. I shall have to frighten him into obedience, I foresee," and he went quietly up the staircase and knocked at a door on the first floor.

As he did so, the sound of voices within ceased suddenly, some one said, "Come in!" and, when the surgeon entered, he found two men in the little sitting room, one standing by the table in the center of the room, the other leaning back wearily in a great armchair, carrying his right arm in a sling. He rose on the doctor's entrance, and greeted him with a smile and his outstretched left hand, for which he apologized with a significant glance at his right.

"Is this the way you obey me?" the young surgeon began, his keen perception telling him plainly that the two men had been discussing some exciting and disagreeable topic before his entrance. "I ordered you to remain in bed and keep perfectly quiet."

"If I had remained in bed, I could not have kept quiet," Mark Robson replied, smiling. "I am much more comfortable up, doctor. Let me introduce Mr. Walter Bryant to you, Dr. Foote, his name is perhaps familiar to you."

The doctor bowed civilly but coldly. He had been playing at Stourton; but he was not prepossessed in his favor. Mr. Bryant acknowledged the introduction in a somewhat sullen and indifferent manner, and took up his hat from the table near which he stood.

"I'll look in again presently," he said, with a nod. "We must settle that matter, Robson—and the sooner the better."

"I don't quite see what there is to settle; it concerns neither you nor me," Mr. Robson returned quietly; but Dr. Foote noticed how the pulse under his fingers quickened and saw the little frown of pain which crossed the actor's face.

"I must exercise my professional authority," he said firmly, turning to Mr. Bryant, "and insist that you defer any business, pleasant or the reverse, until my patient is more fitted for it. My professional reputation is at stake," he added, with a smile, "and an obscure medico like myself dares not risk it, you know."

Mr. Bryant looked annoyed, but bowed carelessly and left the room. As the door closed upon him, Mark Robson gave a sigh of relief; and the surgeon smiled as he relinquished his patient's hand. "I wish I had insisted on taking you home with me," he said kindly. "I am sure my sister and I would have kept you quieter than you can be here. You are more feverish this morning than I expected to find you."

And then very gently and skillfully, he tended the actor's wounded arm and shoulder, dressing it tenderly with deft fingers; and his eyes brightened as he saw the expression of relief which appeared in the dark, grave eyes of the injured man, whom he had never seen before the previous day, but in whom he had taken a strange interest—an interest quite apart from the gallant deed that had made them acquainted with each other.

"Is that better—easier?" he asked, as Robson sank back on the cushions of his chair with a long-drawn sigh of relief.

"Much better, much easier, doctor," the actor answered cordially. "Thank you, doctor. When shall I be able to go out?"

"That will depend in a great measure on yourself," Dr. Foote replied. "If you keep very quiet, you may be able to get about in a week."

"In a week?"

"Yes, in a week. You look and speak as if you were rather disappointed; but I assure you you may consider yourself fortunate if I allow you out then."

"But it is impossible," Robson exclaimed in some agitation. "I cannot possibly ——"

"It will be impossible if you agitate yourself so much," interrupted the surgeon. "The week will grow into a fortnight."

"Are you speaking seriously, doctor?"

"Most seriously," was the prompt answer. "Your hurt is, although not dangerous, a serious one, and you must be careful, or I will not answer for the consequences."

The doctor lingered a little longer, staying against his better judgment, for his patient seemed languid and weary. But it was a great temptation to Ernest Foote to have a quiet chat with a man so cultured and intellectual as Mark Robson. He had a singular charm of manner also, being graceful and dignified, yet cordial. This was very fascinating to the young surgeon, who, well-born and cultured himself, had suffered not a little from the want of congenial society in the busy manufacturing town. Their conversation somehow drifted to Lord Elsdale's niece and heiress, Miss Hatton, and the doctor stated that there was a rumor that she was engaged to young Lord Keith.

On his way out Dr. Foote saw Mrs. Evans, and impressed upon her that every care should be taken to keep his patient undisturbed, that no visitor likely to disturb or annoy him should be admitted; and the little Welshwoman, having promised obedience, returned to her work of cooking her husband's dinner, leaving the duties of concierge to her small maid-of-all-work.

In the sitting room Mark Robson had dropped his head upon his hand and sat motionless where the surgeon had left him; but, quiet as he seemed, his thoughts were busy—busy with the past, the present and the future.

After a while he raised his head, and, rising languidly, began to walk with uneven steps up and down the room. Weak though he was, the fever and distress of his mind would not let him rest; the old wound so roughly torn open was bleeding afresh, as if it had been inflicted on the previous day, instead of years before.

He knew that, when he gave the child whom he had loved and succored to the uncle who had claimed her, he had given her up forever; that, great as was his love for her, he could be nothing to her in the new life to which she went; that between an actor, even were he great in his profession, and Lord Elsdale's niece, yawned a wide gulf which nothing could bridge over. He knew that, however sincere her affection might be for him, new ties would win her from her allegiance to him, and that, although he had been much to her in the past, he could be nothing in the future.

It seemed to him, as he paced with faltering and uneven steps up and down the little room, that in those minutes he became an old man—a man in whom all hope of happiness was dead, all love of life was extinct.

"Well, it is better so!" he murmured after a while, as he went back again to the armchair and sank down upon it, with a great sadness in his face, a great weariness in his gray eyes. "He is worthy, and they will be happy; and—and I am content."

A soft knock at his door made him raise his head with a start, and his muttered "Come in!" had a touch of impatience in it. At first it seemed unheeded; then the door opened softly, and the girl of whom he had been thinking entered the room.

Closing the door after her, she came forward to where he sat still and motionless, wondering dimly whether this was a waking dream, an apparition conjured up by the fever caused by the pain of his wounds and the excitement of his restless night.

When half-way across the room, she hesitated, trembling somewhat, and very pale. He looked at her in silence, without a word of recognition or greeting. There reigned a stillness so profound that the girl's hurried breathing was distinctly audible—a silence which he would not, and could not, break.

CHAPTER XI.

"Do you not know me?"

The words, spoken half incredulously in Barbara's sweet, tremulous voice, broke suddenly upon the silence; and Mark Robson started to his feet, recalled by their sound to the reality of the moment. But even then he made no movement toward her, but stood with his uninjured hand upon the table, looking at her with a strange expression of mingled gladness and pain.

"Do you not know me?" the girl repeated. "Oh, Mark, have you forgotten Barbara?"

"Forgotten!"

There was something in his voice as he uttered the one word which brought the color to her face, and her eyes sank beneath his gaze.

"How could I tell," he asked, quietly, "how I was to greet you? The last time we met it was you who did not know me. I waited now to know whether, as was natural, you had not forgotten me."

"How could I forget you?" she asked unsteadily. "But I have been forbidden; and you bade me be obedient."

"And you have remembered my bidding," he said. "That is well; but how is it that, remembering it, you are here?"

"Because I could not rest without knowing," she returned hurriedly. "I heard of your heroism, and I——"

"My heroism!" he echoed, with a low, gentle, mirthless laugh. "Have the papers been exaggerating, as usual? There was no heroism—no need for your solicitude, although"—his voice softened—"I am grateful to you for it."

Barbara drew back a little, keenly hurt. It had been so difficult for her to come; she risked her uncle's anger, Lord Keith's displeasure; she had stooped to deception to explain her visit to Stourton; she had seen something like suspicion in Blanche Herrick's glance at her when she had laughingly declined her company for a drive; she had suffered so much anxiety during a long sleepless night that she felt a sense of injury and was almost angry with him for his cold reception of her.

"But you were hurt," she said, hurriedly; "you are suffering much. You look ill—you are so changed!"

"Am I? The passage of years changes every one. Time has changed even you," he returned.

"Am I changed?" she queried, a faint blush tingling her cheeks.

"So changed that, if I had passed you unrecognized, it would have been but natural.

"But you suffer," she murmured, tremulously; "you were hurt. The papers said nothing about that, and——"

"My hurt is slight; it is not worth mentioning. Does Lord Elsdale know that you are here?"

A gleam of terror flashed into her eyes.

"No—oh, no! He would not have allowed me to come, and I knew it was useless to ask his permission."

"Then you have come secretly?"

"Yes—I was obliged to do so; and——"

"I did not think you would stoop to deception."

She flushed deeply, then grew very pale. Deceit was not unknown to her in her new life; but, remembering the high sense of truth and honor which had always guided him, she felt shamed that he should know of her untruthfulness.

"I must not detain you," he went on quietly. "Your visit here, without the earl's knowledge and sanction, is an imprudence of which I had not supposed you could be guilty. I am not unmindful of the kind thought which prompted it; but I cannot encourage you to deceive your uncle."

With a passionate gesture of offense, she moved from him; then almost immediately her old reverence for him came back to her. She turned to him again, her eyes bright with tears.

"Oh, Mark—oh, Mark, forgive me!" she cried passionately.

"There can be no such word between us, Barbara," he said, with quivering lips, calm as his voice sounded. "You passed out of my life entirely when you left me, and I was content to have it so, since it was best for you. I would not willingly have crossed your path again, and but for this accident I should not have seen you now. I am sorry, though I think I am glad that you remembered me kindly and retained sufficient interest in your old friend to come to me—just once."

As he held her hand in his, his eyes rested on her with the look of love and tenderness which had never left them. Hers sank before it; she felt herself so false to him, so unworthy of his esteem and regard.

"Tell me of yourself," she went on softly. "Have you been well? Are you suffering much now, Mark? Were you much hurt? It was so terrible to think of your danger."

"Was it? No, I am not much hurt; and there is nothing to tell you, Barbara. I have been well, and——"

"And Mrs. Clavering—she is living still? And she is well? Dear Goody!"

"Very well."

"I am glad of that. Where does she live now?"

"At Rose Cottage," he replied, musingly, as he looked down on the tear-stained face which was eagerly turned toward him in her fast-awakening interest in her old life.

"At Rose Cottage still?"

"Yes, still. She is keeping a home for me there, if at any time I should be unable to work."

Barbara's eyes met his for a moment; she knew well enough what his words meant, how he concealed his own generosity under a fancied obligation to another.

"Tell me of yourself, Barbara," he continued. "You are happy in your new life?"

"Yes, I think so—very happy."

"Lord Elsdale is kind to you?"

"Very kind, Mark. He loves me very much, I am sure; he tells me often that I am his sunshine."

"That is well," Mark observed. "But I have heard it whispered, Barbara, that he will soon lose his sunshine."

The girl's agitated face flushed like the heart of a rose. Mark's lips trembled a little with a slight spasm of pain.

"Is it so, dear?" he asked, watching her with keen, earnest, tender scrutiny.

Barbara's head drooped until it rested on the arm of his chair.

"Yes," she replied softly; and there was a long silence between them.

"You love him, Barbara?" the young man asked presently, in a low voice, which he vainly endeavored to steady.

"Yes," the girl whispered again; and Mark Robson's left hand closed tightly over the arm of his chair.

Again there was silence. Mark made an effort to speak, but his voice failed him—the words he would have uttered died away on his lips. Barbara waited; then she raised her head.

"He is so good to me," she said, tremulously, her face beautiful in its tenderness. "He knows all, and he still loves me."

Mark Robson started, looking at her with eager, questioning eyes.

"All? What do you mean, Barbara?" he asked. "What is there to know?"

"About my mother being only an actress, you know," she answered. "I thought at first he would mind, because he is so proud and his name is so stainless; but Uncle Norman told him everything, and it has made no difference to him. He says that nothing could come between us."

"Nothing?" Mark repeated, smiling faintly. "That is as it should be, Barbara. I am glad he loves you so well."

"If I had dared, I would have asked him to come with me to-day," she continued, eagerly, "but I was afraid he would have tried to prevent my coming, and——"

She broke off suddenly as the clock in the neighboring church tower struck twelve, and hastily drew her furs about her.

"I must go," she exclaimed, nervously; "it is so late; yet——"

He looked so worn, so haggard, as his tired eyes rested upon her, that the girl felt that it was impossible to leave him thus.

"Can I indeed do nothing for you?" she inquired, going to his side. "You are suffering greatly, I can see. Mark, I cannot leave you like this."

He roused himself with an effort, smiling at her with pale, quivering lips.

"There is nothing you can do for me, Barbara," he replied, as cheerfully as he could, though he was faint and exhausted with pain. "And you must not come again, dear!"

"Ah, do not say so!" she cried, hastily. "I will tell Uncle Norman, he is not ungenerous, and——"

A flush rose in his pale face.

"Barbara, I can accept nothing from Lord Elsdale," he interrupted, in a tone, the intense quietness of which showed how deeply in earnest he was. "And, if you have retained any of your old regard for me, you will show it by not mentioning my name to him. Our lives are parted completely, utterly; let it be so. I am willing, and you are so also. The only service you can render me is to keep silence."

She strove to speak; but no words came. When they had last parted, she had clung to him with tears, and his quivering lips had touched her brow. The remembrance of that parting was with them both now when her hand lay passive in his.

"Be very happy, my Barbara!" he said softly, gently loosing her hand; and, moving toward the door, he opened it for her.

She lingered a moment, looking up at him with great wistful eyes shining through her tears; then, without a word, she passed out of the room and went hurriedly down stairs. Midway on the narrow staircase a man met her, and stood aside to allow her to pass. Barbara inclined her head slightly in recognition of the courtesy, but did not look at him as she went by, while he, with an eager light in his eyes, looked keenly at her, hesitated for a second, then followed her downstairs, hastening after her to the hall door.

"Will you allow me to call your carriage?" he said in a pleasant, refined tone; and Barbara, with a little start, glanced at him, and then swiftly averted her face.

"I ask you—there is no need," she answered, with so rapid an assumption of her usual languid manner that it deceived even the man to whom she spoke; and, passing him with a barely perceptible inclination of the head, she walked swiftly away.

He, standing in the doorway where she had left him, looked after her with an evil light in his eyes, and smiled complacently as he turned back into the house.

"Another winning card!" he muttered to himself coolly. "Very soon I think the game will be in my own hands!"

(To be continued.)

The Elephant in a Bog.

The sagacity of elephants when bogged in swamps is truly admirable. The cylindrical form of an elephant's leg—which is nearly of equal thickness—causes the animal to sink very deep in heavy ground, especially in the muddy banks of small rivers. When thus situated the animal will endeavor to lie on one side, so as to avoid sinking deeper; and, for this purpose, will avail himself of every means to obtain relief. In order that he may extricate himself, he is liberally supplied with straw, boughs, grass, etc.; these materials he forces down with his trunk, till they are lodged under his forefeet in sufficient quantity to resist his pressure. Having thus formed a good basis for exertion, the sagacious animal next proceeds to thrust other bundles under his belly, and as far back under his flanks as he can reach; when such a basis is formed, as may be, in his mind, proper to proceed upon, he throws his whole weight forward, and gets his hind feet gradually upon the straw, etc. Being once confirmed on a solid footing, he will next place the succeeding bundles before him, pressing them well with his trunk, so as to form a causeway by which to reach firm ground. The instinct of the animal, and probably the experience of past danger, actuates him not to bear any weight definitely, until, by trial both with his trunk and with the next foot that is to be planted, he has completely satisfied himself of the firmness of the ground he is to tread upon. The caution with which this, and every part of his conduct of these occasions is marked, shows how forcibly Nature has impressed him with a sense of his own weight.

Ants that Have Slaves of Their Own.

Many specimens of ants are incapable of managing their own nests or of rearing their young, and these, in consequence, impress into their service the workers of other species of ants, and leave all the rough work to their captives, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Periodically the master ants set off on a slave-hunting expedition. They find out the nest of a special ant, whose aid they need; they raid it, and, overcoming its defenders, enter, and bear off triumphantly the pupae.

These are carried to the masters' nest, where they are speedily hatched, and toil industriously for their masters. So lazy and dependent upon their willing slaves do the master ants become, that, at length, they are unable to feed themselves. Food has been placed before these lords of the ant creation, and they would not even take the trouble to eat. Then slave ants were introduced; they tidied up the place and fed their masters.

The ants have some method of knowing members of their own tribe; if an ant is put into a strange colony, it is instantly killed as an intruder; while if one is taken from its home and restored to it after a long lapse of time, it is immediately welcomed and recognized. Sir John Lubbock took twelve ants, six from each of two different colonies, and made them drunk; then they were all put back into one of the colonies. The ants carried away their companions, and took care of them until they recovered, while the foreigners were dropped into the water.

A Costly Autograph.

At the charitable sale held in Paris, Baron Rothschild stoped at a stall conducted by "Gyp," and the fair litterateur addressed him with the usual request to buy something.

"What am I to buy?" said the Baron. "You have nothing at all suitable for me. But I have an idea. I should like to have your autograph; sell me that."

Taking a sheet of paper, the lady wrote upon it, "Received from Baron Rothschild the sum of 1,000f, for the benefit of the charity.—Gyp."

Baron Rothschild read it, thanked her, and handing her a note for the amount named, went away delighted with the lady's ingenuity.—Spare Moments.

£ $ D. of the National Gallery.

The value of the national gallery pictures and building is about a million and a quarter sterling. The national gallery was founded in 1824, with a collection of thirty-eight pictures; it now contains about 1,200 pictures, which have cost roundly £1,000,000. The gallery was finished in 1838, at a cost of £100,000. It was altered and enlarged in 1869, and additions were made in 1876, the new portion costing £83,000. A further enlargement cost £66,000.—Durham Observer.

Why They Wanted a Drink.

Five men on an Atlantic liner were thirsty. They ambled up to the bar. One wanted a drink because he was sick; another wanted a drink because he was sleepy; another wanted one because he couldn't sleep; another could not eat unless he had an appetizer. Finally, an old soak demanded a drink because he liked it.

Easily Explained.

"Yes, she's a trained nurse."

"What's that?"

"Stupid. She nurses 'em on the train."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Do people kick harder because of too much rain than they kick because of too much dry weather?

DOINGS OF WOMEN

WHY OUR WOMEN WED ABROAD.

MANY persons find it difficult to understand the preference of woman for exalted stations, but they forget altogether the horizon which a title opens to her. There are, in most cases, the great estate to preside over, the house to rule—houses which are often centuries old, and therefore rich in those traditions and old customs which no new country can know. Then there is the political life to which titles entitle a man, and with that life there is the coming in contact with many minds, with the possibility of being herself a power among them. Scoffers are apt to say that beauty or a fat bank account is accountable for all the brilliant marriages which our women make, and the fact is altogether ignored that a certain qualification, if not exactly necessary, is at least a frequent factor in them. Take, for instance, the case of Miss Leiter, now the wife of the Viceroy of India, with a position to hold in the English-speaking world which, only Queen Victoria herself can rival. Few of our American girls have studied so hard, or received so careful an education. She has been cultivated in all the graces of mind and body, equipped, in other words, for any role she might be called upon to fill.—Harper's Bazar.

Miss Lindblom's Ambition.

A woman, a young and pretty woman, with a cluster of light curls on each temple, presented an application for membership in the Chicago Board of Trade. While the innovation is startling and, so far as known, without precedent, no technical obstacle

MISS LENOR LINDBLOM.

could be found to keep her out of the ranks of the bulls and bears. Miss Lenor Lindblom is the eldest daughter of Robert Lindblom, and for three years she has been an active partner in the commission firm of Robert Lindblom & Co. The latter fact makes membership in the board necessary to her.

Too Much Furniture.

There are many girls whose married life is one long study of the science of economy, with its various branches of "ways and means." There is not the study of economy in money matters alone, but there are also the economy of labor, the economy of time and the economy of health to be considered. When we start housekeeping and begin to buy the necessary furniture we women, one and all, have the same intense desire to make our homes as beautiful and pleasant to look upon as it lies in our power to do, says the Philadelphia Press.

Unless one can afford to keep plenty of domestics it is well to avoid furniture that has much carving upon it. Simple decorative designs have a better "bred" air about them, and, what is more important, are much easier to make clean and keep so. It does not follow by any means that furniture must be costly to be beautiful, but it is well when purchasing to remember that it is not only the amount of money paid that constitutes "saving." Therefore one must exercise the greatest discretion. Crowding rooms with furniture is not only a sign of bad taste, but it is positively unhealthy.

Why We Throw Shoes After a Bride.

The custom of throwing old shoes and rice came from the Eastern nations, and was originally intended as a sign of relinquishment by the relatives of their authority over the bride. An old Jewish custom provided that a brother of a childless man had the first privilege of marrying the widow, and until her brother-in-law refused her she could not marry again. Another authority maintains that the throwing of the shoe was a sham assault on the groom, who was supposed to be carrying off the bride.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Luck Offering.

Prospective brides and grooms will welcome the announcement that the traditional shower of rice is no longer considered good form by fashionable folk. Rose leaves are used instead. If any color scheme is carried out in the decorations of the wedding, the same color is used in the shower of leaves. Just as the bride and groom leave the house a tiny basket filled with fresh leaves is handed to each member of the immediate bridal party, who throw them over the happy couple.

Women as Collectors.

About thirty years ago there was tried an experiment which proved that women could collect rents without injury to themselves and with benefit to those with whom they were thrown. To-day women rent collectors are not curiosities, they are acknowledged workers in a legitimate field. If a collector is fair-minded—and she must be to secure success—she should endeavor to secure promptness in payment and an equal promptness in repairs. In cases of friction between landlord and tenants a lack of care in keeping promises is largely to blame. The law of courtesy has been violated and hostility is the result. To keep faith with a kind landlord the average tenant will go to great lengths. The unusual tenant cannot be relied upon for anything.

Walk in the Sunshine.

When the work of the busy woman will permit her to travel her two miles in the sunshine she should surely make the most of such a priceless advantage, for beneficial as the breathing of plenty of oxygen and the regular exercise of muscle are at any time, sunshine is a tonic for mind, heart and body, which no woman, sick or well, can afford to despise.

The busy woman of household cares can plan to take her morning tramp when she is out marketing for the day. She should never delude herself, moreover, with the idea that shopping, dragging about from store to store, carrying parcels and breathing the impure air of the average shop is "getting exercise." It is only the full, free swing out of doors, in the pure air, that will take her home with red cheeks and bright eyes.

School girls should give an hour each day to brisk walking, which will prove far more valuable in after life than the usual assortment of half-learned accomplishments.

Daytime Rest.

All women who can spare an hour in the afternoon to themselves should cast off all cares and enjoy a complete relaxation, resting an entire hour previous to dressing. Working women should make some sacrifice to obtain a regular rest at midday, if only for a few minutes. A ten minutes' nap directly after dinner will be of more value than an hour's sleep at night.

After the habit of the daytime nap is once established, the moment she lies down she will easily fall asleep, and such is the control of the mind over the body that if she looks at a watch or clock and firmly determines to awake at a certain hour she is quite sure to find herself wide awake at that time.

Cause and Cure of Insomnia

Unless our sleep be very profound, we still carry on a sort of self-consciousness. We lie down, and we muscularly hold ourselves in any position assumed. We do not abandon our head to the pillow, our limbs to the bed. We hold them there. We must unhinge, as it were, so that head or any member would drop limp if the rest of the body were lifted. Imagine them heavy, and dropping down, down, and you will soon acquire the trick, finding, as a reward, that in the grateful release from muscular tension the mind relaxes as well.—Woman's Home Companion.

Umbrellas.

Umbrellas should always be set to dry, open, with handle on floor. If allowed to dry shut up the moisture stands so long at the top it rots the silk and rusts the wires. Do not keep an umbrella in its case or rolled when in the house, as the silk, thus tightly creased, soon cuts into holes. In rolling up an umbrella for its case grasp the ends of the frame rods tightly with one hand near the handle and roll from the opposite end with the other hand; unless the frame is thus held in place, it is twisted and loosened in the rolling process.

Married Men's Watches.

The Newburgh (N. Y.) News says that a local jeweler has invested in a stock of "married men's watches." The peculiarity of these watches lies in the fact that they are furnished with an alarm attachment which a man's wife can set at the exact hour when she wishes him to start for home. The alarm going off at that time will remind him that his wife expects him.

Feminine Personals.

Miss Virginia Evans, daughter of "Fighting Bob" Evans, will make her bow to society during the present Washington official season.

Among saleswomen of New York Mrs. Richard Croker enjoys the reputation of being the kindest and most considerate shopper in the city.

Mrs McKinley's health has greatly improved since she went to Washington. In the last two years she has gained twenty pounds in weight.

The first woman has just received her degree of doctor from the University of Berlin. She is Miss Elsa Neumann, and gained it "cum laude."

It may safely be said that the youngest law student in the University of New York is Mrs. Franceska Haidee, who is 17 years old, but has graduated from a college at Berlin, been married a year, and taken a trip around the world

Miss Sallie Faulkner, daughter of Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia, recently paid a visit to her brother, a lieutenant in the army, now stationed in Wyoming. While there she rode a broncho which only one man at the fort could master.