



#### Flower Weddings.

"Flower-name weddings" the fashionable in Europe just now. At one recent, where the bride's name was Violet, the bridesmaids wore Parma violet-colored satin dresses, with velvet capes of darker shade and hats to match. They carried bouquets of Panama violets.

#### Plans of Mrs. Sartoris.

Her youngest daughter having crossed the line into the domain of matrimony, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris purposes to spend her winters hereafter in Washington. Miss Rosemary Sartoris, who was married recently to Mr. Woolston, of England, had been her mother's close companion. She spent little time abroad, contrary to the custom of her sister, now Mrs. Frederic Roosevelt Scovel. Mrs. Woolston is not as brilliant as her sister, but she has admirable home qualities. Mrs. Sartoris, who is almost an invalid, will live in an apartment house, and if her health permits, she will make a short visit to Florida to see the bridal couple in March. President Grant's daughter is still devoting much of her time to editing her mother's memoirs and the letters written by her father to members of his family in their absence from home.—The New York Press.

#### When to Give Her Hand.

There are few people who have not suffered at one time or another by the offhand manner in which they were introduced to others. This kind of introduction is likely to embarrass some people, just as the careful and gracious introduction is one of the essentials in putting strangers at ease.

In introducing people, the greatest care should be taken to pronounce both names distinctly. If one name has escaped the introducer's memory it is safest and best to excuse oneself and ask for the forgotten name.

The most delicate sensibilities should not be wounded by such a slip of memory, for who is there who has not at some time or another quite forgotten a well-known name? says Woman's Life.

The debatable question as to whether a woman should shake hands with a man who is being presented to her has been solved by making it only obligatory for the woman to offer her hand to the man when the occasion is informal and the man is being introduced to one person at a time. When he is meeting a group of people, it makes it embarrassing and awkward to shake hands with all.

#### Lawns and Furs.

It blows hot or blows cold for women these days, in accordance with the size of their pocketbooks, and perhaps with deference to the atmosphere of the particular cities in which they live. Take Washington as the example. One day last week, in an avenue of the capital, Mrs. Victor Metcalf, wife of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, walked along with Miss Chabot of Oakland, both garbed in embroidered white linen, with lace and frills. They wore white felt hats, with black and apple-green ostrich plumes. But in the same avenue at the same time was Mrs. Hope Slater of Boston, whose summer meanderings had included Russia and the North Cape. She had bought a great, loose saffron coat, lined with the palest of blue and reaching below the knees. She had donned her costly garment, for it is conceded November is the month in which to appear in new furs, and she knew her business if the weather man did not know his. On the same promenade girls in organdy, with the lightest of silk wraps, linked arms with girls in new seal jackets. A foreigner said: "Washington women dress in their newest and most striking possessions, utterly regardless of climate condition."—New York Press.

#### Portia's Legal Wisdom.

Professor F. Edge Kavanagh, of the Municipal Civil Service Board, was able to tell the members of the Portia Club at their meeting, recently in New York City, something many of them did not know about the heroine of Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," from whom the organization takes its name.

"The character of Portia has been criticised," said Professor Kavanagh, substantially, "on the ground that it would have been impossible for a woman of her class at that period and in that place to have displayed her knowledge. They forgot that Venice was at the time the city of greatest culture in Italy, and that it was by no means contrary to the spirit of Italian life that a great lady should know something of the law."

"Owing to the Italian customs of primogeniture, by which titles, and real and other estate descended to the daughters of a noble house, as well as to the sons, it was usual to give these girls very much the same training in legal matters that the boys received. Italian mediaeval history is full of instances of women who were called on to administer and execute large affairs."

When the palace schools developed into the universities, the policy of giving girls the benefits of higher education was continued and enlarged. It is quite in accordance with Italian precedent that at the present we find

the University of Bologna not only opening its courses to women, but giving them a chance at the highest honors, and allowing them to lecture."

#### Now it's Rust Color.

For tailor-mades, and, indeed, for many other sartorial purposes, a color which lends itself admirably to the requirements of the season is "rust." In cloth and velvet it presents a warm, rich effect, is newer than green and gray (of which we shall have a suref as the winter advances) and is less aggressively noticeable than claret.

White cloth, ecru guipure, or velvets of a darker shade, not to speak of the innumerable fancy galons and embroidery so lavishly used just now, would easily and effectively trim a gown of that particular color.

I saw a chic, though unpretentious, little costume in "rust" cloth, which embodied the very newest ideas in coats.

It took the form of a loose jacket, trimmed with silk braid of exactly the same color as the cloth, worn open and not reaching lower than the hips, but slightly indicating the waist by means of a leather belt caught at intervals under the pleats of the jacket. The skirt was of walking length, with some lozenge designs of silk braid above the hem, while the chemise-like worn under the coat was of Cluny lace, the small, tight-fitting waistcoat—more like a high belt—being of velvet, and somewhat darker than the rest of the costume.

A characteristic of these new belts, worn over redingotes or jackets, is that they are all adjusted loosely, the slenderness of the waist being merely suggested, and the belt in no case fitting tightly to the figure.—Philadelphia Record.

#### Perfumes of Queens.

During her recent visit to Paris Margherita, the Queen Dowager of Italy, made extensive purchases of perfumes, and the papers reveal that her favorite essence is violet. This has brought out a discussion of the perfumes used by the queens of Europe.

It is alleged that the Czarina spends in Paris no less than 50,000 francs annually on perfumes, creams, soaps and toilet waters. Violet is her favorite also, and large quantities of it are put up in flasks especially for her.

She is so fond of perfumes in general, however, that her rooms are daily sprinkled with essences of elder, jasmine, narcissus or tuberoses. Sometimes the atmosphere is so charged with scent as to be almost intolerable to other people entering the apartments.

For the preparation of the Czarina's toilet waters violets are especially plucked between 5 and 7 o'clock in the evening, because in her opinion that is the hour when the plants give forth the most exquisite odors.

Queen Alexandra of England is addicted to the ess-bouquet, the formula for which as used by the English royal family is said to be a secret handed down from father to son since 1820. The components are said to be musk, ambergris, rosewater, violet, jasmine, orange flower and lavender.

Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands has a less complicated taste. Eau de cologne is good enough for her. She uses half a liter a day of it. She uses considerable fancy soap, toilet creams and powder. She takes a warm bath of seven minutes duration daily, followed by a cold douche. She is very proud of her beautiful complexion and takes every pains to keep it unimpaired.—New York Sun.

#### Fashion Notes.

Very luxurious are some of the new fur and down filled waistcoats worn under cloth coats.

A beautiful broad black ribbon, huge bunches of red roses like a round bouquet all down the center.

There are some girls who are better suited by a plain line at the neck rather than frills and furbelows.

For dusty roads, cloth coats lined with fur are liked better by experienced autoists than coats that have the fur outside.

Tiny boleros that accompany many handsome black gowns for social functions this winter are made bright with jet paillettes and spangles.

Chinchilla is one of the most popular of furs, and its combination with pink or blue cloth in evening wraps is one of the triumphs of the season.

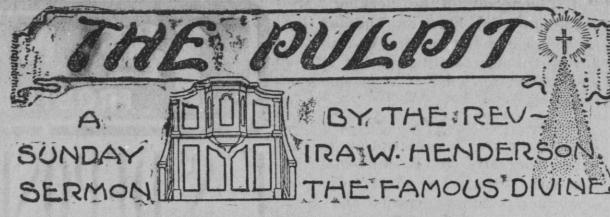
Bordered materials are having quite a vogue, the lovely printed chiffons showing pompadour designs having the greatest following up to this time.

Leather belts have suede-covered or brass buckles, the latter smooth and shiny or elaborately ornate according to the individual choice of the wearer.

Plaid hose seem to take better among the men than among women, and orders are hard to fill in the men's department while the demand is comparatively slight at the women's hose counter.

Red cloth coats are always popular for boys and girls, the usual trimming of white pearl buttons being varied this year by making them of black velvet. A smart touch is given some of these bright coats for small folk by heavy white lace laid over the black velvet collar.

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#### Theme: Jesus Christ; an Estimate.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Preaching at the Irving Square Presbyterian Church on the theme, "Jesus Christ; an Estimate," the Rev. Ira Wemmel Henderson, pastor, took as his text St. John 1:14: "And the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

The history of many lands and of many people through two thousand years is the record of the influence and the inspiration of Jesus Christ.

Upon the story of the world none has

made a deeper impress, none has

marked a richer shade. Born in a manger,

His early acts almost unknown,

a mere pitance of His royal wealth, a mind of divinity of soul

reserved to us to this day,

and that piety a storehouse of wisdom and eternal life—the character and the claims of Christ stand forth pre-eminent and predominant before the world.

Through every epoch and in every age the might and majesty of His life have been a force for uplift among nations, and a factor in righteousness in individual lives.

Listening to the admonitions of the Saviour, rulers have learned the way to reign.

Attending to the advice of the Master,

many a sin-seared soul has entered into Heaven's haven and found safety in a sure salvation.

Laying His hand upon womanhood, Christ

worn under the coat was of Cluny lace,

the small, tight-fitting waistcoat—more

like a high belt—being of velvet, and

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costume.

A characteristic of these new belts,

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that they are all adjusted loosely,

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merely suggested, and the belt in no

case fitting tightly to the figure.—Philadelphia Record.

#### THE HIGHER BURGLAR.

Artistic Professionals Who are Known in France as Boucarnieds.

The British burglar is disgusting to encounter owing to his want of artistic training; he is what his cultivated French confrere would call an "escraper," a "steep," one in fact who has tumbled headlong into his calling.

True "grinches," or "toughs," are at present, it seems, only produced in Paris, where the "Academie de la Pegre" has been founded during recent years.

The "pegre"—a word of uncertain derivation, used to designate the whole community of amalgamated burglars—is distinguished into the "Haute Pegre" and the "Basse Pegre." One who takes a low view of his profession will never rise above the ranks of the "low company." He will find himself either a "venternier," a "monte en l'air," a "fric-frac" specialist, or a "caroublieur."

The "venternier," or "window-man,"

operates from the roofs of houses, obtain entrance through skylights and trapdoors.

The "monte en l'air," or staircase man, slips up the servants' staircase as far as the attic, where he participates in the cook's and housemaid's economies. The "fric-frac" operator and the "caroublieur" both engage in the unexpected opening of doors.

The true artist is formed chiefly by the "Ecole Mutuelle," as it is called—that is to say, the police court—where he is an assiduous visitor, noting the reports of experts, correct methods of work, the little eccentricities of clients and the hiding-places where they ordinarily stow away their money.

Midway between the "low" and the "high" company are the "bonjourniers," or "good-morning men," and the "jocandiers," or "paying-guests." The lower ranks of the "good-morning men" address their courteous salutation to the cooks and housemaids, obtain entrance to kitchens and sculleries as "the milkman," or "the baker," or "the man who has come to look after the stove," and seldom leave the premises unrewarded for their courtesy.

The better "bonjourniers" call upon doctors, dentists, lawyers and clergymen for consultations; they usually leave immediately on securing their object. The "paying guests" haunt lodgings and boarding houses, pay down a week's lodging in advance, and never return from their first promenade on which they always take with them a well-stuffed leather bag.

The "high company" of burglars are known in France as the "boucarniers." They employ the services of the "bonjourniers" and "jocandiers" as scouts, and only appear upon the field themselves when a great coup is to be effected. They undertake the removal of whole suits of furniture, pictures, &c., in appropriate vans, and even of heavy safes. In their service are whole armies of auxiliaries, "placers," or shop men, who coax information out of servants, "fourgats," or receivers, with whom they deposit their acquisitions in safety, and lastly "nourrisseurs" (grub-stakers).—London Saturday Review.

#### A Discredited Prophet.

There had been years when Obed Small had given the town the benefit of his weather predictions; the former resident of Bushy remembered those years, and was not prepared to say, to see the thing through to the finish. The Christ was true to His promises, even unto an ignominious end. He walked without swerving. Hearing the call of the dying world, He saw and conquered Calvary.

The Christ was a man of courage. He was a man of heart. Courage is heartiness. To be hearty is to be full of heart. He did not shrink from danger. Without a sign of fear or fright, our Lord defied the very prince of the powers of darkness. Gallantly, bravely, nobly He cleansed His Father's house. How mighty He inveighed against the powers of evil. He inveighed against the powers of Palestine we may all attest. The Christ was not weak hearted. Having a work to do He did it with a will. Conscious of the odds against Him, He had no fear.

Out in the open, despised, forsaken even by His friends, trusting only in the power of the truth, He battled ever on for human liberty. Bearing upon His broken body the sins of an evil world, He was yet courageous. He had always heart. The Christ was

the Christ was a man of determination. He was a man of resolution.

Having determined His sphere and His call in life, He was resolved to fill it.

To be determined is to be ready to go to all lengths—that is to say, to see the thing through to the finish.

The Christ was true to His promises, even unto an ignominious end. He walked without swerving. Hearing the call of the dying world, He saw and conquered Calvary.

The Christ was a sturdy man. He had power of resistance, and He could not less well force the fight.

Born with antipathy to evil, He stood against sin firmly. Seeing the inhumanity of mankind to man, He forced the issue, and He fled, with burning words, the evil of His day. Strong as the oak He stood against the storm. Keen as the tempered blade He smote His adversaries. Were they wary He was more. Were they subtle He was surewre. Did they snare, He did but tangle all of them in the meshes of their selected net. When they were most cautious than did the Christ confound them.

They smote Him and He did not flee. They showed him Caesar's image, but He was not caught. They predicted marriage in the heavenly country and He pointed their mistake. They asked sign and got not one.

But sturdy and stalwart and strong of purpose and of will, as the Master was, He was yet the soul of sympathy.

Hating iniquity and scorning evil, He had yet a healing hand for men. Disdaining sin, His heart held pity for the sinner. Crucified by wickedness, He could yet pray mercy for His persecutors.

His was the sympathy that cured. His was the tenderness that touched. Filled with divine compassion, He knew the sufferings of human souls, and He preferred healing and a rich release.

"Men, like nails, lose their usefulness when they lose their direction and begin to bend," runs a piece of sterling wisdom. The Saviour had His bearings, and He kept the goal in sight. For Him the straight way was the surest, and He walked the middle of the path of duty. The offer of a whole world's wealth could not swerve Him from His course.

"Get thee behind Me, devil," was the motto of His life as He dealt with sin. His fidelity should be the fashion of our faith. His directness should insure our zeal. His sympathy should sustain our love toward man and for God. His stalwart energy and sturdiness of soul should be our pattern. Our lives should radiate His light. Our spirits should suffice His way and the life.

What Titian and Corot and Turner did for art; what Bach and Beethoven and Mendelssohn did for music; what Tennyson and all the lyric host have done for the conservation and the culture of the minds of men, that, and infinitely more, can Jesus do toward the saving of a soul. Sturdy and stalwart and strong He stands to-day the Saviour of the race, the incarnation of the Word. His actions are an open book, and he who runs may read. His words are mighty unto life that is eternal, and he who hears and feeds may live. The imitation of His character is the calling of the Christian. The re-presenting of His strength, His power, purity and love, is the sign of Christly grace.

Have you much or none?

#### Certain to Attract Him.

"I am almost certain Pierpont Morgan will buy this book."

"Fine piece of work, is it?"

"Yes, but it isn't that. Every sheet of paper in it has a different watermark."—Cleveland Press.

#### KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS