

are nearly as transient as the changing hour, now high, now low, now crimped, now straight, now rolls, now plaits. Also the connoisseur of the art will study the face of the lady on whom she is to perform, and dress the hair to some extent as becomes it, for like everything else, what suits one looks hideous on another. For those who have the "art" thereof, it is a pleasant and genteel employment, not needing any great amount of brain-power, but neatness and knack.

LADY BURTON's energetic attempt to promote the cause of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in Trieste seems, according to a letter of hers lately published, to have but partially succeeded, although it is not a thing of yesterday, but the persistent effort of many years. Her complaint that "horses are condemned to draw impossible loads," reminds me of a sight which I witnessed in and near Naples, not merely once or twice—viz., from fifteen to twenty persons riding on one cart (not including babies), drawn usually by a small pony, or oftener still a diminutive donkey. Certainly it was a laughable spectacle, in spite of the donkey's side of the question. They were clustered together like bees in a hive, mother and babe seated on an inch—literally, not figuratively—of room, whilst dangling legs hid from view the very wheels. Generally in the seat of honour sat a fat smiling priest, adding his substantial weight to the already overcrowded vehicle, which, frail and ramshackle to a degree, looked as though it must break up, or down rather, before the end of the trip. Pity the sorrows of the poor quadruped!

ISABELLA BURTON, the wife of the famous traveller and author, Sir Richard Burton, is a clever linguist and an able writer, well known in literary circles. She is the daughter of the late Mr. Arundell, of Montagu Square. Tall, with reddish-yellow hair, worn in a fringe, she does not look as though she "went in" for "les belles lettres"; yet she has nevertheless written several books which show erudition as well as ability. She is devoted to animals, especially to the feline race.

THIS distinguished *littérateur* would make a good trio with Mr. Harrison (whose new book on cats is creating some stir) and Miss Swift, a bright little Irish lady, a connection of the Dean's, who has started a home (which I hear has stained glass windows) in Dublin for stray cats. Were the cats asked their opinion first? I trow not, for had that been the case, surely there would have been a chorus of negative "mious" and a show of paws against the motion, for the majority of

pussies, like many wiser and better, enjoy wasting their time looking out of the window. Surely, too, to behold a red, blue, or green landscape must upset a cat's idea of physical geography. Let us hope, however, for the sake of common sense, that these windows are only "glacier" after all.

INDIAN ladies are coming to the front. Miss Ahilyabai Gunputiao Jayakee has obtained a first grade arts certificate at Bombay by passing a very difficult examination; Miss Nolini Bomeyie, who matriculated at the London University, is now a student at Girton College; while Miss Sorambajee has left beautiful Poona to pursue her studies beneath the shade of the historic buildings of old Oxford town; and Rumakbai, of newspaper renown, has lately come to England to complete her education.

BUT one of the most famous of our Indian Sisters is Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, the author of "The High Caste Hindu Woman," a pathetic and most interesting book of which more than ten thousand copies have been already circulated. Pretty Ramabai, with her bright eyes and sunny smile and quick intelligence, is as sweet and noble a woman as any one can desire to see. She proves to men ocularly how grand a being the now down-trodden Eastern wife and mother can become, for this able young Brahmin widow is a living example—a living prophecy, too, I trust. Good wishes to her, and all blessing on the home she has only this year opened in Bombay for the high caste Indian widow, than whom there is no more pitiful being on the face of the earth.

ON the Continent, and especially in America, the chemist shop has been invaded by the fair. Lately a large new druggist establishment has been opened at Warsaw, in which all the employées are women. Whether the customers are permitted to be only of the same gentle sex I cannot say. Russian chemists (female) are under severe restrictions, and are not allowed to study abroad, for one of them once mixed politics in her drugs. I query whether the young lady chemist includes the art of dentistry in her curriculum; but after all, why not? Does it not need small delicate fingers and that heart of steel with which gentlemen so often credit us?

THOSE of my readers who can read German will be interested in an article in the current number of the *Frauenberuf* upon how carpet-weaving can be made easy and also remunerative. We shall now be able to make our carpets at home, and the fair bride will, maybe, present her "hubby" on the wedding morn with one for the

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