

# After Dinner Gossip.

## An Expensive Bow-wow.

A striking illustration of how money is lavished upon pets of the wealthy is the story of Bobs, a terrier, the death of which has brought distress to its mistress, a New York lady. While, of course, the owners of such dogs keep no record of their cost of maintenance, the expense in many cases equals that of providing for a child in the family. While it would be difficult to estimate the cost of Bobs' wardrobe, perhaps £30 would be a safe estimate, as the prices for the coats and blankets ranged from £2 to £3, and for shoes from £1 to £1 10s. Here are some of the garments: Twenty blankets, ranging from thin linen, summer weight, to heavy fur-trimmed ones. (Stable furs were provided to match the mistress' driving furs.) Several rain-coats, waterproof and very long; a long net-coat as a protection from flies in summer; a gossamer coat, a velvet coat trimmed with gold braid, and a special little dress suit, very artistically made, worn in the evenings for the amusement of friends. Most of the coats are satin-lined and have gold buttons. A large number of shoes, some of kid, cloth or leather, and some rubber storm shoes. A special ventilated leather bag in which Bob travelled. Here is Bob's menu: For breakfast, one-half pound best porter-house steak. For luncheon, custard pudding. For dinner, one-half pound roast beef, ice cream, one glass of champagne, wafers. Medical attendance amounted to from £4 to £6, as each visit cost 8s, and a visit was made quarterly to attend to Bobs' teeth. Besides keeping Bobs' teeth free from tartar, the doctor kept Bobs' nails cut and was on hand whenever medical care was needed. Including cost of the basket, doctor, and undertaker charges, it is estimated that Bobs' funeral cost at least £20.

## Is Switzerland to Lose Its Glaciers.

Is Switzerland destined to lose its glaciers? The question is raised by some startling statistics published by an eminent naturalist of the country. He notes, in particular, that the Arolla glacier, which in 1886 could be reached from the hotel in five and twenty minutes, is now a good hour and a quarter's walk from it. The difference is too great to be accounted for by any suggestion that the Professor's limbs have lost their elasticity since his last visit to the neighbourhood; and the shrinkage, which can be paralleled by many examples from other parts of Switzerland, is clearly proceeding at a rate which, if continued, will entirely alter the aspect of Swiss scenery in the course of a couple of generations. Whether it will so continue is, however, another question. For some mysterious reason, as yet unknown to science, the Swiss glaciers have always had their cycles of growth and decay. In the eighteenth century they advanced, slowly overwhelming all the houses and other buildings in their track. But, in spite of the alarm that was felt, the advance was only temporary, and it seems only reasonable to expect that the present period of retreat will terminate long before the hills are stripped of their icy covering.

## Not Always Good.

Oh, for Chinese servants! sigh worthy people of both sexes in this country when the third cook this year gives warning within the month. But even Chinese servants are not undiluted blessings.

In Shanghai the other day an enterprising Celestial cook, when his master was away up country, converted, or perverted, as you will, the kitchen into a gambling hell.

He was doing a thriving trade when an inquisitive policeman stepped down the area.

## Are Diamonds Going Out?

According to an expert writer in the "Petit Bleu," the heyday of diamonds has gone, at least on the Continent. Diamonds are succumbing to three kinds of evolution:—

(1) The evolution of moral taste. It is now considered bad form for ladies and gentlemen to advertise their wealth by a display of diamonds.

(2) A scientific evolution. Thanks to these diamonds are so wonderfully well counterfeited that they are no longer the sign of wealth. The larger and the more numerous the diamonds the more they are suspected of being false.

(3) The evolution of artistic taste. The diamond admits of hardly any variation in shape or composition.

The great Continental artists of to-day in the jewellery line use gold, silver, even copper or iron, and produce with them little marvels of art, in which the diamond hardly ever enters, unless in a very minute and accessory way, in order to "animate" the whole.

## A New Attraction.

A man who had been hired to write a circus announcement suddenly found himself at a loss for a fresh adjective.

"See here," he said to his employer, "I don't know what to say about this panther. Have you got a thesaurus?"

The manager of the circus looked at him with suspicion.

"No, sir, I have not," he said, "and I don't think I shall do anything about getting one this year. I never heard of Barnum's having one, either, and he had a good show. Where are they raised anyhow, I would like to know?"

## From Life.

Trim ankles, a gleam of colour, a whiff of white rose—and the blase loungers on the Stock Exchange steps straightened themselves and looked after the vision.

"Pretty little dilly."

"Cosily," added another.

"Worth it!" continued a third, and then they relapsed into a lounge again.

The man on the second step observed to the man on the first: "Queer! Never thought that little beggar would turn up. I had a wild time with her in Sydney," he added. "Heavens, what a devil she was to go!"

"Indeed," murmured the man on the first step, indifferently; and, thereby encouraged, the second man reminisced:

Husband left her—she left husband—or something. Anyhow, she was on her own, and deuced fetching she looked. Husband must have been a brute, I fancy. Took her to Sydney, and didn't she make the money fly! I've met some, but never her equal; and she'd smile prettily and purr like a kitten when she got the cash, and the cunning of the little beggar was that she didn't scratch when refused. She had dozens of soft tricks that brought the money all right in the end. Consequently she got me into the habit of ruining myself as fast as I could—and still she purred. Got scared at last—wasn't tired of her, but couldn't run it. Sold out of boulders on a rise, too. Then I bolted! But she was a fascinating little devil," he added. "Say, you've got heaps of boodle, old chap. Would you like an introduction? I can manage it."

"Thanks, but I already know the lady."

"The deuce, you do! Oh, of course, you quiet beggars—"

"The lady is my wife."

"Good God! Oh, I say, old man, I'm awfully sorry!—didn't dream—"

"Don't apologise," murmured the man on the first step; "it's really quite unnecessary. Glad you had

such a good time, I assure you." Then, tired with his long speech, he lounged back against the pillar. The second step man went on, confusedly, apologising—then angrily kicked a dog on the first step out of his way, and walked off. But the first step man strode after him, flouted him, struck him across the face.

"Damn you! How dare you kick my dog!"

## Too Cautious.

"I have the greatest confidence in Dr. Slocum as a physician," said one of the doctor's patients. "He never gives an opinion till he has waited and weighed a case and looked at it from every side."

"Um-m!" said the sceptical friend. "That's all right if you don't carry it too far. There have been times, you know, when he's been so cautious that his diagnosis has come near getting mixed up with the post-mortem."

## His "Gorge."

Not only is slang a menace to him who would speak good English, says a New England minister, but a knowledge of it prepares many pitfalls for the feet of the unwisely wise.

He tells, as a case in point, of a conversation he overheard between his son, aged twelve, and his daughter, aged sixteen. The family had spent the autumn in the West Coast of New Zealand, and the two young people were exchanging reminiscences.

"O Fred," said the girl, with clasped hands, "do you remember that gorge in the Baller?"

"Remember it! I should think I did!" said the boy, with enthusiasm. "You mean the day we got there? It seemed to me it was the best dinner I ever ate in my life. I was so hungry!"

## Humour the Peacemaker.

If the old-time duels were always disgraceful and sometimes fatal, they had the merit, like all other human things full of human error, of being fruitful in good jokes. Michael MacDonough, in his book on "Irish Life and Character," gives some cases in which humour, from within or from without, came to the rescue of would-be duellists.

A witty Dublin barrister was consulted by a physician as to calling out a man who had insulted him.

"Take my advice," said the lawyer, "and instead let him call you in. He can't hurt you, and you will probably kill him."

## "It Was the Dog."

The probably untruthful anecdote about Mrs Pat Campbell and her stage carpenter is not a bad one. During her American tour Mrs Pat made a point of getting photo'd always with a valuable poodle in her lap. She went nowhere without the notorious poodle, also her nerves were turned to advt. account. She suffered so terribly from nerves that the roadway in front of the N.Y. theatre where she was appearing had to be covered with tan bark. At the end of her profitable tour, says the story, Mrs Pat asked the stage carpenter whether he or she had been accountable for the success. The hard, uncompromising scene-fixer grinned—"Neither, it was the dog and the tan bark."

## White Wine From Black Grapes.

Among the things not generally known is the fact that white wine can be made from black grapes. The colour really depends on the mode of manufacture. All the colouring matter is in the skin, the fruit itself being colourless, or nearly so. If the entire grape, skin and all, be allowed to ferment together, the wine will be red. If the skin be removed before fermentation, the wine will be white. The "Journal of the Society of Arts" chronicles the fact that the owners of vineyards in the Medoc country have begun to produce white and sparkling wines by the same process as champagne is made. Champagne is, in fact, made almost entirely from black grapes, and the most celebrated vineyards in the Champagne district are planted with them. Now the makers of medoc have found that the demand for claret has fallen off in favour of sparkling wines; hence the new departure.

## The Women Who Marry.

After type writers, the self-supporting women who exercise most charm over the masculine heart are the sick nurses. These two professions stand far ahead of the others as furnishers of wives to the annual crop. After them comes the actress. The female writers, painters, musicians and doctors struggle far behind the footprints that their more engaging sisters leave in the sands of time as they bend their course onward. Can it be that the more advanced intellectually women become, the less interesting they are to the other sex?—Geraldine Bonner in the "San Francisco Argonaut."

# WARNING.

Beware of substitutes! Pills are being sold which are not the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills made for the New Zealand climate. The genuine N.Z. pills are always put up in wooden boxes and have on the outside wrapper the genuine address WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND. Refuse positively all bottled pills. Substitutes never cured anybody.

# Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.