

HIS OVERNEAT WIFE.

The nestest woman in town
Folks say I've got for a wife;
And what folks say is gospel truth
This time, you set your life,

Her temper's like her pie crust which
They're both uncommon short;
An' though I'm free and easy like
Sometimes she makes me snort,

There ain't no sense in havin' things
So dem'd all freed neat,
Nor sayin' every time I step
'Now, Zeke, wipe your feet!

I can't sit down in our best room,
It is so slick an' spruce,
Fact is, 'most everything we've got
Is too good for common use,

Though next to Godliness the book
Puts cleanliness, I'm bound
To say Keturah's mighty apt
To run in the ground.

There ain't no use kickin' in; I'm
Prepared to hear my crows,
Some day, perhaps, I'll wear my crown;
Keturah she can't boss

Things round in heaven. And since we've
Told
That there no moth or rust
Comes to corrupt, I guess it's safe
To say their ain't no dust.

But oh, what will Keturah do
Within those peary gates
If she no longer find the dirt
That she so dearly hates?

Oh, Keturah, heaven itself will be,
Engulfed in awful gloom,
When my Keturah enters in
And cannot use a broom.

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

From Harper's Bazar.
(Concluded from last week.)
Your mother is an angel!

"Yes, she is," said Edith, seriously;
"and I've been such a fool I haven't
known it all these years."

There was silence for a few moments,
and then she exclaimed:
"O, Jack, I've learned so much!

I used to think old Mrs. Spencer was
common because she said 'you hev'
and 'you was,' and here, day after day,
she's brought me the nicest broths and
most delicious jellies. They really
tasted quite ashy, like the apples of
Sodom, you know, when I thought
how I'd made fun of her. And then
Mrs. Pitkin, I've loathed her because
she did dress so like a fiend. It seemed
as if she went out of her way to
make herself ridiculous. But now—

well, I don't care what she wears now.
She may drape herself in a piano cover,
or wear a pickle dish on her head,
but she'll always look beautiful to me.
I think of her face as I saw it, night
after night, when I was at my worst,
and she sat up with me. And Mrs.
Henderson, you know what a killing
woman she is! She told me of something
the other day that happened at her
tea party 'just as the guests were
beginning to disembrace.' That struck
me as rather good, Jack; for, you
know, guests have to 'disembrace' pretty
often. Well, I don't care what antics
she plays with her parts of speech,
she's just a mistering angel!"

There were in Edith's eyes.
Jack Littlefield took her hand.
"Who wouldn't be good to you Edith?"
he said, tenderly.

"Ah! I've misunderstood them so,"
she went on, earnestly. "You can't
get the best out of people unless you
give them a little of your best. I've
called them narrow, and glibed and
jeered at them, and shut myself out
from them, and all the time it was I
that was narrow, because I wouldn't
see anything but just from my own
point of view. It's too late now, but I
wish I could live it all over."

She sighed a little, and laid her head
back on the pillows.
Jack Littlefield still held her hand.
"Edith," he said, huskily, "I want to
ask you something. You have ended
this affair with Mr. Kedfern, and I'm
very glad you have, for I don't think
he loved you, but I want to know
would you accept another man's love
now—a different kind of love, that
would care for you and tend you, and
be perfectly happy with you just as
you are? Will you take me, Edith?"

The faint color crept into her pale
cheeks. "Oh, Jack, don't!" she cried
—"don't dear Jack. You mustn't.
You hurt me."

"I mean it, Edith," he said solemnly.
"Give me the right to take care of
you. It is the dearest wish of my
heart."

She shook her head sadly. "It can
never be."

"Could nothing persuade you?"
"No," she said, steadily; "nothing,
Jack. After a minute she added: "I
can't tell you how noble and generous
I think you are; but I don't want you
to think of it any more. You have
had a hard life, and I want you to have
a happy love. I want you to have some
sweet, lovely girl, and let me love her
too. I want you to have a happy, restful
home, and let me share in it. Don't
you see? You live and love for both
of us now, and give me part of it, just
as you have given me part of every good
thing you ever had."

He bent over her hand and kissed
it. He could not trust himself to speak
then.

After a little, he said, cheerfully:
"I've another scheme, Edie. It's no
use talking to me about another girl.
There's only one girl in the world for
me, and she's right here; and if she's
got to spend her life in this chair, here
I'm going to stay beside her. If I
can't be her husband or her lover, why
I'll keep on being what I've always
been, her friend. We needn't be afraid
of gossip now, and I'm going to spend
all the time I can with you. There
ain't much I can do, but I can move
your chair around, and lift you, and
read to you. By-and-by perhaps you
can drive. I'm coming home every
Saturday now, and, Edith, I'm going
to take care of you, just as if I were
your brother."

She was crying softly. "Oh, Jack,"
she said, "I mustn't let you! It is
selfish and wicked."

"No, it isn't," he said, stoutly.
"Why, Edith, I always have a better
time with you than any one else in the
world, and now we'll just go in o' part-
nership. Our stock in trade is mutual
entertainment. Saturday night we'll
do a land-office business. Sunday we'll
have a quiet, steady market, with a
grand closing-out sale on Sunday night.
Then Monday we'll begin again to lay
in a fresh supply of goods. We can
do a little trading by letter, if you
choose, or we can hold everything in
reserve until we meet. It's a com-
pact."

She smiled through her tears. "I
want to say 'Heaven reward you' for
Mrs. Hodge does. By-the-way—" She
stopped.

"What is it?" he asked. "Nothing
has happened to those dear Hodges
again, has there?"

She laughed a little. "Nothing,
only there's another one, and the
youngest three have got the chicken-
pox; they gave it to the baby. It
seems so unkind to be born into the
midst of the chicken pox, so to
speak."

"I should say so! Now here comes
your mother, and she's going to send
away." He rose, and taking both of
her hands in his, he added: "Now,
Edith, remember, I'm like the wash."

I go every Monday morning, and
come home purified and mended Satur-
day night. Good-by, dear, for another
week." He looked at her lovingly and
earnestly for a minute, and then left.

The clasp of his strong fingers still
lingered on her hands. She closed her
eyes and lay there thinking.

So, sometimes better and sometimes
worse, Edith Armstrong lived through
the spring, at times suffering intensely,
and then, again, quite free from pain.
Sometimes she was heart sick and des-
pairing, and then she would make one
more effort to be cheerful and brave.
She found a little verse one day that
seemed almost like a personal message:

"For the sake of those who love us,
For the sake of God above us,
Each and all should do his best
To make music for the rest."

She said this over and over to her-
self, and tried with all her might to let
the sweet, merry music ring out for
those around her, and when the dis-
cords came, to listen to them alone.

Jack Littlefield was untiring in his
devotion. Every Saturday night he
came, and never with empty hands.
Sometimes fruit, or a new book or
magazine. He treasured everything
worth telling that he heard or saw to
tell to her. They read together, and
had long talks, and learned to know
each other in a deeper sense than they
had ever done. Jack groaned some-
times when he thought of her sitting
so helpless day after day, and he rebelled
fiercely against a Providence that could
be so cruel to one so lovely.

Then, when he thought of the patience
and gentleness that were slowly creep-
ing into her character, the tears came
to his eyes. "My God!" he cried. "If
she can bear it so, what right have I to
feel so angry?" And so, for her sake,
he was patient too.

It was in June that the old doctor,
who had been Edith's steadfast friend,
started her by suggesting that she
should go with him to a certain hospi-
tal in New York for treatment there.
The matter was discussed in the little
family circle, and finally it was decid-
ed that the experiment should be tried.

Edith would not let her mother go.
"I shall be in the hands of trained
nurses all the time," she said, "and
they have no use for tearful relatives.
Besides, I am not a young lady any
more. I'm only a rare specimen of
traumatic myelitis. I shall be case No.
723, and case No. 723 doesn't need a
chaperon. If this does no good, I
shall come home and try faith cure.
Mrs. Henderson told me the other day
it began by 'eliminating the mind,' and
mine is already eliminated; so I ought
to be suitable case."

The old doctor came home after he
had seen her safely settled, but the
physician who had charge of her wrote
every week. They could not quite un-
derstand his letters, but it was evident
that she was gaining. The little fam-
ily at Inwood became very hopeful.

"If I can only see her walk again,
said her poor mother, 'I shall depart in
peace.'"

The old doctor went again to New
York to bring her home. It was an
August evening when he arrived. They
drove up in an open carriage, the doc-
tor beaming and smiling as if it were a
triumphal car. He got out first, and
turned to help Edith out too, but she
sprang past him, and rushed into the
little parlor, and stood before them.

"Oh, mother, see!" she cried. "Look
at me—look at me! I'm all right! I
wanted to surprise you. Oh, mother,
isn't it splendid?"

Her mother hung round her neck.
"My God, I thank Thee!" she mur-
mured, softly. Then, as soon as she
could speak aloud, she said: "Oh,
Edith, is it really you? I can't realize
it, my precious, precious child!"

"Yes," said Edith, half laughing
and half crying.

"I can dance and I can sing;
I can turn a hand spring."

Just see me, father! Look, Aunt
Nan. They mustn't cry, must they,
doctor? Let's shout for joy."

"You're crying yourself, Edith."

"Oh, that is a mere sprinkle—a pass-
ing shower! I've come back clothed
and in my right mind—I mean spine.
We're never any of us going to cry any
more. We're going to be the happiest
family in Inwood." She kissed away
a tear that glistened on her mother's
cheek.

"Edith, I can't bear to have you
pass out of my sight. I want to touch
you all the time."

"You shall, dear heart. I'll be your
Siamese twin. Don't any one tell
Jack. To-day is Friday, and he'll be
home to-morrow. I want to surprise
him."

She was so excited she hardly slept
that night, and the next day she ar-
ranged herself to meet Jack. "I'm go-
ing to sit in the old chair," she said,
"with pillows behind me."

"Your cheeks are too pink," said

her mother, smiling. "You don't look
like our invalid any more."

"Never mind," said Edith; "I'll
draw down the corners of my mouth,
and seem as discouraged as possible."
When Jack first saw her her eyes
were closed, and he slipped in softly,
thinking she was asleep. She opened
them suddenly and looked at him.

"Why, Jack?"
"Why, Edith?"
She rose from the chair and walked
to meet him. He sprang forward to
catch her.

"Edith," he cried, "what are you do-
ing?"
"Don't touch me," she exclaimed.
"Just look. You see me as 'trees walk-
ing.' Look, Jack; just see!"

He turned very pale, and was silent.
She came close up to him, laughing
and triumphant.

"Oh, Jack, isn't it splendid? 'The
flap's come back to Tennessee!' My
spine, my spine's come back to me!"
Then as he continued silent, she put
out her hand and touched his arm.

"Jack, what makes you act so?
Aren't you glad?"
"Glad?" he said, with a great sob—
"Glad? Why, Edith—"

He put his arm half around her, but
she drew herself away, the color rush-
ing to her cheeks.

"I am not to be handled with care
any more," she said, laughing. "In
fact I am not to be handled at all.
Just watch me dance a little jig, and
then we'll sit down, and I'll tell you
all about it."

Jack Littlefield had never been as
heartily glad of anything in all his life
as he was of Edith's recovery, and yet
after her return a slight estrangement
seemed to come between them. It was
impossible to go on with just the old
relations that had been so pleasant
when she was an invalid. It was
equally impossible to slip back into the
old days of comradeship which had
existed before she was hurt, and before
he had told her he loved her. He dar-
ed not tell her that again now. He
knew how grateful she was to him for
his devotion, although it annoyed him
to think of it, and he said repeatedly
and earnestly that he had "done noth-
ing."

Still, to ask her for her love now was
a little like claiming a reward of merit.
It was throwing himself upon her gen-
erosity, and Jack Littlefield had no
wish to be accepted through gratitude.
He resolved to wait until she was a
little more accustomed to the freedom
which her health gave her, and until
her long sickness had lost its acuteness
in her memory.

As for Edith, it seemed to her as if
there were a "new heaven and a new
earth." All through the autumn her
gladness and sense of relief found ex-
pression in continual ebullitions of de-
light. She beamed on everybody, and
even when the old worries began to
fret in the same old places, she had but
to think of the one great trouble that
had for the time blotted out everything
else, and it seemed to make all bur-
dens light by comparison.

"Why, Jack," she said one day, "when
I think that there is a whole world
unconscious of the value of their spines,
I feel as if I must go out and preach
til I enlighten them. I want to mount
the nostrum—or is it the rostrum; I
never can tell which is which—and tell
them that any human being with a
spine in good and regular standing has
a right to complain of anything, not
of anything under the sun."

"I suppose that's so," said Jack,
musingly. "It's queer how a person
never cares much for a thing until he
loses it. I presume it would be the
same with everything—eyes, ears, or
even your tongue. You wouldn't like
to be dumb, would you, Edith?"

"No, Jack, and you wouldn't like to
have me. It is possible, though not
probable, that I prattle too much, but
I intend to keep right on."

"No," he said, earnestly; "there is
nothing I dread more than a flash of
your silence. It seems to forebode so
much."

When Thanksgiving came, Edith
was again among the workers at the
church. Her face was the brightest,
her heart the lightest there.

"I feel as if it were my own especial
Thanksgiving," she said, lightly. "I'm
going to compose a new Jubilate.
Bring forth the largest pumpkin, and
let me decorate it with exclamations
of points of joy!"

She lingered in the gray twilight,
and was the last to leave the church.
She held her own little Thanksgiving
service alone in the dim building, and
then hurried home, to find Jack wait-
ing for her. He had brought her a
great basket of tropical fruit.

"Oh!" she exclaimed when she saw
it, "you mustn't do such things Jack.
You mustn't 'pomper' me. I sha'n't
let you."

He laughed a little and said: "I
know what you're thinking of. You're
thinking I can't afford it; but I can,
and to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day."

"Yes," she said, catching his eye,
and repeating his words with grave
emphasis.

There was a minute's silence, then
he said: "I'm getting actually rich,
Edith. I don't know that I've men-
tioned it lately, but I am. I am real-
ly making investments. I think I
shall open a loan office soon. It's real-
ly embarrassing to have so much
money."

"It must be," she said, smiling.
"Do you know, Jack, I don't think
that people with lots of money have
half the fun that we have. In the
first place, when they want a thing
they get it, and that's the end of it;
and hope for it, and fear about it, and
if we ever do get it, why it's an actual
achievement, it represents something,
and stands for just so much in our
lives. And then there's the fun."

Why, when I make an over-sight out
of an old black lace shawl, I feel I
have not only triumphed over fate, but
have perpetrated a joke besides!"

"You didn't think so last year
Edith."

"No, I know I didn't," she said,

frankly. "I was a pessimist, a howl-
ing pessimist. I took a cross eyed
view of life. I remember how we
walked after church on Thanksgiving
Day, and how I howled. I think I
was ready to 'flood the land with ar-
nicky,' as the old ducky said."

"I remember you made me feel
awfully that day. Edith, you said you
would never marry a poor man. It
seemed to sort of shut the door in my
face."

"Yes," she said, "I was a sordid
wretch." Then with an evident desire
to change the subject, she went on.
"Did I tell you what I heard Mr.
Spalding say to Theodore Murray on
the train coming from New York?
You know Theodore Murray is the one
who cut such a spurge in New York
last winter, with his Delmonico balls
and performances. I sat next to them
and he was telling Mr. Spalding all
about it. 'Money will do anything,
Spalding, won't it?' he said. 'I don't
know Theodore,' said Mr. Spalding;
'it won't buy youth, it won't buy you
health, and it won't buy you brains!
I thought that was a delightful remark
for one millionaire to make to another.'

"Indeed it was," said Jack Littlefield
heartily. "You've got the health now
Edith, and the youth and the brains;
and there's one other thing that
money won't buy that's yours too."

"What is it, Jack?"
"Isn't it you, Edith? It's love,
dear. Will you take that too?"

She did not answer, but he felt that
she was his. His man's heart leaped
within him. He put his arms around
her and drew her to him.

"Oh, Jack," she said, her sweet face
quivering with the deep feeling in her
heart, "we have no right to be so
happy!"

Pine Cones, The New Potato.

A few years ago a scientist in Japan
discovered a plant, the tuberous roots of
which closely resemble the common po-
tato. Samples of this new-found tuber
were sent to Paris and Berlin's experi-
mental botanists to report upon. These
reports have all been favorable to the
new tuber, which has been extensively
introduced into nearly all European
countries. This year a number of farm-
ers in Wisconsin and Minnesota plant-
ed large crops of the new potato under
the direction and advisement of Albert
Mayer, the chemist of Stillwater in the
last named State. The scientific name
of the plant is Stachys tuberosa, the
common name, "pine cones," having
been bestowed on account of their form.
Some authorities call it Stachys affinis,
and still others have it Stachys Sieboldii,
Siebold having been the discoverer.

They are cultivated in the same man-
ner as the common potato, and are much
more prolific, as high as 200 of the tubers
in one hill. They are hardly
as large as the common potato, but 200
then would fill a much larger measure
than 100 potatoes would, a comparison
of which will give some idea of their
enormous yield.

The analysis of the plant is:

Table with 2 columns: Component and Percentage. Water 78.33, Protein 1.59, Amide 1.66, Fat 0.57, Carbohydrate (principally galactan) 16.37, Cellulose 0.73, Ash 1.03.

There is neither starch or sugar in the
composition, but galactan, a substance
between both. They are clear and
white, and root does not hurt them in
the least. Their taste is something like
that of the potato, and they are not
peeled before cooking.—St. Louis Re-
public.

The Great Agricultural Yield.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.
The estimate of crop percentages fur-
nished by the Department of Agricul-
ture, when translated into quantities
and put in the concrete form, provides
decidedly pleasing reading. So far as
regards wheat, the expectations of the
most sanguine persons appear to have
been fully realized. The yield has
reached almost, if not quite, 600,000,000
bushels. When we bear in mind that
this exceeds the largest output hitherto,
that of 1884, to the extent of about \$7,-
000,000 bushels, and that it is 200,000,-
000 ahead of the yield of 1890, we can
form something like an adequate concep-
tion of the immense proportions of
the crop. Corn, too, reaches high fig-
ures—the highest ever touched except
in 1889. The yield this year is put at
2,400,000,000 bushels, while that of 1889
was about 112,000,000 in excess of this.
The other cereal crops, also, come up to
near the greatest previous yield. Cotton
is not so heavy a crop as in 1890,
but owing to the low prices, the falling
off here does not call.

The Meekness of Choate.

As illustrating the meekness, not so
say timidity, of that great barrister,
Rufus Choate, some one tells this story
about him: Riding in a stage coach
in Vermont one day in company with
the late Joseph Bell, Mr. Choate re-
marked: "What a fine wall surrounds
that house."

In the same vehicle sat a burly En-
glishman, somewhat the worse for liquor
and offensively pugnacious.

"That is not a wall, sir; it is a fence,"
said he, addressing the speaker.

Mr. Choate modestly replied: "I call
it a wall—a stone wall."

"I say, sir, it is a fence, and I insist
upon it."

This was said in such a belligerent
tone that, for the sake of peace, Mr.
Choate was proceeding to admit that it
was a fence, when Mr. Bell jumped up
and thus addressed the Englishman: "I
say, sir, that it is a stone wall, and if you
again call it a fence I will throw you
out of this coach!"

As Mr. Bell was a man of command-
ing size and mien his threat proved ef-
fective, and the argument ceased right
there.

There's not a joy the earth can
give, like the sudden surcease of violent
and terrible pain. It is like the rest at
the gates of Paradise, but how can it be
found? It is the simplest matter in
the world. Buy a bottle of Salvation
Oil and rub it in.

The Grand Canon of the Colorado.

I have spoken of the Grand Canon of
the Colorado as a gorge in which all
other famous gorges could be lost. Some
of you have ridden through the "Grand
Canon of the Arkansas," on the Denver
and Rio Grande Railway in Colorado,
and many more have seen the White
Mountain Notch and the Franconia
Notch, in New Hampshire. All
three are very beautiful and noble; but
if any one of them were duplicated in
the wall of the Grand Canon of the
Colorado, and you were looking from
the opposite brink of that stupendous
chasm, you would have to have your
attention called to "those scratches" on
the other side before you would notice
them at all. If you were to take the
tallest mountain east of the Rockies, dig
down around its base two or three thou-
sand feet, so as to get the sea-level
(from which its height is measure), ap-
proach the whole giant mass, and pitch it
into the deepest part of the Grand
Canon of the Colorado, its granite top
would not reach up to the dizzy crests
of the cliffs which hem the awful bed of
that great river. If you were on the
stream, and New York's noble statue of
Liberty Enlightening the World were
upon the cliff, it would look to you like
the tiniest of dolls; and if it were across
the canon from you, you would need a
strong glass to see it at all!

The Grand Canon lies mainly in Ari-
zona, though it touches also Utah, Ne-
vada, and California. With its wind-
ings it is nearly seven hundred miles
long; and in many places it is over a
mile and a quarter deep. The width of
this unparalleled chasm at the top is from
eight to twenty miles; and looked down
upon from above, a river larger than the
Hudson, and five times as long, like a
silver thread. The Yosemite and the
Yellowstone, wonderful as they are in
their precipices,—and the world outside
of America cannot match those won-
drous valleys,—are babies beside this
peerless gorge. As Charles Dudley
Warner has said: "There is nothing
else on earth to approach it."—Charles
L. Lummis, in December St. Nicholas.

A Farmer Released.

From Entire Loss of Voice Catarrh
Aphonia the Result of Catarrh
Better Late Than Never.

SHELLSBURG, BEDFORD CO., PA.
The Peruna Medicine Co.—I was a
sufferer from Catarrh in my head and
throat. I doctored with one of the best
physicians in our place for that terrible
disease and found no relief. But in 1883
I lost my speech, and was not able to do
any kind of work for nearly three
months. I could neither eat nor sleep.
Peruna did wonders for me, and now I
am in better health than I have been in
ten years.

Yours truly, ISAAC NICODEMUS.

Loss of voice in cases of catarrh is due
to an extension of the disease to the
larynx. In the progress of catarrh on its
way from the throat to the lungs the
first prominent symptom is hoarseness,
which shows that the disease has reached
the larynx and vocal chords.

Symptoms of catarrh of the respiratory
tract differ according to the part affected.
If the catarrh is confined to the nose
the symptoms will be sneezing and mu-
cous discharges, or the formation of dry
scabs corresponding to the stage of the
disease. When in the pharynx it causes
hawking, enlarged follicles and tonsils,
and sometimes deafness; in the larynx
it produces hoarseness, and often entire
loss of voice, as in the above case. As
soon as the catarrh reaches the trachea
and bronchial tubes, cough, with abun-
dant mucous expectoration, ensues.
Upon reaching the lungs catarrh speedily
causes consumption, and all of the
symptoms of that dread disease follow
sooner or later. Catarrh also attacks the
urinary tract, producing in the kidneys
"Bright's disease," in the bladder
chronic cystitis, and in the urethra small,
frequent and painful urinary passages.

Peruna is a specific for catarrh wher-
ever located, and in all stages.

A pamphlet on the cause and cure of
all catarrhal diseases and consumption
sent free to any address by The Peruna
Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus,
Ohio.

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The Pittsburg Weekly Post ought to
be in every family. It contains more
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dence and selected miscellany than any
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ing, market, financial and commercial
news, plenty of illustrations to bright-
en the pages, and fresh editorial com-
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prepared and cannot fail to satisfy the
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flect everything truthfully and brightly.

If you want to see the paper send
your name and address to the Post,
Pittsburg, and a copy will be mailed to
you for the asking. Information on
clubs and other subjects will be given
on application. The Weekly Post is a
first class publication, well worth
much more than the subscription price.

We know a great many who take it,
and have for years, and they have only
good words for its unimpaired excel-
lences. The fact is, the household
that once gets accustomed to The Post
rarely if ever discards it. It makes it-
self necessary wherever it becomes a
visitor. If you have never taken it
give it a trial. You will get more news-
paper value for your money than you
ever dreamed of before.

I was so much troubled with cat-
arrh it seriously affected my voice.
One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the
work. My voice is fully restored.—B.
P. Liepner, A. M., Pastor of the Olivet
Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

A mixture of powdered aluminum
and chloride of potash will give a bril-
liant flash light. It gives no smoke, and
is thus far better than magnesium for
photographic purposes.

The World of Women.

Sleep is the greatest fat inducer.
Nearly all dress goods now come in
the "extra" widths.

Jewelry in the hair only is permis-
sible during the daytime.
Jewels mounted on an invisible wire
chain are worn around the neck.

The chateleine is driving the pocket
into a state of innocuous desuetude.
At a well set dinner table thirty inches
of room should be allowed for each.

Mrs. Charles Stewart Parnell sends a
new wreath to her husband's grave
every week.

The marriage of Miss Rachel Sher-
man, youngest daughter of the late Gen-
eral of the army, to Dr. Thorndike, of
Boston, is set for the latter part of Dec-
ember.

One of the silver-wedding presents re-
ceived by the Empress of Russia is an
ermine mantle which cost \$6,000. This
is a gift of the nobility of the Province
of Kherson.

Spanish bang is very much in vogue,
but it must be remembered that the hair
must grow in this way for it cannot be
cut in this shape or trained to it.

The busy woman finds a useful orna-
ment for her chateleine in a pencil that
resembles a match, and which may sug-
gest to the looker-on either that she is
matchless or her match has been found.

Although the style of the new hats
rather demands that they should be set
forward, still it is well to remember that
a hat