Who is it comes in like a whirlwind,
And closes the door with a slam,
And, before ne has taken his hat off,
Calls cut for some bread and some Jam?
Who is it that whistle so loudly
As he works at some tangle of twine
That will send his kite up into cloudland?
Why, of course, it's that brother of mine.

Who is it that when I am weary,
Has always a whole in his coat,
A button to sew on in a hurry,
A sait to be made for a boat?
Who is jit that keep in my basket
His marbles and long fishing line,
And expects, undisturbed there to find them
No one else but that brother of mine.

Who is it that tiptoes about softly Whenever minute forgetting
And is every minute forgetting
And whistling some head-splitting stain?
Who is it that when he is trying
To be just as still as he can. To be just as still as he can,
Is always most terrible noisy?
My brother, of course—he's the man.

Who is it I'd rather have by me
When in need of a true, honest triend:
Who is it that I shall miss sadly
When his boyhood has come to an end?
And when he is far from the old home,
And I long for a glimpse of sunshine,
Whom then do you think I shall send for,
Why, of course for that brother of mine.

—Agnes L. Pratt, in Good Housekeepin

MARGUERITES LOVERS.

A Seaside Romanee of Fidelity, Rivalry and Worldly Wisdom.

BY AGNES MARIE MULHOLLAND.

"Hello, old boy ! Not in bed yet?" Up went the gas jet in a sputtering protest, and by way of challege a package of folded newspapers flew over toward the fireplace with the most flattering results to a well directed aim. were quickly hurled back and struck the reading lamp, as the long, athletic figure in the lounging chair suddenly sat bolt upright and brought to view Delancy Hulburd's handsome

"Oh, I say, Tom, what an awful lady, "He is a labore you are," he grumbled. "What of Philadelphia." have you been up to at such an unearthly hour? Fell asleep waiting on

"Tell you what, there was a rattling game of billiards at the Eversham. Couldn't get away," laconically ex-plained Tom Donaldson, "Besides that," he continued, pushing the cigars across the table, "you'll be sorry you didn't come along earlier in the even-Went to make a call-perfect

dream of a girl." Hulburd laughed unbelievingly. "That makes the twentieth 'dream' this week," he remarked lazily, be-

tween puffs.

"Well, there's no mistake this time, Birdie," said Tom, good naturedly (Birdie being the name by which Mr. Hulburd was generally known to his familiars). "You'll admit that much yourself, when you see her," he went on, sitting down with the air of a man about to bestow a precious confidence. down I saw her on the porch—they live in the adjoining cottage, you know No one in the hotel here seemed to know them-awfully exclusive and all that. It seems the fates were on my side, however. Late last Friday afternoon I was seated just where I am now, pegging away at a stiff bit of Euripides, when suddenly my equanimity was disturbed by the most territying feminine shrieks. I was at the window in a wink, and, bless you, there sat my unknown princess in an abnormally high cart and seemingly paralyzed with fear. She still held on to the lines, but the big bay was all confused and kept backing obstinately. I waited long enough to see the wheels go over the carriage block and then I made a rush for it. I got down in time to catch the brute just as he went crashing into the fence. A gray-haired man came running down the cottage steps and lifted the girl out. He said: 'My darling! Are you hurt?'
'Not at all, uncle,' she said, in a very shaky voice' 'please take me in.' Then they both disappeared into the house and I handed over the vehicle to one of the hotel fellows."

"Great Cæsar!" interrupted Hulburd, tative air, "that must have been the

"Now, see here, you wait Birdie," commanded Tom with an authorative rap of the paper cutter. "I have the floor yet, you know. Well, the old "Pray, do not tell my secret, Mr. Hulgentleman of my story called that evening and solemnly thanked me for saving his niece's life. Next morning my fair unknown and her aunt came out as I was on the porch. The girl companion came over to the railing—dences between them already, 'thought dences between them already,' thought Tom savagely. "No thank you. It's scarcely worth while. We must be going." he said aloud, and Miss Marrhapsody of gratitude. Finally, to my said something in a low voice, and her sincere relief, she called 'Margreet! and the niece advanced shyly. 'My niece, Miss Wendell, Mr. Donaldson!' 'My niece' murmured something very sweetly and just then that prig Dudly came out, and the aunt drew stifly back. 'We would be pleased to have you call, Mr. Donaldson. I knew some brightly.

"No, confound it, the niece," retortare one of the Chestnut Hill Donaldsons, and I am sure the resemblance is striking.' You may be sure I lost dream is nowhere in comparison," this no time in confirming that supposition; and then they went on their way for a walk to Chelsea. I called exactly curtly, "and before I say good night twice, and to-morrow evening, by special permission, I am to bring you no end interested in the recital of your

along.' "Humph' very kind of you," mumbled Hulburd sleepily, and then brightening visibly, he got up with a mighty "Now what I want to say is this," he began, "I have met her my-

"No bluffing now, Birdie. Be careful of the truth," reminded Tom. "That's straight," declared Birdie, beaming down guilelessly at his triend, "on the identical afternoon of that identical Friday I rescued a hat-pin, veil and all from a watery grave in the tumultuous Atlantic. The owner of it two college men had come down in an

animal-"
"What did she look like?" demanded Tom, without ceremony—"the girl, I mean,?" he added impatiently in answer to his tormentor's teasing "Lots of browny gold-or goldie

brown, er-oh, dash it, you know the prettiest kind of hair there is, you know," began Hulburd helplessly.

"Big, soulful, baby-blue eyes?" suggested Tom, helpfully.

"Well, really, I didn't get quite that far, but I do believe they were blue, and I know I wanted to see more of them," asserted Hulburd in a half apologetic voice.

"Then your unknown and mine must be one and the same person," cried Tom in a tone of conviction. He arose and indulged in a profound yawn. "You'll come then, to-morrow even-ing, old fellow? And I say, Birdie, you might get the aunt interested in some of your late European adventures. Noblesse oblige, you know, and all that," said Tom instructingly. "Besides, you are sure to like her.

"Like who-which one?" "Why, the other, of course," answ ered Tom feverishly.

Hulburd took him squarely by the shoulders. "Good night, young man," he said kindly and firmly. "I leave you to your ravings, and may the gods

be good to you."

"He is a very old family friend," explained Miss Marguerite. The explanation was directed to Delancy Hulburd one evening later, and he looked up from the photograph of an evident man of the world, which he was regarding with a pretense of interest, to the dainty figure opposite, poised beneath a spreading pink-shaded lamp. "Very beautiful—that is, handsome," commented the visitor incoherently, with his vision still limited to a piquant goldan head and a confusion of rose

color. "Yes, isn't it?" gushed the young "He is a Mr. Delancy Dawson,

"Really!" cried Hulburd delighted-ly. "Odd, now, isn't it, that that should be my name? Delancy isn't half bad, you know, but they never will call me anything else but Birdie," he added sadly, "Well, that isn't half bad, either.

Perhaps"-hesitatingly-"perhaps it suite you. There is a great deal in a name, after all." "Miss Marguerite, how cruel!" he

cries in shocked protest. Miss Marguerite looked roguish for an instant. "I will tell you a tremend-

ous secret," she palpitated. Hulburd leaned forward as she glanced apprehensively toward the yellow lamp, beneath whose brilliancy two figures were seated in conventional attitudes. "You must never mention it," she whispered, "but my aunt thinks Mr, Donaldson extremely handsome."

She sat upright again after washing nto tempting shadows.

"And you? What do you think?" pretty assumption of airy indifference. ever increasing distace. But isn't he too funny ?" she rippled on with another confidential lowering of her voice. Hulburd slipped his gift "Were you speaking, Mr. Hulburd? chair a trifle nearer. "You know," she went on gazing gravely down at glance of her charming face. her rings, "the very first time he called he spoke about you."

"Indeed," exclaimed Hulburd in voice expressive of some curiosity. "Yes, really." She flashed a demure smile at him. "He told auntie—and me-that you both had made a resolution to leave pretty girls alone in the future, and devote all your leisure and attention to the wall flowers and ugly ones. I am sure it is awfully noble of you; but truly, now Mr. Hulburd, don't you think it was the least bit unkind? He asked auntie almost in the samebreath if-if he couldn't bring

you to see me!" "No, did he, though? Well, that only goes to prove how far beyond the ordinary was the temptation that caused Donaldson to break his iron clad resolution," declared Hulburd gallantcontemplating his triend with a medi- ly, and then they both laughed immod-

> "Hello, who's taking my name in vain?" cried Tom, making his way

> burd," entreated the little hostess anxiously.

"You may rely upon me, I assure you," he answered fervently, with a mental abjuration at Tom for disturb-guerite endeavored to look more or less compunctious, and more than ever bewitching. "Well, what do you think of her?" demanded Tom gruffly as they strode along the beach a few minutes

"Who, the aunt," asked Hulburd

ed Tom ferociously. "Oh, as to that, you were right-a

very placidly. "Glad we agree for once," said Tom European adventures-as related by

me! "Now, see here, Tom," began the other seriously, but Tom was already out of speaking distance. Hulburd shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Humph, so that's the way the wind blows," he soliloquized meditatively and turning once more he trudged along cheerfully in the direction of the lighthouse to the whistled accompani-

ment of the "Spanish Cavalier."

whom the fates had designated her

partner, they had persuaded Aunt Chandler into taking a nocturnal walk. "When I was a little girl I used to think that path would take one straight to heaven," he heard Miss Marguerite say reminiscently in the rear, and then he felt that Tom had made her stop by the pier, ostensibly to gaze at the moon's trailing reflection in the sea as something miraculously new. He lost

Tom's answer, however. J. A. "I think it would be an easy matter for you to get to heaven by any path, Miss Marguerite," that gentleman was declaring with profound sincerity.

"Oh, do you think so?" she questions, raising her shining eyes with a little show of surprise, and then turned her child like face towards the sea again. "I am not always good," she asserted.

"What a base libel!" cried Tom, in dignantly gathering her fluttering wrap carefully across her shoulders. "I was cross-very cross, to-night,"

she persevered. "Miss Marguerite !"

long time, and you talked to auntie that the two men had disappeared, for for ages. "Well. why didn't I come to say

"I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Donaldson," said his tormentor, sweetly.
"Yes, you do, too!" said Tom, with a rudeness born of provocation, "If give up boring you to death and give other people a chance to exchange ordinary greetings with-other people.

he only knew it!" "I like Mr. Hulburd very, very much," confessed Miss Wendell, calmly, struggling with a lock of rebellious

"Well, there's no accounting for taste," said Tom coldly, with both hands plunged unsociably in his ulster

pockets. "And I like you, too, you know," said this sad little flirt, confronting him with her laughing face, "so let us be friends. It's wasting time to quarrel such a beautiful night as this. Mr. Donaldson, are you still cross? Aren't we triends?" She held out her warm, soft hand, and Tom grasped it in both his own with a feeling that he never could and never would relinquish it again. "Margreet!" echoed another well-known voice; "Margreet, child, where are you? Why are you dillydallying? You might have some thought for others. Here were Mr. Birdie and I away down to Kentucky avenue before we missed you. Mr. Donaldson, do you mind walking back with me? Mr. Birdie is such a quick walker; and while I have it on my mind I want to ask you about your

she called back. "Oh, really, I'm sure I never thought about it at all," she laughed with a the musical voice of her niece from an

Hulburd, to whom good humor was not yet restored, chuckled audibly. a school boy. she asked innocently, with an upward "Er-no. Sort of a desecration to

talk on such a night as this," he answered uninvitingly. "I'm glad you think as I do," said Miss Marguerite agreeably.

Huburd stopped suddenly.
"I really do believe that some girls have no more heart than a flower or a butterfly," he declared with some bitterness and in a tone of stern convic-

"And I really do think that you are very rude to say such a dreadful thing to me, Mr. Hulburd," said Miss Mar guerite with a perceptible tremble in the statement, and for the rest of the way they both maintain a dignified of concern.

silence. "Good night, Miss Marguerite," said Donaldson at the door, with an eloquent hand pressure.

Hulburd lingered to see Tom safely on his way to the gate. "Miss Marguerite, may I see you to-morrow evenhe encreated. "I must see you," he added, "there is something I must tell you." "We will be at home, Mr. Hulburd,

said the girl evasively. "Good-night."
"Margreet," called her aunt from the
library. "I thought you'd never come in. Sit down, my dear."

"Auntie, there's some bad news," said the child, apprehensively. "The usual thing," sighed her aunt, resignedly, "we simply can't keep up appearances one week longer. Your

uncle's last veuture is a total failure, as I always said it would be; and as you know, there is the but one alternative.' "Oh, auntie, dearest, not that," cried volume of expostulations.

"Well, Margreet, it is simply a case of the almshouse for us all or your marriage to Delancy Dawson. I need not remind you that your uncle and I am truly grieved that you should cherhave made sacrifices innumerable for ish such mistaken sentiment with reyou; and truly this is not such a great | gard to women. one we ask in return. I should think a wealthy husband and a home of your own would be two very acceptable

things. "He seems so old. And I-do not love him," faltered the girl in a lifeless | teasingly.

"You at least respect him?" "Oh, auntie, yes. He is good-too good for me-and I am so young. living. Why, auntie, it seems only yesterday since I was a little bit of a child.

"Tush! Old enough to have common sense; and Delancy Dawson appreciates you above gold, sense or no sense. He has loved you, as you know; since you were a mere baby, and such liberate rudeness, at which Hulburd devotion is rather out of the common feigned to be terribly abashed. nowadays. You had better think it "We seem to do this sort of thing in leather or over, Margreet," she added in a kinder pretty well together," he ventured the summer.

was driving an uncommonly frisky early morning train; and now, to the tone with a swift glance at the small when the work of the moment was once exceeding discomfiture of Mr. Hulburd, despondent figure, "to-night must posi-

right," said Marguerite, and rising hold at the critical moment, and in an wearily she went slowly to her room. excitable effort to regain her crumpled Drawing aside the curtains she leaned share of the linen, stumbled over the heavily against the window and gazed out wistfully through a hot mist of tears. Two men walked rapidly past on the brilliant sand. Marguerite and then with a startled cry endeavor pressed closer to the glass. have been walking all this time," she her hands between his own : "Margue-

was a short sobbing laugh. "Dear fellow! If auntie had only turned her head as instant sooner! It was bold of you to kiss my hand, sir, but to prove that I wasn't so very vexed I-will kiss it again," and, raising her hand, she pressed her hot lips to it lovingly. "Good-night, old moon," she said aloud with tearful eyes upraised again; "we've had many a race and many a good time together.

Marguerite, the little girl, thing of the past. Marguerite married—ah!"

Impulsively she threw out her arms as the placid planet, thus apostrophized, sailed calmly under a passing cloud "Yes, it is true. You did not come leaving her in utter darkness. When to say good evening to me for such a it was again light she did not notice dictions upon intrusive relatives in genwith head bowed down she had given away to unrestrained weeping. She good evening, and why did I talk to some the next morning with a terrible your aunt for ages?" demanded Tom, read heroic resolutions in the pale, tired face and kissed her silently. Afterwards Uncle Chandler came into the library and patted her gently on the head: She answered with a reassur-Hulburd had one grain of sense he'd ing pressure on his poor trembling hand, and for an instant was possessed with a wild notion of imploring him to take this awful trouble from her, until Birdie's getting to be an awful cad, it she realized with a shiver that it was principally for the sake of this grayhaired old man that she had elected to suffer. She turned to him suddenly

with anxious, burning eyes. "Uncle Chandler!" "Yes, darling." "When you were a young man did you think-that is, do you think now that all girls are as heartless as flowers or butter-flies?" "Why, no, my dear," he hastened to answer conciliatingly, 'I hope that as a boy I never entertained a thought to make me so un worthy of my own mother, and I rather think I believed then, as I most firmly believe now, that a good, sincere girl, is one of the fairest things the Lord ever created," declares Uncle Chandler stoutly. "And who talks of heartless flowers to my pet," he said, taking her fondly in his arms, "sure, haven't the very daisies got hearts of purest gold, and Daisy Wendell—"

"Oh, you are such a dear, and such a comfort," interrupted the girl impul sively, and with a quick, impetuous embrace, she broke from him and flew out of the room, while the old man

gazed after her apprehensively. She was in high spirits in the even-ing, and called to Hulburd from the nind I want to ask you about your ing, and called to Hulbura from the Aunt Florence Warnly. The last time dining room when he came. He paust the first to break the silence. "Support of the pose you put up at the "Sea Foam?" I saw her was just after the war. Dear ed in mock astonishment at sight of the about to bestow a precious confidence.

She sat upright again after washing about to bestow a precious confidence.

She sat upright again after washing the hands of this confidence, and the her hands of this confidence, and the beginning. The very first day I came soft dimples in her cheeks deepened boys. Do you remember, Margreet?"

She sat upright again after washing the her hands of this confidence, and th aside his hat and gloves and entered into action with all the enthusiasm of

"I say," he ventured, "this is, er-

sort of a lark, isn't it?' "Sort ot" she replied in the same jovial spirit, "poor cook! She had such a gruesome headache, and like Mrs. Gummidge, she feels it more than the rest of us, so I chased her away to bed after dinner.'

"Let us trust that she appreciates your kindness," said Hulburd with sincerity.

"Poor cookie She loves me so said Marguerite brushing dearly,"

vigorously.
"Happy cook!" said the visitor sur reptitiously, upsetting the salt. 'On, now, you will think me frightfully conceited after such a speech,'

cried Marguerite with a bewitching air "It would be impossible to think you otherwise than charming, Miss Marguerite," said Hulburd. "If you don't mind personalities, your gown is

no end becoming. The er-tucks make a stunning effect." "Tucks! Mr. Hulburd they're ruffles, And please do not spill any more sugar, I beg of you. You've no idea what work it is to brush so much. "Then let me help. Let me brush

and you hold the tray. Miss Marguerite Do. "Not if we are ever to finished. Go back—go back to your own side of the table, Mr. Hulburd. You must help with the cloth. Lift the two corners gently: Fold in the crease; now again; now stand there until I come up to you, You see there is some art in-Oh, Mr. Hulburd! How could

YOU ?" "Can't imagine, really," answered that truthful man, making a frantic Marguerite, with a strange little sob dash after his escaping portion of the in her throat more eloquent than a cloth- "It must be unusually slippery. Perhaps a tablecloth, like a woman, is not to be relied upon.'

"Mr. Hulburd," said Marguerite, with an assumption of displeasure,

"But, Miss Marguerite, to prove how true it all is, I can give you a dozen quotations from Plato and a few other old wiseacres. They all found you out centuries ago, you see," he persisted "Plato is dead and can't defend him-

self," said Miss Marguerite logically. "Besides, I prefer quotations from the "Well frankly, now, if I were to give my own original opinion of your sex,

the ancients to the contrary, you understand, Miss Marguerite-"Why the poor cloth would never be folded," interposed Margnerite with de-

more resumed. "We do it very badly indeed," said Marguerite with small tively decide all."

indeed," said Marguerite with small show of mercy, as she in turn lost her show of mercy, as she in turn lost her "They ed to free herself. But Hulburd kept

said in a soft whisper, and then there rite! Dearest!" he began in a voice of tender entreaty. "Hush, some one is coming!" she panted. There was a teasing rustle of silk followed almost immediately by the unwelcome apparition of auntie. "Margreet, child-dilly dallying as

usual! "Ah, good evening, Mrs. Chandler," began Hulburd with a disastrous at tempt at nonchalance; "I-we-that

"We were folding the cloth, auntie,"

explained her niece lamely.
"Rather an awkward thing, you know," pursued Hulburd, disappearing under the table in search of the missing damask, and breathing maleeral.

"I came to tell you that Mr. Dawson has arrived unexpectedly. Perhaps you had better leave the cloth for Nora. Your uncle is asking for you," said Mrs. Chandler coldly, and then rustled away as noisily as she had

The girl grew suddenly pale and sad looking. "I believe I will say good night and good-bye for awhile, Miss Marguerite," said Hulburd with out-stretched hand. "It is imperative that I go to town to morrow on business, but I shall live in the hope of seeing you next week, and perhaps I may be able to assist you in your domestic duties with more favorable results," he persisted in a ctone whose meaning would not be disguised. He still held her passive hand and gazed lovingly down at the pretty, pensive face, but she refused to raise her eyes, and with a parting pressure he left her. At the hall door he turned again and looked back. She was standing in the same spot, a slim, blue figure outlined against the old buffet, with her fair head drooping, and hands clasped listlessly together.

One week later, as Hulburd sprang rom the train at the busy station, he forcibly collided with another grip laden passenger, who was hurriedly descending from the neighboring platform. "Beg pardon," he began, and then in a tone of forced gayety, "Why, Tom, old fellow! this is a surprise Thought you were in New York."

"So I was; just got back this mom ent," answered the other with ill-dis-guised vexation. They pushed their way through the mob of shouting vehicle mongers, and Hulburd was again he asked with magnificent indifference. "Think I shall go back to the old

uarters. Pretty comfortable there," use, so make haste," she commanded replied Donaldson in the same spirit, gayly, with a wave of the crumb brush and together they turned into the fafor emphasis. Hulburd gleefully laid miliar hostelry, where the hostess received them in the usual stiff silk gown and with the amount of cordiality properly due to such lucrative patrons. "You are most welcome," she told

thein blandly. "Yes, you can have your old rooms. Your's was just vacated this morning, Mr. Donaldson, strange to say. I thought you would both have been here for the wedding on Wednesday."

"Couldn't on account of college, you know," said Tom with polite interest. "Er-whose wedding was it, may I ask? Surely not your daughter or you would-"

"Then you didn't know!" exclaimed the landlady dramatically. "Why, Miss Marguerite-Miss Wendell that was. She was married to a

Mr. Dawson, of Philadelphia. say it was not a love match on the one side at least; but she did certainly look lovely. It was a very quiet affair, so I suppose that is why you were not here. She looked at the two men inquisitively. Hulburd was savagely cramming two letters into a vest pocket that was never made for things so bulky "Insufferable woman!" he muttered between his teeth. Donaldson turned around, hat in hand. "Come for a Hulwalk?" he asked laconically. burd followed obediently, and they went out together. Simultaneously they stopped at the gate of the adjoining cottage. A new white rent bill was pasted on one of the shutters.

A couple of loosened honeysuckle vines swayed to and fro in a lonely, uncared for fashion. Hulburd gently closed the half open gate and then, without a word, they both pushed on steadily towards the board walk. At the iron pier they paused to watch the sunset. Presently Donaldson, with a dry cough, and after some deliberate fumbling, drew out a bulky note book, from between whose pages he carefulto view a coquettish knot of fair blue

ribbon. The two men looked at each other comprehensively. There was a pause, a contemptuous laugh, and then discarded ribbon and flower went whirling

out to sea in company. Tom turned around with a wholesouled smile: "It's like old time again, Birdie, my

boy," he said. with a kindly grip on the other's shoulder. "Glad to see you, Tom, old fellow!" cried Hulburd, heartily, and then they shook hands violently. As they turned away, arm in arm, a ponderous white tipped wave came rushing in,

Belts of all kind, from the plain black ribbon and canvass to the most elaborate developement in gold or silver, in The World of Women

The old fashioned combs of our grand mothers are again in vogue. They are high in appearance and price, being made of gold and tortoise shell. Daggers are also worn., and fine gold hairpins are much in favor. Ribbon is used extensively as a decoration for the hair. coming in tiaras, bows, etc.

Miss Ray Beveridge, a student at the Cogswell Polytechnic School in San Francisco, is taking a course of instruction in smith work, and some of the ornaments turned out by her are said toshow unusual merit. She intends toset up a shop of her own in the city and establish a school of design for women, where they may try their hands at making articles of house ornamentation.

India linen, nainsook, linen lawn and dimity are all pretty made with a full skirt, ruffle, full sleeves and deep, close cuffs, with a Russian blouse, round or a full "baby waist. The trimnings are ribbons and point de Genes lace, which may be had in white or ecru, and is applied as a bertha, girdles, in fact, it is put on every fabric in every possible manner. A Russian blouse is imitated. with a round waist by wearing a "double bell" skirt, which consists of a bell make in two parts, the upper one reaching nearly to the knees and the lower one to the floor, with each edge trimmed to correspond with the belt, cufls, and opening down the left side. Creamy organdies and batistes are likewise trimmed with this lace, ribbon belts, and

bows or silken girdles. Miss Katharine V. Currey, of Syra cuse, beat the record for fast typewriting making 183 perfect words in a minute. Miss Curry has been operating a type-writer for five years. Last summer she commenced speed work, and a few days ago succeeded in breaking the world's

The highest sworn speed heretofore has been 172 words per minute. At the first trial Miss Curry wrote 172 words, but some of them were not quite perfect. Then she tried to get 180 words in a minute. The first trial showed 176 words, with but one imperfect one among them. The second trial showed the requisite number, but with some

imperfection. The third trial, however, says the Utica Observer, she managed to get 180 perfect words on the paper inside of sixty seconds. Then she attempted to beat her own record, and on the third trial she made the unprecedented speed of 182 perfect words in a minute. The speed was sworn to by the judges and timekeepers.

FROM PETERSON'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY WE TAKE THE FOLLOWING .-Skirts for walking continue to be too long for comfort or cleanliness, though the best French models are made so as to escape the ground. For indoor wear the long skirt is graceful and suitable. many persons are tired of the sameness of the bell-skirt, and have the least drapery in front, just about the hips, or have narrow pockets, about a quarter of a yard deep, put in the material, with the long flap ornamented with buttons. This style serves two purposes: it, breaks the monotony of the plain skirt, and it enables a woman once more to get at her purse or handkerchief without the awkward fumbling in the pleats at the back of the dress. The modes of ornamenting the bottoms of skirts are numerous, yet they present a sameness that is rather tiresome. The trimming is not deep as a rule: only a few rows of ribbon, or three or four narrow ruffles, or bands of galloon, or lace, or even of machine stitching are used. The draped flounces caught up with bows, which promised to be popular earlier in the year, are chiefly used on evening gowns and are very graceful. Some of the new dresses are caught up very slightly with rosettes, one low down and one near the hip; this is also a pretty change.

Bodices appear in a much greater variety than skirts. The trim tailor-made jackets and close fitting vest, or full shirt, as the fancy may dictate, seem to be necessary as a part of every woman's wardrobe for street wear. Then there are several other kinds most popular : the corselet, with a full top and deep pointed belt; the bodice with the yoke made of velvet, silk, or of the material of the dress; but the most beautiful is of lace or embroidery. There is also the bodice with a long basque at the back -or a coat-tail back, as it is more generally called-which comes to the side seams, where it is rounded off and ends in coat-tail at the back; and the bodice with a point in front and moder-ate basques at the back, the front being in full folds. There is also the bodice slightly painted at both back and front, which is finished by a folded sash tied in a bow at the right side, the ribbon used being about an inch and a half to two inches in width. With this bodice, the band of the skirt may be trimmed instead of the edge of the bodice, and hooked over it. The band is shaped in this case; and the ribbon laid on in a point form before and behind. This will be found a very good way of alter-ing gowns that are of last years styles; and the advantage of putting on the skirt over the bodice is, that that portion of the skirt, from being always covly lifted a half withered daisy. Almost at the same moment Hulbard brought and a fresh ribbon sash will restore the dress to much of its original freshness. Another bodice has the new revers and folded Empire sash. The latter is always a mode that can be applied to oldfashioned gowns of thick material, towhich either velvet or silk can be used for their new embellishment. The revers at the back take the shape of a rounded collar, and the sash is the same as in front. The waist is defined in nearly all the new dresses, and the sash is a noticeable feature. Sometimes it is. the wide soft sash, draped around the waist and ending in a broad short bow at one side, sometimes it is a narrow ribbon, brought up at the back and tied between the shoulders; sometimes it is a mere apology for a sash-a narrow scattering shells and many strange ribbon tied around the waist, with the things along the shining beach.

But, in any case, it is a smart effect and a welcome change. Sleeves are also a distinguishing feature; they are full and wide and put in with large pleats, but do not rise above the shoulders and in leather or kid, will be worn during and are usually close-fitting from the elbows to the wrists.