

THE RIGHT TO THINK.

We cannot always speak our mind, for there are moments when we have done, alack!

When we are walking on the street—as we have done, alack!

While sitting in the street car where ladies Jack and I were.

For years we spent our hard-earned cash to buy a girl ice cream.

When husbands at the theater together slyly plan

And likewise when they're at the play men see before their eyes

TWO BIG HEARTACHES.

Jack Belton's wife had gone home to Virginia. She had taken old Jane, who had cooked for Jack, ever since the T-Anchor was a ranch.

The headquarters of the T-Anchor near Amarillo, Texas, had never seemed so dreary and forlorn as now in those bachelor days.

One day Jack was sitting at dinner at the hotel in Amarillo when the proprietor came to him and said: "Belton, there's a right nice, likely looking young woman here that's wanting awfully to find something to do."

They looked very poor, the young woman and child; and Jack experienced a little shock of surprise when she raised to him a delicate face out of which looked eyes so darkly blue they appeared purple.

Jack found a woman to stay with Agnes for a time and himself was mostly at the Canon dugout or the Windmill camp or away on business.

One day in November he came back from Panhandle, where he had gone to deliver some cattle, and without stopping at headquarters, went directly to the Canon camp to see his foreman, who was there.

There was a letter in his pocket from Louise that he had got as he came through Amarillo. It was the unkind letter of a weak, selfish nature, which, fretful at feeling itself at fault, must blame the heart it wounds.

But the child grew and thrived, and out tooth after tooth, to the unspeakable delight and admiration of "the boys," and was as happy as a singing lark.

When Jack got to headquarters the forlornness of the picture there pierced his heart like a knife. There were Jim and Shorty and Buster—great, rough, tender-hearted boys, desperate-

piano. Then finding among the music something to her taste she played on and on to herself while Sweetheart fell asleep. Her heart seemed revealing itself while Jack stood on the porch and listened; love, hope, grief, despair, resignation, and, at the last a gentle, half plaintive hope again.

As she rose presently to take the sleeping baby Jack saw her eyes full of tears, and he went away toward the corral with a new pair in his heart that yet was not all pain.

Late in August all hands were over at the Windmill camp where cattle were being gathered for shipment.

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ly anxious to do something for her—tramping around in their boots and spurs, asking her every few minutes if she wasn't better, to which she always replied with a pitiful little smile and "Oh, yes, I'm better."

Buster, who was only a boy, and a favorite with Agnes, having often been detailed to help her about the house, met Jack with a great platter of fried beef in his hands.

"She couldn't eat the pork," he explained. "So we rounded up a yearling and killed it."

"You ought to get off those boots and spurs, boys," said Jack. And the poor boys, overwhelmed at their criminal neglect, immediately went in search of shoes or slippers.

She was lying quite still the pretty purple eyes wide open, and a little red color—the faint, fluttering flag of the departing fever—in each cheek.

When Jack came to the door she raised her eyes to his face. She said nothing, but her looks ran forward to meet him and welcome him; they clung to him and rested upon and caressed him. He came in and sat down by her and took one little hand in both his own.

As the time went on she breathed a little heavily, and Jack, with a sob he could not choke back, raised her softly and laid her on his breast—over Louise's letter.

He smoothed back the soft brown hair from her forehead and kissed it, while his tears fell among the wavy locks. She drew down the hand and held it a moment against her lips, then lay quite still, raising her eyes often to his face, always with that look of perfect love and happiness and peace.

Buster had sat down in the outer room to be within call, and as one hour wore away after another Jack could hear his heavy breathing—he was asleep. Shorty and Jim were on the porch.

He stood outside and looked heavily around at the great sweep of level plain, asleep under the stars.

"She's out of it all, safe and happy," he said, and remembered his own lot of emptiness and disappointment to be faced somehow, and the refrain of Agnes' little song came back to him:

The ways of man are narrow, But the gates of death are wide.

Man and Mastiff Fight.

A fierce encounter in a yard at Windsor Terrace, N. Y.

A fierce battle with a ferocious English mastiff occurred in Windsor Terrace, Flatbush, on Wednesday last.

The dog was tied in the yard with a thick iron chain. James Murphy, a neighbor, entered the yard to get some water. He teased the dog, which sprang for him and burst the chain.

Murphy had a warrant for William Murphy's arrest, and before Judge Bornkamp he said he was satisfied to have the dog shot. Sentence was suspended on the charge of violation of the Health laws for allowing the dog to be loose, and yesterday Detective James Doloherty put three shots into the mastiff and killed it.

What is a Cold?

The Answer Given in a Lecture by Dr. Hartman at the Surgical Hotel, Columbus, Ohio.

A cold is the starting point of more than half of the fatal illness from November to May. A cold is the first chapter in the history of every case of consumption.

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A New York Church Wedding.

The Century for November contains the first chapters of a new novel New York society "Sweet Bells Out of Tune," by Mrs. Barton Harrison, author of "The Anglomaniacs."

It was, however, a false alarm. The middle aisle, center of interest, developed nothing more striking than a trim little usher, in pearl gloves with a buttonhole of white carnations, conveying to her place honor beyond the ribbon a colossal lady with abundant front, red in the face, and out of breath.

"Conversation in pews reserved for the elect of good society." "She: 'Hum! Bridegroom's maid-en aunt, suppressed generally—how Freddy rushes her along!'

"She: 'Not her best face—her second best, I've seen her improve on that. But then, this half daylight, half electricity is abominably trying.'

"She: 'Take care. There's one of the high-born ramifications glaring at you from the next pew—old lady with eye-glasses and a snuff. Come up from Second Avenue in a horsecar—looks like the unicorn on the British coat of arms.'

"She: 'Gracious! It's the bride's cousin or something; let's change the subject. Oh! did you hear poor Mrs. Jimmie Crosland couldn't go to the opera house last night because that wretched, jealous husband shut her nose in a wardrobe door?'

"She: 'Of course. Don't you remember? Regular peep-show; six chorus girls from the opera, in white veils, to sing. 'The voice that breathed o'er Eden.' They say she even hired the pages to hold up her train—put 'em in Charles II. wigs, and passed 'em off for little brothers.'

"He: 'Exactly. One gets these theatrical affairs so confoundedly mixed up. See, the groom's mother is still upon her knees. A woman couldn't pray so conspicuously unless in back seats from Worth.'

"She: 'For shame! How malicious you men are! I should have said it's because she's keeping Mrs. Vane-Benson standing in the aisle every one to see. You know they have been at some trouble to corral relatives to match the bride's, and Mrs. Vane-Benson's sister managed by a corps of men who have been educated and trained under the eyes of his high officials, that a movement of this kind, extraordinary as it appears to the public, was effected without interfering in any manner with the routine of everyday traffic.'

"It is safe to say that while no other country in the world would be able to move the entire organization of its government a distance of one thousand miles, so there is no other railroad company which would grapple with such a problem and solve it with the ease to the persons in interest and the credit to itself that has distinguished this achievement of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It reflects the utmost credit on Vice-President Thompson, who planned, and his associates, who executed the brilliant feat of railroad transportation, and holds out a bright promise of equally successful work when the resources of this line will be drawn upon next year to furnish adequate transportation facilities to the hosts who will visit the world's greatest fair."

"The Poor Indian's Excuse." In the early days of Southern California, an Indian was brought down from Los Angeles to testify in a horse-stealing case.

"Not Susceptible." "Will your daughter take Latin this year?" Mother: "No, there is no danger of it; we had her vaccinated before she left home."

The World of Women.

Brilliant red, with black trimming, is popular. The choker collar is quite the favorite. This style is seen on most of the tailor costumes.

Tufts of Collette is to have three lady students in the College of Letters and three in the Divinity School.

Among the students of Iowa State University is Mrs. Stark Evans, the wife of a lawyer and the mother of five children.

Ornament in the guise of wings are seen on new hats, of black guipure, wired and edged with a narrow border of black feathers.

Over 300 women are now studying at the Harvard Annex, and the freshman class of thirty, is the largest since the annex was opened.

Rosa Bonheur, notwithstanding her advanced age, has just completed three small pictures, studies of animals, as usual not lacking in vigor.

A woman's best qualities do not reside in her affections. She gives refreshment by her sympathies rather than by her knowledge.—Samuel Smiles.

Women are achieving considerable success in their new business as florists, and several of them, including Miss Eadie, of Cleveland Mrs. Berger, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Nichols, of Texas, are well known as successful decorators.

With the riot of color that prevails in fashionable wardrobes, they are yet not considered complete without at least one or two black costumes. Among the most effective black goods are the wool bengalines, with cords of different thickness woven across the surface.

Buckles are quite a feature in this autumn's dress arrangements. No shoes are up to date without them. They are worn on gowns arranged in various ways and as belts.

There is a craze for antique silver in buckles, belts and ornaments of all kinds, and women are becoming highly educated in the matter of silver marks.

A black cloth coat may be transformed by substituting for the plain sleeves full ones of gaily-striped silk, also line the flaring collar with the silk and make two revers of the same. Ribbon attached to either side of the collar and ties in a bow that covers the opening formed by turning back the revers.

The new narrowly-ribbed velvets are very much used to trim gowns of faced cloth and camel's hair. These velvets are also Russian velours are very popular and are used for cloaks, dresses, redingotes, three quarter coats and pairs of tailor costumes. They come in shade of chestnut, copper, brown, magenta-red, gray, moss and olive.

One of the most popular materials of the moment is bengaline, and the figured bengalines, both in silk and wool, seem to be quite as well liked as the plain also show novel effects. Fancy sarahs combined with many of the fine woolen materials promise to be very popular this autumn, and a brilliant shade of scarlet sarah, in plain and dotted effects combined, is one of the most fashionable colors for tea gowns.

I've said little or nothing in these our economical chats about coats and wraps, for the reason that such garments when made at home are very likely to turn out sad failures. However with a little skill last year's coat may be modernized to look extremely stylish. A tan-colored loose coat can have full wrinkled sleeves of black velvet, inserted in place of the original ones and a single Watteau of velvet added to the back.

A charming wrap for a young girl that may easily be made at home with good hopes of excellent success is a cape of Russian-blue smooth cloth. The cape is raised on the shoulders in the usual way and a Watteau pleat is arranged in the back. A collar, flaring both back and front, rolling stylishly from the neck is very becoming. The whole thing is finished with a tiny piping of old gold silk to match the lining and a Watteau bow of blue moire ribbon is placed over the fold in the back.

If really desirous of being in the latest fashion all one has to do is too add three or four inches to the width of the shoulders. This may be done by wearing a short cape flounce or large epaulettes arranged with much fullness on top of the sleeves. The chest must be broadened, enormous lapels put on all gowns and outdoor garments. Sleeves should be somewhat larger than the waist—that is, if the corset be a twenty-inch one. The bodices of evening gowns will, of course, be made short and cut low in order to show the shoulders. The sleeves will be fairly short and of the balloon pattern.

A very pretty gown was of dark green alligator cloth, the skirt plain and the body a long, tight-fitting, flat-shaped thing, which opened in the front showing a neat vest of bright red cloth. The coat had two pointed revers, and the front breadths of the skirt lapped over the side, forming two more revers. The whole was finished in tailor fashion, while the only ornaments used upon the dress were two rows of small, sparkling brass buttons on the vest, two larger buttons behind on the coat, two on the sleeve and six on each of the skirt revers.

And what is alligator cloth? Does not the name show it to be something woven with wavering circles in definite lines imitating as nearly as possible in a woolen fabric the skin of the Sawrnan. Sometimes the effect is crosswise, sometimes up and down, while again the two are combined to form stripes. A plain stripe next one of the alligator effect is also seen. These goods come in all the pretty new shades, they are double width and cost 79 cents a yard.

Havana brown and black make a very distinguished and refined combination. A gown of striped brown alligator cloth and black moire has a double skirt, the upper part reaching quite to the knees. The waist is "pulled" into a narrow belt of moire, cuffs, collar and border around the skirt are of the same silk, beset with jet. The waist is further ornamented with four flaring revers, two in front and two behind. They start from the belt and reach to the shoulders, where the pointed ends stand very erect. Crinoline is used to line them and keep them in shape.