

FANSIES FOR THOUGHTS.

If passions, with their dark, impassioned faces, Had been given the power of human speech...

BARKER.

I think I may safely say that Barker has been the bane of my existence. We were at school together, and he made me break the rules so often that I was never free from punishment or...

The usual frequenters of the Irreproachable gallery are as respectable as the theatre itself, which, of course, is saying a great deal, but that evening unfortunately, an objectionable character had thrust himself among them.

The ticket collectors always took his word and his money without even hinting that he had been trying to defraud the company, and porters have actually aided and abetted him by opening doors and saying, "Come along sir."

He had a tandem tricycle, too, and he made me go for rides on it with him. As soon as we were out of town he didn't care much what he did.

"Pass it to the lady, governor," he said, as I was about to return it to him. "Perhaps it's more in her line than shrimps."

"I am sorry to say the lady is a total abstainer," I replied, doing my best to conciliate him with a smile. "Poor thing!" he retorted. "Is she really? She don't look it either, does she?"

"Oh, Algernon!" whispered Sophy. "Let us go." "Go—go where?" I asked astonished. "Out home, anywhere that get away from that horrid wretch," she replied.

"Yes, but then—" she began and stopped. Then, apparently recognizing how foolish she had been, she sighed and added: "Never mind, dear, I'll go if you wish it."

"But, Sophy, I protested, "if I come down for you it will cost me threepence each way, and, besides, there is no time. The doors are open at 7.30, and we ought to be there at least three quarters of an hour before that."

She disappointed me. I am not a mean man, but I do object to paying eight shillings when you can get practically the same article for two, and I could not make Sophy understand that the gallery is, practically just the same as the upper circle.

"Hullo! Swaddle," he said, coming from behind somewhere, and appropriating the temporarily vacant place in front of me. "What are you doing here?"

"Wherever I meet Barker he asks me what I am doing there, in a tone which implies that I have no right to be anywhere without his leave."

"How easy it is to be deceived in a woman! How could she have been anxious to make his acquaintance after the things I had told her about him? And yet, up to that moment I had always thought sincerity was one of Sophy's greatest charms."

"Swaddle, you are a sly, sly dog," said Barker, chucking idiotically. "Do you know Miss Bell, that until this auspicious moment, I was ignorant of your very existence?"

"I am not surprised to hear it, Mr. Barker," returned Sophy, tossing her head. "Algernon is not at all proud of me I can assure you."

"A more untrue accusation never proceeded from a woman's lips, yet I could not refute it without laying myself open to an equally groundless charge of jealousy."

"I had not told Barker of my engagement, it is true, but that was because he is such an interfering beggar. 'Ah!' he would have said, 'I must know the little girl Swaddle. You must settle down somewhere near my diggings so that I can look you up in the evenings. I know the very house to suit you. Where are you buying your furniture? I know a place—' and so on. Indeed, he would have made me play second fiddle at my very wedding if he had been asked to it, and surely it is not jealousy to object to that."

"They both looked at me as if they expected an explanation, but as I could not tell Barker my reasons for reticence there was an awkward pause in the conversation. I felt that Barker had once more placed me in a false position, and when I feel that I am in a false position I always blush, and often say something which on reflection I regret."

"I was blushing, and about to speak when the objectionable character saved me by coming back to his seat. According to the etiquette prevailing in galleries Barker should have yielded it to him, and perhaps he would have done so had not Sophy told him in a whisper to stay where he was."

"Ere, governor," said the objectionable one, "that's my yitch." His tone, I must admit, was not conciliatory, and Barker is a man who must be treated to an ell of conciliation before he will yield an inch of concession.

"Is it?" he asked. "I was under the impression that, like the rest of the theatre, it belonged to Mr. Crummuels Delawany."

"Was you?" sneered the other. "Well, I was a-sitting in it, anyway, during the whole of the first act; I appeal to this lady and gentleman if I wasn't?"

"Barker made no reply, but beckoned the attendant. 'Are these seats reserved?' he asked calmly. 'Well, no sir,' replied the man. 'Not strictly speaking, they're not. But when a gent goes for a mouthful of fresh air or what not, it ain't considered just the thing to jump into his place in his absence.'

"Never mind about that," said Barker. "Is the right to find it empty when he returns included in the price of admission?"

"No, sir," admitted the attendant. "Not the right exactly, but—"

"That will do, thank you," said Barker, coolly sitting down again. "Ere, I say," grumbled the previous occupier, "that's not good enough, you know. You're a precious sight too big and ugly for there to be any sense in me talking of chucking you out, but if—"

"Now look here," said Barker, turning round; "if you had asked me civilly to move, I would have done so with pleasure, but you didn't so I won't. Stop. Don't use bad language before ladies, but take this, and think yourself lucky to get it."

"This was a shilling, and the character took it and departed, muttering some nonsense about being glad to find that, after all, the gent was a gent, and knew how to behave as such."

The people round about laughed, and seemed to think Barker had done something clever, though where the cleverness came in I failed to perceive. Any one can bribe a lout, but if Sophy had seconded my policy of conciliation as she ought to have done, there would have been no need to waste money or to make ourselves conspicuous."

"Of course, we were conspicuous after that altercation, which, as Barker was concerned in it, had not, you may be sure, been carried on in whispers. Everybody stared at us, or I thought they did, which, as far as destroying my comfort went, came to the same thing. Barker, too, behaved disgracefully throughout the rest of the performance. He did his best to flirt

with Sophy, who, however, did not encourage him, but though she kept saying, "Don't Mr. Barker," "You shouldn't say such things," and "Do be quiet," he went on saying the things—jokes he thinks them—and he wouldn't be quiet."

He talked to the girls next to him, whom I am sure he had never seen before, and though they had so plainly resented the advances of the objectionable character, they did not seem to mind Barker a bit, while even the de-votees, as I have called them, smiled indulgently at him when he made fun of the play."

How is it that Barker can do such things with impunity? If I had talked to those girls, which of course I would not have done, without an introduction, they would probably have snubbed me, and if they hadn't Sophy would have been vexed, yet she simply beamed on Barker. As for the other people, they would have told me they had paid to listen to the actors, or something equally cutting, yet they let Barker chatter on without a murmur. How is it, I say?"

But to proceed. The drama dragged itself to an end at last. The educationally acquired gentleness of Gladys proved too weak to withstand her natural tendency to homicidal mania inherited from her maternal great-grandfather, who once, when in liquor, shot a man of the Barker species. She killed all her husbands—she had three, I think—and most of her children, and was led off to durance more or less vile, while the few surviving characters shook their heads and sighed. Then the curtain went down and we went out, to catch, as I thought, a 'bus for our suburb; but I reckoned without Barker."

"Now, you two would like a bit of supper?" said he. "Oh! yes, Algernon, please. I am so hungry," exclaimed Sophy, who always was inclined to speak impulsively. "My dear," I remonstrated, "there is no time. The last 'bus leaves St. Paul's churchyard at 11.30."

"St. Paul's churchyard!" broke in Barker in his overbearing way. "What on earth is the man talking about? Your 'busses pass this corner." "Oh! Mr. Barker. Don't you know we save a penny each by walking to St. Paul's?" said Sophy, very properly. I thought.

Barker burst into his brutal laugh. Though anxiety to save a penny is not a thing to laugh at, I was not surprised at Barker—but why did Sophy laugh, too? Really women are incomprehensible. "Oh! hang the expense for once," he said. "You can get up here and I'll send the extra 'two d'. There'll be lots of time."

I shuddered as I thought of the number of trains I had been dragged into by the collar all through Barker's idea of the period of time that amounted to 'lots.' "But a'll the perforated bun places are closed," I objected. "Oh! bother perforated buns!" retorted Barker. "It's my birthday, man, and, if Miss Bell graciously consents, we will sup to-night on something stronger than a perforated bun. The Gargantuan is just opposite."

It was not Barker's birthday, unless he had one in March as well as August and though the "Gargantuan" was just opposite, I do not approve of that luxurious restaurant. It is perfectly respectable, of course, but—but—well, I don't think it is exactly suited to people of limited, if sufficient, incomes and quiet tastes, especially when they are about to marry. Its spaciousness and its decorations, and its waiters and appointments generally, tend to make a girl discontented with the humble neatness of her future home. It was all very well for Barker to say, and Sophy to agree with him, that it was only once in a way; but there is a proverb about the thin end of the wedge, and even as we crossed the Strand to reach the "Gargantuan" I was full of dismal forebodings that Sophy would some day ask me to take her there again.

"I didn't enjoy my supper a bit. We only had steak and bitter beer, and I wondered how Barker dare order such simple fare from such a waiter in such a gorgeous saloon. I was sure that the waiter and some of the customers, too, were laughing at us because we were not in evening dress. Of course, it wasn't done openly. Waiters seem to know by instinct that Barker will tip them, and our man was outwardly most polite, but I doubted his sincerity."

Sophy, too, behaved badly, or perhaps I should say foolishly. Evidently unconscious of the ridiculous figure we were cutting, she seemed delighted with everything and showed her delight so plainly that everybody must have noticed she was not used to that sort of thing. "Isn't this nice, Algernon?" she said. "Why didn't you bring me here the last time?"

"Hush!" I whispered. "Don't speak so loud. Those people at the next table are listening to every word we say." Then she laughed and turned to Barker. "Mr. Barker," she said, "don't you think Algernon is painfully shy?"

I was sure that the waiter heard that, so I blushed and looked at her reproachfully, but without effect. The thoughtless girl joined forces with Barker and they teased me till I could hardly eat. I hate being teased and I am afraid I lost my temper, but just as I was going to say something sharp we finished, or at least they did, so I rose hastily from the table and made for the door. Barker had taken off his overcoat, quite heedless of the probability of having to tip a second waiter for helping him to put it on again, and so he could not follow me immediately. Sophy did but when we got to the vestibule she proposed that we should wait there for Barker, as it seemed rude to leave him. My nerves had been so completely

upset that I didn't care what it seemed and I told her she could stop it she liked, but I was going down the steps to look for a 'bus. I went, and she staid looking about her in an independent way as if the place belonged to her. I felt somewhat relieved when I reached the bottom step, and so escaped to some extent from the curious gaze of the people lounging about the vestibule. Barker had told me scores of times that people did not look at me, and my fear that they do is nothing but fancy. But if it is, what difference does that make. The fancy, if you believe in it, it is as bad as the reality."

Now, Sophy is a very pretty girl, and standing about alone as she was—entirely through her own fault, of course—she became a mark for all eyes, and presently some half-tipsy fellow came up and spoke to her. She looked at him indignantly, and he not only spoke again but caught her by the arm. Then she screamed—she is just the sort of a girl who puts herself in the way of unpleasantness and then screams when it comes—and I remained on the bottom step in an agony of nervousness as to what would happen next.

I should have hastened to her help, but the man was very big and, as he was in evening dress, I felt sure the sympathies of the bystanders would be with him. I did not want to get into trouble, either, and I felt that Sophy was almost rightly served for staying there. Nevertheless I hesitated, and I really believe that I should have risked the consequences and gone to her in another second, but up came Barker and asked the fellow what the devil—Barker sometimes uses very violent language; I have often told him he should be more careful—he meant by insulting a lady."

I failed to catch the reply, but it must have been unsatisfactory, for Barker, promptly knocked him down. Then the manager came and for a moment I thought that Barker, who has no discrimination when he is angry, would knock him down, too, but he contented himself with threatening to complain to the police about the way in which the "Gargantuan" was conducted. I thought the manager would have given Barker into custody, but he actually apologized to him, and ordered the other off the premises."

Then Barker and Sophy came down the steps, he swelling like a turkey-cock and she rather pale, but apparently very proud of him. "Sophy," I said, "do make haste, or we shall miss the last 'bus.'" "Mr. Barker," said she, ignoring me altogether, "will you see me safely home? I am sorry to trouble you, but—"

"Don't mention it, Miss Bell," he interrupted—I think he is the rudest man I ever know—and they straightway got into a hansom and left me standing there. I have not seen Sophy since. She told me, by letter, that I had behaved like a coward, and that she was very glad she had discovered my real nature before trusting herself to my care for life. The accusation was false, of course—I was only nervous—but I did not condescend to explain, as after all, married life would have been expensive. I fancy Barker finds it so—he has married Sophy—for he is not half as free with his money as he used to be. He is still the bane of my existence, though. Just at present he keeps bothering me to come down and have a look at his first, and let bygones be bygones."

I hate babies—they make me nervous, especially when they cry and of course I shall have to buy something for Barker; but for the sake of peace in the office I suppose I shall have to go some day.

Behring Sea Arbitration. The Impression Prevails that the United States Will Lose the Case. WASHINGTON.—Private letters received here from Paris state that Senator John T. Morgan, one of the Behring Sea arbitrators, will sail for home August 5. He intended to leave in time to be present at the opening of Congress, but will be prevented by private business from so doing. All of the other American members of the counsel have gone. The general impression prevails that the United States' case is not as strong as it should have been, and a report in favor of England will cause but little surprise.

Velocity of the Earth. The highest velocity by cannon ball has been estimated by 1,622 feet per second, which is equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to its rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per second, or a mile every 3.6 seconds. Therefore it has been calculated that if a cannon ball were fired due west, and that it could maintain its initial velocity for twenty-four hours, it would barely beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.

Absent-Minded but Valuable. "That clerk of yours," sharply remonstrated the customer, "sold me a pound and a half of butter yesterday for three pounds." "Here's a little careless sometimes," said the grocer, blandly, "but you mustn't mind that. It's only his weigh."

Must Take Care of His Own Foundlings. From the Millisburg Times. It is amusing to see the efforts John Sherman is making to deposit his financial offspring on some Democratic doorstep.

Death of Rear Admiral Smith. MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 19.—A Admiral from Green Bay says Rear Admiral Melancthon Smith, United States navy, died here to day, aged 83, after a two days illness.

For and About Women.

Can't keep a secret? Well, I'm free To say she can, and I'll engage That when she passes thirty she Can keep the secret of her age. —New York Press.

All the new hats show black wings, either back or at the side, and bunch of cherries are often used with them.

Unique costumes of huckabuck towels for very swell young women. One dozen are used for skirt and Etou.

Henrietta Henschfeld, the first woman graduate of the Philadelphia College of Dental Surgery, is assistant court dentist in Germany.

Landown in changeable effects is especially popular this season, and it changes in soft, lustrous folds, wears well and is shown in a great variety of shades.

The blazer which has been almost entirely superseded by the Etou jacket, is making its way back in the long basque piece which is not infrequently sewed to the belt worn with the jackets.

White muslin is worn by young girls for ball dresses, with white moire or satin in Empire sleeves and a sash deep in front, narrow toward the back and finished off with a small bow and long ends.

Another evidence of the fickleness of fashion is seen in the sleeves, which only a short time ago were made of a contrasting color. Now these are discarded for the bodice of a different color, but the sleeves must match the skirt.

Very modish women especially affect the waistcoat of black satin. Worn with a skirt and cutaway of snowy duck or butcher's linen the results are so charming that one can almost forgive the unsightly attempts at style which this especial fashion has provoked.

A pretty costume was a lavender and white striped silk, made with a double skirt, having lace insertion set in each section. The waist was entirely covered with lace, save for wide revers that came out above the shoulders and the big sleeves. These revers were piped with white satin, and there was a collar and belt of the same.

The size and color of hat has a marked effect on the appearance of a woman. A black hat takes inches off a tall woman, while a bonnet lighter in color than the dress will make a short woman appear taller than she is. A bunch of flowers under the brim of a hat is a commendable style for those who wish to add to their appearance of height.

A dainty little gown for evening is of dotted Swiss, having a full skirt, trimmed with several rows of lace insertion, which shows the yellow slip worn beneath it. The bodice is of yellow brocade and has short puffed sleeves made of lace insertion and yellow ribbon. A bertha of white lace and a smart little belt of narrow yellow satin complete the dainty toilette.

A very effective costume that was a compromise between the gay and the demure was a yellow chambray striped with fine white lines in which tiny black dots were set at intervals. The skirt was trimmed with a deep flounce of white embroidery, over which were set two rows of open work insertion run with black velvet. The round bodice had a yoke trimmed with two rows of the same, and edged with embroidery. Sleeves and belt were decorated with the insertion run through with ribbon.

The election of Miss Ella M. Grubb for superintendent of schools for Adams county, Ill., has aroused great interest there, for next to Cook county, the head city of which is Chicago, Adams is the most populous county in the State, and this is the first time in its history that a woman has been elected to office. Miss Grubb is only 28 years old. As an instance of her pluck and high character it may be said that she has already paid back from her earnings as a teacher the money she was compelled to borrow to secure a college education.

A black and white silk was made with a nine-gored skirt, having a deep flounce of black net on the bottom. On this was set three rows of white satin ribbon. The bodice had double caps of the net, the under one of which had a band of white-satin set at its edge, but not on the outer side. Immense sleeves made on the bias were in gigot form and the neck and waist were finished with a stock and belt of black satin. With this dress the hat to be worn was of black net trimmed with white satin rosettes and black lace wings.

Though flowers are very popular forms of trimming, the Mercury wings are a later and very stylish fancy. These little spreading, feathery trifles are set up in the most coquettish way on the crown of hats, looking for all the world as though the entire bit of head-gear was destined soon to fly away. Pale yellow ones on heliotrope straw are a perfect rage, and certainly are worthy of the favor they have received. Speaking of millinery, the Neapolitan straws are slowly but surely putting the Leghorns in second place but they are so scarce that they have become very expensive, and will not be worn by the masses, who find the Leghorn both inexpensive and picturesque.

Black silk is generally supposed to be a material adopted by the old, but if one were to see the pretty gown of this fabric that was among those that were to go into the trunk the long-rooted opinion would be changed. The black silk in question is combined with heliotrope satin, over which is black net. This gown is made with a very plain skirt that hangs in graceful folds. The bodice has a yoke and great puffed sleeves of heliotrope overlaid with net, deep cuffs of black silk reach up and meet the puffs and the neck and wrist-band are of black satin. The hat to be worn with this is a white rice straw, bent smartly up in front and trimmed with wired bows of black satin that stand up like birds' just poised and ready to fly up at a moment's notice. Compact bunches of violets are set at the back, and a little to the side and front where the rim turns up a bow of satin holds it in place.

The bang is gone. The brow that knew thick love-locks knows them no more.