

GIT AWW YU KIN.

I b'lieve it's each man's duty
In gittin through this life...

THAT LITTLE MISS MORGAN.

Such a jolly house party as it was,
So entirely congenial and altogether satisfactory...

"There are the Bradfords," she went on,
pointing to her little finger as though the aforesaid Bradfords were transformed into that white atom...

"It goes without saying that the Rogers were handsome pair, therefore it is not any great wonder that they always gathered around them the cleverest men and prettiest women...

"Tedd and Hal, with Bertie and Mabel Denton, made a gay quartette that were not at all embarrassed by the knowledge that their world had long decided that they were to pair off in regulation style...

At the end of the first seven days a terrible downpour of that brown rain that blots out all hope of its ever clearing up, despite the rainbow reassurance, necessitated indoor amusements in place of the skating and tobogganing that had been the chief delight heretofore...

"I wonder if I get anything," said pretty blonde Bertie as she rose and crossed over to join her adorer by the window. "Really the coming of the mail is quite a diversion," yawned Mrs. Fairlie.

"We haven't had a dull moment until this morning," apologized Mrs. Rogers, who felt that the horrible weather was intended as a deliberate and personal affront. "That is the first yawn I have heard save at two in the morning..."

"Yes, but wait. I have—" "A letter for you, Tom," here broke in the major, "and one for Mrs. Tom, Bertie and Mabel, of course, have several, some envelopes for the boys, strongly suggestive of bills, and such a bulky one for our hostess..."

"Oh, pehaw!" came the exclamation from Mrs. Rogers, "here is a nice mess," and regardless of the rather elegant manner in which she had chosen to break the news of her letter to her guests...

"Now, isn't that just like a girl of 17 to rush in on a made-up party, neither knowing nor caring whether she will be welcome or not?" "Who is she?" came the question from the women, who intuitively scented a rival in this youthful intruder...

"I will write and tell her not to come, and yet after all I can't do that, for she is my godchild, and one must be civil to one's religious relations even though we turn our own flesh and blood away..."

"Goodness gracious, so it is," says Mrs. Rogers in a tone that would freeze the expected guest if she had been so unfortunate as to hear it. Mrs. Bradford looked up at this point from her "crib" and electrified those who were eagerly discussing the unwelcome visitor by exclaiming: "There's a lured back turning into the driveway now, and judging by the big trunk strapped on behind, your visitor has arrived..."

A hush fell upon the little group, and though they were too polite to crane their necks to get a good view of the occupant of the cab, they all waited with more or less eagerness the entrance into their midst of the young girl whom Miss Collins announced as "Miss Evelyn Morgan..."

"Her fiancée!" If a bombshell had exploded in their midst it could have caused no greater commotion. Teddy and Hal looked sheepishly at each other, then at Mabel and Bertie. Strange that they had never noticed before what really lovely girls they were. The major picked up his paper and crossed over to where the widow was sitting. The Bradfords began a game of cribbage, and the happy hostess went out to see about sending Collins at once with that dispatch. On the morrow a small person in gray rode away in a hired cab, the Dentons decided to remain until Tuesday, and the announcement of three engagements a month later proved that the house party was a success after all.—Edith Townsend Everett.

The Private Palace Car.

It costs about \$50 a day, says the Philadelphia Times, to hire a completely furnished and palatial dwelling house on wheels, containing seventeen beds. In front is an "observation room." Next come two drawing rooms both fairly spacious. Behind these is a dining room twelve feet long. The middle part of the car is occupied by berths, which are comfortable sofas during the day...

Thus it may be seen that the uninvited member of the house party was causing in her quiet way a world of dissension. The men unanimously approved of her, but after a few days they began to look upon her with suspicion, and rivalries hitherto unknown sprang up and flourished like green bay trees only looks at him he acts as though he had been transported to the seventh heaven. After all, it's youth that tells. I know I look only twenty-five at night, but in the morning the extra six years show plainly, while that girl can sit in the strong light, and, if anything, looks sweeter and younger at breakfast time than at dinner...

Meanwhile the lovely cause of it all danced and rode, sang and flirted, wearing her Paris gowns and her pretty foreign airs with unconscious grace, and which made them all the more detestable if possible to suppress this novelty, for it is that element in both life and love that proves most dangerous to cope with. "Eleven is such an awkward number," put in Mrs. Fairlie, who was too wise a woman not to realize that though she were young the major might prefer a mate still younger. "I will write and tell her not to come, and yet after all I can't do that, for she is my godchild, and one must be civil to one's religious relations even though we turn our own flesh and blood away..."

Weddings Among the Lolos. The bride perches in a tree till the groom captures her. Among the Lolos of Western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambers up on the tree assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off...

For and About Women.

Mrs. Mary Hemmingsway, who died recently in Boston, left the interest on her estate, worth \$15,000, for a period of 15 years to the turbulence of scientific and other educational work in Boston and its vicinity. She bequeathed a valuable farm to the Hampton (Va.) Institute.

There is nothing that is more popular or more becoming to a graceful young woman than the tailor-made frock coat. These coats are long and plain and severe, and the incomparable Johnstone Bennett is said to have brought them out. They have high, full sleeves and bell skirts and they are double-breasted and have neat silk lapels. They always match the dress-skirts that go with them, but they look best when the skirts are made of a black, rough cloth.

Sleeves are immense—bigger than ever, and although they do not stand upon they spread outward to an incredible extent. The top is never less than a yard and a half wide, but the width begins to decrease above the elbow, and at the wrist the sleeve fits the arm exactly. Satin, in a color harmonious with the dress, is much used for these large gigot sleeves.

The hair-dresser plays a prominent part these days in the appearance of a woman, for an unbecoming "head-dress," that is, one unsuited to its wearer's style, will make a pretty woman look something like one of Macbeth's witches. It is not necessary to make an elaborate coiffure, but it is quite necessary, indeed, that the contour of the head and the style of the face be consulted. For instance, the round, dimpled face demands a high coiffure, with only a suggestion of bang over the forehead, a little tuft of curls on the temple and a moderately well-built-up bang between the knot and the forehead on top of the head...

The new blouse waists do not end with the belt, but flare out over the hips in a variety of patterns, all of them, however, having more or less method in their arrangement. Dressmakers are at last submitting to the inevitable, and are giving up their opposition to the silk waist which they have vainly tried to suppress; and several firms are now wisely making them a specialty, giving them a cut and elaboration that is the despair of amateurs to imitate. The basque part of the new waist may be a ruffle; or it may be finished in box-plaits or "rippled" like the seamless collars and capes on the jackets. One very pretty model is made with a yoke, below which are three broad box-plaits in front and three behind, which are graduated into the waist, the side pieces being fitted smooth. Below the waist are eight box-plaits, broad at the bottom and graduated at the waist, the extra two being over the hips, while a pretty effect is produced by glimpses of silk of another color between the box-plaits. The graduated plaits cause the waists to look very small. Another charming design in black chiffon has three accordion-pleated ruffles on the yoke, edged with an extremely narrow white picot edge of guipure, and two accordion-pleated wings on each shoulder, also finished with the tiny edge. The front is gathered in, exceedingly full, and brought to a point at the waist, where it is finished with a draping of black moire ribbon caught up with a bow at the left side.

The distinctive feature of the 1894 hats and bonnets are steel buckles, black roses and tabs of lace falling over the hair in the back. In some, all three of these decorations are to be seen, while in others only one appears, but no hat or bonnet is thoroughly up to date that does not have at least one of the trio as a portion of its make up. Linen and duck dresses are to be popular again this year. They are made in the coat and shirt style and worn with vests and shirts. A taking little gown is of light gray and had an overskirt raised slightly on one side and hanging in godets. There was a band of fancy trimming around the bottom of the bodice fastened invisibly; and on each side of the front it was slit up from the waist in points, showing white cloth beneath. Bands of trimming formed half revers, half bretelles, in front of the sleeves. Another strip of the trimming was gathered into a basque which did not meet in front, standing out, quite full and during around the waist. With this costume there was a black lace hat, trimmed with standing white bows at the back.

Art in Oriental Rugs. "When a person who does not understand the subject looks at an Oriental rug, he cannot appreciate the beauty or value of it any more than anyone not versed in art can admire the work of the impressionist school," said a rug dealer yesterday. "I have often heard the latter complain of the canvas of an impressionist being 'too blurry and indistinct,' and it is just this same degree of unutilization in rugs that makes many a customer remark: 'Why, those old dirty ragged things! Do you think I would have 'em in my house? Never.' To be able to get enjoyment from rugs requires education in this line, just as it does in painting. It is a degree of cultivation that can be acquired only by seeing the work of the people in the East and by knowing how they accomplish it. Rug making in this country would not be very profitable. A protective duty never so high would not permit American manufacturers entering into competition with the far East—that is, if they attempted to produce the same quality of article. Just to give you an idea of the part that the great difference between the rates of wages paid here and in Asia Minor would play in the selling price of a rug, take this illustration: Here is a small rug; that is made here, in the same manner, rugs are made in the Orient. Of course we paid reasonable American wages—not as high, however, as the workman's skill perhaps merited. Well, we made the rug, which would be considered expensive at \$10 if made in the East, yet it cost us something over \$185. If Oriental rugs were sold upon the American wage basis, they would be a luxury to be afforded only by millionaires.

His Credentials. It is said that a well-known Bishop of the Episcopal Church in a Western town was introduced to a man who said that he was a "Piscopal." The bishop was evidently not much impressed by the man's manners, and said to him: "How shall I know whether you are an Episcopalian or not?" "Why," said the other, "cause I do the things that I ought not to have done and leave undone the things that I ought to have done and there is no health in me."

HISTORY OF THE WORLD.—This is the title of a new book, just being published in Philadelphia, notice of which appears in another column. The subject is one of surpassing interest, and such a book should be found in every home. The public will be greatly interested in this fine addition to our literary resources. We are informed that the book is first class in every respect, the illustrations, particularly, being marvels of artistic beauty, while the number is almost overwhelling. The agent securing territory for the book is the same firm that has a profitable business ahead of him.

Many sheep and cattle in Australia have died from extreme cold. One station lost 16,000. Many hundreds are lying dead along the roads. The crime of drunkenness in Auckland shows a decrease of 100 as compared with last year and the number of criminal offences is also much lower.

Get Ready for Arbor Day.

Of the line upon line and precept upon precept method of education is the annual proclamation calling upon the citizens of Pennsylvania to spend a day in tree planting. Governor Pattison, in designating April 13 and 27 as the days to be observed for this purpose this year, calls attention to the fact that the oft-repeated official calls to this duty have met with tardy and limited response, while the destruction of the forests continues with increased rather than diminished vigor. To put the situation in a sentence, thousands are destroying trees while only a few scores are planting them.

It does not require the vigorous language used by the governor to convince thoughtful persons that if this order be not quickly reversed the woodlands of the state will soon remain only a memory. If all owners of forest land were following the example of the board of city trusts in replenishing the denuded acres of the Girard estate of Schuylkill county, the destruction of the primitive forests everywhere in progress would furnish little cause for solicitude. But with the many cutting trees ruthlessly and only the few planting, the forest area, already too small, is rapidly disappearing, leaving a trail of dangers to climate and atmosphere, health and comfort, entertainment and occupation that cannot much longer remain unheeded.

In view of this condition the Arbor Day proclamation should be more generally heeded than heretofore. Nearly three weeks remain for preparation to observe the day named; the season is more than usually propitious both for the selection and planting of trees and for the man, woman and child who can, should do more than read the governor's proclamation—they should observe the day. If he who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a public benefactor, much more is he who makes one or several trees grow where none grew before.

"You couldn't delay her coming even though you wanted to," put in her husband. "She says the twenty-fifth, and if I am not very much mistaken the calendar declares that to be this very day." "Goodness gracious, so it is," says Mrs. Rogers in a tone that would freeze the expected guest if she had been so unfortunate as to hear it. Mrs. Bradford looked up at this point from her "crib" and electrified those who were eagerly discussing the unwelcome visitor by exclaiming: "There's a lured back turning into the driveway now, and judging by the big trunk strapped on behind, your visitor has arrived..."

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