

BACHELOR HOUSEKEEPING.

He is a bachelor pro tem; His wife's away. And meanwhile—you can make a mem— Life isn't play.

He sleeps in all the beds in turn. 'Twould make his wife's face set and stern. If she could see how things are mused Since she went off in placid trust That things would stay where they were left. While her dear hubby was bereft.

The bureau drawers are full pulled out, With shirts and socks strewn all about. The floor, because he tried one day To find a shirt she'd put away.

The parlor hasn't once been swept, His old cigar stumps he has kept Upon the centre table, where There chances to be a small place bare.

Out in the kitchen in a pile Are all the dishes gathered while Her indolent, though loving, spouse Has been a bachelor keeping time. The pile will grow without a doubt As long as the supply holds out. Then he'll brace up, when need confronts, And wash the whole lot up at once.

The whole house has a musty air Of stale tobacco; everywhere Newspapers litter up the floor And I could tell you of much more Which if his dear wife knew of it, Would make her fall down in a fit.

O, things have gone to wreck and wack While she's away. And you can bet when she comes back Life won't be play.

ON THE POINT.

A Tale of To-Day.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

Bedford seated Miss Page in the boat's end and pushed off. He had first carefully wiped out its wet bottom.

"But I can't make it fit for you," he said, looking at her with apology in his smile—at the drooping plumes on her white hat, her hands in gloves, the fine lace that showed itself under her skirt as she gathered it up from the damp planks. "You ought to go boating in a painted shallop—pink and blue or white and gilt."

Miss Page looked at him without an answering smile. Her gravity was sweet, and more frequent than that of most of the women he had known. Sometimes it was inquiring; often it was disapproving.

"That was quite a flowery effort for me," he said with humorous reproach.

Then she smiled. Sometimes when she smiled Bedford hardly dared look at her, her loveliness was so all-compelling.

"It was highly poetical," she answered; "but I don't see why you think I should go boating in a pink and blue shallop."

"Suppose I tell you why I think so—seriously?" said Bedford, slowly and bluntly. "Can't you see it? Don't you know how you strike me? You seem so much too good, too fine and delicate, for this place, and us, the natives, and anything we can offer you, that it's a wonder to me you have staid here for eighteen weeks—or so. He reddened a little. He knew to a day how long she had been there.

"We're going to be something sometime. We have all the advantage of location—you have heard this some seventy-five times I presume. 'We'll have your Eastern millionaires investing here, and our boomlet is going to be a boom.' We have twenty thousand people now; when we have forty we shall have some refinement and some society perhaps. But now—how you have stood it here so long, going to Mrs. Mackin's euchre parties, and our club balls at the Grand Hotel, and boating and driving with me—I have been lost in wonder at you, Miss Page."

She gave him a little frown. "You know I like it here; I've told you so over and over. I like the place, and the scenery, and the characteristics, and the people—everything," she declared, warmly. Then she flushed. "Of course I have enjoyed being with my cousin," she said, more coolly; and she added, with another degree of frigidity, "How lovely the cliff town looks to-night!"

"You can't expect me to admire it at any time of the day," Bedford laughed. The low-lying level city they had left was behind them, its lamps seeming to lend a soft lustre to the moonless night. They were rowing towards the long Minnesota Point, with its miles of wooded darkness and its terminating light-house far out. On this side, the smooth bay; beyond the sheltering Point, the cold deep, washing waters of Superior. All over the bay twinkled the lights of pleasure-boats, of little tugs, and the ferry-boats. And down on the breezy expanse of land and water gleamed from the tall Minnesota bluffs the lights of the rival city, tier above tier, thick and brilliant, like some fairy like consummation planned for the pleasure of gazers from afar.

"Those are the Machines in that farther sail-boat," Miss Page said. "I can hear Mrs. Mackin laugh."

"It's impossible not to hear Mrs. Mackin laugh," Bedford remarked. Miss Page laughed in her sweetest tone. "You are abominable about Mrs. Mackin," she said. "And she thinks so much of you. She thinks you perfect. She says you shall go to the Assembly, if she expires in the cause. She got nine votes for the last week when we went through the Marguerite flouring-mill; she talked politics to the men."

"I believe I shall go to the Assembly. I have stopped talking politics myself and buying cigars for voters. It isn't because it's me, you understand. I represent the stronger party."

"And it is no credit to you, I suppose, that you represent that party?"

"Mighty little."

"Cousin Helen thinks it is a great credit to you. Everything; your

whole career," she said, gazing distantly into the increasing darkness.

Bedford rebuked himself for the thrilled pleasure her words caused him. "My career," he said, "will be given in next Sunday's Messenger," together with a ghastly-looking picture supposed to be me; I saw an advance sheet. But the career will be toned up considerably. I gave Maxwell bald facts, but he fixed them up to suit himself and the party."

"I presume you have never been in state prison for horse-stealing," she said with gentle sarcasm.

They passed near to a mud-scow, brilliantly alight, its rudeness idealized. Her fair face shone upon him for a minute in the glare, and Bedford could not speak. But when the dimness dropped between them he pulled himself together.

"It may amuse you to know what I have been," he said.

"It would interest me."

Bedford plied his oars slowly.

"Well, I never stole a horse. The News has intimated that I used to jump claims in Dakota for a living, but even that is a mistake. I have never done anything positively disgraceful except to be born poor. We lived in a little place down in the middle of the State, and my father was a carpenter, not energetic, and always in debt; he was something of a drinker.

We never knew anything but poverty and misery. My mother lost several children. We never had a home; we moved from one cheap place to another with our handful of broken furniture. When I was thirteen my father died, and the town helped to bury him."

"Don't tell it," she said, "if it hurts you."

"I shall tell it," Bedford answered, "unless it hurts you. Well, I don't know how we lived for a while then. My mother was a refined woman, and never very strong; but she sewed day and night, and went around helping people with their house-cleaning. She even took in washing, and I used to help her with that. I had to stop going to school, and I did all sorts of things to help to keep us from starving or going to the county-house. I washed buggies in the livery-stable, and pasted circus-posters, and weeded people's gardens, and hung around the depot for any kind of a job. I was a lanky tall chap, and after awhile I got work in a saw-mill from six in the morning till six at night, and six dollars a week. I wanted my mother to stop taking in washing, then, but she didn't. So I bought her a new clothes-wringer, and some brown calico for a dress. She was proud of me; she cried when I gave them to her."

She was drawing off her gloves; her head dropped. Bedford wondered what must be her thoughts. She had known nothing but luxury; she had studied in Europe!

"We were so poor that my ambitions would have died of starvation if I had been left to myself. But my mother encouraged them. We used to sit up nights to talk about it, and my hankering to get an education and amount to something got to be my ruling idea and I stuck to it like a bulldog. I went to school again part of every winter, and studied what I could besides. The same old hackneyed story of the struggling young American, you see, Miss Page. I don't think I was remarkable for anything but the variety of the things I did. My winter-schooling prevented my having a steady job, and anyhow, I was always looking for something to bring in more than the last thing. I worked in several mills and factories. I did telegraphy for awhile. The summer I was eighteen I went over to Milwaukee, and went on a lake boat as a steward; hard work had made me look old, and I told them I was older than I was; I was up to all sorts of schemes those days. We had saved up a little money by then, and I wanted to go to a small college near by. It was for my mother backed me up. It was for her I was doing it all as much as for myself; I wanted to be able to make money in a gentlemanly way, and give her a little comfort and happiness for once in her hard life. But the next spring she died. She had worked too hard and worried too long."

He could not go on at the moment. The girl sat motionless. The black pines of the Point were not far off.

"There isn't much more to tell," said Bedford. "At first I had no heart for anything. She was all I had. I kept some of her things—her thimble, worn jagged on one side, and her few dresses; I have kept them all away. After my first wretchedness, I think the thought of what she had wanted me to do drove me on. I went into the college, and got through it by means of hard and lively work during vacations. The few things I hadn't already I did during those four years. I was assistant janitor of the college buildings, too. Even in that rude little Western college the fellows rather looked down on me, but I was hardened to things of that kind. I got my diploma, and then I sought for awhile, and read law evenings. Then I travelled for a flour-mill for two years, because there was more money in it than teaching. I went to Milwaukee then, and got into a law office where I wasn't really wanted, and did some clerical work for them and read law, and after a while I was admitted to the bar. That's all of it. I came up here and settled, because I liked the idea of working up a practice in a growing place. I did work one up, and now it seems likely I shall go to the Assembly. I am glad of it, because it will help my practice, and I care more for that than for politics. But that is my 'career,' Miss Page. I am not very greatly cultivated, because I have never had time for it. I have read as much as I could afford to, and two years ago I travelled around the country a little; but my widest experience has been of poverty and hard work. It has made me look older than

I am, but that has been to my advantage."

He guided the boat among the snags and floating logs that flanked the shore and brought it cranking to land. A warm wind swept their faces, and the odor of the pines was strong. At one point, near at hand, a light twinkled through the trees, and the notes of a violin sounded sharply and loudly through the silence.

"You remember that man that came and shook hands with me on the ferry-boat one evening?" said Bedford.

"He is a Milwaukee patent-medicine man. I sold him medicines for him all over the State one summer when I was in college, and he remembered me."

She kept her silence, and his whimsical smile faded. He feared he had gone too far, and disgusted her with the pitifulness of his story. He had only meant to prove to her that he realized as plainly as she the great and impassable distance that was between them. They climbed the little rise beyond the wet beach and he helped her with the tenderness it was beyond his power to keep wholly in check.

"If you thought better of going to the Palace Pavilion, he said, 'we will stroll across to the lake.'"

"Not see the Palace Pavilion?" Miss Page cried, protestingly. It was what we came for."

They penetrated the woods to the cleared spot where the Palace Pavilion had been erected. The name had been painted redly across one side; an occasional light remained. It was a rude shed, forty feet square, with great cracks in its weather-worn sides. Closely approached, it seemed that the music and the pounding feet must dissipate the silence for a mile. They went in and sat down on a bench that skirted the room. The fiddler and a man who thumped chords out of a melodeon sat on a high platform. Pine boughs and dirty red bunting ornamented the rough boards.

"It is open Sunday nights also," said Bedford; "two evenings a week. They are all servant-girls and their beaux, you see, and a good share of them Swedes. It is very popular; they come from far and near, and Sunday nights it is generally crowded. You can get peanuts and soft drinks at a stand outside, and go down by the lake every winter, and studied what I could besides. The same old hackneyed story of the struggling young American, you see, Miss Page. I don't think I was remarkable for anything but the variety of the things I did. My winter-schooling prevented my having a steady job, and anyhow, I was always looking for something to bring in more than the last thing. I worked in several mills and factories. I did telegraphy for awhile. The summer I was eighteen I went over to Milwaukee, and went on a lake boat as a steward; hard work had made me look old, and I told them I was older than I was; I was up to all sorts of schemes those days. We had saved up a little money by then, and I wanted to go to a small college near by. It was for my mother backed me up. It was for her I was doing it all as much as for myself; I wanted to be able to make money in a gentlemanly way, and give her a little comfort and happiness for once in her hard life. But the next spring she died. She had worked too hard and worried too long."

It was a polka. Among the dancers there was some careless grace some stylishness of a bold sort, some beauty. They were at once conscious of the interlopers and of their foreign quality. The girls, for the most part, when they circled near them, examined Miss Page's every point with a perfectly open curiosity.

"It is so strange!" she said. "Here in this wild place, here in the woods, this spot of vivid life!"

He studied the bounding couples. "Come down to the bottom falls," he said, reflectively, "and it is not strange. It is the same principle that populates a New York ballroom."

"Sociability?"

"Love," said Bedford, "or the desire of it. That has accounted for stranger things than the Palace Pavilion."

"You are very clever," she said, meeting his eyes and smiling.

The intermission between dances was short. The company rested on the bench mainly, but some of them strolled off. Several of the men smoked. A man in his shirt sleeves walked around the room talking in loud persuasion.

"Here, now, you needn't sneak off. We're going to give you a quadrille, best one you ever shook your feet to. 'Tain't no ten cents. Worth fifty. Walk up there to the counter, you fellows, and do the square thing. We give you all the round dances free for nothin', and you don't want the earth, do you? Hurry up; music going to begin. Fill up the floor! What's the matter with you, Ole Larsen?"

"Ay bene tired yest now," Ole Larsen answered, banteringly.

"Yah! You and Yennie yest come along here," said the manager. "And the rest of you fellows. Get a move on you."

A young fellow who was standing near Bedford, having paid his dime, came a step nearer. He was good-looking and broad-shouldered, he had a blue silk handkerchief twisted around his neck; and he wore a buoyant smile of factitious ingenuousness. He lifted his hat. "Can I have the pleasure of the square dance, miss?" he said to Miss Page. "G. B. Callahan at your service."

Bedford fixed him with a stern gaze, some sharp word on the end of his tongue. But she touched his arm in repression, and laid her gloves on his knee with a smile that curved the corners of her mouth downward. "With pleasure," she answered.

Bedford stared after her. He had discovered that her moods were varied and her courage considerable, but he had scarcely been prepared for this. He laughed after a moment. An unreasoning pleasure possessed him. In the ball room of the Grand Hotel he had felt a gnawing jealousy of her partner. He was not jealous of Mr. Callahan. The dance began. He watched her with only a joyous appreciation of her gracefulness and her charming manner, as though she were dancing there for him alone. The entire company watched her with undisguised astonishment. The young man with the blue silk handkerchief eyed her sideways, and touched her respectfully and charily. He was hoist by his own petard; the joke was on him, and he was not wholly happy. Occasionally between the fingers she spoke to him, and he answered with good taste and suavity. The fiddler called the figures in a yell. She advanced

and retreated, swang with Mr. Callahan and with the other men, scottished hither and thither, marched in line with the three other girls, danced with them around the men standing motionless. Her hat lapsed to one side, a flush mounted in her cheeks; when she looked towards Bedford her eyes sparkled. He could have watched her all night with that insane satisfaction, but the fiddler stopped with some suddenness after a scant ten cents' worth. Mr. Callahan walked with his partner once around the room, then he made a bow, with his heels close together and his toes spread.

"He is from our town," said Miss Page, "and he will vote for you, I think; I told him he'd better. We can go now, if you like; I don't intend to dance again."

"Suppose I want to dance?" said Bedford, and she laughed. They left the light and the dust and the loud talk and the tawdriness, and went out into the leafy coolness of the night.

"He was really a good dancer," said Miss Page. They could hear the washing of the lake. "Let us go down to the beach."

They went a few steps in silence. He kept his eyes away from her, but she looked up at him, swinging her hat in her hand. And suddenly his self-restraint gave way. He caught her hands tightly and not too gently.

"I never thought you would do such a thing as to dance at the Palace Pavilion," he said. "Do you want to know what I was thinking while you were dancing? I wished you were one of them. Then I could tell you how much I love you, how dearly, and make you care a little for me perhaps."

He freed her hands. She waited a little, scarcely breathing.

"You make it hard for me," she cried warmly, when he said no more, and she was childishly half crying. "I have done enough and said enough. You are so bold! I know you have been half-way afraid of me. You are so absurd! And I have tried to show you—I danced that quadrille purposefully. Oh, well, if you can't see it!"

A few minutes later they sat on a smooth washed boulder on the lake shore. "It is a mistake," said Bedford, in his joyful security. "You will marry a man unequal to you in all the little ways that count for so much in your world. I shall not let you go to-night; but if it should be a mistake—" She tucked her hand in his arm in a tender contempt of answering, and leaned her cheek on his shoulder. To the west the harbor lights shone bright, and the lights of the vessels lying there. And the cliff built city, had their happy eyes been turned upon it, gleamed with a wonderful widespread radiance.

Reviving the Half Drowned.

People Given Up for Dead. Who Could Be Saved.

It requires as much pluck and tenacity of purpose to revive a half-drowned man, at times, as it does to effect his rescue from the water. There was an instance at Asbury Park on Sunday, and another at Rockaway, where men were revived considerably over an hour after they had been taken out of the water by the indelible work of the people who had undertaken their resuscitation.

A boy in Long Island Sound, who had been under the water for 15 or 20 minutes, and who was given up for dead by the majority of the spectators, was brought back to life after two hours of continued friction, the application of hot towels, and the modern system of compressing and expanding the lungs by raising and lowering the arms of the patient. This latter rescue was accomplished by a physician who had made a study of the matter of reviving people who have apparently died in the water, and he was exceedingly persistent and tireless in his efforts to restore breath to the boy's body. Toward the end of his exertions he was looked upon as a fanatic upon the subject, and all but one of the people who had so willingly helped him at the outset shook their heads and retired from the work. But the physician and an old woman kept at work until the boy breathed faintly and was finally fully restored to life. Then the doctor tumbled over and fainted from his excessive exertions. There would seem to be reason to believe that a very large proportion of the people who are given up as dead when taken from the water might be saved if there were a few men of heroism and stamina in the crowd to keep at the work of resuscitation.

Food for the Gossips.

A Wealthy Spinster in a New York Town Wads Her Hired Man.

The gossips of this town have enough to talk about lately. It has just leaked out that Miss Mary Cornelius, of this place, has been secretly married to John Mackey, her hired man. Miss Cornelius is said to be worth about \$50,000 or \$60,000, and is some years Mackey's senior. After the marriage in Brooklyn the couple returned to the old Cornelius homestead at Roselyn and have been living there quietly ever since.

Miss Cornelius was the daughter of Carman Cornelius, who died a year ago. Mackey had for some years been employed as a general overseer and coachman by old Mr. Cornelius, who had great confidence in him, never suspecting, however, that he would ever marry his daughter. After the old man died, Mackey was retained.

It was supposed by old friends of the family that after the father died Miss Cornelius would discontinue living at the homestead, and that Mackey would have to look for another situation. They were mistaken, however, as Miss Cornelius continued to live at the homestead, Mackey being her attendant.

A Cruel Rejoinder.

Dudely. "Do you evah wish you were a man, Miss Bright?"

Miss Bright. "Yes; do you?"

And Dudely was out of temper the rest of the day.—Judge.

A Disenchanted View of Greeks.

Most of the Men Look Like Thieves and the Women all Lie.

The modern Greek says he is the lineal descendant and heir of the ancient Greek, but he is not, says the Pall Mall Gazette. He may be divided into two classes—such examples of him as look like the young Apollo and such as do not. Those of the latter class, which is very far the larger, look for the most part like the Impenitent Thief. The dress of the modern Greek is a number of short white petticoats, not unlike those worn by a fairy in the ballet, only in cases less clean. To call him dirty, however, as some travellers have done, is most unjust. A chimney-sweep is dirty at the close of his day's work; but with the modern Greek dirt is less a custom than an immemorial tradition.

The first cases of him seen by the traveller—supposing him to approach the country from that side—are in Messenia. This fact has suggested to an antiquary that at the disastrous close of the first Messenian war, in 735 B. C., the Messenians bound themselves by great oath that until they had washed out disgrace they would wash nothing. That oath they have faithfully kept, and now it is unlikely ever to be either terminated or broken.

The modern Greek does not work. There are, it is true, workmen; they are needed for demonstrations of the unemployed; but they do not work. In the same paradoxical spirit it may be said that the principal industry of the country is idleness. But for the convenience of the gazetteer it is officially given out that the nation is engaged in commerce—mainly currants. Besides this, there is a brisk trade in justice in many parts of the country, while the inhabitants of some seaport towns devote their energies to blacking one another's boots in the principal streets. Such are the industries of modern Greece. It is to be observed, however, that although the modern Greek never works, he has an unequalled natural aptitude for looking as if he were just thinking it almost time to begin to work.

Although inactive, he is enterprising. The race is very widely spread; indeed, the only place near Greece where you may not expect to find Greeks is the post of duty. Even here the modern Greek has been noticed more than once, but he was almost invariably just stepping off a moment to light a cigarette. When he is about to light a cigarette he is always smoking one, except when his neighbor's tobacco gives out. He is not always drinking—a fact which may be ascribed more to the character of his native wines than to his native sobriety—though he can seldom spare the time to leave the wine shop, but fills in the interval trying to induce his neighbor to buy him wine to drink. It is probably national devotion to the cigarette to which we may attribute the characteristic architectural styles of modern Greece. The common feature in all these is their rough, bold incompleteness. To the experienced eye the building looks as if it were tumbling down; but this is not the true explanation.

Plainly the house was half built, when the master builder stepped away to get a light and forgot to return. In agriculture the modern Greek does not excel.

It is thought by sociologists that the land was so ravaged by the end of the Peloponnesian War (404 B. C.) that the Greek became dispirited, and has not planted anything since. Certainly, it would be impossible to ravage the land and now. Thus cut off from his traditional military exploit, the modern Greek is but an indifferent soldier. But it is to be remembered that it is now hardly over fifty years since he freed himself (acting through the fleets of England, France, and Russia) from the brutal dominion of the Turks. Doubtless in a century or two he will have advanced more than one step on the road to rejuvenescence and prosperity. The perpetual invention of new labor-saving machines is of the happiest augury for his future civilization. It should be said, moreover, that there is in the islands a town with a large square and a fine subtropical plant in the middle. It contains public buildings, partly finished, and eight or nine statues of national deities, besides a statue of a patriot in knickerbockers, called Muley—no doubt in affectionate recognition of his tenacity of purpose. The square is called the Place of the Glory of the Resurgent Hellas, but it is very many times too large for it.

The modern Greek woman differs in several important points from the modern Greek man. She sometimes works, and not seldom, in early youth, looks like an habitual criminal. It must not be thought, however, as some have done that she goes so far as ever to tell the truth. When she goes a journey she carries with her everything she has in the world, in this respect approximating to the custom of her sisters among less civilized peoples. She carries her goods in a broken box with a parti-colored leather top, trilled with yellow tinsel. In the rare cases when the lock is not broken, she further secures it with a piece of broken string.

Mrs. Meyer Wilkskey, of Lancaster, was terribly mangled by a bull dog belonging to Peter Krantz. She was driving a pet dog of her own into the yard with a strap, when the bull dog approached her. She shook the strap at him playfully and the next instant the savage brute sprang at her throat, but missed it and struck her breast. The woman fell to the pavement and was terribly mangled before a policeman could assist her. He finally killed the dog by putting a ball into its head.

Never.

"I hope, Robbie, you never go fishing on Sunday, do you?"

"No, sir; we play baseball in the mornin' and go swimmin' in the afternoon."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Women are always wishing that men were true; men are always wishing that women were new.

The kick of a cow is not the most acceptable form of milk punch.

Switzerland contains the most beautiful scenery in the world.

For and About Women.

Miss Hamilton, of India who has just been appointed the physician of the harem of the Ameer of Afghanistan, will be accompanied wherever she goes by a personal guard of six native soldiers.

A blue-eyed person never looks so blue-eyed as in a blue dress or white with a blue cravat, whereas the strong blue of the fabric might have been expected to dim the slight blue of the eye. A woman with remarkably red lips clad in dull heliotrope, with amethysts, has all the coral taken from her mouth, which wears instead a light heliotrope tint and with this tint the pink of her cheek is also touched. An ordinary or even sallow cheek never looks so beautifully white as over a white dress, which seems to threaten to darken it. And beautiful as the "aesthetic" colors were in their day, they quenched and dimmed their wearers to their own tone.

This is not to be easily explained by any known chromatic rules. Nor can any one say why turquoise blue darkens dark eyes and adds to their brightness. Experiment and verification should be as much valued by the woman as by the Comtist philosopher.

The newest white sailor hat has a band of broad white moire around it, with a plain bow at the side, sometimes fastened with a little silver buckle. The moire reaches quite to the top of the hat crown, and white or silver pins are always used.

Fanny Crosby, one of the best known writers of Sunday school hymns in this country, who lately celebrated her seventieth birthday, has been an inmate and teacher of the New York Institution for the Blind for 60 years. She has been blind since infancy.

Sleeves are enormous, but continue to drop from the shoulders in a huge bell puff at the elbow. One of the latest favorites with leading modistes is an extremely full and very long mutton-leg sleeve that, after being lined with a plain coat-sleeve and sewed into the armhole, is arranged in graceful "cascades," i. e., caught up in easy drapings here and there en jabot. This is called the chateleine sleeve.

Low-necked dresses, except for full evening dress, seem to have vanished as silently as the night gossamer. The round and low cut neck was seen on gowns intended for all kinds of wear. This season, in spite of the idea which prevailed early in the year that the same fashion would continue, the low neck has been utterly driven out and supplanted by the stock collars of bright national ribbons or handsome lace, or the chiffon or maline net cravats and ruffles. Not even bathing suits are any longer made décolleté, and no woman who prides herself on being quite comely will show more than an inch of her throat until she dresses for evening.

A new way to solve the curtain question that is certainly convenient and by no means ugly is to have two sets of sash curtains—one for the upper and one for the lower half of the window. Both are hung on rods and consist of two parts, so that they can be parted in the middle. The upper set should be made long enough to fall about an inch over the top of the lower set. They may be made of muslin, silk, or any fabric with edges hemstitched, frilled or trimmed with lace. The arrangement is a good one for small bed rooms or for kitchen windows.

An aching tooth should never be borne with. I have known a woman to courageously endure the repeated excruciating toothache that attends a dying nerve without consulting a dentist. The pain finally subsided, for good and all, but the tooth gradually became discolored, taking on a drabbin tone. Then for the first time this unlucky woman suspected what had happened. The pulp, the dead nerve, was removed but the tooth never regained its clear, pearly lustre. If one is troubled with dyspepsia or any gastric disturbances the teeth bear witness to the fact. They lose their brilliancy, often become stained a dark saffron about their necks. Every pretty dyspeptic should make it a point of keeping a wine glass of water, into which is stirred a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, by her bedside to rinse her mouth with as often as she wakes. The bi-carbonate counteracts the effect of any "acidity" of the stomach on the teeth.

Natural linen dresses are the rage at all the fashionable resorts and a very pretty one was made with a full skirt with a deep trimming around the hem of white embroidery. The plain bodice was covered with the embroidery all save the sleeves, which were of the linen and tremendously large. A soft collar of cornflower blue moire finished the neck, and a dead white chip hat was worn with it that was trimmed with black wings, black satin rosettes and cornflowers.

Almost every other woman this season had a touch of blue in her costume, this being the fashionable color abroad and receiving an impetus here by its prominence in nearly all of Lady Randolph Churchill's gowns. A lovely blouse in small black and blue checks had revers of cornflower blue silk covered with lines of black lace insertion. Though a most effective but very simple frock of white muslin made with a single row of insertion in the skirt and three in the French waist. A pale blue ribbon at the throat was held in place by a silver slide in front, and a belt of the same color fastened by silver buckles girded the slender waist. Simplicity was the order of the day, the guest of honor having chosen a pale blue and white chambray with yokes of white embroidery and rosettes of black satin.

If the belt is inconspicuous this season it is no less carefully thought out. The idea is to have it identified in color with the bodice, or bodice trimming rather than with the skirt, so that the waist shall appear to begin at its lower edge rather than above. Suede leather belts worn with flannel outing suits are of yellow or white and are very elegant.