

WHO CARES?

Who cares that your dress is heavy?
Who cares that you weep and sigh?
Who cares that you find life darkened—
That you're ghastly, dead and die?
Who cares that your tears are falling
Like the chill November rain?
Who cares that your heart is aching,
With a dull and endless pain?
Who cares that your feet are weary,
Walking in poverty's way?
Who cares that you see no sunshine
In the fair, bright summer's day?
Who cares that your dreams are shattered?
Who cares that you know no rest?
Who cares that you're daily nursing
Despair at your very breast?
No one, for the world is selfish,
It wants no your grief and pain.
You may cry your eyes from the house-top,
But you'll cry them all in vain.
But fill your pockets with gold dust,
With a beaming smile on your face,
And then you can play your fiddle,
And the whole wide world will dance.

SAM SAMSON.

BY G. FREDERIC RUSSELL.

Sam Samson wrapped the reins about the whip, climbed down from the box of his hack, and went into the saloon in front of which his horse stopped. There had been no jerk from the reins. He pushed through the abbreviated wicker doors into the saloon with his hands in his pockets. The bar-tender was putting a bottle of whiskey before two customers. He nodded to Samson, and Sam Samson nodded to him, and, walking to the other end of the bar, leaned against it. The man behind it rang up twenty cents on his cash register.

"Same old thing?" he asked.
"I guess so."
The bartender fished up a tin can and poured out a glass of milk, which he pushed across the bar to Sam Samson.

"Bad day for drivin'?"
"Oh, I don't know—little cold for November—seen worse."
"Any business 'day?"
"Two."
"Kinder slow?"
"Un-huh!"

"Say! Let's have that bottle again." This from the other end of the bar.
Left alone, Sam drank the milk, put down five cents and went into the little back room. He found three men waiting for him seated about a stove.

"Hello, Sam Samson!"
"Pretty good—little cold for drivin'." Ready to play?

"Guess so."
A small table that had been standing under the one window which overlooked a little brick-paved yard, was brought near the stove and cards produced, and in two minutes the four men were over their eyes in their usual before-supper game of pemeche. The hack driver was the youngest—about 55 years old—but he did not look to be so far along, for his gray eyes were clear and his short sandy hair had but a few gray streaks in it. Besides that his shoulders were well back, and he held his head up, where it belonged—the habit had stuck to him ever since the war.

The other men were past three-score and had given up being useful, all of them. One was the proprietor of the saloon, Will Jenks; one drew a penny for a limp, Colonel Halstead (there was a joke about him breaking a leg jumping a bounty), and the other was supported by his daughter's husband—his name was "Pop" Jeffries. Not one of them had eyes worth looking at and they had never been able to see why Sam Samson did not drink whiskey. He had a theory of his own about whiskey—a sober man can profit by another's drunkenness. He bought whiskey now and then for others when he lost a game, but this did not happen often.

It was never Sam or Samson; the names belonged together. It appeared that way on his business cards, and was especially attractive in his card of engagement, which he had put into the programmes of second and third-rate theatres and into country weeklies:

PEOPLE DETERMINED UPON MARRIAGE.

Who envied obnoxious License Laws by crossing the River?—Wanted to know SAM SAMSON, owner of the finest hack team upon the ground. SAM SAMSON is sure to wish you to a legitimate clergyman of your chosen denomination, who will tie the knot all right. Engagements per mail promptly called for or met on time.

SAM SAMSON, CONNUBIAL SPECIALIST, THE FERRY.

The wording of this had been worked out at the penultimate table by the four men, but the cut of a cupid, which headed it, was the idea of the bartender, who knew an "artist"—he was a man who painted beer wagons. A lot of electrolytic cuts were made from the drawing he evolved and one was sent with every advertisement.

There are several little places across convenient State lines, which, from differences in the marriage laws, are the stamping grounds of eloping couples and other people who are in a hurry to begin married bliss. Sam Samson had been making money out of such a combination for about six years and since the beginning had been growing a bank account. His little stamping ground was particularly fruitful because it was just across the river from a city of considerable size, and there were many ferry-boats.

At the close of the war he had picked up a living by driving a hack in the city, and soon after that married. In a short time his wife had tired of living within the limits of his income thus earned. She borrowed enough money and got him to start a bathhouse across the river, where he hired out pleasure skill and skills for other purposes—he did not ask questions. That was during the years when river pirates thrived, when yachts were in danger of losing their sails, rigging and everything else that could be picked up or pried off during a night. He had no trouble earning a fat living in those days, but when the river police got started and acquainted with the pirates trade, the hiring of boats was not so profitable.

Shortly after the marriage laws on the city side of the river were revised the brilliant thought of being a connubial specialist came to him, though then he did not know that the English language boasted of such a word as connubial. He was standing at the ferry one night waiting to take a boat for home, when a very young man

having a very young woman with him, who appeared to be in a hurry, asked Sam Samson where was a minister who would marry them quickly. It was a rainy night and the walking was not good. The idea of driving a hack again resulted from the experience. There was only one other hack on the ground, and that was usually some place else. His friends laughed at the scheme, but he traded a boat for a horse and bought a hack. His idea then was to make a specialty of eloping couples, but he did not use the advertisement till some years later.

Sam Samson was not his name at that time—it was Ben Smith—but as there was a daughter in his family, his wife did not fancy the idea of having for the girl's father a connubial specialist. He had argued with her that he saw nothing wrong in a calling which facilitated marriage—declared that it was a benefit to the morals of the public. She agreed with him so far, especially as she saw that there was a chance of increasing the funds of the household.

"It's all right," she said, "but I'd jes ez leat not hev her know nothin' 'bout et—jes' you go on bein' propri'or of th' boat-house an' keep th' other dark."

"But, I don't see—"

"Now; ye'er a man—ye can't see's I do—ye do ez I say."

And he did. So it was Ben Smith's boat-house and Sam Samson's hack. An assistant was employed to look after the former.

The mother died when the girl who had been christened Bertha, according to the rites of the Presbyterian Church, was 14 years old. The lackman took the stroke of him—it was a philosophy peculiarly his own, but it suited his needs. He had lost considerable business by having to be home at 12 o'clock at night, a thing his wife had insisted on, and as it took an hour and a half to get to his house from this side of the river, he had never relished the trip.

He got the wife of a poor minister to take care of his daughter for far less than it had cost him to keep up a home and the surplus he put in the bank in her name, to be a dot whereby she might make a respectable marriage. Her new home was in a suburb of the city, where he went to church and took dinner with her on Sundays, and once in a great while he would take her to his boat house with him and get his man to row her about. He found not the slightest difficulty in keeping all knowledge of Sam Samson away from her. He got to like her pretty well after he found that she looked forward to and appreciated his weekly visits, and now and then he would take little presents to her.

Many a time he had wished that she might live with him on the other side, where they could have a little house all to themselves—he did not like living over the saloon any more than he liked eating at restaurants—for he found that even some of his customers looked down upon him; so he forced himself to be satisfied to wait till the time should come when he could leave his business in the hands of another and carry it on by proxy. With this in the distance—over the horizon a little way—he got the minister's wife to let the daughter attend to the housekeeping during certain weeks and he gave her a check book of her own and taught her how to keep account of her expenses. He let her have five hundred dollars in the hands of another, which was to buy her dresses and the little odds and ends she might want. The dot at this time, when she was 17, amounted to fifteen hundred dollars, and was kept secret and apart.

The thought of dropping the business before he was too kept a nose from stumbling had never entered his mind—he felt that his existence depended on the excitement of the work, even though he had become more cynical than a newspaper man. There was no doubt about the occupation being a paying one—ten dollars a day he had made on occasions before he began to advertise, and since then he had been obliged to buy her dresses and the little odds and ends. He had been advertising for a year. The boat house was run, as usual, for the benefit of his daughter and the minister's family—it did not pay. One dollar was his charge to the victims, and every minister had to contribute a tax—every one of them paid him to bring couples to them in preference to any other minister. Sam Samson was impartial, and if any of them objected they were boycotted for a while—only a little while. One day he had drawn a tax from every tier of the knot with the same couple—a newspaper man and his wife, who were married twenty times for the sake of getting a special article. He learned afterwards that the two got a divorce a few months later.

At all hours he plied his trade, and with all sorts of persons, asking no more questions than he did when he had hired out his boats to river pirates. It was not his concern if he took one woman or one man to the minister's five times in a year—he accepted the favors from both and said nothing. He was not paid to guess that a woman used this method of extorting money from the men she caught in her net any more than he was to guess what had become of the other four girls when a certain man came to him with the fifth.

There were often arguments over the penultimate table regarding his vocation, and through them Sam Samson had convinced himself of the staid and respectable character of his calling. On the particular November day mentioned Colonel Halstead had felt combative—had a twinge from his game leg. Besides, he had bought the drinks after the first game.

"Do ye ever expect 't go 't Heaven, Sam Samson?" he opened up with.

"Ef there's a one."

"Well ye won't—ye'r aidin' an' abettin' crime!"

Sam Samson shrugged his shoulders and smiled and "melted" a hundred aces.

"Oh, it's so," the Colonel insisted; "do ye mind that body which was picked up in th' river by one o' ye'r own boats?—ye took him 't be married 't that woman?"

"It's so—it's so!" Will Jenks said, "an' I mind th' little girl which was not ez old ez fifteen, which is living in a house down town, which ain't where she orter live—she's too pretty—handsome."

"My trick," said Sam Samson, and his pack was two tens stronger. You sold that man his run 'fore he found in. Ah; I think that gives me an' Pop th' game."

He shoved the cards into the middle of the table and tilted his chair back. Don't ye know that there's got 't be some little crimes along with all kinds o' ph'lanthropy? I do business with thousands, I reduce the number o' illegitimate unions in this section to the minimum; I also reduce the population of the section—which is too big—by makin' two, one."

"Pop!" Jeffries laughed because he always laughed at the joke every time Sam Samson sent it across the fable, which was every time the argument arose. The hackman got his speech from one of the minis-

ters. "And," said Sam Samson, smiling at the Colonel, "I don't draw a pension for a high jump—how many larks did you say was on that bounty fence?"

The Colonel again paid for the drinks, and Mrs. Jenks said that supper was ready.

The beans were too soft, that night, and Sam Samson forgot to eat his pan-cakes till they were cold, and when he climbed to the box of his hack they weighed on his stomach.

"Go on," he said to his horse. "Ef I could git any kind on a job what would be half th' fun in this. I'd shake this to-morrow—damned if I wouldn't! I'd hev her run a house for me, an' thar ain't another 'un on both sides of th' river 'ud do et ez good ez Bertha. Slop beans an' lead cakes, uh! G' on, ye brute!"

He drove down to the upper ferry entrance, and after exchanging a few words with the hands by way of letting them know that he and his team were on deck if anyone wanted them, got into his hack to keep warm. One assistant was at the lower ferry and the two others were off till 9 o'clock. He always liked the night work at the upper ferry, for there was more chance for a little fun at that time. Seated on the back seat, with his feet on the other, he passed away the time by going over in his mind the humorous experiences he had had. Oh, yes; the man had drowned himself, but that was his own fault, for choosing the wrong kind of women; and for the girl; well she would have gone wrong anyway, even if it hadn't been his advertisement that caused her to come across the river with the man—the one who had brought the five girls in one year.

It was pretty nearly time for him to turn up again, for it had been six months since the last marriage, and Sam Samson wished that he might soon, remembering a certain brand of cigars that his customer always had in his pockets, and which he always gave to Sam Samson—a handful of them.

By the glare of the electric light across the street he discovered that it was snowing a little and the distinct rattling of the chains and the bells of the ferryboats as their sound punctuated the air every few moments told that the temperature was falling, and the crowds that came from the city hurried past his cab with collars turned up and faces sideways and down to keep the snow from beating into their eyes. The night was too disagreeable even for an eloping couple, according to Sam Samson's reasoning, so he allowed himself to doze off before the coming of the ferryboats.

He was awakened from his sleep about 11 o'clock by a puff of snow-laden air which carried with it the smoke of a good cigar. He knew it was the man of the many wives before he got his eyes open. Then he saw the man at the door of the hack, and back of him the muffled figure of a woman.

"Are you Sam Samson?" he asked, and he winked an eye.

"I guess so, what 't git tied up?"

"Yes. Have a cigar?" Do you know of a reliable Presbyterian minister?"

Sam Samson took the handful of cigars offered to him and stuck them into his pocket. "Git in," he said and got out of the other door, turning up his big coat collar to his ears and pulling down his hat to keep off the snow. He walked around back of the hack in time to close the door.

All of the professional matrimonial ministers of the place live near the ferries as possible. It was a drive of about ten minutes, however, for Sam Samson did not hurry his horse, and the streets were very slippery; besides his pay would be just as large, whether he hurried or not.

The minister had heard the hack drive up, and had his door open before the couple had time to alight.

They hurried in quickly, and Sam Samson pulled his hat a little further down over his eyes. The minister shouted to him:

"Come inside and wait—too cold out to night."

Sam Samson did not care whether it was cold, but he had a curiosity to know what this last victim looked like; so he broke his customary rule and followed the minister into the house.

The bride and groom were taking off their wraps in the luxurious sitting room back of the minister's parlor.

"This cold weather is bad for our business," the minister suggested.

"Oh, I don't know; it'll spruce up pretty much jes' 'fore Christmas," said Sam Samson, leaning lazily against the jam of the parlor door. "We'll be able to buy ez nice presents ez usual, I guess."

"I guess so. I guess they're pretty near ready—won't keep you long. I'll show you a record-breaker to-night."

The minister went into the parlor and picked up his prayer-book. "Ready?" he called into the back room.

"Right away," came the answer, but there are some delays, and then Sam Samson heard the woman's voice:

"Well, if you're sure he's all right."

And then they entered the parlor, the woman, who was very young, looking frightened.

"Right this way, please," the minister said.

But there was no wedding, for Sam Samson took two steps into the room and stretched him out unconscious on the ground.

"You blasted blackguard, you'll even try to ruin my daughter; dawn you!" He spit upon the man's face and kicked him in the ribs.

"Murder! murder!" yelled the minister.

"Shut yer face, ye fool—he ain't hurt," and he raised a threatening fist over the minister. Then, and not till then, did he turn toward his daughter. She was leaning against the wall almost in a faint. He took her in her arms and kissed her.

"My God! he nearly got ye!" and he carried her out to his cab.

The minister called after him: "Come back here and get that man—you ain't going to leave him on my hands!"

Sam Samson put his daughter into the cab, jumped to the box and drove like mad toward the ferry. He drove upon a boat that was about to leave, but did not get down from his seat till he had gotten his horse to a little hotel kept by a friend of his who knew him as Ben Smith. His daughter clung to his arm crying hysterically, as he engaged two rooms for them. When he had locked the door he explained the matter to her. She said the man had got her \$500.

"I don't care—but, so help me God, I'll stop their advertisements and sell my hacks, so ez to break up that devil's business; it's all wrong."

He kissed the girl again and again. "My God, ef I had lost ye—"

And that it the reason another man is advertising as "Connubial specialist," and is getting rich in Sam Samson's stead.

—Ex-Governor Flower predicts a Democratic victory in New York this fall. Here's a radiant and blooming Easter Flower!

Langdon is Held.

The Experts are all at Sea.—The Analytical Chemist Not Able to Say Whether Annie McGrath Died of Prussic Acid, Chloroform or Water Gas.—Accused Will Likely be Cleared.

The coroner's inquest into the death of Annie J. McGrath has been held and the case of the girl's death is but little clearer than when her body was discovered in the house at 2926 Girard avenue on March 23rd last. The chemical expert who made an analysis of the girl's blood and viscera could only give it as his opinion that the girl did not die from chloroform or prussic acid poisoning, but that her blood presented the appearance similar to that of being poisoned by water gas. At the conclusion of the inquest the jury rendered a verdict that Annie McGrath came to her death from causes unknown, and recommend that Langdon be held for further investigation before the grand jury.

In consequence of the publicity and sensational nature of the case only witnesses, police officials and newspaper reporters were admitted to the coroner's office. Harry H. McGrath, the father of the dead girl, was the first witness. He testified that his confidence in his daughter was such that he had never had any suspicions of her connection with Langdon.

Mrs. Eliza McArthur, Annie's sister, testified that Annie had told her she was engaged to be married to Langdon. The witness objected to Langdon on account of the difference in age between him and her sister. A week prior to her death Annie told her sister that she was living with Langdon at 2926 Girard avenue. The witness threatened to tell her father and Annie begged her not to, saying that she herself would confess to him. Mrs. Butterfield admitted that both she and her sister had used chloroform on several occasions for toothache, and she told of the purchase of two ounces of the drug by Annie a few days before her death and of the questions asked the drug clerk concerning the effects of the poison.

Frank Brockman, a drug clerk at 2938 Girard avenue, testified to having sold Annie five cents worth of chloroform on March 19, presumably for toothache. Bertha Stewart, who was employed as a servant at the house where Langdon and Annie lived, related the incidents of the day preceding the girl's death and of how Langdon acted and how she found the body. The girl's testimony differed in no respect from the facts that have already been published.

The detective who arrested Langdon testified to the facts that have already been published in that connection, but brought to light a new phase of Langdon's life when he stated that he had discovered and talked with another girl whom Langdon was about to set up in housekeeping in New York.

Dr. Henry Lefman, the analytical chemist, presented his report. Dr. Lefman found that the girl was normally healthy and her stomach gave no evidence of any poison and that her blood contained no chloroform or prussic acid. The blood, however, was of an unusually bright color, corresponding in this respect with the appearance presented by persons poisoned by water gas. Dr. Lefman stated that he had been unable to definitely ascertain the cause of death; that it might have been due to chloroform poisoning, a specific poison, or the inhalation of water gas, although the quantity of water gas found in the girl's blood was smaller than is usually seen in cases of gas poisoning resulting fatally.

Dr. Mattern, the coroner's physician, who made the post mortem examination, corroborated Dr. Lefman's report and added that the girl had probably been dead about twenty-four hours when her body was found.

Langdon was not permitted by his counsel to take the stand or break the silence he has maintained since the girl's death. The hearing consumed three hours and at its conclusion the coroner charged the jury. He dwelt upon the mystery of the case; the efforts to learn of the cause of death; the difficulty and severity adverted to Langdon's refusal to go upon the stand.

The jury, after fifteen minutes' deliberation, returned their verdict and Langdon was taken back to his cell in the city hall. Langdon's attorneys this afternoon stated that they would apply for a writ of habeas corpus and have Langdon released on bail as early as possible.

Strongest Light in the World.

It Will Flash Over the Sea From Barnegat Lighthouse.

The strongest light on any sea coast of the world will soon be in work, a order on the Jersey shore. It will have no rival for power anywhere here or in Europe. This great electric light will have 2,500,000 candle power, and its warning rays will be sent forth from the top of Barnegat Lighthouse. This huge light was exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago, and it was purchased by the United States Government to be placed on Fire Island.

This project was, however, abandoned, as a lighthouse has been substituted for the Fire Island Lighthouse. The Government officials then decided to place the new and powerful light at the next most important point on the coast, which is Barnegat. The present light at Barnegat is 165 feet above the level of the sea, and it can be seen in ordinary circumstances, 19 nautical miles. The new light is so powerful that it will not only be seen a great deal further than the old one, but it will penetrate haze and fogs which often make the present light invisible.

All old sea captains know the Barnegat light as showing a white flash every ten seconds, and the new one will have the same characteristics. Many important additions have been made to the Barnegat lighthouse to prepare it for the new light, and it is now one of the best equipped structures of the kind in the world.—New York World.

The Silver Question in a Nut Shell.

Let everyone, but especially those who are not inconveniently burdened with wealth, read these words from the New York Sun. The situation could not be more patly or correctly described. Coming from a paper which has at times been suspected of flat money loanings, the statement has double force.

"An esteemed correspondent asks us to describe the probable effects of the free and unlimited coinage of silver, at the ratio of 16 to 1, if that measure should be adopted by the United States. We are also asked to give details as to who would be benefited by it and who would suffer, and all the rest. We are sorry that neither our time nor our imagination will suffice for the task. All we can say is that in the event mentioned, the dollar would become in purchasing power the equivalent of the present half dollar or thereabouts; and the consequences every one can work out for himself."

A Living Jekyll and Hyde.

London Girl Whose Mental Faculties Puzzle the Doctors.

At last week's meeting of the Clinical society a distinguished suburban practitioner, whose name is withheld in order not to afford any clue to the identity of the patient, showed a girl, 12 years of age, who exhibited in the most complete and indubitable form the condition known as "dual existence," or "double consciousness."

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The Great Auction.

The McKinley boodle canvas for the presidential nomination is strong confirmation of the essential charges made in Ambassador Bayard's address, that protection is being operated as a corrupting force, put great offices up at public auction, and reduced politics and legislation to a scientific game of grab. A prominent McKinleyite at Washington, boasting of the certainty of McKinley's nomination, says the secret work to that end on an organized plan was commenced two years ago. The annexed revelations by a Pittsburg Republican paper should also be considered in connection with the truthfulness of the Bayard address. He was censured for telling the truth that some Republicans deplore and others make a boast of. Here is the proof of Mr. Bayard's contention as set forth by the Pittsburg organ.

From the time McKinley left congress up to date, 1,500,000 have been expended upon his political fortunes with an eye single to the white house goal. There has been for more than a year a McKinley agent in every county in the United States. The completeness of the machine has never been excelled.

Thousands of dollars have been spent by the McKinley agents in subsidizing negro papers through the south.

Perhaps the most serious agency entered in McKinley's behalf is the A. P. A. This mysterious and formidable organization has been wheeled into line.

It is not set down, but is nevertheless a fact, that the bulk of the contributions to some of our manufacturers who expect tariff favors. Mark Hanna's campaign fund is stated at over \$1,000,000, and every cent of it came from people who will be remembered in a revived McKinleyism. Never in the history of the country was the presidency so plainly put up at auction. The A. P. A. has been bought up, bag and baggage, by the expense of \$5,000,000 distributed among its leaders.—Pittsburg Post.

Rockefeller's Reform is About Like Quany's.

It is interesting that a good government movement has lately won a signal victory in North Tarrytown, New York, a suburban residence village of some of the millionaires. It must be a signal victory for good government, because it bore the name and was backed by the influence and checks of John D. Rockefeller.

Mr. Rockefeller's interest in good government in that particular village was special and peculiar. We are not aware that he has contributed to reform movements in States where he has had legislative dealings. But his attention was drawn to the need of reform in North Tarrytown by the fact that one of the village streets ran through his estate. He wished it closed, and of the expense of \$5,000 he magnanimously offered to bear half. When this offer was declined he aroused himself to the need of reform.

When the village election took place this week Mr. Rockefeller had a good government ticket in the field. He permitted it to be announced that if this ticket was elected he would spend \$75,000 to \$100,000 in improving the roads. He also arranged with the reform club that any elector desiring a job could be sent with a note to the foreman of the Rockefeller estate and get work at the full per diem rate. So reform triumphed.

This is another illustration of the abundance of reformers of various grades. John D. Rockefeller as a village reformer is almost unique and rare as some of the specimens lately discovered in this section.

Her Expectations.

Among the sinners of recent revival in the South was an old colored auntie who had been an inveterate smoker for many years. "My sister," said the evangelist, "do you not know that you are endangering your soul's salvation by smoking?" Nothing in clean can enter heaven.

"Huh," replied the old woman; "I spects to leave my bief behind when I goes to heaven."

They Begin Young

First Lady—My baby commenced to talk when only ten months old.
Second Lady—That's nothing; my baby talked when only three months old.
First Lady—Oh, of course; your baby's a girl, and that makes a difference.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

The late and right belt for the coming season in connection with women's shirt waists is of narrow width in tan, black and white leather.

Low, circular dishes for the center of the table to hold the low pot of ferns are charmingly pretty in the new delicate Dresden china patterns. Some are as low as \$1.75, and all are provided with removable linings. It is quite the thing on fashionable tables in place of the silver fern receptacles to have several in china en suite with the various sets of dishes.

Many of the new skirts have the seams cut to admit a narrow panel of contrasting color. The panel is a mere line at the top, and not more than three inches wide at the foot of the skirt.

New tailor-made gowns have the seams strapped with leather. The effect is not particularly lovely, but the severity of the style commends it to some tailor-made damsels.

The up-to-date girl no longer complains of lack of pockets; in her dress skirt, concealed by neatly stitched flaps, she has two or three convenient receptacles, on the outside of her jacket she boasts of three more, while no self-respecting tailor would consider a coat complete without two small ones in the inside, and there is sure to be another tiny one on the waist-coat as well.

Black and white is a combination assumed quite as much by the bad as the matron, and with equally good effect. Modistes tell us we are to gown ourselves in white this coming summer. Now, if this prove true, how intensely ugly some of us are bound to look, for not all women were born with complexions fit for a white gown. It needs a lily white skin and a bit of rose color to set off a white gown, but if it has black to relieve it, that is quite a different thing.

A charming gown of the crispest of white alpaca is made wonderfully becoming and chic by its accessories of black mouseline de soie. The skirt is enormously wide and perfectly plain, if such fluttering width can be called plain. It is stiffened to the knees with white haircloth and faced with velvet at the foot.

The jacket bodice is made to fit snugly at the waist and to set out in a lot of pert ripples to the hips, showing the lining of white taffeta. There are ruffled revers flaring over the shoulders and down the front, covered with accordion plaited mouseline de soie set on over a lining of black silk.

A soft vest of black mouseline de soie comes to the waist and is completed by a huge buckle of cut jet. There is a high stock folded thickly of the black and a full ripple of it at the top to flare out about the face. The sleeves droop to the elbow, and are finished by a flaring cuff at the wrist, covered with the mouseline de soie.

Don't set a broom down when you sweep with it. Burn a hole in the handle and hang it up.

Don't let it get dirty. Cleanse often by putting in a pail of lukewarm soapuds, or hold under a faucet.