

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN.

What is a gentleman? Is it a thing Deeked with a scarpin, a chain and a ring, Dressed in a suit of immaculate style...

What is a gentleman? Is it not one who knows how to put each at his ease, Striving instinctively always to please?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one who can tell by a glance at your cheek When to be silent, and when he should speak?

SEVEN DRESSES.

BY ELLA B. EVANS.

If it had not rained that afternoon it would probably have continued 'six' until the end of the chapter.

It is in the "American Claimant," I believe, that Mark Twain says there is a great deal of valuable time wasted in the description of the weather, and so leaves it out of his story altogether, after supplying the reader in the preface with short extracts descriptive of the weather by notable writers from which he can choose at will particular descriptions to fill such vacancies in Mark Twain's story.

Now, in "The American Claimant," the weather was quite a minor consideration, and neither the plot nor the development of the characters depended in the least upon it.

However, if it had not been for the rain, I repeat, the "Seven Dresses" would have remained "six," and would have been so in the deepest obscurity, for the title would, in all probability, never have adorned a magazine page.

If there was any one thing David Rhys objected to over and above another, it was a rainy day, and damp shoes were his special abomination; and so, on that day, when a particularly unexpected shower caught him near The Flambeau's editorial rooms, his first thought was naturally to seek shelter, and enjoy a friendly cigar at the same time in the sanctum sanctorum, the office of the editor-in-chief, his old school-mate.

He found the arbitrator of the destinies of hundreds of literary aspirants, busy over a pile of papers, which he pushed aside upon the entrance of his friend, proceeding to enjoy his cigar and the fumus of a good cigar with as much complacency and ease forgetfulness of work as though he were not being cursed every moment for his delay in announcing his decisions regarding certain manuscripts.

They talked of—what you will. There were reminiscences of the past, comments upon the present, and speculations as to the future to be gone through with, so the time sped by rapidly enough, until an hour had passed. Still it rained, with absolute no indications of holding up, and so David Rhys stayed on, bearing with what patience he could muster his friend's many interruptions.

"You can have no idea of the trials of my position," said the editor; "yet I never get any sympathy. The greatest trial of all is this sort of thing," pointing to a pile of manuscripts. "It is assuming the character of fate, for the time being, and in a small way, you know, and the position is not always pleasant. It would be delightful if I could offer financial aid, or, at least, encouragement to all of my despairing would-be contributors, but you know how impossible that is. There is, generally speaking, only about one article out of every fifty that is worthy of acceptance, and so, in spite of the piteous letters that accompany many of them, I have to reject the majority. I am often at a loss to keep my human sympathy from interfering with my judgment. Here is a case that is especially puzzling," picking up a neat typewritten manuscript. "The writer of this story is a lady of birth and breeding who belongs to a formerly wealthy Southern family, and who now earns by her unaided efforts everything that supports her invalid mother and herself. She has tried every thing. Literature seems to be her last resource. I do not learn this from her, but—well, in another way. Her story, "Six Dresses," has little or no literary merit. There is some pathos, but the attempt at humor is terribly strained. One cannot be truly humorous when one sees nothing but trials and privations in life. I cannot publish the story, and yet I want to help her.

What shall I do about it? Here, read it while I am gone," he added, as an urgent message summoned him.

"What a bore!" thought Mr. Rhys, settling himself down comfortably in the editor's arm-chair. With attention given more closely to his excellent cigar than to the story, he read the first page.

"SIX DRESSES."

"Now, Jack, after the fashion of brothers, would call me a romantic goose for caring so much for this trifling old dress, but women think differently on these subjects, and I want to know what you will have to say about the dresses and about the story. For there is a story connected with them—a love story, and naturally there is a man in it.

"The packing is almost finished now, so Marie may go downstairs, and I will tell you all about it. I am going to sit in this comfortable chair here by the fire (why is it that low chairs are so much more seductive than high ones?) and you can sit on the stool at my feet. Certainly you may see the dresses, but they are hardly worth looking at. Several seasons ago the sleeves were not so voluminous nor the skirts so stiff as now, and these seem very simple and out of vogue.

"First let me give you a cup of tea; and you can amuse yourself with these chocolates if I bore you too long. It is a nice day for story-telling. There is no fear of callers in this storm, and we can have the whole afternoon to ourselves. Turn so. Do not look into my face, or I might have stage-fright. Why do I not begin? Chiefly because I do not know how. But I forget that the dresses are to tell the story."

"A monologue! Humph! Rather a daring thing for any but a finished writer to attempt."

Then he turned the page. The story began to be interesting, for suddenly it was illustrated by a picture that rose before David Rhys's mental vision. A quaint, old church, with dull-gray walls and steeple, thrown into sharp relief against the tender pink of the sunset sky; a churchyard, where the "graves in the grass" were covered with early spring violets; the silvery gleam of a river that flowed there at the foot of "God's garden of sleep;" and, lastly, the vision of a girl walking between those dark cedar thickets.

The remembrance was not a pleasant one, and so he brushed it aside and read on: "No, I do not know how to describe him. After all, he was just a man. Jack was with me that night, I remember, and he said he had never seen me acknowledge an introduction in so hopelessly awkward a manner. Brothers are always brutally frank; and I was confused, because Jack had heartily loved over the good-looking stranger across the aisle. Oh, dear! I will girls be so foolish and gushing? It always gets them into trouble. I do not believe that Jack will ever forget that."

"Yes, the blue blouse is very dainty, and he thought it becoming. This white skirt goes with it. See the mud stains about the hem. That is because I would always insist, when we went canoeing, upon scrambling down the bank in a wildly independent manner. As Jack says, I have always been awkward."

"What glorious days those were on the river! He (I hope you don't think I mean Jack) was a great athlete, and took boyish pride in his muscle. We used to paddle up under the shadow of the willows and read our German together. He had spent a year abroad, and felt himself quite a competent teacher; so he would pronounce a word, and I would repeat it after him. We did not get on very rapidly, for every word suggested a thought, and he and I used to discuss evolution and boating, metaphysics and base-ball, with the gravity of judges, and the impartiality of—well, of 'boy and girl.'"

He paused as he turned over another page. He was beginning to feel quite a sympathy for this unknown writer. So she, too, had known the delight of studying and reading under the shadow of willow trees on a gently flowing stream. Could he ever forget those summer days on the Savannah, where the river was filled with a golden light, and the woods with the glory of Southern foliage? Verily, to live was a delight.

To half recline against downy cushions that filled the canoe; to be rocked by the tiny waves just enough to give zest to repose; to breathe in the life-giving fragrance of the pines that stretched skyward, and majestic along the Carolina shore; to listen to the music of a loved voice, and above all, to watch the sunlight flicker through the low-hanging branches and change to gold the bronze of that beautiful hair—that was the rapture of life. And now this was the mere existence of life. Why did that memory haunt him again, and materialize him with the sharp contrast between past and present?

He threw the manuscript impatiently down, and walked over to the window. The short winter afternoon was drawing to a close, but the lights had not yet been lighted and the streets looked dreary and cheerless, with the rain still pouring in torrents, and the few pedestrians hurrying along, wet and bedraggled with mud.

The prospect was cheerless enough, and again he turned to the desk, and picked up the story; as well to while away the time by reading that as in any other way, and he had nothing to do until seven.

"It was all brought back so vividly to me at the Southern Society's reception to Secretary Herbert, some time ago. There was a great big Russian from the flagship, who attempted to teach me his native tongue as we came down the stairs from the supper room. The place was so crowded that he was several steps behind me; and when we had to pause; he would lean over and whisper a Russian word, and I would look up and attempt to say it after him. Between times I would hear him murmuring elaborate compliments in French. I think it pleasant to think that the only word of his language I already knew was douschka (darling). But I grow as erratic as Jerome's 'Novel Notes.' I must go back to my story. This cap was his. Mine blew away one day, and he put this on my head and begged me for the forfeit kiss. I was so indignant that I would not go out with him for a week. Then he asked me to go to a hop at the Academy, and somehow I could not refuse."

Mr. Rhys yawned, and looked impatiently at the clock. The story was decidedly a bore, and the editor had been gone an unconscionably long time. Then his eye caught the name "Georgia," and with a half-awakened interest he read on.

"It was one of those warm, sultry nights that can exist only in Georgia, and only in June, so the hall-room soon grew too oppressive for comfort. My chaperon was lenient, and gave me permission to stroll out under the trees.

"I can see those grounds so well now, lit up by the Chinese lanterns and the girls' bright dresses. There were flashes of zig-zag lightning, and now and then the distant growl of thunder. I remember that particularly, because thunder-storms always made me nervous.

"We soon got tired of walking, and sat down on the old wooden steps of the side entrance to the chapel. We could just hear the music; and probably the correct thing for me to say would be that the refrain had sung through my brain ever since. But it hasn't. To tell the truth, I have no idea what it was. I only know that it was something bright and catchy, and that I was vaguely sorry I had missed that dance.

"Then I forgot all about it, for he began talking to me in the sweet, tender way that always made me serious in spite of myself. He was telling me that he loved me, and begging for one word of encouragement.

"It was then it came to me how much I really cared for him.

"Be honest with me, dear," he said. "It seems to me that I have been patient a long, long time."

"I remembered how well he had looked in the hall-room that night, how thoughtful he had been for me during all these weeks, and how, for a moment, I could not see his face for the happy tears that filled my eyes."

The manuscript fell to the ground, and the reader buried his face in his hands. The present had faded away, and he was living again in the past. Ah! those old chapel steps in the moonlight garden of that Georgia town! How beautiful she had looked in her airy white gown, the moonlight turned to silver; and how madly he had loved her—had loved her only! But who was this woman whose descriptions so plainly brought to memory scenes he had thought forgotten? Again the papers were caught up. The name signed was "Raimelle," a *nom de plume* that told nothing. What more had she to say?

"I would be honest with him. Just then I started to get up, and found that something was holding me down. The thin silk of my gown had stuck hard and fast to some resin on the steps. How unromantic! When I finally got away, I leaned against the chapel and laughed and laughed until my sides ached. No wonder you smile. He did not seem to appreciate the joke, however, and stood frowning upon me until a sudden shower sent us flying toward shelter.

"You can still see the resin stain on the white silk, and the dark spots on the gold leaves that were left by the raindrops."

"With almost a shudder, he recalled the editor's words, and strained at them at humor." Strained, indeed. Then he read on, feverishly.

"After that he was very distant and cool for a long time—all the rest of the summer—until he heard I was going abroad, and came to leave me good-bye."

"We were to leave early in the morning, so everything was packed up, and I had only this blue serge traveling suit to wear that last evening. Yes, the folds do seem shaking out. Strange, that leaf must be from this very tree here—the one that shades the veranda. I remember we stood just under it. It was early in September, and all the French windows were thrown open to tempt the breeze. I was feeling sad at the thought of going away for such a long time, and I suppose something in my manner encouraged him to talk again as he had done that night on the chapel steps."

"Everything would have gone well, but Lilly came to the window just then, and insisted upon his taking one of the chocolate caramels she had been making."

"These caramels were not a success—Lilly never ate, and these were unusually sticky. Still, he was brave enough to try one, and foolish enough to attempt to talk at the same time. The result was that his teeth stuck together with that caramel; and for a moment he could not say a word, which was manifestly unfortunate. I struggled hard with my desire to laugh at the thought, but I could not, but the sense of the ridiculous was too strong in me, and I could not have kept a straight face if my very life depended upon it. My ringing peals of laughter brought them all to the window to ask what was the matter. Remember, I was hardly more than a child. We went back to the house, and he soon left, in spite of my contrite and pleading looks."

"I did not see him again, and his few letters were strained and unnatural. It was spring when I came home, and I met him one day in front of St. Paul's, where we had met the first time. There was a flush on his face and he started toward me; but I was angry that he had not written back at the thought of myself that the flush and the light in his eyes were the sun's reflection, and that he was moving to avoid the press of the crowd. Then I was provoked at myself for having thought he was refusing to speak to me, and that made me refuse haughtily to recognize him at all."

"Where had this author heard the story? Could she have written it herself? I remembered that the editor had spoken of the direct poverty. Could it be that she was trying to sell her very memories to buy the necessities of life? But the story meant more than this—it meant something to him that suddenly filled him with a wild hope. Perhaps the sequel would tell the truth."

"The consciousness that I was looking my best helped me. I wore this dress. The embroidery came from Persia and it was made up in Paris. How well these rich tints bring out your bronze hair and ivory complexion. You must try it on presently. I remember taking a girlish delight in the thought there were palm leaves on it, and that meant victory. Throw it across the window, dear; it is too pretty to be ill treated."

"A few nights later I went to the opera, and wore this crimson silk. The opera cloak goes with it. No matter if it does lie crumpled on the floor, for I hate the very sight of it. Only, of course, because it is frightfully unbecoming. Something on the stage that night brought back a forgotten river scene, and I could not hear the orchestra for the lapping of the water against a canvas canoe and the measured splash of the paddles. The prima donna's musical Italian changed to German verbs conjugated in a boy's rich tones. I grew dizzy and faint and shut my eyes. I opened them quickly, however, when I heard his name. My chaperon was saying: 'He is caught at last, I see. He is going to marry that pretty little Miss Bondurant. Then I saw him across the house in the box with a very lovely girl, and he was looking at her with the expression he used to have only for me, I don't know what happened just then."

"Why, I believe I am almost going to sleep. It is getting dark and the fire has nearly gone out. Sit still; I will draw up the shades. It is time to dress for dinner and I have not put away these things yet. The silk balls are falling from the fringe of the opera cloak. I did not know what I was doing that night, and must have twisted—Why, what is the matter, little girl? Your tea is cold and—lookout!—you have scattered the chocolates all over the floor! What? Crying! And for me? Don't bury your head so far down in the pillows, or you can't hear what I have to say. Sobbing still? You absurd child, there is no such thing as tragedy in the world. How Jack would laugh at you. Don't you know that I would not give up one of my gowns from Worth for all that half-worn pile? Indeed, indeed, I am not a heart-broken woman and there are no white hairs in my head."

"Knowing the truth, how terrible to him was the pathos of it all. Could it be that she still loved him? Then poverty, poverty, poverty! How the words rang in his ears! And all this time he had had money in plenty; more than he knew what to do with.

There were a few more lines of the story, but he did not read them; the editor came in. David Rhys grasped him excitedly by the hand.

"Tell me her name?" he demanded. "Katherine Mortimer," the editor was surprised into answering.

He was still more surprised when his friend said, suddenly: "I will give you a hundred dollars for this story and the author's address."

"Why, what are you going to do with it?" "I am going to have it changed to 'Seven Dresses' and the seventh is going to be a wedding dress. That is all."—Frank Leslie's *Popular Monthly*.

The One Issue of This Campaign.

The sole question upon which the contest for four years' control of the Federal Government will be made, in November, is whether our money system shall be based upon gold and silver, or upon a gold alone. The Republican party has declared for the gold standard, while Democratic party has declared for independent and equal bimetallism, at the present ratio. The Republican party will be reinforced by Grover Cleveland and his adherents, and by foreign and domestic banking institutions in New York and the other great cities, with their clients. The Democratic party will be reinforced by the earnest advocates of free coinage, without regard to previous party affiliations. The temporary calm which is following the storm at Chicago, affords a favorable opportunity to present the facts which underlie the controversy. In doing this, we will state only what is accepted history.

In 1873 a small number of gold operators in Europe and America succeeded in securing the closing of the mints of the United States to the coinage of silver, which, equally with gold, is named in the Constitution as a money metal. Until that time the mints of the United States had always been open to the free and unlimited coinage of both metals on equal terms. Without a suggestion from any portion of the people, and without notice to them, without any debate on the subject in either House of Congress, or the slightest reference to this mighty and far-reaching change in the law, silver money was struck down in the United States by executive insertion, where it would not be noticed, of a provision for the general interest, to which it was not germane, and which purported to be a mere revision of the laws governing the mechanical and administrative operations of the mint.

This perfidious legislation was the culmination of years of effort on the part of the great money lenders and debt owning class. It doubled every debt by reducing the value of the property of every debtor one half. The world's total supply of each metal being about equal in coin value, the demonetization of silver reduced the volume one half, and doubled the purchasing power of the remaining half. The quantity of all money is the measure of the value of all property. The less the quantity of money, the more property each piece of money will buy. These are familiar axioms, which none in good faith deny.

The confiscation of one half of all property other than money, for the benefit of those who hold in the latter, was not instantaneous. Values did not fall to one half at once; they commenced falling gradually, and the decline has continued ever since, and is still continuing. Gold is the only property which is not daily depreciating in value, and is therefore hoarded by its owners instead of being invested in the varied enterprises by which employment could be given to the millions now in enforced idleness, and profits to the investors. Business is paralyzed, and gloom and discontent prevail to an alarming extent.

Efforts to restore free silver coinage have only been baffled by temporary expedients, which have been reluctantly supported by free silver representatives in Congress in their desire to prepare harmony in their respective parties. If they had acted together on this one question, just once, as several reasons; one being that it has been a single street, and that several miles in length. The town is built along a narrow gorge in the mountains, known as the Sierra de Minas-Geraes, a part of the mighty chain which rises far back from the eastern coast of Brazil. Though it lies some 5,000 feet above the sea level, the air is always so damp that everything not kept in airtight cases becomes mildewed within a short time. There is no such thing as a carriage of any description in this mountain city, and even riding mule-back is dangerous, for the single street which twists and winds for miles is probably the roughest in the world, there being but few level stretches of more than a dozen yards in all its length. A portion of it lies along the edge of a deep chasm, at the bottom of which roars one of the mountain torrents, which help to make the great Rio de Francisco.

Another remarkable thing about this town is fully half of the inhabitants have lived of late years in the exhausted galleries which the miners have hewn out of the rocks on the mountain side in search of gold. The other dwellings are perched at varying heights up and down the sides of the varying steep spurs, which jut into and sometimes almost across the narrow pass.

The new city which the people of Ouro-Preto are having built for them will be the direct antithesis of the old. Though the town has been the capital of the province and state for many years, and its inhabitants are wealthy, they recognized the fact a few years ago that the time was near at hand when they would have no occupation of revenue. They, therefore, met in council, and it was decided to find some place where they could employ their accumulated wealth to advantage. It was thereupon decided that a committee of the citizens should search for a spot favorable for the location of a new city; that this new town site should be in a fertile region in the lowlands of the province, which would offer every advantage for the commerce and communication with the interior, and the coast by water and by rail, and that upon such a spot being found, a town should be built there, which, when completed, would be at once occupied, and the old city utterly abandoned.

The new city which has risen is built on the plan in vogue in all South American towns, and has a great central square or plaza in the center. It has an extensive park and artificial lake and other ornamental waters. At one end of the town, which will continue to be capital of the state, an imposing palace for the president has been constructed, and not far distant are the botanic and zoological gardens. There are two theaters already built. The principal buildings, such as the extensive offices which will be occupied by the government, the law courts, the cathedral, the railway station and several of the large hotels, have already been completed, and many of the more imposing private residences are ready for occupancy.

One of the first enterprises it was decided to engage in was that of slaughtering cattle, and therefore extensive abattoirs have been constructed in the outskirts of the city. The railroad, built as soon as the site was chosen, brings the new city into direct communication with the central Brazilian line. The city will be lighted by electricity, and the most improved methods of draining employed. A telephone line extends to Rio Janeiro, and a fully equipped telephone system will be one of the future city of Minas's conveniences.—New York Journal.

His Wife's Family.

Ferry—Your wife comes from an old family, does she not? Wallace—Yes. And also numerous.

ject being to treat the greenbacks that have accumulated in the Treasury as permanently retired. This still further contracts the currency, adds to the stringency in the money market, and causes a further decline in prices.

For all these evils—by which the accuracy is contracted, the bonded debt increased, values diminished, business enterprises crushed, farm products rendered worth the freight charges to market, and general ruin menacing the country—the remedy is in the hands of the people. The consent of the governed is about to be asked for a continuance of this state to be asked for a continuance of this state of things. The reply will be as becomes a free people fully aroused to the wrongs they are suffering. The Democratic party is everywhere preparing for the contest. Independent men outside of the Democratic party are preparing with equal energy. An union there is strength. The opponents of the gold standard constitute a vast majority of the people if they will act together.

The Democratic party has pledged itself to the cause of free silver coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one, without considering the policy or the advice or wishes of any other nation, and places the success of this cause at this time above all other considerations.

Its candidates for the suffrages of the people will not have the support of the gold syndicate and bond brokers, who trust only those who have been licensed by them to continue the old familiar method of paltering in a double sense to the voters they intend to betray. They are men from the influences which have created the conditions under which we suffer.

The Democratic party earnestly invites all who favor the restoration of silver fully to the place it occupied prior to 1873, to join in the great work which can alone restore the country to the prosperity which must be the destiny of a great people of unlimited resources, abundant energy, national pride and patriotism.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

A Whole City Will Move.

Community of 20,000 Persons to Make Its Home in a New Spot.

The greatest exodus that the world has ever seen since the children of Israel departed out of the land of Egypt—namely, 3,500 years ago—will soon take place in Brazil.

All the inhabitants of a city of over 20,000 population, the capital of one of the largest and richest states of that country, will, in a few days, abandon their homes en masse. What makes this wholesale move more remarkable is the fact that these 20,000 people will move in a body into a new city, which for two years has been in process of erection for their occupancy, and which is as yet untenant, save by the artisans and laborers who are putting the finishing touches to the miles of streets and the spacious public buildings and private palaces.

The city which is on the point of being thus abandoned to the wild beasts which swarm in the forests about it is Ouro-Preto, the capital of the mining state of Minas-Geraes, in the southeastern part of Brazil. It was founded nearly two centuries ago by the gold seekers.

Ouro-Preto had been unique among cities for several reasons; one being that it has but a single street, and that several miles in length. The town is built along a narrow gorge in the mountains, known as the Sierra de Minas-Geraes, a part of the mighty chain which rises far back from the eastern coast of Brazil. Though it lies some 5,000 feet above the sea level, the air is always so damp that everything not kept in airtight cases becomes mildewed within a short time. There is no such thing as a carriage of any description in this mountain city, and even riding mule-back is dangerous, for the single street which twists and winds for miles is probably the roughest in the world, there being but few level stretches of more than a dozen yards in all its length. A portion of it lies along the edge of a deep chasm, at the bottom of which roars one of the mountain torrents, which help to make the great Rio de Francisco.

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FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Austria is the only country in the world which never places a woman in prison, no matter what crime she commits.

Instead of being locked up the female malefactor is sent to one of a number of convents, devoted to the purpose, and is kept there during the time for which she is sentenced. The courtyard stands open all day long, the only bar to egress being a man, who acts as doorkeeper, just the same as in the ordinary convent.

Horizontal tucks, usually in clusters of five, across the bust and continuing around the sleeves is a modish favorite trimming for silk waists and thin summer gowns.

A fluffy white parasol carried with a shirt waist is decidedly incongruous.

Never wash your face in water more than twice a day, especially where it is impossible to procure soft moments notice distilled or even rain water. You can soften water by means of a lump of borax or a teaspoonful of strong ammonia in the water jug, but the face must not be left dirty. Have a bottle of cream of cucumber, and before going into the sun just dab the face over with it very lightly. Do the same on returning, but this time wipe it off directly, and see the dirt you remove with the cream. If you follow this advice this summer you will know naught of sunburn, freckles or undue redness of the face.

There were one or two noticeable features in the frocks seen lately. The shoulders were cut slightly longer than of late; there were cut trimmings for the skirts and pretty, quaint changes in the sleeves suggestive of favorite styles of long ago. An Irish poplin of delicate silver gray confirmed the report that the box-plated skirt was to be revived, the skirt being composed of four double box plaits, one in front, one at the back and one on each hip, so arranged as to produce an effect like the godet skirt.

There was a full foot ruche of the poplin with a narrow center row of sable fur. The sleeve was another ante-bellum revival of two medium-sized puffs from the shoulder midway to the elbow; the remainder a "skin fit," buttoned on the inside from the wrist to the bend of the arm, with tiny buttons of silver and bronze, and finished with a cuff wrist of golden brown silk embroidered with silver and edged with a border of fur.

The waist was ornamented with an odd, three-cornered stomacher of brown, embroidered with silver, and finished with an edging of sable. The waist, laced up the back over two rows of buttons corresponding to those on the sleeves, not larger than good sized glove buttons, and placed close together. A broad, high band of the gray poplin showed at the front of the neck for the space of about four inches, where it met an equally high and slightly deeper turned over collar of the dark brown, edged with a narrow silver cord, while the gray band in front had a delicately embroidered tracing of the silver. Above all, so high that it would brush the chin, was a little band of the sable.

Notwithstanding all persistency to the contrary, the skirt is getting narrower, and this is synonymous with saying that it is to be trimmed; tucks and volants with narrow lace belong to the light bastistes and muslins; ribbons braids in application, borders, etc., to the heavy stuffs. The stiff skirt disappears, and with it the folds; it is simply pliated all around, the pleats formed by the folds are getting narrower.

A remarkable feature is the preference for small jackets on the waist—principally the zouave jacket, reaching barely to the waist-line. The little sleeveless jacket harmonizes either with the skirt or contrasting sleeves and front parts of blouse, or else it consists entirely of lace or embroidered fabric, in batiste or gauze with volant edge. The supplement is the corset or ribbon belt, which must stand in full contrast to the costume; for instance, black to blue or green, white to gray or brown, ruby to black or white.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

In these days of self-culture, when not to belong to a club or class is to acknowledge oneself something of a back number, would it not be well for women to give some thought to the training of their voices? It is proverbial that American women have harsh voices and are prone to nasal tones—a serious blot on their countenance—but within the past decade the approach has become less generally deserved, for by travel and contact with European women, whose voices are charmingly modulated, the observant American has awakened to a sense of her deficiencies, and thereby taken means to overcome them.

But the stay-at-home may train her ear and voice also. In order to do so it is necessary to listen, and one soon realizes that the average feminine voice is, to put it mildly, anything but agreeable.

How many women do you know who have soft, low, well-modulated voices? How many on the contrary, are there whose every tone vexes the ear and mags the nerves?

And when one does meet that rare product—a woman with a beautiful speaking voice—how quickly one remarks it; how one lingers on her accents and listens to her slightest word. Ah, it's a great charm—greater far, and more enduring, if woman could be brought to realize it, than a faultless complexion or a pretty figure; though neither of these gifts are to be dispensed!

To remedy these vocal defects, of course, one may go to a specialist, there is a specialist by the way, for everything under heaven nowadays; one may take lessons from a voice culturist, but the busy woman has no time, perhaps, for that luxury, so she must, perforce, depend on her own efforts.

Let her begin, then, by listening to her own voice; a thing she never really did until now; and, ten chances to one, she will be shocked and surprised at its tones, as indeed, most of us would be could we really hear our own voices as others hear them.

Then, once having heard it, single out its defects and endeavor to correct them; if it be loud, as is the national defect, lower it. Lower it, lower it, till it falls softly and soothingly on the ear, and let me whisper a secret, the lower you speak the more attentively people will listen, and that's a lot gained—to a woman!

Then there are the tricks of inflection—don't end all your sentences on the upward grade; let your voice drop; and above all, don't talk too fast. It's a little thing, this; yes, but it marks the difference between culture and lack of culture. Take a lesson then from our transatlantic cousins; listen to their voices and see whether you, too, can't cultivate these some low throaty tones—"so excellent in a woman!" You can, you know, if you try, and the results are well worth the effort.