NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

Women Dentists in Australia.---A Typical Polonaise Gown.---To Paint Mrs. McKinley's Portrait, Etc., Etc.

Women Dentists in Australia.

Young ladies as dentists is the latest development of Australian feminine enterprise. Miss Berry, a daughter of Sir Graham Berry, formerly liberal premier of Victoria, and Miss Godfrey, a daughter of a member of the Victorian upper house, have both passed with credit the examination prescribed by the dental board of that colony, have been duly registered, and have entered into partnership in the medical quarter of Melbourne.

A Typical Polonaise Gown.

A fair specimen of the typical polonaise gown is an evening frock of imitation old needle-run lace. The bodice and upper skirt are of this lace, embroidered with rose pink chenille. The polonaise describes a point front and back but at the right side terminates at about the height of the knee, where a many-looped bow of black velvet is placed. Three frothy, full flounces of white lace form the underskirt, and the decolletage, which is V-shaped, is outlined by a narrow line of black velvet with a looped bow of black velvet at the point. Epaulets and long sleeves are of the white lace, without the chenille embroidery.

To Paint Mrs. McKinley's Portrait.

The president has given a commission to Charles L. Whipple, a New York artist, to paint a portrait of Mrs. McKinley, and the sittings will commence soon. Mrs. McKinley is to be seated in her favorite chair, just as the president sees her every time he goes into her sitting-room, and she is to wear a white brocade that was made for her in Chicago last fall. He considers it one of the most becoming gowns she ever had. The background will be a tapestry loaned by Mr. Foulke of Chicago, who purchased the Barabini collection of tapestries in Rome some years ago. Mrs. McKinley has never had her portrait painted. The president has sat for three or four artists, and Mr. Whipple has just finished portraits of him and Secretary Long.

Graceful Silk Wraps.

Wraps of silk, crepe de chine and fine soft woolen fabrics made in fichu style are very graceful. They cover the shoulders and fall almost to the hem of the dress in front. They are a charming addition to the toilette of the slender woman, and if she be tall as well, nothing is more becoming. One of the beige-tinted taffetas is finished by two frills of the silk edged with a light embroidery of black chenille. The fichu proper is caught in at the bust line, and the scarf-ends fall from there. The scarf ends in this particular instance are edged with one frill only, but this frill edges the sides as well as the ends.

The Trunk Umbrella.

The trunk umbrella, as its name would imply, is an idea brought out by some simple minded philanthropist. It is nothing more or less than a folding umbrella, one that doubles conveniently in the middle of the cane and can be gently laid in the tray of an ordinary trunk. At the ends of the wires that support the silk cover there is a metal catch that, when adroitly managed, shuts in, thus changing the ordinary umbrella to an object half its size, and filling with rapture the breasts of thousands of beings who have struggled with this problem for ages. It does away with the clasps once used to unite three or more umbrellas and canes, and it does away with the tendency to leave the cherished weapon behind when getting out of a car hurriedly.—New York Herald.

Two Occupations for Women.

The difficulty of sightseeing or shopping to advantage in a strange city, especially if time is limited, is well known to most women from actual experience. The clever idea of a young girl in Washington promises to obviate the discomfort in a most agreeable manner for her patrons and with profit to herself. Needing employment, and thoroughly familiar with the city, its environments, many points of interest, and shopping facilities, she advertises to act as guide to unattended women visiting the capital, either singly or in parties of two, three, or half-a-dozen. The fee required for her services, while reasonable, is sufficient to render it a paying as well as pleasant business. Other cities offer like opportunity to well-bred, intelligent young women, and with equal prospect of success.

Another agreeable and graceful occupation for women, especially in large cities, is the arrangement of flowers for ceremonious occasions—dinners, banquets, weddings, etc. Success in this depends largely upon taste and originality. Florists now employ ladies in this capacity as understanding better than men the little touches here and there necessary for grace and artistic effect.—Table Talk.

Imported Gloves for Women.

Importers of women's gloves say that it seems to be a fad to wear no gloves during the hot weather, brown hands evidently being considered quite the thing. The prevalence of the shirt waist also has had a tendency to curtail the use of gloves. A noticeable feature of the present styles of gloves used with long sleeves is the wretched and impracticable mode of some fasteners now being used to quite an extent by women who do not pay much attention to small matters. The other day on a Broadway cable-car some women were seen with gloves which they were evidently unable to fasten at the wrists. With some clasp attachments a wrist must conform to the glove, but this is not the case with gloves having hooks that fit any size wrist perfectly. Colors remain much the same as in past seasons. White glace, with black embroidery, are popular both for street and evening wear. —New York Herald.

How to "Have a Perfect Fit."

The buds and matrons have discovered a wonderful man in Chicago. His coats and gowns—ah! how they do fit! Taking up the raw cloth this man of original ideas holds it against the figure which is to be fitted, precisely after the manner usual with artist-designers of his kind. Then the gown is made, fitted and almost finished when the new and original scheme is brought into play.

The customer is wrapped in long, wet towels—technically they are known as "sheets"—and the new tailor made gown is put on. Then over and over the hips and shoulders, and around and around the waist, and up and down in carefully accentuated lines goes the hot iron. Instead of being pressed on a board, the suit is pressed on the lady herself. Oh, yes, to be sure, the hot vapor arises, and the poor lady often cries out in alarm lest she be parboiled then and there, but what matters these trivial things if one's gown is to fit sublimely and beautifully, and to have a style that is actually heart-wringing? The costume is literally molded to the figure inside it. The woman is instructed that she must continue to keep the dress on until the seams are quite dry.

The man who is responsible for this new and startling departure in the way of gown fitting is a Swedish-Englishman. He claims that the Princess of Wales was his inspiration for the initial attempt along this line. When fitting a gown for her one day the idea occurred to him to try pressing it upon the figure.

"Why not try it?" exclaimed the gracious and kindly Princess, of whom the artist-designer is never tired of speaking.

The experiment was a great success. After that the gowns and outer garments pressed in this way for English ladies were many. About a year ago the young man who originated the idea came to Chicago to put it into practice here. In Chicago it was Mrs. Richard Harding Davis, then Miss Cecil Clark, who was the first woman to seize upon the opportunity of outshining her sister women in this manner. Adjusting a garment to her tall, svelte figure, the tailor requested the privilege of trying his cherished inspiration. Once more it was a delightful success, and so great has the fad become already in Chicago that there are sometimes as many as twenty women waiting for their turn to be "pressed."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Play Clothes for Children.

Play clothes are recognized needs of children now. It no longer is considered quite the thing to send the small folk out to play in any garments so long as they are soiled.

There may or may not be a reaction this year against the fancy for real little overalls, such as have been worn for two summers, for girls. To meet a fresh demand, though the old may continue, linen smocks—good, old-fashioned name—have been brought out. They are one-piece dresses for very little types, with the skirt gathered into a band and some simple facings of a contrasting color. Then, too, they come in white, without any trimming, but fit for throwing into the washtub.

Quite a novelty is the overall dress, made from heavy linen crash, buttoning at the back. Brown linen trousers and no petticoats are worn with the overall dress. Which should be the jolliest kind of a little knockaround for the city backyard and the country. A dainty play-dress for the house, a pinafore, a French idea, is made with low neck and no sleeves at all. Any pretty gingham or calico does for the slip, and the trimming is the most simple white hamburg edging, put on without a pucker.

Gleanings From the Shops.

Silk embroidered, polka-dotted poplins.

Many dressy gowns finished with long lace stoles.

Satin stripe and figured wash silks in all shades.

Dotted Swiss muslins with printed floral designs.

Pin check cheviot suitings in multi-colored mixtures.

Foulards in oriental and Persian colorings on white grounds.

Printed lace-stripe dimities on white and black grounds.

Silk checked mixed suitings in shades of gray, tan and cadet blue.

Imported and domestic penangs in selected patterns for waists.

Sashes of net, lace or chiffon to be worn with simple muslin gowns.

Woven patterns in stripe and plaid piques on white or colored grounds.

Honiton lace-striped lawns with printed floral designs on white grounds.

Foulard finished prints of shirt waist patterns in stripes and checks.

Rich embroidered voile robes in beautiful colorings with deep borders.

Crash skirts in a great variety of new shapes, as well as many new forms of braiding and stitching.—Dry Goods Economist.

What You Learn by Sickness.

"You learn a good many things through a long and dangerous illness," mused Browne, who had not been sick.

"Yes," responded Smithe, who had. "And the most notable is the fact nourishing food is invariably something you don't want to eat."—Wasp.

BRAVEST OF SCOUTS.

THE SIBLEY EXPEDITION'S TERRIFIC BATTLE WITH SIOUX.

One of the Most Thrilling Episodes in Western Warfare.---Sad Results That Followed the Braying of a Mule.---Saved by a Stratagem.

The Sibley scouting expedition is one of the bravest episodes in Western warfare. Capt. F. W. Sibley, now of the Second United States Cavalry, is famous among the army in the West for his daring as a scout in the Sioux campaign. In the summer of 1876, after Sitting Bull and his thousands of Sioux warriors had swooped down upon Gen. Custer's force in the valley of the Little Big Horn, and had annihilated every white man in the valley, the savages stole away and went into camp miles distant, among the vast region of barren hills and sagebrush. Gen. Terry and his army were on the north. Gen. Crook and his force were more than 100 miles to the south. The Sioux, some 6,000 strong, were in secret camp in a valley among the trackless hills and valleys between the two generals and their forces. The slaughter of the troops under General Custer and the unusual military skill of Sitting Bull and the savagery of the Sioux made brave men timid and headstrong scouts thoughtful. No one knew how far the Sioux were camped from the two forces, how many warriors the chief had, or what their plan of operations was.

As days passed, relates the Sun, the situation became more grave. Gen. Crook had to know the location of the Indians, and the route to and from there. Lieutenant Sibley, who had done some creditable scouting, and knew the Indians' ways fairly well, volunteered to lead a detachment of soldiers into the enemy's country and to try to get the information. It was a hazardous undertaking and it was prepared after consideration of the work to be performed and the chances against the detachment ever coming back to camp alive. A detachment of 25 picked men was assigned to Lieutenant Sibley. Among them was Frank Gruard, a frontier scout of courage and large experience. General Crook bade each man in the detachment good by and commended his bravery. The start was made from the camp on Goose River on July 6, 1876. When night fell Lieutenant Sibley and his men were twenty miles from General Crook's camp. In the shadow of an overhanging cliff the party ate a cold meal. Then, led by Scout Gruard and Lieutenant Sibley, the soldiers remounted and resumed the march into the Sioux country. All night long they travelled. It was a clear and moonlight night, and the soldiers, gripping their carbines and eagerly searching the horizon for the earliest signs of the presence of Sitting Bull's army, rode in silence. Along about 3 o'clock in the morning Scout Gruard at the head of the file of cavalry, signalled a halt. Lieutenant Sibley moved swiftly to the scout's side.

A mile and a half away, down an elliptical valley of green grass and beside a stream of water Sitting Bull and his army of Sioux were camped. There were the smothered camp fires, and the outlines of hundreds of tepees could be distinguished in the moonlight. The braying of a mule, that one of the men in the detachment had chosen to ride, began with emphasis when Lieutenant Sibley and Scout Gruard had nearly finished a survey of the Sioux camp. In a moment the Indians were roused by the mule's braying. The savages seemed to rise by the score from behind every bush, to leap by the hundreds from the ground. A dozen sentinels, less than half a mile away, whooped and yelled as a signal to the camp below.

Leaping into their saddles, Lieutenant Sibley and Scout Gruard shouted to the detachment: "Follow us; save your ammunition; the redskins are after us and escape's our only way out."

They all knew that there were several hundreds of Indians against each of the twenty-six men in the detachment. In a few minutes the Sioux would be armed and on the trail of the fleeing whites. It seemed impossible that the detachment, unfamiliar with this strange region, its mountain passes and hiding spots, could ever get away from these savages, so thoroughly at home there. But a faint hope existed that the soldiers might reach the rocky and timbered foothills over to the west. Once there, a few of the men might by some miraculous chance get back to Crook's army alive.

Away the cavalry galloped, straight across the mesa, with Scout Gruard ahead. Once he turned and shouted to Lieutenant Sibley and the others: "Boys, if we can't retreat, we'll die fighting; we'll get no mercy from the Sioux."

It was at the first break of dawn when the horsemen were pushing their jaded horses as best they could up the mountain sides of the Snake Mountains. The Sioux had spent a precious hour in finding the trail, and were now coming fast several miles in the rear on their fresh ponies, yelling, screaming and shooting as they rode. The soldiers forced their horses through a pass among the rocks and on into a growth of timber on the mountain side, and forded a little branch of Tongue river. The Indians were coming on faster, yelling and shooting at times. Some of the warriors had spurred their broncos ahead and were trying to flank the detachment on the right. By a supreme effort the soldiers reached the heavy timber. They tied their horses in a second and lay down among the fallen logs and behind the horses, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Fortunately, they had an abundance of cartridges. In another moment the fighting was on in dead earnest. The Sioux were coming like painted demons up the steep and rocky grade of the narrow pass. The soldiers had a good view of the pass, and they kept up a continuous discharge of bullets into the swarm of advancing Sioux. A dozen Indians fell in the first two minutes.

"Make every ball count; keep your nerve and expect no quarter," shouted Lieutenant Sibley to each man as he dodged from tree to tree. He then lay behind a log and made plans with Scout Gruard for a possible escape for the detachment. The barrels of the carbines grew so hot from the firing that the soldiers could scarcely load them. The Indians had older and slower-fire guns. At length a warrior of some importance fell dead from his horse just as he came up the grade of the pass. The hail of lead that the savages were sending into the timber and horses subsided for a few minutes. During the lull Lieutenant Sibley told the detachment that the horses, food, saddles and all but the carbines and ammunition were to be abandoned in such a desperate time, and, beginning on the left, the men one by one were to sneak to the rear and get away as best each knew how. The firing was to continue as long as possible. The purpose was to deceive the Sioux, who, seeing the horses and camp outfits still there, would not know that behind the cloud of powder smoke, and the trees and logs, the soldiers were slowly disappearing among the mountains.

Immediately the hostilities were renewed, and, amid a sheet of flame and a pattering of bullets among the timber and on the rocks, the detachment slowly melted away. Seven men in the detachment were shot dead that early morning. Two had crawled to the rear and were just about to get behind the rocks when stray bullets felled them. The men waited about ten minutes between one another's departure to attempt escape by retreat. The men who remained on the firing line kept ceaselessly at work with their hot carbines, in spite of blistered fingers and palpitating hearts. Lieutenant Sibley was the last to leave the line of battle, and when he had crawled back and joined his surviving comrades among the rocks he ordered three more volleys. Then the soldiers scrambled over rocks and ran down the main part of Tongue river like madmen. At the same moment the Sioux made a rush upon the supposed line of the detachment and carried the position. One may imagine their disappointment when they found twenty-six dead or dying horses, a lot of rations and a good camp outfit. They scalped the dead soldiers, and, gathering up their own dead, went back down into the valley. The famous sub-Chief White Antelope was killed that morning.

The story of the hardships the survivors of the Sibley expedition endured during their retreat to General Crook's camp is a dreadful one, but in the end all managed to reach the goal.

KING DANIEL O'KEEFE.

Once a Stevedore, Now He Is an Independent Monarch.

"Daniel O'Keefe, who is king of a small island in the Philippine group, was formerly a resident of Savannah, Ga.," said a visitor from that city, "and has a wife and daughter still living there who are in regular correspondence with him. In his younger years O'Keefe was a stevedore at the Savannah wharfs, but became restless, shipped on a Pacific-bound boat and never returned. After a great many vicissitudes he got into the copra trade and became rich. Most of his copra came from an island between North Borneo and Mindanao, at the tail end of the Philippines, and about six years ago he purchased it outright from Spain and set himself up as an independent ruler.

"He wields a tremendous influence over the natives and is well known all over the south Pacific. He has a house at Hong Kong where he spends part of each summer and lives in lordly fashion. Meanwhile he has kept in constant communication with his wife, has steadily supported her and now sends her a handsome annual allowance. His daughter was born a few months after his departure and has never seen her father, but a handsome and recent photograph of him hangs in their parlor.

"For over a dozen years O'Keefe has been intending to come home, but would put it off from season to season, as his business interests multiplied and his presence at the island became more and more imperative. About four years ago he made all arrangements for the trip and a day was set for his arrival, but he failed to appear. The oldtimers in Savannah remember Dan O'Keefe very well, and he is commonly spoken of as the king of the Caanimi Islands. His wife's cozy little home is crowded with curios from the far Pacific."

A Japanese Hospital Ship.

The Japanese have had a hospital ship built in Renfrew, Scotland. It is about two thousand tons, with a speed of fifteen knots, and will be used in times of peace as a merchant vessel. As fitted up for the treatment of wounded in time of war, there will be three hundred beds for patients, with first-class accommodations for the medical staff, nurses and attendants.

Burying the Dead in Porto Rico.

The Porto Rican way of burying the dead is curious. A coffin is rented for the corpse to be carried to the cemetery. Two or four natives carry it on their heads or fastened to two bamboo poles. The corpse is taken out of the coffin and buried about two feet. If the rent for the burial lot is not paid within a certain time the body is dug up and thrown away.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Germany thinks that we shall welcome her as a neighbor in the Pacific. It depends on how she conducts herself.

Official experts estimate that the Nicaragua Canal will cost $118,113,790. And business men generally agree that it will be worth the money.

Recent developments in the Dreyfus case show that France is highly resolved to square herself with her conscience. It is a severe task, but it will be worth all it costs.

Canada's trade with the United States in 1898, according to a recent report of the Canadian commissioner of customs, amounted to $124,000,000. Surely a basis for argument pointing to the value of closer reciprocal relations.

A firm of English tea merchants offers to every married woman who buys a pound of its 50-cent tea for five consecutive weeks a pension of $2.50 a week in case of the death of her husband, provided he was in good health when she began to buy the tea. The pension is to continue as long as she remains a widow.

The New York People says that the Ruskin co-operative association, at Ruskin, Tenn., commonly known as the "Ruskin Colony," is about to collapse. Its lands and houses are to be sold, and the hundred or so colonists still on the site of the colony are appealing to the utopians of the country for fifteen thousand dollars to tide them over the "crisis."

Official reports show that the total number of vessels passing through the Suez Canal last year was 3,503, and that the gross receipts were $17,500,000, or $145,000 more than those for 1897. These figures give added emphasis to an idea that Uncle Sam should get firmly anchored in his mind, namely, that there is big money in the canal business.

Government reports indicate that anthracite coal is becoming scarcer every year. Well, the semi-anthracite article found in seemingly inexhaustible beds in Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas and the Indian Territory is about equal to the genuine article, and from these sources can be drawn supplies to carry us through the next two or three thousand years, so no great uneasiness need be felt by present generations, at least.

Klondike has a rival. The new field is Cerro Pinto, or Spotted Mountain, about the middle of lower California and only one day overland from the Pacific. Miners reach the diggings in two days from Ensenada at the northern end of the peninsula, and the only expensive luxury is water at $1.25 a bucket. The new fields are said to be twenty-eight miles long and sixteen wide. The gold that has reached San Diego is extraordinarily fine, running $19 to $20 an ounce. Pure gold is worth $20.67 an ounce.

Another triumph for skilled labor in the United States is the award by the Venezuelan Government to a Philadelphia firm for the plans and construction of an armory and barracks near Caracas. The cost will be about $200,000, but the amount is not so significant as is the fact that the award was won in competition with both Venezuelan and European engineers. It is expected that most of the materials called for in the plans will be exported from this country. Incidents such as this will continue to bind closer our relations with our southern neighbors, despite the necessity of administering occasional rebukes to the saucier among them.

It is significant of the growth of sentiment in favor of cremation that a bill providing for compulsory cremation has passed the first committee stage in the British parliament, and has met as yet with little opposition. The bill applies only to cases where death is due to diseases like cholera, smallpox, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria and tuberculosis, which would indicate that it was based solely on sanitary grounds. But it is noteworthy that one of the chief reasons advanced in support of the bill is that cremation would result in cheapening the cost of disposing of the dead. This seems like carrying practical considerations to an extreme, but it appears to have had great weight.

The women of Holland have started a movement of their own, and as might be expected from that thrifty people, it is an eminently practical one. The object is to take the poor from the cities and plant them in country colonies. The object is not a new one, but it has not seemed to appeal to women's societies until the genuine Holland dames took hold of it. The women who collect the funds and manage the business buy some waste land within easy distance of a town, build sanitary cottages and let them on easy terms. The tenants' wives are started in poultry and dairy farming and many of the men secure work in the neighboring towns, the distance being so short that there is no trouble about going back and forth daily.

The farmers of Oregon have found a new industry, which at the same time solves the problem what the convicts in the State penitentiary can be set to work at. They are to weave the cloth from flax fibre which Oregon farmers will grow, and make it into grain bags in which to market their surplus wheat. These linen grain bags will be stronger and more durable than those of cotton, and as the coarsest fibre such as can be got from flax grown for seed can be used, it is believed they will not be expensive. It is a good beginning for the flax-growing and linen-making industries. The manufacture of the finest linen fabrics will doubtless follow in due time. It is a great gain any way for Oregon farmers to diversify their industries. They have been growing wheat too exclusively, says the American Cultivator.

Thomas Carlyle said: "Every man is as lazy as he dares to be." Like many another assertion of that too cynical philosopher this is not strictly true. But there is a large element of truth in the thought it conveys. Happily for the world there are large numbers of men and women in it who are not as lazy as they dare to be; who are not lazy at all, in fact, declares the New York World. On the contrary they find delight in working for others, for their wives, their husbands and their children. This is without doubt true of the great majority of mankind. At the same time there are many men and women to whom Carlyle's too sweeping characterization applies. They are literally as lazy as they dare to be. They work to live and have no conception of the higher happiness of living to work. They would not work at all unless the sharp goad of necessity drove them to it. It is from this latter class of people—small as compared with the former, yet lamentably numerous—that the armies of crime are constantly drawing recruits.

A MARCHAND STORY.

One of the Ways the French Explorer took to Make His Noted Journey.

It is curious with what alacrity the anti-Dreyfusites now rush toward Marchand, the French officer who has just reached Paris after a remarkable trip across Africa. His letter from Cairo to the caricaturist, Forain, is remembered by them. So few of them know the geography of Central Africa, so few have read the travels of English, Scotch and German explorers, that they over-rate the pluck, perseverance and courage of Marchand. It was boasted last October that while Lord Kitchener had slain his tens of thousands, the Marchand expedition had made its way among the black chiefs, simply through "niceness." But it turns out that the Marchand expedition was just like any other enterprise of the kind in the Dark Continent. It could not be otherwise if a march was to be stolen on the Anglo-Egyptians. When niceness did not do, the screw was put on, and, indeed, terribly tightened. But let a member of that expedition, a sergeant of Senegal sharpshooters, tell how he and fellow-explorers served the interests of civilization. His account is in a letter from Tamboura to his father and mother, who do not wish his name to be published.

"We were sent to Ubanghi to go on thence to Upper Egypt in order to show the Dervishes what a fine force we were. We had to launch a steamer on the Nile, and unite, if possible, our possession of Obock on the Red Sea with that of the Congo on the Atlantic. Our force was formed of 500 black tirailleurs, officered by twenty-five whites. The worst part of the job is got through.

"I have just taken all the pieces of the steamer to the River Sueh, where we shall put them together. I tell you what—it was no amusing piece of work to lead the 200 porters that we pressed into our service to carry the materials for the steamer. They were always trying to escape. We in vain shot or hanged the runaways we caught. The fresh gangs repeated what the others had done, and there we were, with piles of iron and steel, not knowing how to take them on in time. Nothing would have been done, if we had not had the patience to hunt up other bearers in the villages we were able to reach. The 500 blacks, well armed, gathered up every man they could lay hold on. When there were not men enough they took women, and made them each carry a load of sixty kilos on their heads. I then went forward. When they could no longer go on, we made other raids on villages. It often happened that we found a village forsaken. In that case we burned a few huts."

The hopes of Nationalists were for some time fixed on General Galleni, but Marchand, with his African experiences, with nothing of great consequence to lose but much to gain, would, they think, be a better man to rally round.

Made a Thorough Job of It.

In consequence of the frequency with which fires occur in Shanghai, the insurance companies of that place addressed a complaint to the magistrates affirming that incendiaries were too leniently dealt with. As a result, the sagacious law-dealers have decreed that incendiaries shall be prosecuted and punished, and that, moreover, the proprietors of European houses shall also be punished as incendiaries if they insure their property. By this means the magistrates declare, all complaints will be avoided, for there will be no insurances.—L'Etoile Belge, Brussels.

A Cutting Rejoinder.

"Women talk so much, Miss Emeline."

"I don't know; do you think they talk much more than the men who are always telling them how much they talk?"—Chicago Record.

Alarming Conduct.

"When I kiss you, Edgar, you are not afraid I am going to ask for money, are you?"

"No, dear; but I'm afraid you have already cleaned me out while I slept."—Chicago Record.