IN LIGHTER VEIN.

SHE COULD DISTINCTISH THEM. speaking of Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. each other very much."
Yes, they look a good deal alike," as

sented Mrs. Fangle. In fact, I can't tell them apart; but sur-pose you can, my dear?" Well, I should just think I could! Why Mrs. Jones' bonnets cost four times as much Mrs. Robinson's.

CLEET FOW SED'S SCHENE.

"Well, that sa queer idea for royalty!" exclaimed Mrs. Smooks, looking up from the

What is the idea, love?" asked Snooks. Why, the daughters of the Prince of Wales a" make their own bonnets." Nothing very queer about that," replied

Streeks. "You see the prince owes some heavy debts-about \$1.000.000." Vell, what of that?"

Why of course he'll be able to pay them all a little while now

A PETEND OF THE PARTLY. mith, do you know Surplice, the boy

prescher? should say I do, Robinson; I went to school with his children.

HIS DON'S HONOR

"Jim," said one Dakota man to another, Dick Rawment's down the street telling the rowd you had to leave the East for burnin' a school-house.

O, that's nothin', replied Jim lazily. "I Ion t mind a little thing like that from Dick."
An' he says yet a horse thief, too." That don't hart me, neither. That ain't all, though."

What else, posiner " He says if his dog can't lick yet liverred hound he'll grind him up into sa wage meat.

He said that, did he? Why didn't yer tell me at first he'd insulted me " exclaimed Jim, bolting down the street. "Not let me get the drop on the varmint!

THEY WELL DOWN.

"My dear," said Mrs. Fangle to her hus-tand, "I think I will buy some quilts. They

Certainly, replied Fangle, "always consuit economy by purchasing supplies when prices are low.

A few days later, when the bills came in,

angle asked with some asperity : How do these quits come to \$10 apiece? Doin't you say they were down?

so they are, my love," replied Mrs. hangle sweetly. "they are eider-down.

Not amiss—A Mr York fellows- A complexif eggs.

totate triends-Poker and shovel Dod in the wool-A deceased sheep

It gold comes in quartz, how much is: part of it worth? There is not always room at the top. Some houses have no finished attac.

It is generally believed that gas men, when hey go to church, prefer to sing long-metre A glance at a Welsh newspaper will con-

vince anyone that only a Y s man can master the language. Let's see. Has anyone ever remarked that

if you eat onions evidence of your crime will be sure to leek out? We do not know much about the behavior of the geese of Rome, but we know there is a Propaganda at the Elernal City

OBSERVATIONS ON PAN.

A Classic Frenk who Missed the Era of Dime Museums. were no dime museums in the

mythological times of the dim and chestnutty past. This is singular, when one considerhow numerous the freaks were.
For instance, there was Mr. Pan. For a

genuine, all-wool and yard-wide curiosity. Pan would be hard to beat, even in modern times, when the genius of man has produced the sea serpent and the chestnut bell. He would discount the What-Is-It, the mermaid. be big-footed girl, the glass masticator, the bridge jumper, or Dr. Mary Walker, as a curiosity. The subject of the sketch wore horns on his head.

Mosiern people, who regard borns as a desirable part of attire, wear them in their mouths. They sometimes call them nightcars, however, as a graceful recognition of the fact that horns belong to the head. At the present time horns are procured at sample rooms and art galleries, except in prohibition States, where they may be btained at drug stores.

In addition to his horns, Pan wore legs, feet and a tail which so closely resembled those of a goat that no one except a German scholar, who knows everything, could detect the difference. Pan did not wear these misfit portions of an animal's anatomy from choice, but from necessity.

He was built that way.

It is hard to decide for certain who the parents of this freak were, for the original family records were destroyed at the Chicago He was so ugly that no one wanted to claim.

him but the general opinion is that Mercary the Precocious was his father. Pan was noted for his pipes.

You must not infer from this that he was a plumber, or a native of Germany. He was neither.

His pipes were not gaspipes, nor yet meerschaums.

He was in the mythology business, being a second-class Greek god. The Greeks must have been hard up for deitles at the time they offered him the situation. Perhaps the best hands were on a strike, though, for shorter days, and the Greeks had to take what they could get in the emergency. Pan was ap-

pointed foreman over the woods, shepherdand other pastoral bric-a-brac.

To return to his pipes: He used to play upon them so fereciously that he scared the natives into convulsions. This leads us to believe the they may have been Scotch bag-Perhaps, too, he played airs from The Mikado," which added to the consternation. His music reminded those who heard it of a young man learning to torture

the cornet. And they fled in a panic This is where the word "panic" comes

People who accidentally or who by way of punishment are compelled to listen to bag pipes are extremely liable to be panic stricken. Pan had a varied experience in Ar cadia, Greece and Rome, but we have been unable to verify the rumor that he emigrated

to America, formed the Pan Electric Company and after unloading the stock on the public, settled down to private life in Chicago. WM. H. SIVITER.

Improper Use of the American Flag. It is reported at Gibraltar that two Englishmen, displaying the American flag, recently imprisoned a Hebrew merchant of Aleazar, imprisoned a Hebrew merchant of Aleazar. Morocco, for debt, took him in chains to Tangiers, parading him through three towns on the way, the outrage being aggravated by the fact that it was inflicted during the period of the Passover. The principal Hebrews of Tangiers have joined in an appeal to the French. Portuguese and British consuls for assistance in an attempt to have all the governments unite in an effort to suppress the system of consular abuses under which these outrages are perpetrated. utrages are perpetrated.

STRAY BABIES.

HOW THE METROPOLIS ACTS AS MOTHER TO THE WAIPS.

What Would Befall the Reader if He Were a Baby Abandoned on a New York Doorstep-Efforts Charity is Making to



INFANT ASYLUM-BLACKWELL'S ISLAND. Will the reader, merely to oblige me, fancy simself a foundling, kicking his heels in air and rubbing his swollen eyes on a doorstep in New York? If you are practical you say you prefer a hundrum routine babyhood, or if you are sentimental you semind me that foundlings have often climbed the highest ladders of power and fame; that Moses was a foundling, and that Cyrus the Great and Romulus and Remus were no different.

But if you really were found on one of our New York doorsteps you would not excite much interest or attention. Foundlings are altogether too common with us. There is me stoop in this city that catches two or three a night the year around, and two miles further down town is a woman who gathers in foundlings, officially, for the city at the rate of from 350 to a year. Really foundlings are so commonplace that nothing is printed about nine in ten of them. The baby must be very peculiar, must be left on some famous man's step or must be clad in very fine and pretty clothing in order to attract attention of the populace. As the care of foundlings has grown into a systematic and regular business it will be interesting to follow the career of a modern city Moses and ee what befalls it in its progress

We will have the baby found by a citizen seturning at midnight from the theatre. He pushes open the outer door of his house and stubs his toe against a soft and yielding bun-



IN THE HANDS OF THE LAW. munity where foundlings are rare and far apart. In that case he would probably waken his household and his wife would take the hapless innocent in charge at least unto morning. Here in New York the citizen would turn over in his mind servichance that there was some reason why s particular stoop should have been selected and, finding nothing to hang upon the pegd conjecture, would softly proceed down the the to the street and up.

Some one has left a baby in my doorway," friend of mine said to a policeman under hese circumstanees



PUT TO BED

the pink and white innocent as tenderly as if he had practiced upon some at home in addition to the official half dozen he had found. It woke and the brawny officer chucked it under the chin and coord to it like a matron or a dove. In the station-house the sergeant in charge looked up sleepily, and taking a dip of ink on his pen, asked ques-tions and wrote something like this:

'Name?' Foundling, I suppose. Looks like a boy-call it a boy. 'Where found? East Thirty-sixth street. 'Age?' Oh, yes-'age?' What do you think, Doran about three months, ch? Call it three months, 'Disposition?' Here Mulry (calling to a man waiting in the station on house duty), take this down to Webb.

Doran, who brought the baby in, stops to ay that the gentleman on whose stoop the baby was found "will be up to court in the merning" to make affidavit to the finding. and goes back to his post. Mulry, the man now in charge of the baby, takes it to the police headquarters and there climbs the weary stairs to the top floor, where, after rapping on a door and waiting a moment, s shown into a pleasant sitting-room by Matron Webb, a practical, active little woman whom the city pays to receive this flotsam and jetsam of humanity. Two or three cribs are standing near the walls and into one of these the matron lays the child, remarking that "its mother chose a pleasant night for leaving it," and that "it's a healthy one." The officer bows himself out and the matron fills a nursing bottle with milk and puts the mouthpiece between the baby's lips. The gas light is turned down low, the ma-tron disappears within an inner room and the baby—well, it is to be hoped that it

sleets.

Early the next morning after the little one has been washed and dressed and kissed— for the matron's heart is a kindly one and seems never to be hardened by familiarity seems never to be hardened by familiarity with misfortune—some member of her little family carries the babe, in a horse-car, up to Mr. Blake's. In the directory Mr. Blake is formally set down as the superintendent of out-door poor, an office of the department of charities and correction at Eleventh street and Third avenue. I wish we could tarry awhile with Mr. Blake; his is such an interesting office, so utterly impossible anywhere than in a great city, and he is so genial and noble a man. One wall of a little room has been removed and in the aperture he sits,

looking out upon a great bare hall into which blows and drifs the very sediment and refuse of humanity. Poor bloated, tattered, shriveled, ill or disheartened men and women are his company from morn until even, and all file past him and teil him their woss. This one has a son in the penitentiary—may she visit him? Yes, here's a permit. This one has a husband in the Charity Hospital. Can this jelly be sent to him? Yes, hand it over. The next one is so poor and so ill and cannot buy coal. Will the city send half a ton? Stand unside and we'll see if you are deserving or not.

ill and cannot buy coal. Will the city send half a ton? Stand inside and we'll see if you are deserving or not.

The next is also in need of coal. Get along with you, Mary Plannigan, you're a fraud. Did you think you would not be recognized? I'll send you to the island if you come here again. The next isa richly-dressed lady accompanied by another equally stylish. They want to see Black well's island—the prison, hospital, alms-houses, lunatic asylum and all the rest. Certainly madam, here is a permit; and so goes the day with Mr. Blake. But, hold here is our foundling, on the arm of a pretty young woman. Mr. Blake's cheery voice rings out with a "Hello! Mary, did you bring us a bey or a girl? A little girl, ch? Now, that's nice; will you stay to the christening? No cake or lemonade or flowers—what, you won't? well, good day, Mary.

"Here, John," says Mr. Blake to his office bey. "Do you hold the baby now till I name her. D'ye think she's German or Irish? I think she's American by birth, anyhow, so we'll name her Anna Calhoun—no, I don't like that. She's Martha York, that's what

This name is at once entered on the great journal of the office and upon a ticket to accompany the child. Mr. Blake TE explains that it foundlings on the alpha-betical sys-

ALL ABOARD! tem, calling the first one Allen, or Armstrong, or Adams; the pext Beardsley, or Burroughs, or Berry, and so on. That, you remember, is how Oliver Twist was named

Burroughs, or Berry, and so on. That, you remember, is how Oliver Twist was named. He came after a boy named with "S" for an initial and so he took T for his and became Twist. Later still it was the custom in New York to name foundlings after the place in which they were found, as Washington Park, Esq., or John Battery, or Mary Highbridge. That was seen to be inhuman. It cursed the little ones for life. To-day, Mr. Hake gives them all good practical names as they occur to him, such as Mary Howe, Peter Cooke, Isabella Winters or whatever may pop into his head. He probably christens more babies than any clerxyman, sometimes 500 in a year.

Martha York, our foundling, has now been handed to the driver of the ambulance or pauper-wagon standing at the door. He took it with the same unconcern with which he also took the jelly for the sick husband and several other bundles. A dozen brokendown women, rum-soaked and diseased, or paupers out of house and home, and two or three men of the same sort, climb into the wagon, and off it goes to the foot of East Iwenty-sixth street, just beyond the morgue and Bellevue Hospital. Beside the wharf a large and pretty steamboat is lying, and all about it is a scene of bustle and confusion. Policemen are in charge, ladies and gentlemen on sight-see. Policemen are in charge, ladies and gentle



shoulder with criminals handcuffed and being led from a prison van to the boat, and side by side with a ON THE WAY TO BLACKWELL'S ISLAND

clumsy, stumbling herd of what are called "drunk and disorderlies." The steambeat is going to all the official islands up the East river—to Blackwell's, Ward's and Randall's river—to Blackwell's, Ward's and Bandall's islands, where are the hospitals, mad-houses, alms-houses and penitentiary. Consequently unfortunates destined for all these places are among her passengers. Flitting about among all the others on the boat and on the wharf are several women in clean, neat suits of what we all know as "bed-tick." Some are of regularly assists with battered and bruised. of repulsive aspect, with battered and bruised faces, but here and there one sees a healthy, rosy, pretty one. To one of these little Martha York is handed, and she takes the foundling on board the steamer and feeds it with a bottle.

These women in suits of bed-ticking are what are called "ten-day prisoners." They are abandoned women arrested for walk-ing the streets, drunken and quarrelsome wives from the tenements, and vagrants. This, then, is the introduction of one of the city's wards to its new career—dandled by a courtesan from the lowest depths and by her taken into the thick of a crowded boat-load of thieves, pickpockets, paupers and bad women, and among the blind, the halt, the dis-cased and the mad. Ah! this is shocking cruelty, the very refinement of outrage; and yet the little innecent knows naught of its environments, but looks on with wondering

yet the little innecent knows naught of its environments, but looks on with wondering eyes, happy if it but escapes pain.

It is taken to the last landing the boat makes, the Infant Asylum on Randall's Island—a great well-lighted, scrupulously clean three-story brick building, with an average "census" of 150 foundlings coming and dying daily, mainly the latter. Some paid nurses move about the wards superintending the women who nurse the foundlings. The poor little waif has not escaped the guardianiship of vice and crime and will not while the great heartless city is its guardian. The nurses are the same bad women, paupers and convalescent invalids we saw on the boat. The best of them are apt to be self-committed paupers with babies of their own. The others are fallen women just out of the lying in hospital and pauper women who have gone to the hospital in the same condition. It has been found that they treat the helpless little waifs of the streets very unfairly, nursing their own babies and starving the others if they are not watched. But they are watched and the best care the humane paid nurses can exact for the little ones is given to them. The great majority die and are buried in a startlingly plain and unhallowed-looking put in tiers and rows, foot to head in lines and on top of one another in the other direction. The little coffins are numbered and by the records that are kept any foundling can be traced from where its mother abandened it to its coffin, but no need for this was ever known. No mother ever yet has called for the corpse of her little one.

It is not because of their treatment in the city's hands that the homeless babies die. It is because of their exposure after their mothers leave them, because their mothers and poverty, because they are born in misery and poverty, because they are apt to have been half starved. Once in a while the pub-lic catch a mother in the act of surrendering her child to the cold world. That is a felony

Antiche penalty is severe. Sometimes one of these mothers repents and seeks her babe. If it is not dead it is returned to her. If it lives three years it is sent to one of two institutions to be adopted by some one who applies for a boy or girl and gives good references. The two institutions are the Protestant Home for the Friendless and the Roman Catholic Institution of Mercy.

The New York Foundling Asylum is world-famous as the happiest and most admirable haven that ever a homeless baby found its way to. It is sofamous that babies have been brought to it from every State in the Union, and even from Europe. People believe that once a baby is taken in there it will be reared with a care almost approaching that of a mother in command of limitless means, experience and love. How true that is, I don't know, but I certainly never aw happier, healthier, cleaner or brighter little ones in my life than I found there when I called unheralded and was shown through the hige and beautiful building.

Between the inner and the outer front door of this place of charriy is an ordinary wicker basket or crib, swinging between two oprights and curtained with pink and white muslin. Ordinary it is, but only in appearance, for it is hardly a question whether any other receptacle ever held so many examples of microscopic humanity as this. The babies that have been left in it by desperate mothers would populate what would be called acity in the far West. There must have been 12,000 to 15,000 foundlings in that crib by this time. Two or three times a night the door-bell rings, one of the two dozen sisters slips down and a mother is allowed to enter the vestibule. Often not a word is spoken. The sister looks on while the mother puts her little one in the basket. If the mother seems a decent girl or cries bitterly at parting with her care the sister sometimes urges her to try once again to care for it herself. When the asylum was first pened a young woman, who was wild with trief, told a sister that she could not go home; even without discarded virtue, and it has been found that the sisters can reclaim a great many, sending them out to earn their living, proud of the work they have been taught to perform. The sisters say that it is surprising how many of these immoval women have never learned anything useful; when taught how to work they often take to it eagerly.

The good mother superior at Mount St. V neent founded this asylum in 1825, in a if the dwelling, in the month of October. In one month thirteen babes were left at the door, and by Christmas the number had increased to 124. Now there are always about 2,000 on the lists of the asylum, 500 in it and the rest kept out to nurse among

about 2,000 on the lists of the asylum, 500 in it and the rest kept out to nurse among workingwomen at \$10 a month. At first it seems like helping crime to keep a basket like this one at the asylum always ready for mothers to go to when they wish to abandon their offspring. But a moment's reflection shows you that this is not so; that if a mother is so constituted or so situated that she can or must part with her baby, it is best that the means be provided for her. There are women whom nothing can force to this dread alternative. They may be obliged to have their little ones cared for in the day-time at one of the many "day-board-fortime at one of the many "day-board-for-babies" establishments in the city, but when work is done and home is to be sought the loyal matron always takes her darling to her breast.

THE CODFISH BALL.

Its Composition, Peculiarities and Pic turesque Mode of Life.

The common codfish ball of commerce. under our republican form of government, matures at all seasons of the year, and attains its greatest perfection in the New England States.

There are points of resemblance between the codfish ball and the giblet croquette, but the codfish ball is the more select of the two. People may shine in the giblet croquette irele who would not be recognized at a firstclass codfish ball. Nature certainly did a noble work when

she endowed us with the open-back codfish. He enters into our life as no other insect ever can. He gladdens every heart and proclaims his presence in clarion tones. In the smallest of our cosmopolitan American towns you will always hear the still, small voice of the odfish as he converses with the Limburger heese at the corner grocery.

The dead codfish has an expression in his eye like the man "who can drink or let it alone." I refer to the man who drinks when he is requested and lets it alone when

Codfish roam around in the briny deep all their lives. They like a moist climate during life, and even after they die and mingle in the giddy round of codfish balls. The cod lives to a good old age, and then

when he dies he is present like an autumn eaf, and tall young men in the grocery wat each other with his cold remains. In bath the codfish has a cold, hard smile. It a sort of all-pervading smile, but these who know him best claim that he does not cally feel it. It is not sincere.

The codfish however is not so claunish as the sardine, though his judgment is better and he never keeps anything back. The wiffish always feels free to unbosom himself. no matter whether he is in full dress or not. To prepare a low-priced, home-made aquarium, put a red herring in the water-pail He will also give a nut-brown, grocery-store

flavor to the drinking water. Codfish balls are sometimes used in upholstering a lounge, but more frequently for stuffing a boarder. I believe that the day will yet come when the codfish will be utilized as a packing for car axles, and with lime and sand make a first-class plaster for walls There ought to be something that he is good for. The codfish ball, when properly conducted, is not morally wrong, but we cannot be too careful. BILL NYE.

The Maine Liquor Law. The Maine Liquor Law.

The new liquor law which has just been passed by the Maine Legislature, and which goes into effect May I, makes the penalty on first conviction thirty days' imprisonment as well as fine: prohibits the sale of cider for tippling purposes: allows druggists to keep all kinds of intoxicating liquors for the sole purpose of compounding medicines. sole purpose of compounding medicines makes the payment of a United States to prima facie evidence of illegal sale of liquor. prima face evidence of fliegal sale of fliquer, because a druggist is not required to pay that tax for using fliquors in compounding bona fide medicines: imposes a penalty on railroad employees for unloading fliquors outside of regular stations, and gives the State fiquor commissioner a fixed salary instead of a percentage of sales.—Boston Journal.

Burned at the Stake by Two Boys Willie Miller and Adolph Stanislouski, aged nine and eight respectively, belong to good families in Roybury, Mass., and live in adjoining tenements. Of late they have been deeply interested in reading Fox's "Book of Martyrs." Like many boys of their age they desired to imitate the deeds of those whom they read about and borged to burn a few saints. They went to the hennery of R. Bushford, on Parker Hill avenue, and took out two of his pet pullets and, tying them to a stake, kindled a fire and roasted them to death. Both boys were arrested on complaint of the Society for the Willie Miller and Adolph Stanislouski rested on complaint of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

Fox Hunters to be Arrested For Hunters to be Arrested.

The pastime of hunting the for with horse and hound, made popular by the writings of Theodore Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Ladge, has met with a decided set-back in this town. On fast day Elmer Turner, of Hanover, sold a fox to a party of huntsmen, who had rare sport in running it down. Turner was arraigned before the local justice by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and held in \$200 for the Superior Court. It is reported that the whole hunting party of nearly lifty will be arrested. Arlington (Mass.) Special.

How About the Copy-Holders? The proof-reader on a Russian city direct-ory is said to look as if he had been kicked on each jaw by a pile driver. If any Yankee were to invent a machine that would pro-nounce Russian names of from six to six-teen syllables he could sell it for more than two dollars.—Norristown Herald.

THE FASHIONS.

SOME NOTABLE ACRIEVEMENTS OF THE MODISTES.

Woolen Fabrics in Great Vogue-Specimen Costumes—The Latest Styles in Millinery Illustrated—Fresh Notes on

PRING styles of millinery show the

bonnets very small, and the hats,



THE TUXEDO. trimmed with velvet, ribbon and a large bunch of ostrich feathers

But the novelty is the Devonshire, of which the accompanying is a representation. This low-crowned, flat-brimmed hat is spoken



this style THE DEVONSHIRE. will undoubtedly bring into fashion again the old time Leghorn flat. Indeed, a recent Paris letter mentions a hat of Leghorn braid, the brim caught back with pale, loose petaled pink roses over a diadem of green leaves resting on the hair. The model illustrated is of ecru chip, trimmed with ecru crape and a bow of ribbon, surmounted by a large cluster of black ostrich tips. Although an effort is being made to

introduce again the combination gown of silk and wool which was the rule for dressing costumes a few years ago, wool is still first choice for all toilets intended for outdoor wear. Checks rule the day for spring wear, those of the smallest pattern possible being very fashionable. For general wear cheviot, tweed and canvas goods take the lead, with broadcloth and various other smooth finished stuffs for tailor suits, which last are more in favor than ever. Braid but. tons, stitching, galloon and passementerie, and moire and velvet ribbon, laid on in rows, are the fashionable trimmings. Cashmere, that pretty soft material that has been displaced by the more coarse and heavy woolens of the past few seasons, is once more restored to favor. highly scented of any gallant I had ever and some of the prettiest of the new dresses are made of it. It lends itself. drapery now in vogue, and makes very pretty and becoming dresses trimmed with rows of velvet or moire ribbon on he edge of the draperies, many looped ribbon bows, a ribbon trimmed side panel | irate husband?"



ribbon velored cashmere dresses with rows of golden brown velvet on a foundation of ecru or fawn colored faille. The prettiest of hats and bonnets are made to match such costumes of straw in the new shapes

trimmed with velvet, gauze and lace and great clusters of flowers, which, by the way, are always massed in bunches of a single kind. Roses, white and purple lilacs, pansies, violets, the little blue forget-me-not and the yellow primrose are particular favorites just now.

While in the style of making dresses there is but little change from the modes of last season, the large tournure and full pleated draperies still holding full sway. a few minor modifications are to be noticed. Basques are still cut very short on the hips and high in the bust, and to hurl at him. with very short shoulder seams, but sleeves are gradually undergoing a transformation, most of the new models hav-ing sleeves that are half or wholly loose. In the accompanying illustration several of the new features are seen, noticeably the loose sleeves, the vest and soft ficht trimming, the very high collar, the girdle (a finish seen on the new French cos-tumes) and the irregular, capricious style of draping now in vogue that is the result of the utmost skill, yet seems so un-studied. This costume, of plain and striped goods, is suitable alike to the handsomest silks and woolens as well as the simplest wash fabrics.

NOTES.

Among the fashionable combinations black and yellow retains its popularity. Colored silk handkerchiefs, with triped and dotted borders, are used for

trimming hats and bonnets. Tulle, gauze, silk mull, crepe lisse and Tulle, gauze, sits mun, crepe usse and various other gauzy fabrics are largely used for bonnet and hat trimmings, mixed with loops of picot edged velvet ribbon, into which are set large clusters

Silk gloves are much worn in the evening in England now, and are manufac-tured in all lengths, even to those worn with sleeveless frocks. The prettiest are perfectly plain, but those who demand ornament can have it in lace bands and chenille embroideries. A silk glove

with evening dress seems to be in its

There are many rose tints among the new colors which will probably take the place of the brilliant cardinal red shades of previous seasons. These rose shades are shown in various tones of color from a faded tapestry pink, known as "old rose," to the brilliant Charles X colors, which repeat the shades and tints of the wild rose, and are usually called "eglan-

The Swiss belt in plush or velvets forms a perfect finish to the full bodice of a woolen or foulard toilette. The collar and cuffs should match the belt.

Bonnets and hats are not so high as they were, but they are still abundantly trimmed with flowers, ribbon-loops, and feathers. In fact, it is more than ever the trimming that makes the bonnet Ribbon tied about Flora McFlimsey's

neck is wider than heretofore worn, and is tied in what Vassar girls call a "smashing bow" under the left ear. With tulle or lace neckwear small brooches of rare workmanship will be

worn. The edelweiss in silver or enamel is a favorite design for pins and earrings. The higher now the parlor lamp the more fashionable, and it is still the reign of brass.

A long brass rod, at the top of which is a lamp with pink sunshade or parasol, is called the piano lamp now, and no fashionable family should be without one. Silk hangings now take the place of wall paper in the most fashionable

In Paris gentlemen's street gloves are mouse color with ponderous stitching of black. NORMA BLAKE.

AN ELOPEMENT ENTERPRISE.

Great Business Scheme Which the Editor Would Not Go Into. I was writing an editorial for the columns of the Bungtown Bee when he came in. The way we wrote editorials on that paper was to clip them from New York daili We think so too," by way of a finish. It saved a good deal of brain work and our readers didn't seem to know the difference. The man who confronted me looked as if he had been doing summer duty in a Connecticut cornfield. His clothes were rusty black and his trousers were elaborately edged with a fringe surmounted by a dash of Jersey mud. He had a demoralized white hat on his head, and his breath-well, his breath was the largest and fullest-flavored of any my nosrils ever sampled.

He sat down close at my elbow and perched one foot daintily on the side of the desk and sat on the other so that I should see his shoes were not mates.

He sat down with a sigh, in which could be distinguished remorse and bad whiskey-



"Do you remember the story of the elopement in Slugtown last year? Deacor Whelker's wife ran away with a man by name of Beeswinger."
"I remember it perfectly. Most estimable

lady she was, I am told; yet she succumbed to the fascinations of an adventurer. "Well, I am Beeswinger," he said with con-

cious pride.
I looked him over again carefully to see if I had not omitted something in my first inventory of his personal charms. No! there could be no mistake about it, his outfit as a Lothario was the poorest and the most

"Well, what became of your-youreasily to the pleated and looped style of that is, what became of Mrs. Deacon Whelker?" I asked for something to say.

"Oh, we didn't get along well, so after about three weeks of more or less bliss I skipped back to Slugtown and went to work."
"Well, werer't you afraid of meeting the

"I was oneasy, but it didn't keep me away from my meals, you can bet. One day I met the deacon on the street and I got a little trim med skeered.

"I don't wonder at that." "He said he'd been looking for me some

"With a club, I suppose" "Not much; with a check. He told me confidentially that I'd skipped out with his vet, and ecru | wife just in the nick o' time, as he was layin' or fawn col- for a divorce, but didn't have no grounds. He'd been havin' such a pleasant time every since that he thought he'd ought to give me a hundred dollars as a slight token of regard. Now it struck me we might make a good thing out of this idee." "What have I got to do with your elope-

ments " "You can have a good deal. There's probably several men in every neigh-borhood who want to get shed of their wives and can't find no ground. I step in and for a consideration elope with the wife. You get the story ahead of all other papers and l get a check from the husband. It's a great scheme and might be run as a stock

company." "Well," said the remnant, clearing his throat, "I will ask for a sum of tive dollars in advance in order to make some changes in my appearance before beginning my making campaign. Think of getting a beat on all other papers. Think of it," rubbing his hands enthusiastically.

"I know I'm not going to get a beat on two papers," I said, evening the Lothario significantly and reaching for a composing stick



The remnant groaned. "Oh, these editors of o-day make me tired. They ain't got no nose for news. They have all their thinking done for 'em in New York by one of the press associations. Well, young fellow, you nay need me some day. If you ever get tired of your wife," significantly. "Well, you know Beeswinger's record?" and he drifted wearily out. E. D. Pienson.

Hait for Snobs and Snobes "Married lady of title, with daughters, will receive, chaperoe, present and introduce into good society Americans; carriage and pair kept; balls and receptions given, and other social advantages; terms, in ad-vance, 450 guineas for two, for three months, or 100 guineas each per month. Lady 8., May's, 150 Piccadilly, London, W."—Adver-tisement in New York Herald.

UNIQUE GOVERNMENT How Discipline is Maintained in a Cali-fornia Prison on a Stomachical Basis.

To those who are unacquainted with

the methods of prison discipline, a visit to the branch prison at Folsom is full of interest. To see the 600 prisoners at work in and around those quarries, one wonders by what means men who are convicted of all crimes known to our laws behave so excellently and work with a degree of industry that would be reditable to any walk of life. Six hundred men unmanacled, unchained; outside of the prison walls, with nothing to indicate that they were prisoners except their striped felons' suits, working away with a will, performing an honest day's labor and apparently proud of the result of their toil, is a sight to the visitor totally unexpected. Men who never in a free state did an honest day's work-forgers, burglars, high-wayman, murderers-vie with each wayman, murderers—vie with each other to see who can do the most, and strive to and do accomplish as good work as that turned out by free skilled labor. These men are of all ages, from a youth of sixteen to men bowed down by three score years and ten—men whose sentences range from one to fifty-five years, while others have been sentenced for life. What is still more remarkable, the "lifetimers," as they are called, are the "lifetimers," as they are called, are said to be the most contented and best workers, and those who in a free state are lazy, indolent and averse to labor of any kind are the most reliable and industrikind are the most reliable and industrious. The secret of all this is the fact that the quality and service of their food and the limited privileges they enjoy are dependent upon their behavior and the amount and quality of the labor they perform. The eating department of the prison is divided into three grades, and is designated by the prisoners as the "bean table," "bull beef" and "mutton chop," The dining room for the "bean table" is fitted up with tables consisting of a single board about ten inches wide, upon which, about every three feet, is securely nailed a tin dish containing pepper and salt. The beans and other rough food are served on tin plates, and knives and forks are not provided. The food is wholesome, but it must be eaten in the most primitive style, must be eaten in the most primitive style, and the prisoners are not allowed to speak to one another during meal time.
All new prisoners are placed at the "bean table," and it is not until their excellent conduct and industry commend them to the management that they are pro-moted to the "bull-beef table." Here the fare is more varied, the prisoners are seated at tables furnished with whole-some beef, vegetables, etc. This is quite a step in advance of the "bean table," and

many prisoners never get beyond it. The "mutton-chop table" is the height of the prisoner's ambition. Here he is seated at a regular dining-table; he has a full complement of dishes, though all are of tin; he has a knife and fork; the table is furnished with casters; he has a mutton stew, stewed beef, meats in variety, vegetables in season, and he is allowed to converse freely with his fel-lows. It is a distinction he is proud of, one that he has worked hard to obtain. and one that he will maintain no matter how hard the struggle. The prisoners are treated kindly; the "mutton-chop" men are shown great consideration by the officers, and from this class little or no trouble is ever experienced, for an infraction of the rules sends them to the "bean table," from which they find it difficult to again obtain what they have lost.—Sacraento Record-Union.

A PAIR OF RARE BIRDS.

How Two Notorious American Women Get on in London Society. This old firm of celebrated Wall street

brokers has thrived in the world. The 14th of last month was a red-letter day for Tennie C. Claffin and her sister, Victoria C. Woodhull, now respectively Lady Cook and Lady Biddulph Martin. It was the day on which the Alexandria house was formally opened by the Princess of Wales. This is an insticis Cook, baronet, the husband of Tennie Its mission is to furnish a home for young American ladies who in the largest city in the world are pursuing music and art, and its cost was only a little less than \$400,000. The opening was a swell affair, not only the princess herself, after whom the house was named, being present, but her royal spouse and a retinue of titled ladies and gentlemen as well. Sir Francis made a speech and so did the heir apparent, while the princess eloquently pronounced the house opened for business. Lady Martin, who was one of the lum tun guests of her titled sister, was busy taking points no doubt, since she is soon to preside or assist in presiding at the opening of a similar institution founded by her husband, the "affinity" she so long hunted, Sir John Biddulph Martin. These two adventuresome sisters supported with nothing but their wits, after meeting with sneers and gibes of an escutcheonless people this side the Atlantic, have gone over there and conquered.—Ezchange. Its mission is to furnish a home for young

The Female Cashler's Advantage

Omaha Dame—There now. The Woman's Journal says women are more reliable in positions of trust than men are. Husband—How do they make that out? "From statistics. It is known that where 100 men abscond not more than one woman can be found who is in the least dishonest. Now, explain that if you can."
"Well, the women have no extravagant wives."—Omaha Westel.

Didn't Like the Features.

A photographer in Chicago has a queer lawsuit on hand. He exhumed the body of an infant that had been buried a month, and an mant that had deep forces a month, and took negatives of it in two positions, on the order of the little one's father, who, however, was so shocked by the features that he de-clines to pay the \$15 demanded by the pho-tographer. The latter is now endeavoring to tographer. The latter is no collect by legal proceedings.

A Bad Give Away. Dumley (who has accepted an invitation to drink, but for certain commercial reasons not necessary to explain has declared himself to be a man of strict temperance principles)—You may make me a lemonade, please.

Bartender (who knows Dumley, but doean't know the present condition of affairs)—Wha-a-at!—Nee York Sun.

105 Years Old and Active. One of the notable persons of Southwest-ern Kentucky is Aunt Patsy Bugg, of Bugg's postofilee, who will soon be 105 years old. It is said that about a month ago, while rid-ing, she fell from her horse and dislocated her hip, and has since been confined to the house; but otherwise she enjoys excellent health.

The Alleged Oldest Postmaster The oldest postmaster in the United States is said to be Roswell Beardsley, of North Lansing, N. Y., who was appointed in 1828 by Postmaster General McLean, of John Quiney Adams' Cabinet. He has made out and signed every quarterly report from that time to this, and is still attending to the duties of his office.

Wife (after breakfast)—You should use your tooth-brush, dear, before going down town. I can detect traces of the shall roe we had at breakfast.

Husband (a bank cashier)—is that so? Where is the brush? With shad at eighty five cents a piece, it wouldn't do for the directors to discover anything.—New York Sun.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Hardtack," said the new boarder, "but I'm a little short this week, and I'll have to ask you to wait a little for my board, though my motto is "To pay

as I go."
"Can't do it," replied Mrs. Hardtack. "My motto is. "Pay or go."—New York Sun.