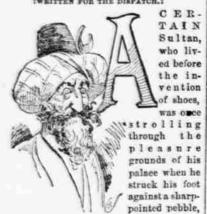


SHOES THE LADIES WEAR.

Odd and Romantic Stories as to Footgear What the Ultra-Fashionable Outfit Consists of-The Slipper as an Index to Character.



which had been overlooked by the Department of Public Works. Not only was the royal toe bruised, but the royal temper was irritated. Summoning the grand vizer to him the commander of the taithful issued an edict that within 24 hours the whole earth was to be covered with leather, in order to preclude the possibility of the recurrence of a second catastrophe like that from which the lord of the harem was now suffering. Should the royal mandate not be obeyed, off with the heads of all the chief

officers of the court! For awhile great consternation reigned in Ministerial circles. Leather was scarce, yet executions were in order. Finally, some one-probably the court jester, if there was one-had a brilliant idea. As the result of this the great potentate was waited upon at the expiration of the appointed time by bowing and scraping committee, who, with all due respect, presented to His Royal Highness a pair—the first pair—of shoes. Behold, the edict obeyed! The entire earth was now covered with leather beneath the feet of the son of the sun!

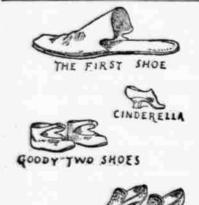
ROMANCE OF THE SLIPPER.

All the world knows the pretty tale of Cinderella, the charming little creature imposed upon by ugly elder sisters who were envious of her fresher charms; how they tried to conceal her charms in ugly clothes; how the tiny slipper came and how after the ugly sisters had done all they could to squeeze one of their ill-shaped feet into the little glass slipper, Cinderella tried it on and "it fitted her perfectly!" We were forced then to the conclusion that the loss of the wee shoe was a bit of fairy trickery, rather than an accident, for how could the Prince ever have found his true love without

this clew to guide him?

From that day to this the shoe has been a favorite subject for romance. No one can forget Goody Two Shoes, nor the German tale of the golden slippers that danced so in-defatigably all night. And there were the cruel bot iron slippers, too, in which the unkind sister was condemned to waltz until she dropped dead; a story recalled by many a martyr to corns and high-heeled dancing pumps, as she whirled through a ballroom. enduring her misery with a smiling face.

Remembering all this, it is not a cause for surprise that the modern maiden bestows so much attention upon this portion of her attire. If she is ultra-tashio



THE GOLDEN SLIPPERS Footwear of Fancy. able and owns a purse to match her desires, she possesses shoes and slippers for every conceivable occasion. There are bed slippers, if she suffers from cold extremities; bath slippers, into which to thrust her feet as soon as she rises; high heeled mules, to wear when en dishabille; dancing slippers, of Louis-Quinze fashion; beaded, em-broidered, brocaded slippers of every color and material, to match various costumes; low cut ties, for warm weather wear; tennis shoes, bathing shoes, heavy boots for mountain and seaside tramps, thin boots for receptions, medium boots for the carriage, stout boots for the promenade, riding boots for horseback exercise, Polish boots, to proteet her slippered feet en route to the ball, to say nothing of a bewildering supply of uppers, or gaiters, to vary the monotony of the plain black kid shoe top.

AN INDEX TO CHARACTER While it is beyond the power of all but a favored lew to indulge their fancies to the above reckless extent, yet there are not many women-probably none with pretty feet-who would not it they could be more



Every Day Footwear or less extravagant in regard to footgear. Shoes are to a great extent an index of charnoter. The so-called strong-minded woman glories in her shapeless walking boot, and is loftly contemptuous of adverse criticism.

equal force be styled irrational. One seldom sees on the streets, worn by the best classes, the absurdly high-heeled shoe that

> CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK. A PROFUSION OF SILKS.

pitches the wearer forward at an angle once

ashionably know as the "Grecian bend.

Only the very foolish or the very young woman nowadays crowds her foot into

a shoe decidedly too small for it. Com-mon sense and economy both depre-

cate the practice—common sense because tight shoes induce red hands and nose.

vention The Modern Display Would Astonish Our Good Grandmothers and Make the Queen of Shebn Feel Foolish for Raving About Solomon's Glory.

(WEITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) Believing that it amounts to an education in the art of dressing suitably and beautifully to understand what the market affords and to be qualified to apply for it intelligently, this article will be devoted to getting acquainted with the names of new colors and materials, which, like, Irving's letters, according to his own account, "are numerous as gnats at summer sunset."

If we could fail to notice the equally endless array of woolen fabrics displayed by our fashion venders-a description of which we reserve for a later article-we would declare this distinctively a silken season, so almost unlimited is the supply in both kind and quantity in this line. Few are the toilets at the present time for indoor wear that are



One of the Newest.

not made up of something belonging to the silk family-entirely of silk-where seasons previous they would have been a composite of silk and wool. Enter a store to-day in search of something the most admissable for reception or visiting wear and you will be shr wn silks, velvets and tissues of every make r d color, many of them so stiff in their own sunceit as to fairly stand alone. You will find brocades so rich in texture that, could your worthy ancestors see, they would gaze round-eyed with awe and wonder at such fruit of the loom, while they, per force, wrought such effect by the slow, but none

the less artistic process of hand work. THEIR NAMES AND DESIGNS.

These brocades come to us christened the Old English, Arabesque, Paris, Pompadour, Empire and Queen Bess after the good queen who is chronicled to have been richer in such robes than any other sovereign, but whom we believe could have enriched her store at a modern counter. The richest of these brocades are in gold or silver weave, in large designs, some of them so ancient that Mrs. Partington would be certain they had "come down from remote antipathy." However, it is paradoxically true that the oldest in these designs are newest. We still have all the flower patterns, but copied from the largest flowers, such as dahlias, tulips, astors, etc.—then wheels within wheels, and scroll-work. Three of this school of tinsel weave, particularly, merit special mention, each one as gratifying to the vision as is a pleasing picture.
One design of long, interlacing gold
leaves on white ground was an exquisite reminder of the gown worn by Mrs. Cleveland upon the cecasion of her last reception at the White House. The entire petticoat was of the gold brocade, while the paniers, long watteau train and baby waist were of the richest white faille francaise. The train was appended to the yoke which finished the low neck, and which was heavily em-broidered in gold to match the petticoat. This yoke was unique in cut, leaving a deep point in front which extended to the waist-line, and a little point on each shoulder which formed a V in the center of the tiny puff which constituted the sleeve. A heavy girdle of braided or plaited gold cord, with tassels, knotted carelessly near the middle of the skirt front, and which reached almost to skirt-hem, completed this regal costume.

A DESIGN OF FROZEN LOVELINESS. Another of the same design, but in silver weave, is indescribable so far as conveying a correct idea of such frosted perfection in dress goods goes, but is comparable to the clittering designs left by Jack upon our window panes, who, with his frosty breath, must have assisted our designer to execute his idea of frozen loveliness upon this par-ticular piece. In way of garniture for these elegant fabrics we are shown Grecian meifan

galoon of gold or of silver in walls of Troy, or of Eiffel point pattern, also meifan gold or silver fringe all depths.

The third in this galaxy of brocades is a light olive resade with a three-inch stripe of gold bars, large, waving leaves, long and slender and correspondingly graceful, these in gold, and thrown with artistic irregular-ity over bars and ground alike. This tabric is suggestive of the Nile and the manner and times of the Pharaohs. It is the correct thing for an Egyptian costume, the latest fad among fashionable extremists in Eastern cities, which has been adopted out of comcliment, so said, to the gifted Egyptologist, Miss Amelia B. Edwards.

FOR A MODERN CLEOPATRA.

Suppose an Allegheny or a Pittsburg Cleopatra model a gown after this concep-tion: Let the loose waist, long flowing sleeves and train be of the olive resade; sleeves and train lined with Egyptian red; Possibly the one length to which the makers of "rational" boots have gone has modified public taste concerning shoes of the opposite extreme and which might with

old rose embroidered in points and in colors to match foot-band; wide sash of the old rose silk finished with gold meilan fringe; sleeves edged with vandyke pattern of Ori-enta! passementerie; old rose slippers fash-ioned and beaded a la Oriental.

Paris brocades have a narrow satin stripe

spaced an inch apart, dainty rosebuds with proportionate leaves in natural tints scattered here and there amid stripes. These in black or in white. Surah damasse is a soft but firm fabric, those attracting my attention permanently having for design widespreading palm leaves in white, the ground being white, and over all a perfect shower of flowerets in delicate ameythist shades, which color, by the way, is at present the most popular—but more of colors and shades

ONE OF THE NEWEST MAKES.

One of the newest makes in silk is the Regence, a soft, lustrous fabric capable of draping, yet with sufficient body to fall in rich, heavy folds. The otherwise smooth service is broken by what, for want of a plainer term, I will call an intaglio twill, since it is a groove and not a grain—this twill straight, not diagonal. This comes in all shades of both new and old colors; but the one most "taking," while purple is king of the color world, is a ground of lightest amethyst or heliotrope with large plumes, deepest shade of that royal color; and so near to nature's heart in shape and curl that one could scarcely repress the childish desire to blow into them just to see them fly

While looking at this charming conceit the thought occurred that a fitting garniture for a decollette gown of this material would be "really" estrich tips in shaded purple for foot band and neck finishment. A fan of some feathers and aigrette for the bair would complete this costume. A fine foil for blonde perfection, I assure you.

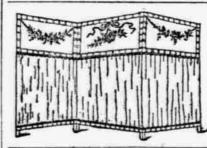
WE CAN ALL BE SCOTS. The most startling povelty in silk wear is the tartan plaids, or the clan tartans. We can all be Scotch now in appearance-and the clan with which we sympathize can be designated by the colors we adopt and the width of the bars. For instance, we have McDonald plaid, red, blue, yellow; Argyl, green, blue, black; McCleod, green, blue, yellow and red; Forbes, white, black and green; Stewart, red, yellow, white and black, etc. These plaids are to be made with kilted skirt of course, jacket with sleeve puffed at shoulder, but fitting the arm neatly from puff to waist, which is finished with velvet cuff; ful! Fedora vest of any harmonizing color, reveres of velvet, and high collar band of the same.

It's a grievance not to have unlimited time and space in which to dilate upon the beauties of rare designs in peau de soie, striped grenadines, gauze sutache, china crepe, printed chinas and pongees—the groundwork of some simply snowed under in white flower designs—and the still newer wash silks in all colors, both checkered and striped, called Japanese habutia. This material is so soft and so fine it could easily be drawn through a lady's finger ring by the yard, and be none the more crushed or rumpled by the experience.

I regret it is not possible to tack samples of the goods described to this article, in which event I am sure you would exclaim as did the astonished Queen of Sheba of Bible fame: "The half has not been told."
Thanks are due Messrs. Bogg & Buhl for Thanks are due Messrs. Dogs fashion hints contained in this article. Meg.

TO MAKE HOME BEAUTIFUL. Mrs. Hungerford Suggests a Screen at Basket of Flowers.

INDITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR! The screen herewith presented is intended more particularly for a bedroom, but it is quite pretty enough to look well in a cottage parlor. The basis of the screen is a small nursery clotheshorse about 36 inches high, and with as narrow folds as can be found in the ready made article. The wood is to be painted a delicate pink, with prepared enamel paint, and on the upper story where the plain panels are to be placed, have wide cross stripe put with silver paint; or if better suited to individual taste, the wood may be



ebonized and ornamented with gilt cros lines. In that case a different scheme of color must be adopted for the decorations and drapery, as the tints, used on the model

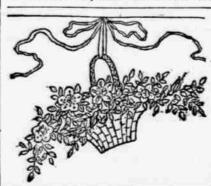
will be too light.

From the bottom cross rail to the next one is stretched pink India silk, gathered at the top and bottom and secured with small tur-

niture tacks. The basket of flowers shown in the cut is taken from French panels of the Louis XVI period. Most of the work is done with rib ons. The basket itself is cut from stif letter paper covered with straw colored rib bon woven in and out. It is then applied to the serim which is used for the upper panel. If the color used is fine silk, the basket can be bemmed down on the edge invisibly. The knot of ribbon which sus-pends the basket is first tied and arranged as depicted, and then run down upon material on each edge. The color should be pink. The handle is made of narrow strawcolored ribbon, folded back and forth, something like tape trimming, and sewed

down flatly.

The flowers and leaves are made with soft cigar ribbon. First the pattern is faintly traced or parts of it indicated on the material, then the ribbons are



threaded into a darning needle and pushed through the scrim in the center of each rose Each petal takes two loops, an outside one of light pink, the inside one a deeper shade of the same. The ribbon is carried through from wrong to right side, then the needle is pushed through to the back at nearly the same point where it went in. The loop left on the right side is formed into as near a petal shape as possible, and caught into position by stitches taken invisibly with fine silk threaded into another needle.

After the petals of a flower are formed, a little paper disk is covered with palest yellow ribbon laid in the center and held down by long stitches crossed and recrossed with yellow embroidery silk. French knots, worked with silk, encircle the central disk in each flower. The leaves are made of clive green ribbon, one loop sufficing for a leaf. The stems are a wire of single stem-stitching done with green silk. The buds are made with a loop of pink showing between a loop

with a loop of pink showing between a loop of green opening in the center. A few spiky stitches of embroidery silk at the top of each bud gives a more natural look.

The basket may be repeated on each panel, or the same kind of flowers and leaves can be arranged like a festoon on the two outside panels. On the back of the decorate upper panels of the screen short, scantily gathered curtains of pink or white material are put on to hide the wrong side of the work.

Mrs. M. C. HUNGERFORD,

BOSTON UNIVERSITY now has a woman trustee. She is Dr. Sarah E. Sherman, of

A Philanthropic Lady's Sad Experience With Working Girls.

FATE OF A VIXEN AT THE THEATER.

Story of Two Wealthy Old Ladies Who Might Rank Bigh In Society. TALK THAT CHANGED THEIR LIVES

> [CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] NEW YORK, March 8. TALK concerning a fine lady's philanthropy was given to me through the chatter of some girls sitting behind me at a Bowery theater the other evening. The talk ran this way: "Going to the club tomorrow night?"

> > it-must be elevated, you know," and all the girls giggled. "I don't know which is the jolliest sham-the ed-

"Wouldn't miss

scational end of the club, or the stocking and nightcap end. Do you?" "Oh, girls! I got a pair of gray stockings at the last give away, with 13 blue darns in them. Now I won't wear over 10 darns, and 13 is an unlucky number any way; so

I threw them into an ash barrel." There was convulsive laughter from all and then a serious voice declared: "It's no laughing matter, girls, and I'm not going again. I've got self-respect, if I am a working girl, and I can't endure Mrs. Dash's airs any longer. She makes such a din on the words, working girl, that I am tired of the very name. Working girl, indeed! Her own tather was a soap boiler!" When the meriment which this outbreak caused had subsided, I ventured to turn round between acts and say: "Beg pardon, but I couldn't help hearing your conversa-tion. I should like to hear something more about the club."

Four girls eyed me sharply a moment Then the one with the serious voice said 'It's a club especially organized, the lady says, for the education and elevation of working girls. The meetings are held in her parlors evenings, twice a month, where we are lectured, or entertained, or sat down upon, as she happens to feel."

"But why do you go if it does you no good and gives you no pleasure?"

WHY THE GIRLS GO. "Because we have so few places to go to," she answered plaintively. Another girl interposed: "O, it's fun to sit two hours in the splendid parlors and hear Mrs. Dash go on. Besides," throwing her eyes up with mock humility, "it's 'elevating' to be told how to behave on the street, at church, the theater-and how to keep our places in the world as working girls—how to speak and bow to a gentleman,—or—workingman; and how to clean our nails."

All four nearly choked with laughter, which was very contagious, but I appealed to the serious one for an accurate statement. "It's nearly as she says, Mrs. Dash wants to help us, I suppose, and when she hasn't anything to lecture about she sends for her ewel casket, to let us look at the diamonds and other things. She knows we're honest, or she wouldn't do that; but it makes the old duds she gives us on 'charitable nights'

"I suppose the worthless duds were over-looked," added the serious girl, "for once a looked," added the serious girl, "for once a quarter Mrs. Dash collects her cast-off finery of their father, returned to live in the old times we get very fine and nice things. Besides it is fun to go to a swell house and see nice things. O, but it's comic when Mrs. Dash poses and twirls her bangs and bracelets and coughs for the right word to come; and to see her turn up her eyes when she feels pious-oh!"
I did not believe half of it, but I after-

ward verified this account. My lady means well, no doubt, but she needs more of the cream of human kindness and less of the

FEMININE CHARITY WORKERS. In Lent our wealthy women turn to charities, and usually their efforts are wisely di rected. Every church has its feminine o ganization for the aid of poor folks, and, with all the fun that may be made of some of the whims of benevolence, our women are good and kind to the destitute. What i good and kind to the destrute. What if they are sometimes singular in their methods? Isn't it the privilege of our sex to be perplexingly inconsistent? I heard of one instance which gives fresh proof. There is an authoress of renown who, a few months since, took a most violent dislike to newspapers, and vowed that not a journal should ever set foot in her house again. Her friends in the newspaper profession she peremptorily forbade to publish her name in any way. But one morning a feminine writer happened to stray into a fashionable swimming school and saw, among other, the authoress disporting in the water. She made some notes, and was departing when, flushed and dripping like a Naiad, the authoress intercepted her, saying in a whisper "If you choose to say that I look well in my swimming costume, I have no objection

whatever. Be charitable in your judgments-at least in Lent. We are all well aware that girls are usually most gentle and unassertive, and that is none the less so if in our travels we occasionally meet a vixenish exception A matinee at a theater provides an excellent opportunity to study women from every point of view. She was

AN AUBURN TINTED GIRL with large glittering eyes, massive shoulders and determined lips. Had it not been for an expression of fierceness she would have been beautiful. After she had taken her seat she glared at the little machine atis held a pair of opera glasses, that may be secured for use by the agency of a 25-cent piece dropped into the slot. After considerable trouble with her pocket the fierce girl managed to fish out her purse, and by paw-ing around in it for a moment, found a quarter which she extended toward the machine. The thing failed to work, the girl waiting in vain for the front of it to fall open. For a few seconds she stared at it, and then exclaimed in a voice audible for many feet around: "The darned thing sticks."

Then she began to pull at it, talking aloud and finally losing her patience completely. "Well, I'll have the glass," she said angrily, "or I'll have the money back. Come here, usher," this latter to a mild looking youth who was showing some ladies to their seats. The usher approached and quailed visibly before the fire of the angry

girl's eyes.
"I dropped a quarter in that machine and
it doesn't open," said the girl. "Now,
you'll open it or give me back 25 cents." THE COIN IN HER DRESS.

The usher pulled at the box and shook his head when it failed to respond. Then followed a remarkable scene. The usher was in despair when the girl, after a terrible tirade, sprang from her chair with the declaration that she would speak to the manager and have her rights. As she stepped into the aisle a bright silver piece rolled from her dress to the floor. The usher stooped and picked it up.

"Isn't this your quarter, lady," he asked, holding it out to her.

olding it out to her. The stormy expression faded somewhat from the girl's face as she took the money.
"It's probably mine," she said, "but it is not the one that I put in the box." "Suppose you try and see," suggested the usher. "If it goes in you can be sure there is no other money in there."

The girl scoffed at the idea that she had 2500

not put any money in the box before, but to prove it conclusively she tried the machine again. The coin fell in, and instantly the glass was at her disposal. "Stupid boxes these are, anyway," snapped she. "The money probably went right through it the other time."

Here was a New York girl that only a pa tient and determined man could safely

marry. A KNIGHT OF THE GARTER In a Turkish bath, where ladies' hours are observed, there is often considerable con-fusion and hurry when they are dressing to get out of the way of the men who are waiting outside. A girl who took her own sweet time in getting dressed, found that it was the hour for the horrid creatures to enter was the nour for the horrid creatures to enter and take possession of the baths. In des-peration, she threw on her clothez and hastened forth, discovering when outside, that she had left one of her garters behind her. It was too late to go back for it. So, with a sigh for the lost treasure, she hurried to the house of a |riend and made fast her

to the house of a friend and made fast her stocking.

Now for the sequel. The man who had the room which the girl had just left saw something shining on the floor at his feet. He stooped and picked up a beautiful silk garter with frosted gold clasps. He drew a long breath as he looked at the dainty ligature, and vowed to himself that he would find the owner or die in the attempt. Nay, further, he registered a vow that if she proved pretty and fascinating he would marry her. That night he advertised the marry her. That night he advertised the garter and next day he got an answer. The identity of the garter being established, the man called on the young woman, found her all his fancy dreamed, made desperate love to her, and so they were married. One of his presents to his young wife was a beautiful pair of garters. A QUEER HOUSEHOLD.

In a great house standing on a Fifth avenue corner live two old ladies, four servants and a black poodle dog. It is one of the queerest households in New York. If burglars "cracked" the place one of these dark nights they would get little besides some good old plate from the sideboard and some small change out of the dress pockets of the women. But either one of the little gray creatures that glides through those shadowy rooms could, if necessity de-manded, draw her check for an even mil-

Why is it that these old ladies live in seclusion and are not included in the fashion-able entertainments of the social world? Well, it is simply because it is their choice to be otherwise. Their records are clean, and their origin worthy. But I have heard a little romantic gossip that throws a tender light over the meek picture that the silent sisters form together, and perhaps it explains their preference for the solitude in which they so persistently exist.

A LOVER ONCE. Forty years ago the older of the two was a fair young woman with a handsome lover. t was known then that she was to be an heiress, and though the young man who had won her heart was poor he was of excellent birth and breeding and the match was thought a good one. One night there was a dance in progress at a house up the Hudson, and the lovers were in attendance. It was summer time, and the sisters had gone out for a walk in the grounds between the dances. Passing just outside a summer house they were compelled to listen to the

following conversation:
"Well, you may find justification for yourself in the step you are about to take, but it would not be possible for me to marry a girl that I did not love."

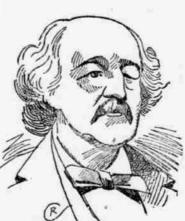
"That's very good," said a voice that the listening girls instantly recognized; "but I have outgrown all that sort of thing. I love the younger girl, but it is the older who will inherit the bulk of THE OLD MAN'S MONEY.

o it is the old girl that I will marry. Beside, I shall always have the younger one in the house to amuse myself with. The two sisters put their arms about each other and wept together. Then they walked back to the house without speaking. Society was astonished a few days later to hear that the engagement between the lovers was at an end. For many years the sisters

on Fifth avenue. And there they now remain, both over 60 years of age and content in their own society. They do not leave the house once in a month, and when they do it is to walk quietly together in some secluded thoroughfare. The only sign of life about the house is the little black poodle who is usually gamboling over the lawn that surrounds the handsome residence. CLARA BELLE.

BEN BUTLER'S BAD EYELID.

The Carlcaturists No Longer Have the Famous Feature to Picture. Ben Butler is 71 years old. All his life until recently he was troubled with a drooping eyelid. In late years the lid fell lower



Ben Butler, Before Taking.

and lower until an operation became necessary. The surgeon operated at the General's home, in Lowell, February 17, and now the lid droops no more than that of his other eye. But the caricaturists will not give him up, for his features are still distinctive. It is said General Butler is the best known man in America, and he has th best known man in America, and ne nas ine caricaturists largely to thank for it. And he never blamed them, indeed in secret he enjoyed looking at their pictures of him. Ben Butler still carries a rose in his buttonhole, and this rose was one of the re-mains of his romance. His wife was an actress, and she was playing "As You Like It" when General Butler saw her and fell in love with her. He married her, and the made him an excellent wife. She was the mother of his two sons and one daughter, and was highly esteemed by all. She was



Ben Butler, After Taking. especially fond of flowers, and she pinned a rose on her husband's coat every morning as he came down to breakfast. Since her death General Butler has kept up the cus-tom, and this is the reason why he is seldom seen without his boutonniere.

WITHOUT a drawback is Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain. Price

IKE AND HIS MOTHER

Mrs. Partington Isn't a Great Success in the Witness Stand.

HER ENCOUNTER WITH AN ELDER.

The Wonderful Things Her Sailor Boy Brought From Over the Seas.

HIS EXPERIENCE WITH CANNIBALS

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH] The case in which Mrs. Partington was called to appear as a witness came up hefore a full bench of one, and she attended, with much trepidation, for five days before being called to testify. There were no gowns nor wigs here, but the Judge wore a common dress and the attorneys followed suit. At last the case was called and Mrs. Part-

ington took the stand. "Are you the relict of Paul Partington?" was the first question.

"Well, I never was called a relic before." she replied; "and am hardly a fit obstacle to be put among brick-a-bats, but I am his widow.' "All the same, ma'am; and do you re-

member anything of a note given by your late husband to Timothy Diggs, October 5, 1847, for a strip of land adjoining the Partngton estate at Beanville?" "Oh, yes, several of them. Notes wer going on, pro and con, between them all the

time. First Paul wrote and then Diggs; then Diggs wrote and Paul responded: then Paul wrote and Diggs wrote back, and they kept on until the postage stamps gave out. There never was such an alliteration, I do believe." "I mean a note of hand."

"Oh, yes, his notes were all off hand, and very eligible." "Did you ever know of Paul Partington's first beginning.



and when I looked a little down, I saw that it was our old cook on the Seven Pollies, giving his note to Timothy Diggs for \$49 1 for the purpose previously named?"
"Yes, he certainly did, and when Diggs whom you remember. He was sitting cross-legged on a post ten feet high, and seemed afterwards threatened him with a quie to enjoy it."
"How preposterous!" said Mrs. Partingclaim, he was so indigent with rage that he extenuated the note two pages. ton; "why don't the missionaries stop it?"
"Because," said Ike, "they haven't got "That is, he paid one note by giving nother? money enough. They are only working for their board, lack means."

"Well, I don't know that there was any pay about it, because Paul and Diggs had it out between themselves, and Paul had a black eye for weeks. Diggs died some time afterward by an accident to his jocular vein, but Paul had no benefit from it.

"Then the note was never paid?" miles, with a spit, to serve me up as a "Perhaps it was, and perhaps it wasn't; I have an indiscriminate memory on that roast. "Do you remember seeing the notes?" Mrs. Partington with horror.

"Yes, I read them all at the time, and "Yes," said Ike, and the only way I escaped was to fall down and let him tumble when Diggs, in one, threatened to pull Paul's alkaline nose"—
"I mean the note of hand—this note," handing her a document signed "P. Parting-

"Why, bless your soul! this never was Paul's gergraphy. It is his brother Peter's writing, who died of a surface after a bankrupt dinner given by the new railroad corruption." This caused a dilemma, and the learned

counsel, after consulting with the Judge, stating that there was no more money to be got out of the case, the matter was taken from the docket, and Mrs. Partington was allowed to retire.

The great law case having thus received a settler, Mrs. Partington removed to the

rest of her days. The Nip and Tuck Rail-road had revived, and was threatening ere long to pay dividends, and her healthful status was entirely restored. "Here," said she to Elder Jones, her neighbor, "I shall remain till my subsistence is ended and I am called to expiate in that land where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched, and while I live I am going to be as happy as I can and make

others so to the extenuation of my percepti-"Will you join our church?" asked the

there wasn't a dozen of 'em. But you bet I punctured him." "What an effectual missionary you would HER IDEAS ON RELIGION. make, dear," she said, smiling.
Thus the time wore along, Mrs. Partington growing older every day she lived, Ike swinging round the circle over the sea, Captain Pelton visiting the homestead every "Well I think not," she replied, "I want to be noncombative and remain nuisance as far as possible among my neighbors—all ex-ceptionable people—and heaven only knows which is right, I do not dare to eminate bevoyage; quietude prevailed on every hand, the Nip and Tuck Railroad grew prosper-

"Then you are not evangelical?" he said.



half never but once was she subjected to an-noyance or insult. That, of course, you will say, happened in some of the heathen Ori-Trouble for the Cat. "but very human, and my religion is well being and well doing, which, I believe God likes better that confusion of faith. If we practiced more religion and preached less about it, it would be better for all of us. By the way, that butter you sold me as crema

tory was very rancorous."

The Elder was confused but offered no reparation, and went out, sorry she would not join his church, remembering the rumor not join his church, remembering the rumor published in the city paper that she was very rich. She was religious in her nature and attended all the meetings held in the place—that which Elder Jones belonged to frequently—and she heard him exhort, as she thought for her benefit, all to come to the place where prayer was wont to be made. She heard him thus after his call upon her. "Well," said she, "he speaks truly about the place where prayer is wont to be made, for it is wanted here as much as at any place I know, with that bad butter charged in heaven against him."
The Partington mansion was near the

highway between Riverport and the interior, and Mrs. Partington was greatly visited by callers, making inquiries and asking favors, until it became annoying, especially on Sundays, when she wished for quiet. One Sunday, just as she was indulging in an after-dinner pan there came a thundering an at dinner nap, there came a thundering rap at the screen door. Mrs. Partington jumped from her repose, and stepping on the cat, at-

HER SUNDAY CALLERS. "Madam," said a young, good-looking person, the spokesman for two others, "nave you a glass of cold water at hand that you can give us a mug of cider? for we are so hungry that we don't know where to sleep

AN ACTRESS' ADVICE She did not detect the chestnut and replied: "There is the well," pointing to the old curb with the well-sweep towering Emma V. Sheridan Drops Some Valabove it, "you can leviate your thirst there

and welcome. "But, my dear madam," said the re-quester, "we are told by high authority to let well enough alone. Have you any THE CHARM OF SELF-POSSESSION. "None for you, sir," said she, "I don't

They Might be Any

round nowadays, begging cider on Sunday

You may break, you may shatter Her ribs if you will, But the Partington fragrance Will cling to them still.

IKE'S NOVEL GIFTS.

ever did. He was only the boy Ike to her, as he always would be. The old house was

a museum of presents he had brought her from time to time—pagodas, temples, carved

elephants and pagan cities, with a drawer

"And are such things really worshiped?" she asked, as Ike put a hideous figure of an

idol upon her center-table.
"Certainly," he replied, "and more than

that. When I was in Bingpon, I came across a big black idol that winked at me;

"I guess you'd better think so. In one place that I visited, where they friccasee a

Hindoo baby before their altars every morning, one of the priests chased me for three

THE AND THE CANNIBALS.

Ike's Marvelous Escape

over me, when I took the long spit he held

and stuck him to a tree, where he hung like a beetle impaled with a pin."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Partington, "what

a predication to be placed in!"
"'Twas worse for him," said Ike, with a

"And didn't you feel any compuncture?"

"Yes, I was real sorry," said he, "sorry

ous, and Mrs. Partington's two shares stood

A FAIR GLOBE CIRCLER.

Miss Leland Traveled all Alone and Was

Miss Lillian Leland, a handsome young

woman of 25, had an opportunity to go from

New York to San Francisco by sea. The

voyage sharpened her appetite for travel,

and she continued her journeying till she

ecomplished 60,000 mises, without an escort

or acquaintance on the road; explored the

pyramids of Egypt, fearless of Arabs and swarming beggars and robbers. She went around the world and made extensive ex-plorations in the interior of Japan. She

In a journey which lasted a year and a

into which an excitable woman would have

run her head at every step. It is regarded as something remarkable that a pretty girl should thus be able to circumnavigate

the globe in safety alone. But why shouldn't it be?

WRITING ON CAST IRON. Simple Method That is Novel and May be

Made of Practical Use.

Mr. John Farrar, foreman of the G. W.

which is cut in sunken letters-etched-

the Lord's prayer in bold handwriting, and the other two, each 5 by 6
inches, containing outline drawings,
one with three aketches—a pig in an inclosure, swans on water, and a deer, with
pyramids in the distance, and the other
plate contained an outline described.

plate contained an outline drawing of a

Referring to these plates, Mr. Farrar said:

"What you see on them is done with a common steel pen on a piece of thin paper. The paper, when prepared, is pinned into a sand mold, from is poured into the mold and the writing is transferred to the casting."

Insulted but Once.

at a premium at the Broker's Board.

the dame asked.

Holy Land.

Boston Herald.,

"To make a sacrament of you!" screamed

1

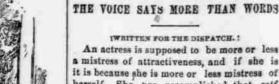
full of silk dresses and satin curtains.

He made longer voyages, and when he re-

ternoons.

in the well.

entertain strangers."
"You should remember," said he, "that Always Let the Eyes Speak First, the Face Next, and Then the Lips.



mistress of attractiveness, and if she is it is because she is more or less mistress of herself. She has accomplished that self consciousness which means ease, and not awkwardness. Men complain that they find the average society girl either "always in a flutter" or "deuced stiff and stupid," She is all smiles and all movement, all "oh dears," and "oh don'ts," or she has nothing at all to say, she smiles only with her lips and then seems to disappove of it, and she has only one pose-a straight one.

nable Hints to the Ladies.

Now both of these girls want to secure the repose that attends presence of mind Abraham entertained strangers who proved and relaxation of muscle. Does that "Yes," she replied, "but angels do not go sound complicated? Let gravitation take care of your hands except when you are using them, remember that gesture is The logic was unanswerable and Mrs.
Partington closed the door, while the
young men went down and took a cool
drink from the old oaken bucket that hung not mere movement but should say what the words that follow repeat. Remember that a woman's eyes are not given her only to see with. Let your eyes speak first; a Ike had grown to man's estate during the movement of the hand, a change of face say intervening year, and become first officer of the Storm Petrel, Captain Pelton, the the same thing more fully and finally; let the words come gently and in a tone which Seven Pollies having become too old for service, about which the name of Mrs. Partshall suit their import. What you say ington, her former passenger, so strangely clung, that her timbers were sawed up into means something then, and was waited for, too, I warrant you, with interest more or canes by the dame's admirers. Some one less breathless as the situation was more or wrote a charming poem tributary to the less important. There is another trick to hold a position in absolute quiet till what is said, or what you yourself say, requires a movement. Cut off all your little oh's and ah's, let your eyes follow the story your escort is telling—it may be awfully stupid— and it will be easier to let your eyes and face reflect his varying expressions of in-terest than to pretend further and follow his turned to the old homestead all the girls de-clared he was a "red Satan;" but Mrs. Partwith exclamations which are bound to seen ington held him under her dominion as of old, which he obeyed about as much as he

insincere or overdone. MAKING A PLUNGE AT A MAN.

That's a big secret—never try to do too much. The girl who makes a sort of plunge at a man, saying "Oh, Mr. Jones, how glad I am to see you—oh, dear, do ait down, oh my, how are you?" with accom-panying flutter and laugh and fuss, does not make half the impression accomplished by the girl whose eves light up till her lips catch the sound of welcome, and whose hand goes out before she says just "Mr. Jones' in a voice that means something—a voice that says whether she is glad, very, very glad, or not glad at all. Only a little more is enough to suggest that he should sit

The average American girl does not know how to move unless she moves all over at once. Go and study Bernhardt or Modjeska. See how the eye catches the thought, the head lifts, the pose in some subtle way alters and the hands in gesture say what not till then the lips utter. All of this may be gone through with in a thought's space, but it is done, and the result is an impression of "Did they try to apostrophize you?" she grace, sincerity and lack of self-conscious-ness. There is nothing more graceful than the bend of a woman's head on a welf-poised neck. Do that bend—no need to move the

rest of you. LETTING THE EYES SPEAK FIRST. If you get into the habit of always letting your eyes attend to a thing first, you will avoid lots of embarrassing situations. Suppose you have been discussing Miss Belleville's hair, and have committed the indiscretion of calling it red, when a voice sounds close at your side, which to your horror you voice-why give a convulsive start, a confused snicker, and a compromising gurgle of half formed explanation or deprecation? You will be wiser and safer, and more graceful, too, if you just turn your eyes to see if it is Miss Belleville. If it is, your com-plete repose may make her think she didn't hear aright, in case she did hear, and will

not arouse her suspicions in case she didn't If Mr. So and So spills a half-melted ice all over your gown, your habit of looking first will save you from the exclamation of rage and despair which would make Mr. So and So feel worse than he does feel, and will enable you to smile gently and say, "It does not matter," in a tone of voice which shall not belie the words.

If you have a piece of startling news sprung upon you, your habit of keeping still till you have looked, may save you from the betrayal of interest that you wish to conceal, or from a remark which you af-

terward greatly regret. A CUTTING LOOK.

A rebuke given by a sudden droop of the lids and leveling of the brows is quite as telling, less bother, and more easily admin-istered than a "cutting remark." You can wither the person in that way without calling other people's attention to the fault or to your displeasure.

It all resolves itself into self-possession and invariable presence of mind. Self-pos-

session means more than mere mental control-it means complete muscular subjection. If in your course across the room you are suddenly brought to a halt by having your train stepped on, your halt should be prompt enough to prevent the gown's being torn and the offender being worse embarrassed than is necessary. If you turn and come in contact with an unexpected stool, you should not fail over it. If three or four people present themselves simultaneously, and in an unexpected crowd, for recognition, only control of your poise will save you from awkwardness, and this control you

should secure. POWER OF THE VOICE.

I have said very little of the voice. The less said of the average girl's voice the betpyramids of Egypt, fearless of Arabs and swarming beggars and robbers. She went around the world and made extensive explorations in the interior of Japan. She "did" Norway, Constantinople and the Holy Land. idea. A gabole of words all jumbled on in a strained, insincere voice, with intervals of gasps and detached giggles, may suffice to break up the silence, but it won't convey what one word in a voice that means something will. I remember a man once saying ental countries, where woman is treated as a slave and regarded as an inferior being. But no, it was not. It was in the civilized, Christian city of Paris. Miss Leland preserved her temper and self control under all circumstances, and thus kept out of troubles into which are activable. The voice should be clear, low, and full of the voice should be clear, low, and full of the voice should be clear, low, and full of the voice should be clear, low, and full of the voice should be clear, low, and full of the voice should be clear, low, and full of the voice should be clear, low, and full of the voice should be clear, low, and full of the voice should be clear, low, and full of the voice should be clear, low, and full of the voice should be clear, low, and full of the voice should be clear.

a man forget the words and wonder what she means." The girl was actress. The voice should be clear, low, and full of The voice should be clear, low, and rull of changeful modulations; not the tiresome ups and downs of affectation, but the modifying of tone to suit the thought—the voice coloring of words—the suggestion in sound of all that the mere word cannot convey. Think of the advantage of elating Bertie by just the could of the goodly were and sanding the advantage of clating Bertie by just the sound of the goodby you say, and sending Mr. Courtley off with a fixed determination to come back at the first opportunity by the same two words, spoken a little differently, of course.

EMMA V. SHERIDAN.

BROWNING'S ANCESTORS.

& F. Smith Iron Company, of Boston, has sent to the Herald three small cast iron The Post Descended From an Anglo-Saxo plates, one of which is 31/2 by 5 inches, on

Chieftala Named Renn.
The controversy which has excited so much interest since the death of Robert Browning, as to whether he was descended from Hebrew ancestors, has been settled in the negative. Dr. Frederic Furnivall, the president of the new Shakespeare Society and founder of the Browning and Shelly Societies, of London, has been making re-searches into the poet's ancestry, and says that he is directly descended from an Anglo-Saxon chieftain named Benn. The family for centuries consisted of yeomen, and Robert Browning's grandfather was an inn-keeping.