

THE DELIGHTED DUDE.
I am the swell of the upper "crawl,"
Slim and tall,
With a "leaning fall,"
My clothes fit tight as a papered wall,
You could pick me out of a thousand.
My dainty, nabby-pamby grace,
Sphinx-like face,
And mincing pace
Remove me far from the human race,
That you see by the hundred thousand.
The secret of my style unique,
Appearance sleek,
Distinguish cheek,
My modeste could tell, but will not speak,
For she makes me a few thousand.
At matinees, I'm always there
Among the fair,
Who at me stare,
Admiring my Montgomery hair,
They worship me by the hundred thousand.
I quite despise the rough, rude press
Who mock my dress,
But don't distress:
I'm just the riddle they cannot guess,
No, not once in a thousand.
But best of all, few can intrude
Upon our brood,
For we exclude
Every fellow that's not a dude,
And he is one in a thousand.
—New York Morning Journal.

MEG'S ADVICE.

It was the day after the party, and can any day be more utterly wretched? I mean, of course, to the people who have given the party—especially when, like my uncle and aunt, they are of quiet-going habits and moderate means, and must let their guests dance in the dining-room and have supper in the biggest bedroom.
It was the day after the party, and every individual in the house was miserable. The days before the party had not been remarkable for comfort, but they at least had been tinged with the radiance of hope and bright anticipation, while now nothing remained but "dregs and bitterness," and to clear away and to get the house in order again. This would have seemed rather a dreary task in any circumstances, I dare say; but it was greatly aggravated by the fact that we were all in very low spirits, or to put it honestly, in dreadfully bad temper, having each and all a special grievance of our own.
My uncle's household consisted of himself and my aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbee, their two sons, Christopher and Peter, their two daughters, Lottie and Sophy, and myself, Meg Mertu, the orphan daughter of my aunt's only sister. My mother had died when I was eight years old, and my father, whose habits were by no means of a domestic kind, sent me to school, and allowed me to spend all my holidays at my aunt's; and when he died and my school days were over, my temporary home became a permanent one. This came to pass quite naturally, and was taken as a matter of course by my kindhearted cousins; and Aunt Charlotte, who had always regarded me as one of her own children, never seemed to suppose that she was conferring any particular favor upon me by giving me a happy home among them all. But I appreciated it, and endeavored to prove my gratitude in every way possible. I was older than Lottie and Sophy and left school before they did, and I became very useful in the house. Aunt Charlotte was of a nervous, timid nature, and as it happened to be self-possessed and cool and decided she soon came to rely entirely on my judgment and energy, and in a year or two I was housekeeper-in-chief, and my advice was asked and pretty generally taken on matters both small and great; indeed, "Meg's advice" became proverbial in the household. Naturally I grew a little dictatorial, for I often wondered what they could have done without me. Chris was the only one I could not manage.
"Bully the others as much as you like," he would say, "but you shall never bully me;" and somehow or other I never felt inclined to try.
"Tiffs" occurred among us now and then; but, on the whole, we were a happy family until the day after the party, when, as I have said, we were each and all miserable. My uncle was confined to his room with a bilious attack. My aunt looked very haggard when she first came down in the morning, and said her head ached badly; and her appearance did not brighten as she and I investigated the state of the crockery.
"I shall never give a party again," she said, quietly, but it was the quietness of despair. "Nine glasses broken and three of the best china plates, and a great stain on the drawing-room carpet! We might have been entertaining a set of barbarians!"
Christopher and Peter, usually the most affectionate of brothers, were now not on speaking terms with each other, as my aunt and I discovered at breakfast-time; and instead of going to business together, Peter lingered until Chris had gone, and then started about five minutes afterward. This unkindness arose, as I well knew, because of a stylish disagreeable city belle, whom some friends of ours had brought with them to the party, and who had flirted desperately, but with maddening impartiality, with both my deluded cousins. Hence their coldness toward each other this morning. As for Lottie and Sophy, I wished, before the day was out, that they were not on

speaking terms, for they were nagging each other all the time, and finished just before dinner with a downright spiteful quarrel; and Aunt Charlotte cried. Their grievance was about two brothers, Tom and Harry Nowill; for Lottie liked Harry best and Sophy liked Tom; and with the usual contrariness of mankind, Harry was desperately in love with Sophy and Tom with Lottie; so it was usual, after every merrymaking we might have, for Lottie and Sophy to fall out about them. I felt vexed with everybody; but I think I was quite justified in being so, for they would all persist in believing—or saying that they believed—that I was in love with ridiculous John Howarth, just because he happened to be in love with me, and took care that every one should know he was, too. I did think some of them at least might have had more sense. And now this fine city belle had appeared on the scene—oh, I felt tempted to break another best china plate and all the remaining glasses as I thought about it. And, if aunt had only known the state of mind I was in, she would never have trusted me to wash them up and put them away. Even our Newfoundland dog seemed to share the general dissatisfaction, and kept coming from his kennel as far as his chain would permit, and uttering long and dismal howls. The cook said that it was the sign of a death; but the housemaid persisted that it foretold a wedding. I did not feel as if I cared much which it was or what happened—only I think I felt more inclined for a funeral than a wedding, especially if the wedding entailed a breakfast and—another party.
My aunt and I had been up as early as usual this morning—we had too much to do to be able to lie in bed. Chris and Peter of course wanted their breakfast at the usual hour, and their luncheons—which they always took with them and ate in a little back room at the office—put up; and then, when they had started for business, we commenced our dismal investigations throughout the house. We always dined at 6 o'clock, and it was nearly that hour before we had succeeded in reducing the house to anything like order. Then Lottie and Sophy had their quarrel, in the midst of which Chris and Peter arrived, and we went to dinner.
Chris folded his arms and put on a dogged and determined look as he took his place at the table.
"I breakfasted off cold fowl," he said gloomily—"I lunched off cold fowl—I refuse to dine off it."
My aunt grew fearful again.
"This is not cold fowl," she answered. "It is turkey, and you might eat it. Cold beef will keep a day or two—fowls and turkeys, with sauce over them, will not. But"—turning to me resignedly—"ring for the beef to be brought in, Meg; we have had enough unpleasantness for one day."
"How is it there is a whole turkey left?" inquired Chris, somewhat mollified as the beef appeared.
"It was Meg's fault," replied Aunt Charlotte. "She put it on that dark shelf behind the cellar door, and I found it there this morning quite forgotten. But I wonder, Meg, you did not notice that there were only two turkeys at supper; this would have been eaten if it had been there."
"I did not have any supper," I said, "for I thought there would not be room."
"That is merely an excuse," interposed Lottie; "you were spooning with John Howarth in the conservatory all supper-time."
I meant to look defiant, but I may have looked guilty.
"Did he propose to you?" asked Sophy, staring at me.
"I will put a stop to this nonsense about John Howarth," I said determinedly. "You shall all know exactly how the case stands, and then there will be no excuse for any further display of stale wit at our expense. As Sophy supposes, Mr. Howarth did propose to me last night."
"Oh, Chris," interrupted Lottie, "how could you hit my cat in such a savage way? Come here, Tip—poor pussy!"
"You should teach your cat not to stick his claws into one's leg at dinner-time," retorted Chris; "then he wouldn't get hit."
"He was not touching you!" returned Lottie, warmly. "He was begging quite inoffensively."
"He was sticking his claws into my leg," reiterated Chris, with quiet and most aggravating obstinacy.
"Now don't you two begin quarreling," said Sophy, impatiently, "but let Meg tell us about John Howarth. I have often read about proposals in tales but I have never heard of a real bona fide one described. Do tell us every word he said, Meg."
"Did he go down upon his knees?" asked Chris. "For if he did I wish I had been there to see him."
"I shall not tell you whether he went down on his knees or not," I answered, calmly; "nor shall I tell you what he said. But," I added, with sentimental meditation, "he said some very nice things indeed to me—nicer than you could put together, Chris, if you tried for a hundred years."
My aunt suddenly burst into tears.
"This is the finishing blow," she said—"Meg going to be married! I will never give another party as long as I live! It was against my better judgment that I yielded this time. I did it

to please you all, and this is the result—furniture ruined, eatables wasted, your father ill, you all quarreling like this, and Meg going to be married! No, never another party in this house."
"What—not even when Meg marries John Howarth?" sneered Chris.
"No, not even then," replied aunt, redoubling her sobs.
"Well, don't cry, auntie," I interposed, "for I am not going to marry him. I gave him a very decided 'No.'"
Chris here gave a quick covert glance in my direction, after which his assumption of perfect indifference seemed to me a trifle overacted.
But aunt refused to be pacified; she had reached that state of mind when troubles are positively preferred to blessings.
"Saying 'No' to Mr. Howarth will not buy a new drawing-room carpet," she said, "or eat up all the tarts and custards and cakes. I am sure"—warning to her subject—"the waste has been shameful! When the confectioner's man came this morning, I had not a single cake or jelly or blanc-mange to send back, for every one had been broken into! And I saw you, Chris, take just a spoonful out of that expensive porcupine, when a plainer cake already commenced was close by you."
"Oh, don't blame Chris for that, auntie!" I exclaimed. "It was done for Miss Jones, no doubt. If he had the power, Chris would cut a bit off the Koh-i-Noor itself if she asked him."
"I would," said Chris; "she is worth a hundred Koh-i-Noors."
"Really!" observed Peter, aroused at last from the gloomy lethargy that had possessed him all dinner time, and addressing Chris. "What a pity she does not regard you in the same light! She told me last night how she hated dancing with you, saying that you were so clumsy you were constantly getting your feet on her dress."
"Indeed!" retorted Chris. "She told me the very same thing about you."
"I don't believe it," said Peter.
"Do you mean to say I am telling lies?" demanded Chris.
"Another quarrel!" cried my aunt. "Oh, dear, dear, what will be the end of it all!"
"The end of it all might be pleasant enough," I replied with energy, "if only every one of you would display a little common-sense. I am out of patience with you all!"
"Well, Meg," said Lottie calmly, "you generally seem to consider yourself capable of setting the world to rights; so can you set our little world straight? It seems to me we are all miserable. What can you suggest to make us happy?"
"Common-sense," I repeated—"only common-sense. Take my advice, and peace will be restored at once."
"Let us have it then," said my aunt querulously.
"Oh, let us have 'Meg's advice' at once!" sneered Chris again. "How is it we have not thought of this panacea earlier?"
"I will commence with my uncle," I began, firmly. "Let him—at least make him—see the doctor to-night and he will be better before morning."
"That is good advice enough," said aunt, "and I will tell him."
"As for you, aunt—go to bed at once and forget your worries. We will start a subscription list for you, which I will head with five shillings; and if the others give with equal liberality, according to their means, you will be able to replace all the broken crockery and have the white hearth-rug cleaned also."
"That is good advice too, and I will do my part by going to bed immediately," said aunt, meekly. "I am much obliged to you, Meg."
"As for you, Peter," I continued, severely. "I think instead of quarreling with Chris about Miss Jones, you had better turn your attention nearer home. I know poor little Kitty Reynolds would no longer cry her eyes out when she got home last night, or rather this morning."
"You know more than I do then," returned Peter.
"Yes, I do; for I am in Kitty's confidence, and you are not; and I know what Kitty said to me when she was going home, and you do not. And my advice to you, Peter, is, make it up with Kitty, and leave Miss Jones for those who want her."
"Capital advice! But I never asked you for it, you see; so I don't consider myself bound to take it;" and he went on eating tarts.
"And now, girls," I continued, looking at Lottie and Sophy, "make up your minds to the inevitable and change lovers. They are twins, and so much alike that you cannot always tell which is which; and I think it must be merely contrariness in you two to pretend you like either one better than the other; and—with just a careless glance at Chris—"contrariness never pays in the end. So take my advice, transfer your affections quietly and say no more about it."
Then I helped myself to some blanc-mange, and went on eating my dinner.
"But you have forgotten me," observed Chris; "pray have you no advice for me?"
I hesitated a moment, then looked at him defiantly.
"Well," I said, "I think the advice

I have given Peter might also apply to you; instead of making yourself ridiculous about Miss Jones, I think you might find some one to admire nearer home."
Then, owing to Peter's delighted "Bravo, Meg!" and Chris' steady stare, I had a sensation that I had never experienced in all my self-possessed life before—I think it was embarrassment—and I rose hastily from the table and left the room, presumably to see "why that dog howled so." And Chris must have felt curious on the point too, for he also left the table and followed me to Nero's kennel.
When we came in again Peter was standing in the hall with his top coat on, brushing his hat very carefully.
"Why, Peter," I exclaimed, "where are you going? I should have thought you would have been more inclined for bed than a walk. Where are you going?"
Peter looked at us with a curious mixture of defiance and sheepishness in his expression.
"I am going to see Frank Reynolds," he said. "He told me last night that he had a little terrier he thinks I shall like, and he said he would let me have it cheap; so I am going to look at it."
"But," remarked Chris, pitilessly, "you know that Frank has gone away from home to-day, and won't be back until Monday; and your journey will be utterly fruitless, will it not, if you find only Kitty in?"
"I shall see the terrier," muttered Peter, putting on his hat, "and shall leave word whether I will have him or not."
"Oh, I have no doubt it will be all right," I remarked, with an innocent air.
Peter looked at me, and then said: "What was the matter with Nero?"
"Oh—his chain—I think—his collar!" I stammered, taken aback by the suddenness of his question, and ending by an appealing glance at Chris.
"Never mind, never mind!" cried Peter, waving his hands. "As you said, Meg, I have no doubt it will be all right; it's leap year, you know, and Chris has only acted as any other man." Here Peter darted through the hall door and slammed it after him, otherwise the hat brush would have struck him.
When Chris and I entered the dining-room aunt was there.
"Your uncle has just seen the doctor," smiling a little as she kissed me before saying good-night; "and, if any of the others have been as ready to act upon your advice, you can let us know in the morning. I think we are all ready for bed to-night."
"I shall have to sit up for Peter," said Chris.
"One of the servants can do that," said aunt.
"No, they are all tired out," answered Chris; "and I shall like to sit up just to see poor Peter's bewilderment when I ask him what is the color of his terrier."
"Oh, he won't be bewildered at all!" I put in. "He'll answer in all simplicity, 'Plum color' or 'Navy blue,' and then wonder why you look surprised."
When aunt had retired, I noticed that Lottie and Sophy were busy doing something to their photograph albums, and, observing them quietly, I saw them exchange two photographs. I said nothing; but when we all went upstairs together they were merrier than usual, and quite friendly again.
Thus the day began so dimly ended right happily; and its results were happier still—for Peter and Kitty are married and happy now; Lottie and Sophy are whispering together about a forthcoming "double wedding;" and Chris—having also condescended to take "Meg's advice" for once—has a wife who worships the very ground he treads on—and he deserves it, too.

The Reason Why.

The original of the following quaint article was recently found in an old tower in the very ancient town of Chester, England. It was among a lot of old books, papers and diversified rubbish that had just been unearthed by some repairs that were being made upon the building:
THE "REASON WHY."
Mr. A drinks because his doctor recommends him to "take a little."
Mr. B because his doctor orders him not to drink, and he hates quackery.
Mr. C takes a drop because he's wet.
Mr. D because he's dry.
Mr. E because he feels something rising.
Mr. F because he feels a sinking.
Mr. G because he went to see a friend off to America.
Mr. H because he's got a friend just come from Australia.
Mr. J because he's so warm in the evening.
Mr. K because he's so cold in the morning.
Mr. L because he has a pain in his head.
Mr. M because he has a pain in his side.
Mr. N because he has a pain in his back.
Mr. O because he has a pain in his chest.
Mr. P because he has pain all over him.
Mr. Q because he feels so light and happy.
Mr. R because he feels so heavy and miserable.
Mr. S because he's married.
Mr. T because he isn't.
Mr. V because he likes to see his friends.
Mr. W because he's got no friends.
Mr. X because his uncle left him a legacy.
Mr. Y because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.
Mr. Z because he went to Llandudno yesterday. (Llandudno refers to a neighboring town that long ago was a famous resort for merry-making, etc.)
The great American dessert—Pie—*Life*.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Ladies Wearing Insects.
Were it not for the hundred and one little novelties which are constantly being devised for the elaboration of her toilet the girl of the period would die of ennui. Just at present the insect craze is upon us and the women folks are decked out with spiders, scorpions, devil's darning needles, pinch bugs, beetles and a whole range of ugly crawling and creeping things which are used for ornaments. This only shows the superiority of art over nature. One real bug or lively spider will throw a woman into convulsions; but such is the ameliorating effect of art that she walks about with ill-concealed pride, fairly radiant under a dozen or more thousand-legged insects of blue, green, orange and red gilt. These hideous creatures are displayed in every part of the toilet, not so much for utility as ornament. They close a collar, loop a piece of drapery, fasten a bow of ribbon, lurk in the coils of prettily braided hair, peep out from the meshes of soft lace and thrust their ugliness against a pretty white neck or wrist.
Sometimes these ornaments are of wood, gray, black or moldy silver, and so true to nature in size and shape that often kind-hearted men and nervous ladies attempt to brush them off, and receive only a derisive smile for their solicitude. Such an experience tickles a girl's vanity, and she recites and chuckles over the occurrence for weeks after. This bug mania is about as ugly a specimen of art run mad as can be imagined, and goes to show the inconsistency of a sex whose delicate sensibilities, through the dictates of fashion, can be reconciled to what, in nature, always has and always will be regarded as repulsive.
When, a couple of years ago, the wives and daughters of some South American magnate garnished their ballroom toilets with iridescent beetles, which were secured by invisible threads of wire and allowed to ramble over the satin bodice and corsage, society threw up her arms in horrible disgust at the absurdity, which, as the leaders predicted, was of short duration. But the same prophecy would be pertinent in the present case. The trinkets are made of French gilt, highly painted, and, as they come within the reach of every scullion and barmaid, it will not be long before the innovation has run its race in popular taste.—*Chicago Herald.*

Fashion Notes.

The Persian cloth combines admirably with camel's hair.
Tan shades are appreciated alike by blondes and brunettes.
Sleeves for children's dresses are gathered full at the top.
Ribbon cockades, with cockcomb ends, are still holding a place in garniture.
All the light and delicate tints come in ladies' fine silk underwear for summer.
The sailor suit, made of flannel or any light-weight cloth, is especially adapted for misses' wear at the seaside.
An eccentricity of fashion is expressed in moss bonnets, trimmed with berries, a bird's nest or small humming-birds.
To wear at watering places are dresses made in Dresden-China styles of India silk in quaint Pompadour patterns.
Although in many instances the gold and colored spotted nets for veils are so unbecoming, fashion still favors them.
The sea-shell is the latest novelty in hats; it is trimmed plainly with double or single bows and clusters of small birds.
Many attractive suits for the warm weather are made of very fine cheese-cloth and trimmed with platings edged with lace.
A novel fan simulates in shape and color a begonia leaf; it is of pressed velvet, with a handle like the stem of the natural leaf.
White dresses are much worn for morning, afternoon and evening occasions, simply or elaborately trimmed, according to the occasion.

Human Hair.

The latest theory is that the imported foreign human hair is finer than the hair of native Americans, partly because it is cut from the heads of the peasantry of Europe, who wear caps constantly, which keep the hair smooth and clean. The American Indians have hair as coarse as straw, and there is a much greater infusion of Indian blood in the old American families than we, with our imperfect knowledge of all and interest in genealogy, usually imagine, says an alleged expert. People with any taint of Indian blood are apt to have long, heavy heads of hair, and they, like Indians, keep their hair always. Who ever heard of a bald-headed Indian brave?
What Celluloid Is.
Celluloid, although originally invented by an Englishman, and known under his auspices as Nlonite, has been brought to great perfection, and an immense trade is done in it as a material for knife handles. It may not be generally known that the main article in its composition is tissue paper, and that camphor is largely used in its preparation, while it owes its hardness to the admixture of the pigment of white zinc lead.

THE BAGGAGE MAN.

With many a curve the trunks I pitch,
With many a shout and sally;
At station, siding, cro'ing, switch,
On mountain grade or valley,
I heave, I push, I sling, I toot,
With vigorous endeavor,
And men may smile and men grow cross,
But I sling my trunk forever!
Ever! ever!
I bust the trunk forever!
I grumble over traveling bags
And monstrous sample cases;
But I can smash the maker's brags
Like plaster Paris vases.
They holler, holler as I go;
But they can't stop me never,
For they will learn just what I know—
A trunk won't bust forever!
Ever! ever!
I'll bust the trunk forever!

HUMOROUS.

The new Western weather prophet is proud of his name—Straw. He is sure he can tell which way the wind will blow.—*Boston Courier.*
Some people are never satisfied. Show them how to live happily on a small income, and they will want you to furnish the income.—*Picayune.*
As soon as the itch for office breaks out on a man he begins to write letters. It is his method of bringing the public up to the scratch.—*Picayune.*
"A Florida man has an alligator farm," says an exchange. By-and-by this item will read: "A farm of alligators has a Florida man."—*New York Commercial.*
Jack Oldstock—"We're very proud of our ancestry you know." Tom Parvenu—"Yes, I know; but how would your ancestry feel about you?"—*Hartford Lampoon.*
Some one says: "No thoroughly occupied man was ever miserable." How about the man occupied in fighting a dozen hornets which have got up his trousers?—*Boston Post.*
Harper's Bar says a widow should be married in a bonnet. She would have to be an exceedingly diminutive widow, for the bonnets nowadays are not big enough to marry a mousein.—*Derrick.*
Since it has become popular for girls to attend baseball matches they have picked up enough of the talk of the game to speak of these lovers who go away at night at a reasonable hour as short stops.—*Philadelphia Herald.*
A Pennsylvania man has applied for a pension because he lost one tooth during the war. The fact that he only lost one tooth would seem to indicate that he never got near enough to the front to chew hard tack.—*Philadelphia News.*
Shingles were split by hailstones in Tennessee the other day, and women who are obliged to split kindlings in the morning are thinking seriously of moving to Tennessee where the elements are more considerate than thoughtless husbands.—*Hartford Post.*
It is all well enough to say with the poet that truth, wherever found, will draw forth homage from the pure heart; but just go and tell a woman once that her little boy is one of the dirtiest lumps in town, and see how much homage you will draw from her heart, no matter how pure it may be.—*Puck.*
Sound.
* Take loaded cannon 1,000 miles out on the ocean; leave it there to be fired off by machinery; remove every human being out of hearing; then let the gun be fired off; would there be any sound after the explosion, there being no ear in hearing distance? The answer to this question depends upon what sound is held to be. If sound is the effect produced by vibrations of the air upon the drum of the ear there would, in the case given, be no sound. The causes would be present, but there could be no effect because there is no ear-drum to produce it. Force travels in air at about 1,100 feet a second. An authority says: "Whenever a greater velocity than this is given to any particles of air they must compress the particles in the air in front of them. This compressed portion of air, by its elasticity, springs out, and thus the force travels through the air, producing what is called a wave of sound. The ear is designed to take cognizance of these pulses of force, waves or tremors with certain limits." It there is no ear there is nothing to take "cognizance of these pulses of force, waves or tremors," and hence no sound.
Japan's Army.
The *Hochi Shinbun*, a Japanese newspaper, gives some particulars of the army of Japan, as follows: General officers, 30; colonels, 253; captains, lieutenants, etc., 2,359; staff officers, 2,602; cadets, 78; non-commissioned officers, 6,918; rank and file, 109,456; workmen, etc., 703; total, 121,905.