

THE TWO DOLLS.

Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish that I were made of wood!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"I'm sure I think that paper's just as good."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish that I were made of wax!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"Your face would soon be seamed with tiny cracks."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish I were made of bisque!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"Of breaking you would run an awful risk."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish I were of worsted knit!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"I don't believe you'd like it, dear, a bit."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish that I were made of rags!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"Then the junkman'd carry you off in his bags."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish that I were made of rubber!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"We used to know one, and we used to snub her."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Oh! how I wish I were made of china!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"You'd be old-fashioned, and they'd name you Dinah."
Said the Pink Paper Doll to the Purple Paper Doll,
"Well, then I'm glad that I'm a paper doll!"
Said the Purple Paper Doll to the Pink Paper Doll,
"I think it is the best, dear, after all!"
—Carolyn Wells, in Puck.

DEACON GREY'S CHOICE.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

"Well," Mrs. Ferobia Cymonds laid aside her new poke-bonnet, with its lavender ribbons, and slipped off her plum-colored alpaca dress, while a smile of satisfaction spread itself over her rather sharply marked features. "If Deacon Grey don't mean something by his attentions then I'm mistaken." It was prayer meeting night, and Deacon Grey had just escorted the widow to her domicile. "This is the third time hand-running that he took me home evening; beside last Sunday was two weeks ago that he walked to church with me."
Mrs. Ferobia's method of expression was somewhat mixed, but her facts were undeniable.
The deacon had escorted her to and from evening prayer meeting on several occasions, and had thus become the subject of much gossip among the village folks.
"Deacon Grey's a sprucin' up," they said. "Lookin' round for a wife, of course. Wal, he mout do worse, though the Widow Cymonds is poor as a church-mouse, fur as property's concerned."
They said nothin' of Widow Cymonds' temper, however, which was as uncomfortable to encounter as the barbed-wire fence which surrounded the deacon's well-kept farm.
Possibly, the widow had a talent for concealing any little acerbities of temper from the outside world, and bestowing her ill-nature only on the members of her own household.
"Yes," she mused, tapping the home-made carpet with her foot, while a shrewd look shone in her steel-gray eyes—"yes, to my mind it's just as good as settled, and I mean to do over my wedding-dress. I ain't worn it much, and it'll save buying a new one. But there's one thing about it"—here the widow put her foot down emphatically—"that old maid sister of the deacon's has got to do most of the work, if she lives with us. I don't have any shiftless, do-nothing folks about me; but of course I won't say a word now."
"Lai!" said Miss Letitia Pipes, popping her head into the widow's sitting-room, bright and early the next morning—"la, now, Feroby! is it settled yet? I'm dying to know!"
"Well—ahem!" said the widow, looking conscious and trying to blush—"ain't exactly settled—that is, the time ain't set, but it's all understood between us, you know."
"Of course," assented Miss Pipes. "Well, I reckoned it was understood, that you are as good as engaged, of course. How soon do you think it'll be?"
"Well," said the widow, meditatively, "not before fall, I don't reckon. You see, I've got a right smart lot of sewing on hand—and some quilting to do, too. There's that piny-bud quilt I put together last winter, and a rising-sun Dorcas is making."
"Going to keep Dorcas with you?"
"No, I ain't," snapped the widow, tartly—Dorcas was her stepdaughter. "She ain't nothing to me, an' I shan't keep her no longer than to git the sewing done up, an' the apple-butter making an' preservin' over; then I'm a-going to tell her to find some other home."
"Jes' so," assented Miss Pipes. And before night it was all over town that the Widow Cymonds was to be married to Deacon Grey, in the fall—just as Mrs. Cymonds meant it should be.
And at last the gorgeous piny-bud and the refrigent glories of the rising sun were nearly finished and laid away

in the big, old-fashioned chest of drawers in the best chamber.
A ten-gallon keg was filled with translucent, crimson-clear apple-butter, and the swinging-shelf in the cellar was covered with jars of preserves and amber-hued jelly—all made by Dorcas Cymonds' deft fingers.
And now the sparkling frosts of October had turned the dogwood and sassafras leaves to red, and the chincapins and over-cup acorns were dropping on the crisp, brown grass in the woodlands and now pretty, brown-eyed, industrious Dorcas was told that she must find another home, and look out for herself in the great future.
"For I expect to be married before long, and shan't want to be burdened with any hangers-on," said the widow, heartlessly.
Tears sprang into the sweet, brown eyes, but Dorcas turned away to hide them from her stepmother's sharp gaze.
Poor Dorcas! She knew no more of the wide world and its ways than a half-fledged robin, but she started out with a brave heart to seek her fortune.
One text from the Book of Divine Revelations came into her heart to comfort her—"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread;" and somehow Dorcas felt that kind Providence had not forsaken her.
Mrs. Cymonds put on her best dress, tied her lavender bonnet-strings in a becoming bow under her chin, and looked at herself in the mirror with a smile of satisfaction.
"He'll be certain to come to the sewing-society today, and who knows what may happen, as we walk home together! My, but won't Letitia Pipes be mad! She almost turns green with envy now, when the deacon walks with me."
But Deacon Grey did not make his appearance at the sewing-circle, and the widow returned home in a somewhat different mood from that in which she had set out.
"What in common sense he means by not coming I don't see!" she said, crabbedly. "And that Letitia Pipes was glad of it—looked like she wanted to titter right out, when I had to put on my bonnet and start home alone."
The afternoon had worn away, and the sun was sinking fiery shafts of crimson beneath the far-off western horizon.
"Who in creation's a-coming now?" grumbled the widow, as a lithe, slender figure swung open the front gate, and tripped up the path to the cottage door.
It was Dorcas, her brown eyes shining and her cheeks glowing like a full-blown Jacqueminot rose.
"Back again, like a bad penny!" cried the widow, crossly. "You'll have to stay all night, I s'pose; but I've told you once I couldn't keep you—and I can't!"
"I've only come for my things," said Dorcas, demurely, her cheeks dimpled with smiles and blushes. "The deacon's out in the buggy waiting for me."
"The deacon?" gasped the widow, astounded.
"Yes, I—I'm married to Deacon Grey," exclaimed Dorcas, while her stepmother glowed in wrath and dismay. "I met him at the stile, this morning, and I think he married me out of pity, for I was crying a little, you know, to think I had no home to go to. So he took me to the parsonage and we were married, and went home to dinner. And here's the deacon coming in now for my trunk."
"Well, well!" exclaimed Miss Letitia Pipes, when she heard the news. "But a body might a-known it was Dorcas the deacon was a-courting. But I'll bet a button Feroby is as mad as a wet hen about it!"
And so she was.—Saturday Night.

Source of the American Temperament.
The American over-tension and jerkiness and breathlessness and intensity and agony of expression are primarily social, and only secondarily physiological phenomena. They are bad habits, nothing more or less, bred of custom and example, born of the imitation of bad models and the cultivation of false personal ideals. How are idioms acquired, how do local peculiarities of phrase and accent come about? Through an accidental example set by someone, which struck the ears of others, and was quoted and copied till at last everyone in the locality chimed in. Just so it is with national traits of vocalization or intonation, with national manners, fashions of movement and gesture, and habitual expressions of face. We, here in America through following a succession of pattern-setters whom it is now impossible to trace, and through influencing each other in a bad direction, have at last settled down collectively into what, for better or worse, is our own characteristic national type—a type with the production of which, so far as these habits go, the climate and conditions have had practically nothing at all to do.—Professor William James, in Scribner's.

The Porto Rican Lemon.
The thin-skinned lemon is not indigenous to Porto Rico; there is, however, a small citron which looks like an immense lemon, with a rind nearly half an inch thick, which cracks open as the fruit yellows. It is rather dry, and not very sour, and the juice is used with sugar and water as a beverage. The rind is highly aromatic and has an economic value. There are no drawbacks to future lemon-culture, the soil and the climate of the mountain uplands being very suitable. Sweet lemons with a bitter-sweet taste grow very profusely in several sections, though they are seldom gathered, unless it be to make from them a sort of conserve, or to use them medicinally since they are considered of some therapeutic value in malarial fevers.—Harper's Weekly.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City (Special).—Clusters of fine tucks are an important feature of the new shirt waists, whether made of silk, wool or cotton fabrics. White Persian lawn, with frills



WOMAN'S TUCKED SHIRT WAIST.

of fine white embroidery edging the box pleat in centre-front, forms the ideal warm weather waist here illustrated. Six tucks are represented in each cluster on back and fronts. The novel adjustment of the back brings the straight lines of tucking to meet at the waist line. The fronts and back join in shoulder and under-arm seams, and are smartly adjusted without linings. The fronts are held easily between the groups of tucking at the top, and gathers give a slight blouse effect at the waist line, the back being drawn snugly by gathers at the waist. A narrow band finishes the neck and holds the studs with which the standing collar of white linen is adjusted.
The stylish one-seam sleeves have the slight fullness now approved by fashion, gathered at the top and wrists, the straight link cuffs being shaped with rounded corners. Laps finish the cuff openings to the sleeves

The wrists are completed with pretty, flaring cuffs, and the neck has a collar that flares to match. The skirt is especially designed for thin or wash fabrics, having smooth front and side gores that flare stylishly, while the straight back breadth is gathered closely at the top and falls in graceful folds to the foot. Narrower frills or only those of ribbon may be used, bands of insertion or ruchings of the organdie forming effective decoration. Soft India and wash silks, foulards, grenadine, challie and veiling, Madras percale, lawn, sateen, gingham and other wash fabrics may be daintily trimmed with lace, edging, bands, of insertion, braid or ribbon, frizzed or applied plain in lattice or vandyked style.

The Round Waist in Vogue.
The round waist is still very much in evidence, not only on fancy day and evening toilettes, but also on costumes of vicuna, drap d'ete and fabrics of similar character designed for general wear.

Imparting a Dressy Effect.
These fashionable accessories impart a dressy effect to otherwise plain waists, and lend just that charm of variety that is essential to style and necessary where the wardrobe is limited. No. 1 shows a plastron vest with pointed revers that reach to the waist line. The fancy stock collar is shaped in one piece and rises to points in the back, where the closing is made in centre. The plastron, vest and collar are made of white satin, overlaid with all-over cream point de Venise lace. The collar has a narrow edging of lace and is lined with satin. The revers are of finely tucked satin, the tucks being made in the material before the pattern is laid on, and the edges are finished with insertion and lace edging to match. Canvas or stiff crimoline is used to interline each portion, the vest and revers having a lining of white China silk.

No. 2 shows a chemisette extending to the bust with short revers and pointed tie ends. White corded taffeta is the material chosen, lace and insertion furnishing the decoration. To the stock collar are joined two rounded sections of velvet in some becoming color that flare stylishly at the sides and back. Pointed tie ends are gath-

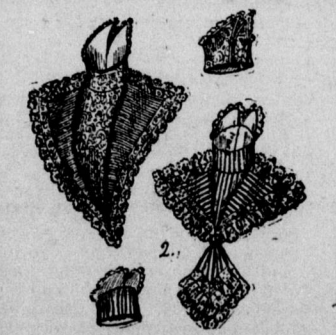


BOLERO WAIST AND SKIRT FOR A WOMAN.

in back, and a white leather belt with silver buckle is worn around the waist. White or colored taffeta made in this style is exceptionally stylish, with narrow knife pleating edging the box pleat in front. Cords may be inserted in the tucks if that effect is desired. Zephyr, madras, wash cheviot, percale, dimity, nainsook or wash silks in plain, striped or checked effect make up smartly by the mode.
To make this shirt waist for a woman of medium size will require three and one-quarter yards of material thirty inches wide.

A French Organdie Costume.
In the accompanying large illustration French organdie that shows yellow carnations with their natural green foliage, on a ground of pale blue, is effectively made up over pale yellow nainsook. The foot ruffles, bolero and sleeve caps are of plain blue organdie trimmed with narrow frilled blue satin ribbon. A stock of blue satin ribbon is daintily bowed at the left of throat, and a crush belt of the same encircles the waist. Fitted body linings that close in centre-front support the full fronts and back portions of the waist, the under-arm gores giving a smooth adjustment. The bolero fronts are included with the shoulder and under-arm seams, and, with the round-ed sleeve caps, may be omitted if not desired. Fitted linings are also provided for the sleeves, but both waist and sleeves may be made up without linings if so preferred. This method is advisable when the gown may be worn over different colored slips.

ered closely under a knot of the silk and joined to the end of chemisette where the lapels meet. Pique, duck, linen, all-over embroidery, tucked lawn, lace, insertion or plain ribbon make attractive accessories.
To make No. 1 will require five-eighths of a yard of twenty-two inch material for plastron and collar, five-eighths of a yard of tucking for revers, one and one-half yards insertion, one and one-quarter yards of lace and one yard of lace to edge collar. To make No. 2 will require one-half yard of tucking for plastron, collar and revers; one and one-quarter yards insertion for revers and tie, and two and three-



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