

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

He galloped away on his fleet steed, And his armor shone as he tripled his speed; On through the villa at breakfast tear, Away to the health of his lady fair; Arriving within he rattled his steed; And swung his blade when he went to kneel; He pleaded his love in that spacious hall— The old-fashioned love that was best of all.

HER HAIR. A SOCIAL COMEDY.

"Yes," said Claudia Wallace, with soft, liquid eyes uplifted and coral lips apart, "I know it is a worthy object—I always did sympathize with widows and orphans. I'm an orphan myself, you know, Miss Rivers, and I would cheerfully subscribe something, if I only could. But Uncle Percy keeps me so close for pocket money and I sent my last \$5 bill down this morning to buy tickets for the opera matinee on Saturday. If I can possibly get any funds I will send them to you tomorrow morning. I'm so sorry, dear Miss Rivers! Please let me know if there's anything else I can do at any future time."

Miss Rivers swept her silken flounces out of the room, carrying her brother in her train—metaphorically, not literally. And the instant they were seated in the little coffee-colored brougham she burst out:

"I've no patience with that Claudia Wallace! Close for pocket money, indeed! Did you see the rings on her hand, the bracelets around her wrists? I had a mind to say I would take any one of those gaudy ornaments in lieu of a subscription."

"I am glad you did not, Hester," said her brother, severely.

"Why?" "You judge Miss Wallace too harshly. She is all sweetness, gentleness and compassion. I saw the tears in her eyes when you spoke of the destination of Mrs. O'Hare—and you may depend upon it, those jewels are all gifts from her uncle, with which she is not at liberty to part."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Rivers. "Of all fools, men are the worst. If it were not for Claudia's straight nose and blue dot-like eyes, and the two little dimples on her cheeks, you wouldn't be so eager to trump up excuses for her."

"Now you are talking nonsense, Hester!" "Am I? I think not. But you'll just please remember, Everard, that I told you before we stopped here I wouldn't give much for all the cash we should get from Claudia Wallace."

"Believe me," persisted Mr. Rivers, "you misinterpret her sadly."

"Here we are at Kitty Griggs'—Kitty is cross-eyed and red-haired, but she will give me a \$5 bill—see if she doesn't."

And Hester jumped out of the carriage and ran up the Griggs' doorsteps, leaving her brother to his own meditations.

Presently his sister returned with a face of triumphant glee.

"Didn't I tell you so?" she cried, holding up a United States bank note. "And now we'll go home to lunch."

Mr. Rivers was indulging himself in a quite afternoon cigar, just about dusk, when Hester popped her head into the library.

"Oh, Everard, are you there? Don't you want to do me a favor—a very great favor?"

"If it isn't to much trouble."

"Do please go around to Santarelli's, and see if my yellow wig is ready for the masquerade tonight! I can't see why they haven't sent it home! The idea of my playing 'Lady Audley' without a yellow wig!" "Bother your wig!" said Mr. Rivers.

"Now do be a darling, and go," coaxed Hester.

Everard smiled.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to go," said he.

Mr. Sereno Santarelli was a fashionable hairdresser on a fashionable street, who charges fashionable prices—and he came bowing and scraping forward as Mr. Rivers entered his shop. He professed himself "desolated beyond belief" when he heard the young man's errand. "Mademoiselle's coiffure was but half completed when the stock of blonde curls gave out," he said. "The lot they had last imported did not match it, said to relate, but—"

"The long and the short of it is that I can't have the wig, I suppose?" impatiently interrupted Everard Rivers.

"Miss Wallace's hair!" he repeated, with rising color. "Is it possible that—"

"She sent it here to be sold, monsieur," observed the hairdresser. "To be sold?" Yes. He was right; Hester wrong. His instinct had been truer than her reason!

"I will take it," said he, abruptly. "But, monsieur—"

"I will take it—at any price." And so he paid down a \$20 bill for the privilege of hearing away Claudia's wealth of golden hair.

Home he went, utterly forgetful of the flaxen wig which was to help Hester in assuming the identity of the beautiful and fiend-like Lady Audley.

"Have you got it?" was Hester's first question when he entered the room.

"I have got it. I paid \$20 for it!" he breathlessly answered.

"Twenty dollars!" echoed his sister. "Everard, you are mistaken; it was only to be ten!"

"Oh, you mean the wig!" said our hero, somewhat crestfallen, as he remembered the unfulfilled errand which had so completely sidled out of his memory.

"Of course I do. What do you mean?"

"I am talking of Claudia Wallace's hair."

"Mercy upon us!" cried Hester. "Is the man raving mad? What on earth has Claudia Wallace's hair to do with—"

"Much. I told you she was an angel, Hester, and perhaps you will believe it when I tell you that to gain money to help the poor she has sold her magnificent hair."

"I don't believe it," said blunt Hester.

"Then the world is coming to an end, that's all," said Hester, with an incredulous shrug of her shoulders. "But my wig?"

"I forgot it," confessed the sheepish lover. "I'll go back for it at once. I was thinking of Claudia's hair."

Hester looked after him in comical despair.

"Thank Providence I'm not a man," said she to herself. "And if I were I don't believe I could possibly be as spoony as some of 'em are."

Back again through the rainy twilight dashed Mr. Everard Rivers, never staying until he once more entered the salon of M. Santarelli and breathlessly asked for the flaxen wig.

"Exactly. It awaits monsieur," said Santarelli.

"You sent up the money?" "What money, monsieur?"

"The \$20 to Miss Wallace. Tell her the hair has found a purchaser—that her dream of mercy and charity may now be fulfilled—that—"

"But monsieur, pardon. Monsieur does not fully comprehend," bowed the hairdresser, courteously. "Miss Wallace left the hair here to be sold; it was a switch we made up for her a year ago; and she never quite liked the color—it was not a good match, she thought—and whatever it sold for, was to be applied toward a new one we are weaving—a \$60 switch, monsieur."

Everard Rivers stared blankly at the knight of wigs and curls. He began to perceive that he had been making a fool of himself and in rather an expensive manner, too.

"Oh," said he, rather awkwardly. "I—I'll take the wig if it's quite ready."

He went back, considering how he could best make the embarrassing explanation of the truth to his sister.

"Hester," said he, "don't laugh at me. I've been a donkey."

"Men often are," said Hester, sately. "That's nothing new."

"Oh, but this is a little worse than the common." And he valiantly told her the true story of Claudia Wallace's hair. To his surprise, instead of laughing she went to him and threw both arms around his neck.

NEW YORK FASHIONS. Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—Very long trained skirts are demanded for costume wear. Tea gowns, and all gowns to be worn for formal occasions and



DRESSY TEA GOWN.

strictly for the house are always more graceful when they are made long. The present idea of the dressmakers seems to be to make these skirts—and the same idea is carried out in some of the street gowns—with a silk drop skirt that only just touches, but is finished with two or three accordion-pleated ruffles. The unlined skirt itself has a facing sewed in with the finest of stitches, that must not be allowed to show; the facing is deep

vet ribbon, an entirely new conception, and one which lends itself excellently to the copyist. In a cotton waist it would be made entirely of tucks, or tucks alternated with insertion.

The back shows an unbroken line of tucks from the neck to the waist. At the front the line is broken at the bust, from which point the bands extend around the body to the side seams.

In the silk waist black velvet stock and cuffs are pictured; in the cotton waist the linen collar would be worn and the sleeves finished to the wrist.

The Latest in Veils. One has heard on all sides that veils are out of date; certainly they were hardly worn during the summer. In fact, no smart woman wore them last season, but now the winter winds are with us again people are glad of the protection of a veil to keep stray locks of hair in that perfect neatness which is necessary. The very clearest veils are now worn; they are of Russian net, with a very wide mesh, the spots being far apart. At a distance these veils are hardly noticed.

Stiff Silks Used in Millinery. Stiff silks, such as glaces, have been relegated to millinery, being employed for hats and sometimes for the back of a cloth gown, satin occasionally being substituted. It is usually of a lighter or darker shade than the rest of the gown, and also forms the lower part of the skirt, the cloth falling over it like a tunic. A favorite style for tea gowns is draped with chiffon in the front having satin or brocade at the sides.

Old Bodice Like New. A bodice that has been worn for



DRAPED COTTON WAIST.



MODEL IN BANDED SILK.

enough to make the skirt hang well. The idea is that when the long skirt is lifted there is only to be seen the silk under skirt, with all its front-of-ruffles. For a light gown the ruffle should be edged with lace; the effect is very dainty and attractive.

One beautiful tea gown is in the form of a sweeping coat of soft, creamy cloth; from the shoulders to the waist is an inset of coarse lace, embroidered in gold, and through this one can see the shoulder waist encircled with blue, while soft yellow chiffon falls in front.

Another tea gown has an underdress of white satin, with a lace coat, cut to follow the lines of the figure and embroidered with brilliantly colored roses and having scarf ends of pink chiffon floating in front. A blue tea gown—although white, rose and yellow seem to be the favorites this season—is singularly pretty. It has a trailing coat of silver mail, with a black and white sash, the ends of which are delicately flowered.

Broad Belts Now. Broad belts of Liberty satin or velvet are seen on some of the new costumes, in sharp contrast to the narrow belts that are so much in fashion. It must be confessed that a broad belt, when worn under an Eton jacket, looks very smart, just the edge showing at the back, but these belts must always be of satin or velvet, cut on the bias. A broad ribbon belt is quite out of style.

Two Late Waist Models. A draped waist model is pictured in the large engraving which can be easily copied in cotton. The foundation is silk and indicates an entire bodice closely tucked.

The round yoke is of mousseline de soie, and the draped scarf which outlines the yoke is also of the same material, edged with silk ribbon. This idea would serve excellently for the waist made of Persian lawn, and the draped portion could follow the model shown, made of lawn, tucked and edged with a narrow ruffling of Valenciennes lace. It could also be cut in deep points, sort of handkerchief points, made of strips of insertion edged with lace, or of lawn now simply finished. In a design of this kind rosettes would be omitted.

The second model in this group is of silk banded with narrow black vel-

some time gets rubbed under the arms and across the back long before the rest of it is at all shabby, and yet it looks far too old to wear. To renovate and make like new make a little bolero or zouave jacket to wear over it, either of velvet, lace or cloth. Narrow lace sewn together does equally as well as that bought in the piece. The cloth or velvet could be edged with fur, and you will have a new bodice for a trifling cost.

A Model Plaid Skirt. It is generally understood that plaids, especially the large plaids that are worn this season, show off to better advantage when made up on the bias in a circular skirt. The illustration gives a model skirt designed principally for plaid materials. The upper part is sheath fitting, but from the knee down the skirt flares stylishly and falls in graceful folds toward the back. The single box pleat is applied narrow at the waist line, but flares at the bottom, where it trains slightly. Although designed especially for plaid and for double-faced materials, this model would be appropriate for cheviot, camel's hair, homespun, Venetian or any of the new novelty cloths.

Donkeys Feel the Cold. In the care of donkeys in our climate it is a common mistake to suppose that they are not sensitive to cold. A donkey, on the contrary, cannot begin to stand the degree of cold which is comfortably supported by the horse. In other respects, he is a far easier animal to care for than the horse. As a beast of burden his endurance is greater; he may be fed coarse herbage and will thrive upon it. His coat needs regular brushing, but not that particular grooming without which the horse cannot be kept in health. In England, the costermonger's donkey is so invaluable to his master that he is known as "the poor man's horse," while in France the "baudet" and in Spain the "borrico"—a larger, heavier type of ass which is used for mule-breeding—is of equal importance.

The term "donkey" refers to the ordinary dun color of the ass's coat, and has come to be the popular name by which he is known to English-speaking people. In the treatment of the donkey the essential thing to remember is to house him warmly in winter, being careful never to expose him to snow or to extreme cold.—Our Animal Friends.

Triangulation in Texas. The newly founded town of Triangle, Tex., promises to be unique. It is laid out in the form of an equilateral triangle, its lots are triangular in shape and the ground plan of each of the twenty-three houses which have thus far been erected there is three-cornered. The three principal streets are named Equilateral, Scalene and Isosceles, and the residents have even carried their curious idea into the local government, which consists of a so-called triangular council, having three members.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

What the Boy Overheard. The Caller—So Albertine is the eldest of the family. Who comes after her? Little Brother—Nobody has come after her yet, but I heard papa say that if anybody did come he could have her for the asking.—Tid-Bits



CIRCULAR SKIRT WITH BOX PLEAT IN BACK

To make this skirt for a woman of medium size will require three and three-quarters yards of material fifty-four inches wide.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The sweet bay tree, or laurel, was sacred to Apollo, and in both Egypt and Rome its leaves were used to decorate the victors in games or in war. These leaves are much used now in the culinary art, the practice having been borrowed from the French.

A gentleman in Louisville, Ky., makes a pet of a large white gander, which is devoted to his owner, and accompanies him on his walks. If approached by a stranger the gander flutters to his master, squawking for protection, and is comforted as one might comfort a dog.

The cowardliness of sharks is well known among men who have been much to sea in Southern waters infested by man eaters. The fiercest shark will get out of the seaway in a very great hurry if the swimmer, noticing its approach, sets up a noisy splashing. A shark is in deadly fear of any sort of living thing that splashes in the water.

The most beautiful and costly fishes in the world come from China, and the rarest and most expensive of all is the brush tail goldfish. Specimens of these have sold for as high as \$700 each, and in Europe the prices range from \$250 to \$500. The brush tail goldfish is so small that a five shilling piece will cover it, and probably there is no living thing of its size and weight that is worth so much money.

It is not generally known, but a law exists in New England, still un repealed, that would have a surprising effect if put into practice at the present time.

The Puritan Fathers decreed that "all women, of whatever rank, profession or degree, whether maids or widows, who shall, after this act, impose upon or betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair or high heels, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."

To attend a church where the music is supplied by a barrel organ must be very like stepping into a bygone century, but it is an experience which the parishioners of Trottscliff—a Kentish village within 25 miles of London—can every week enjoy. Its adherence to old customs may be pardoned, for the church was standing at the time of the Domesday Book, and the existing chancel is more than 800 years old. Its pulpit is the one that stood in Westminster Abbey until 1824.

The musical capabilities of a barrel organ are limited, but the parishioners of Trottscliff have a choice of 60, there being six barrels, each supplying 10 tunes—most of them very old-fashioned.

In ancient times there were some very curious superstitions attached to the pins used in the toilet of a bride. If one were left about the person of the new wife she must school herself to sorrow, for nothing would go right. Ill luck was supposed to haunt the bridesmaids, too, if they kept the pins, for they would not be married until Whitsuntide in the next year, or at earliest until the Easter. When Mary Queen of Scots married Darnley she went to her chamber to change her apparel, and then requested those who stood by each to take out a pin and to carry it from the room and throw it away, in order that she might be saved from the ills supposed to follow when the pins were kept.

Everyone Mourned the Dog. There was a remarkable funeral of a dog in Jersey City a few days ago. An undertaker made a real coffin for the body, and a procession of mourners, most of whom were children, walked behind a child's express wagon on which the coffin, covered with flowers, had been laid. A band playing dirges led the procession. At the place of burial an oration was made, in which the good traits of the dog were dwelt upon. The owner of it, a big-hearted German, paid the tribute of tears, saying he felt as if he had lost a child. It seems the dog was everybody's friend, and a great favorite with the children. He was besides a good watchdog and devoted to the family; a mongrel—he would not have brought a dollar in open market. To some people, the dog's funeral, the marching children, the solemn music, the human oration, the heaped flowers and the burial lot may seem like a profanation, but there's a moral in it all, which any one may draw.—New York Sun.

Lad's Composition on "Breath." A boy fourteen years old, who was told to write all he could about breathing in a composition, handed in the following:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life-a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out doors. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze the diaphragm. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diaphragm is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a great big diaphragm."—Detroit Free Press.

Diplomas for Washwomen. To the institution of orders, medals, and diplomas in France there is no limit. The latest is diplomas for washerwomen. The washerwomen, to be sure, occupy a conspicuous position on the Seine, and have played an important part in the life of Paris, especially in revolutionary periods. They are nearly as formidable as the marketwomen. Either in recognition of their ability or in deference to their influence the government has established this new order, and awarded twelve medals. The important duty of distributing the diplomas is discharged by the ministry of commerce.—London Chronicle.

LIVING MAN A MERE AUTOMATON.

A Murder Has Developed a Catalepsy That Physicians Call Unusual. When they shove Michael Buczny's right leg out at right angles with its left fellow and say "Halt!" that limb stays there like the peg-leg of a still militant veteran, who, having lost both arms, can't salute otherwise.

When they say, "Michael, we'll put your leg over your head and you'll keep it there," and place him in the position of one of those painful-faced French quadrille dancers who make what is called a success d'estime by pointing toes (none too small) in the direction of the high heaven that they never hope to reach—poor Michael's leg stays there.

And thus it goes. They twist him; they turn him; his arms are spindles or windmills by turns; they will swing wherever the wind listeth; but those legs, particularly that right leg, when pushed up, seem to say:

"Well, here I am! What are you going to do with me next?"

They may stand Buczny on his head; tilt him over on one ear; still further unbalance him by making him rest his entire frame on the tip of one little finger; and still, in whatever position they place him—even if it be to rest solely on the tip of the one long hair upon his head—he will perch calmly and say nothing.

All of which means that Michael Buczny is a cataleptic. And that is luck for him. Otherwise he probably would go to the electric chair for the murder of his sweetheart, Regina Klein. Now that his malady has been established, undoubtedly he will be sent to Matteawan, and drag out the rest of his toe-pointing existence there. Justice Fursman sent him there recently.

The most remarkable feature of Buczny's condition is that if any portion of his body is placed in a position—no matter how trying or impossible to maintain—it will stay rigid until moved back to the natural pose.

In the tests given by the commission on lunacy Buczny was placed in the centre of the room. He stood like a statue. His arm was placed at right angles to his body, and he maintained this difficult position for 40 minutes, apparently without pain. When arraigned in court he stood at the bar as if transfixed, his arms folded. He never moved while the charge was read, and his appearance deeply affected Justice Fursman.

Buczny worked in Havemeyer's sugar refinery in Brooklyn and lived at No. 56 Columbia street. About eight months ago he became engaged to Rosina Klein and gave her \$180, the greater part of his savings. In last August he lost his position and she discarded him. He brooded over his loss, and was so persistent that the girl removed to No. 27 Second street, this city. A fruitless, final appeal was made on the night of September 18. Then Buczny shot and killed her. An indictment for murder in the first degree followed.

While confined his strange physical condition was developed. The case has aroused the interest of every alienist in the city, and is the only one known in this country.—New York Press.