

SEE TO THE WALLS.

A Danger in "choolorooms and How to Prevent It.

Owing to the gathering of so many different classes of persons therein, the interior walls of churches, schoolhouses, hospitals, etc., are apt to become repositories of disease germs unless preventative measures are taken. These walls should always be coated with a clean and pure material, such as Alabaster, which is disinfected in its nature and more convenient to renew and retint than any other wall coating. The first cost is no greater than for inferior work, while renewals are more easily and cheaply made.

The All-Important Question.

A North Omaha Sunday-school superintendent always conducts the lesson review in his school. He spends about five minutes in explaining the lesson, and then asks:

"Now, has any one a question to ask?"

Last Sunday he explained the lesson as usual, dwelling at length on its chief thoughts, and wound up with the usual question:

"Now, has any one a question to ask?"

A member of the boys' junior class raised his hand.

"Well, what is your question?" asked the superintendent.

"Please, sir, are we going to have a picnic this summer?"—Omaha World-Herald.

Three-Cent Pieces.

The three-cent piece is not entirely out of circulation, according to a Pennsylvania baker. He took in 900 of them last year.

That Tired Feeling

Just as surely indicates that the blood is lacking in vitality and the elements of health as does the most obstinate humor that the vital fluid is full of impurities. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures that tired feeling by enriching and vitalizing the blood, creating a good appetite and invigorating every organ of the body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I had that tired feeling all the time. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me feel like a new man. My wife was all run down and could not do her work. She has taken four bottles of Hood's and is in good health." C. ROWLEY, Manville, R. I.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

SACRIFICE SALE First Class Music.

50 PIECES, \$2. For sixty days we will send FIFTY PIECES OF FIRST CLASS, FULL SIZED, high grade, standard Vocal and Instrumental MUSIC, carefully selected, including Solos, Duets, Quartets, Waltzes, Polkas, Operas, Negro Melodies, Hymns, etc., etc., charges prepaid by post or express to any part of the United States or Canada, upon receipt of two dollars in cash, stamps or money order. The regular price of this music is \$20. Address FIANCIS WYLAND GLEN & CO., 149 Broadway, New York City.

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RISONS' CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
WHERES ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

REST

"I wish I knew what was the matter with me, my cheeks are so pale, my lips so white, my muscles so weak, and my nerves seem to be all unstrung. I am just about as tired and depressed in the morning as I am at night. If I could only get some rest, but sleep seems to do me no good."
Shall we tell you what is the matter?

That's Anemia

Anemia—it's another name for starved blood, thin blood, poor blood. Of course this isn't the kind to have. What you want is rich blood, red blood. You want the old color back to your cheeks and lips. You want your nerves once more strong and steady. To make this change you must take a perfect Sarsaparilla, a Sarsaparilla made upon honor, a Sarsaparilla that you have confidence in.

That's AYER'S

"The only Sarsaparilla made under the personal supervision of three graduates: a graduate in pharmacy, a graduate in chemistry, and a graduate in medicine."
\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.
"Too much cannot be said in favor of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since taking it I feel like a different person. I now enjoy and profit by my sleeping. My appetite is good, my nerves are strong and steady, and I know my blood is pure."—FRANK WENNERBERG, Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 9, 1899.

25 cents a box. All druggists.
If your liver isn't acting just right, if you are constipated or bilious, take Ayer's Pills. When the bowels are all right the Sarsaparilla acts more promptly and more thoroughly.

Three Women in a Car.

We saw three women in a street car that were disguised.

One, when she smiled, showed a hideous cavity in her upper set of teeth.

One had a dark mole on her cheek, a repulsive mole, not one like that which Iachomo describes so amorously to the jealous king.

The third had an ugly mark on one side of her nose. Apparently reconciled to their lot, they talked together in high glee, sisters in misfortune.

And we thought of stories—of Hawthorne's tale—of the old legend which tells how Guitier won the daughter of Hippocrates and freed her from imprisonment in a snake's body by kissing her loathsome mouth.

Perhaps we dozed, for the sun was hot and the car was slow.

We looked again with a look of admiration tempered with respectful pity.

We rubbed our eyes.

The women were radiant, without blemish.

They had all raised their black-dotted net veils.—New York World.

Small Oil Mills.

One of the most promising of all industrial developments of the South is the establishment of individual or neighborhood cotton oil mills to consume the cottonseed produced in the immediate vicinity. These neighborhood cotton mills have proved very successful wherever they have been built. The writer calls to mind one such mill owned and operated by the planters themselves that pays a dividend of from twenty to twenty-five per cent annually. This mill only consumes the cottonseed that may be hauled to it in wagons. It is kept in operation scarcely two months during the year, yet every planter who has stock in the mill gets an annual dividend of \$20 to \$25 on each \$100 worth of stock that he owns. In addition to this profit, he gets good prices for his cottonseed without shipping it, and he is able to provide himself with cheap oleate and hulls for his cattle during the winter.—Philadelphia Ledger.

General Botha's Irish Wife.

General Botha, the new Boer commander-in-chief, has an Irish wife, a Miss Emmet, a descendant of the Irish patriot of that name, and the Botha country seat, on the heights between the Pongola River, near the boundary line between the Transvaal and Swaziland, bears traces of refinement, as well as of comfort and luxury, not usually found in Boer homes. The house is comfortably furnished, there is a fine library, all the latest European papers, a grand piano, as well as an organ, extensive greenhouses and ferneries. The mansion is surrounded by beautifully-kept grounds and large avenues of trees. General Botha is about forty-five years of age, tall and stout, and well educated. He is good-natured, rather slow of speech and manner, and does not give one the impression of possessing the originality and military resource of General Joubert.

Origin of a Yankee Expression.

A century ago gloves were unknown in the country towns of New England. Mittens were knitted and worn in all families. If a young man in walking with a girl of his choice was holding her mittened hand to keep it from getting cold, and took that opportunity to urge his suit, if the offer proved acceptable the hand would remain. If taken by surprise, an effort to withdraw the hand would leave the mitten. So the suitor would "get the mitten," but would not get the hand.

A BACHELOR'S DREAM.

Out on the porch amid the scent Of honeysuckle rich with bloom, I sit and watch the coming night, The fire flies dancing in the gloom.

The moon drops down behind the hill, The shadows deepen on the floor; I wander through the yesterdays With one that walks with me no more.

I see an old house long and wide, And hear the night winds whispering lo Across the field of rustling corn, And cotton white as drifted snow.

The porch is hung with tangled vines, That hide the lovers sitting there, Who dream and plan with happy smiles, For future days so sweet and fair.

I slip a ring upon her hand, She leans on me with loving trust; Ah, me, how long the years have been, Since that slim finger turned to dust.

And yet sometimes it seems to me But yesterday, and once again I sit by her, and here once more The darkies singing in the lane.

I hear again her happy voice Upon the night air softly fall, And dreaming of the life I planned, I wonder why I lost it all.

Loose! No I did not lose it all, She waits for me somewhere; and yet Where'er I dream of those old days, My faded eyes with tears are wet.

—Adella Washer, in Lippincott's Magazine.

THE SMITH GIRL'S SLIGHT. BY OPIE READ.

Jeff Slogan and old man Matterson sat at the kitchen table long after the remains of supper were cleared away. It was a night of reminiscence with the old man, and he told of the bears and wolves he had slain in the days when Tennessee was young. "My old granddad left me the rifle," said he, glancing toward a corner of the room, "and many a time I've been advised to have a percussion lock put on it, but a flintlock was good enough for him and it's got to be good enough for me. Of course you've seen the gun, but I'll show it to you again."

"Well, yes, unless you can find a better word, and let me tell you something, but you must not say anything about it. Granddad was beginning to get pretty old and little things had begun to bother him. One of his daughters married a no-account stage-driver, and his half-witted son cut a fellow all to pieces at a sawmill. So he fretted a good deal. Well, one night he was coming home from a muster, and a man named Bridge fetters with him. All at once granddad stops in the road and says to Bridge: 'If I only knowed which one of them stars up there was my unlucky star, I'd shoot it out.' Bridge asked if he thought his gun would tote that far, and the old man hooted like an owl. 'Don't you worry about that,' said he. 'Just pick out the star you think is the cause of my bad luck and out she goes.'"

"Bridge was a sort of reckless fellow, so he looks up, he does, and says: 'There she is, that star off there about 15 feet from the moon.' The old man didn't hesitate a minute. He raised his gun—this here old one right here—and she cracked like a whip—and what do you think happened? Out went the star like snuffin' a tallow candle. Bridge he took to his heels, and it was enough to scare any man, but granddad didn't run. He walked off slow to show the other stars that he wasn't afraid, but he begins to git sick at his stomach, and he the time he got home he could hardly hold up his head. And, sir, he laid for four weeks, and then died."

Jeff looked hard at the old man and said: "I don't believe a word of it."

"How do you account for it?"

"I account for it by not believing it; that's how." Jeff was in a sorrowful mood that night, and was not prepared to believe even the most apparent truth.

"What are you thinkin' about, Jeff?"

"Liza Smith and her party."

"Sorter in the dumps because she didn't ask you?"

"Well, I don't like it."

"Why don't you kill her dog?"

"What good would that do?"

"Why, don't you know that the best way to git even with a high-headed woman is to kill her dog? It is—there's a sort of a charm about it, and if you kill a woman's dog, and she don't find out who does it, she'll fall in love with you. It's a fact; she'll drop right down into pure love. Say, that Smith girl has a dog that she thinks the world of. Why don't you kill him as you go by there tonight on your way home?"

"I'm half a mind to. Got a pistol?"

"No, but you can take granddad's gun."

"Is she loaded?"

"With a double charge of powder and a slug an inch long."

"I'm half inclined to do it."

"I'll bet the gal drops down into the purest sort of love. I jest want to see it; these ain't nothin' puttier to me than a first rate article of love."

Only when he was out in the road did Jeff realize that he carried the old gun upon his shoulder. He halted and, bare of head, sat upon a rock to let the cool air fan him. From over the hilltop came the bark of the Smith girl's dog. Jeff got up and strode along until he came within sight of Smith's house. He could hear the merry-making of the Smith girl and her guests. Through a window he saw the company dancing; and the Smith girl danced with a fellow named Ab Squat. Jeff hated Squat. He was cross-eyed and low of brow. He thought that he saw her smile at Squat and he gripped his gun. But there was no murder in his heart. He aspired only to assassinate a dog. Jeff saw him coming down the hill.

The dog came at a gallop, cut a caper of delight, and before Jeff could fire, had licked his hand. Then there came a gulp of remorse. He put down his gun, stroked the dog and hugged him in his loneliness. "I wouldn't hurt you, old fellow," he said. "They thrust you into the darkness, and they don't invite me out of it, and so we are brothers. Hello! there is the moon, brim full, just above the trees." The dog whined, "Just as well shoot at it as to bark at it, old fellow," he said. He took sight and touched the trigger. Off went the gun. And then Jeff's heart flew to his mouth. The moon exploded, and the sky was full of fiery snakes. The dog howled. Jeff dropped the gun and, over logs and through bushes, tore home.

When Jeff reached home the world was dark save the pale stars slowly weeping out their light. He went to his room and, sitting at the window, strove to reason with himself. But it was of no use to reason. He had seen the moon fly to pieces and fill the air with with snakes. "There's no use in talking, I've done it," he moaned. "The moon is gone. No use trying to reason—gone. And here I am sick at the stomach, and will keep on getting sicker till I did. People can't plant their potato crops in the dark of the moon, because there won't be any. And when I die the moon will come back, and all the people will be glad."

He went to bed and tossed for a long time; he slept finally, but what a sleep! Old women came and begged him to give them back the moon. They couldn't make soap without it. Maidens came and on their knees implored him. There was to be no more love-making. Poets flocked from afar to revile him; and the ocean stood dead, with no tide. When he awoke the sun was shining. And he smiled, believing that it was all a dream, but just then he heard his father talking in an adjoining room. "Yes, they were having a good time over at Smith's, but somebody shot out the moon, and—"

Jeff fell back, sick almost unto death. They called him to breakfast, but he moaned that he was sick, and they let him lie there. He was gagging when his father came into the room.

"What's the matter with you, Jeff?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What time did you get home?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"Seem to be sorter short on knowin', don't you? Were you at Smith's when the moon was shot out? What's the matter with you? Why, you've got the ague. Well, sir, it was a funny thing. You know that Smith doesn't like for his company to stay late, so he told the boys that they might remain till the moon went down. Well, an ingenious fellow hit upon a plan. He got hold of a cheese box, put a kerosene lamp in it, pasted a piece of greased paper over it and just as the moon was goin' down behind the hill, hung the box high up in a tree. The old man can't see very well, and it fooled him completely till some fellow came along and shot—what's the matter with you? What are you sayin'? Goin' to git up, are you? What makes you cut them capers? Folks say you look like me, but I never seed the day that I had as little sense as you've got."—Saturday Evening Post.

A JAPANESE CHARACTER.

The Crazy Jirikishman the Bane and Blessing of Travelers.

Onoto Watanna, the gifted Japanese writer, writing of "The Horseless Carriage of Japan" in "The Woman's Home Companion," gives this description of the most picturesque laborer of her native land: "The jirikishman waits at the street corners and solicits fares, though this is contrary to the exact police regulations. However, the jirikishman is not always as principled as he might be, and has little, if any, regard for the police or his regulations. He has no compunction whatever in overcharging the scale of fares set by the police, but as a rule the customer himself pays but little attention to this. The fare is usually higgled over before riding, and while they walk, and sometimes great distances are covered before terms have been reached. The jirikishman also generally (unlawfully) demands drink-money, especially when he is forced to wait at tea-houses or pleasure resorts on the road. He is constantly being set on by the police for charging more than agreed on, threatening to put down female customers unless his demands are acceded to. A woman hiring a vehicle, for instance, may sometimes find herself within impossible walking distance of any town or point, and a surly man demanding extra fare or threatening to 'dump' her. Counter-thre's do not affect him. Better pay and be done with it. However, when you have melted his heart with a handful of sen he becomes a friend worth having. It is true he may 'spot' you as one whom it is worth his while to keep in touch with during your visit in the city, and you will find it difficult to leave your hotel without encountering him hard by, importunately soliciting your patronage, though on each and every occasion he will call to you as though you were an utter stranger to him and he has never seen you before, or does not appear to recognize you as the person who tipped him so well the previous day."

Manila in the Evening.

Manila is as gay as the climate permits. Every one likes to look at his best, especially during the late afternoon and evening. The drive along the Luenta during the hours around sundown is a scene kaleidoscopic in color. Circumstances permitting, there is plenty of social life in the evening.



THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—Are we to wear panniered dresses? Panniered dresses have been brought from Paris. The shops show them; they have been worn at the



A DRESS WITH PANNIERS.

operas, at restaurants and at evening parties by a few extremists or experimentalists. Will they be accepted by women in general?

No one expects it. The panniered dress is a freak, a whim, and is likely to remain. Yet fashions are as uncertain as the stock markets. Panniers are worth watching.

The quaintest and most piquant of the Watteau dresses yet finished show flowered underskirts, with overskirts of different materials, opening in front and draped on the hips. They

the general type expressed must be carefully considered. A woman with a Madonna-like face is almost a sacrilege in puffs and frizzes. She is quite out of place except with her hair in bandeaux. On the contrary, a girl with a pug nose, short upper lip and generally piquant make up, masquerading in a Cleo de Merode coiffure, deceives no one. She is only an imitation of the type she aims at, and a very palpable one at that. It is well to recollect that the hair "dressed forward," as the coiffure expresses it, makes the features appear to recede. If the features really project, the forward style of hair-dressing modifies this defect and is becoming. In the large engraving six styles of dressing the hair are shown. They may be described as follows:

- No. 1.—Elaborate hair-dressing becoming only to women of regular features.
- No. 2.—Modification of the Madonna style.
- No. 3.—For short women with high foreheads.
- No. 4.—Becoming to one with a long, narrow face.
- No. 5.—Becoming to an oval-faced woman.
- No. 6.—Becoming to women with round faces and low foreheads.

With a Demi-Train.

A cool gown for summer wear is of old-blue crepe de chine. The skirt has a "demi-train" and falls in long graceful lines. The only decoration is the groups of fine tucks which are cunningly managed to make the best display of the natural lines of the figure, and to give additional height.

The waist is a modified bolero shape in front, edged with creamy lace, which accentuates the outline of the two jacket fronts. The lace seems to run upward under the armhole from the deep points in front. A vest of white chiffon over cream satin shows its narrow line in front. A high girde of old-blue panne velvet rises beneath the jacket fronts. The plau



HAIR DRESSING THAT BECOMES.

assimilate themselves to the prevailing mode by a lavish use of tucks and platings.

A model dress of this order is made of Venetian cloth, of a mauve so pale as to be only a shade or two removed from white. The front of the skirt has a panel of figured panne of a deeper mauve tone; the sides and back are of cloth laid in flat plaits, stitched down. Small panniers are laid in fine folds about the hips, seeming to be held by large silver clasps at the waist in front and behind.

The bodice of this dress has a vest of panne; Venetian cloth is draped schiwise about the shoulders and carried in fine tucks down to the waist line.

Panniers will show more varieties of decoration than distinct novelties of dress. The dominant note will be an assistance on the perpendicular line. Dresses are tucked from top to bottom, and the variety of tucks is limited.

Hair Dressing Styles.

One of the most absurd ideas we women are possessed of is that we must adopt a new style of coiffure, no matter how unbecoming, because it is the latest thing out, Harriet Hubbard Ayer recently remarked.

Since the pompadour made its appearance I believe more women have been sacrificed to the Juggernaut of fashion than ever before.

Now, the pompadour is becoming to women with rather low foreheads and round faces. It is, in its unmodified form, wretchedly unbecoming to hollow cheeked women with high foreheads.

Before settling on the style of hair-dressing she is to adopt a woman should take an account of her head, face and figure after this fashion:

A short, fat woman should dress her hair so that it will give an appearance of additional height to her figure.

When the head is round the hair-dressing should always be high. A very round head with the hair gathered in a pug at the nape of the neck gives a woman an utterly inane, goose-like look.

The height of the forehead, the size of the nose, the shape of the head,

sleeves are edged at the flaring cuff with lace.

Soft, Silky, Sailors.

Manila braid lines the brim of the new sailor hat, which is sewed of silky straw, and has a softness unknown to the brusque old-fashioned sailor. These soft little developments of the sailor shape are in request just now for young girls, and will appear with the first wearing of wash frocks.

A Substitute for the "False Front."

Enter the gilet! No cause for alarm, however, as gilet is but French for waistcoat.

It is a decent substitute for the "false front," an abomination attached to a stock and forever escaping its moorings.

The gilet does away with all this. The one worn with the black mohair dress pictured is of white taffeta and fastens plainly down the middle of



THE FASHIONABLE GILET.

the back. The shaped stock and the trimming covering the front are of white mousseline with eon lace appliques, the design picked out with narrow black velvet ribbons.

This stunning black mohair dress, as you see, has its novel and modish little jacket bodice fairly covered with stitched taffeta strapping, a white mousseline yoke showing fluffly under. A crushed taffeta bow finishes the back of the mohair skirt at the belt. A wide black taffeta plaiting edges the shaped mohair skirt.