

# NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES

New York City—The fancy blouse with accessories of lace and the like is essential to correct formal dress and fills an important place in the well-



WOMAN'S FANCY BLOUSE.

kept wardrobe. This charming and stylish May Manton model has the merit of uniting both the entire costume and the odd bodice. As shown, it is of white batiste with cream Cluny lace and black velvet ribbon held by small jeweled buttons, but the design lends itself to silk and soft wool fabrics as well as to all the dainty cottons and linens with equal success.

The foundation is a fitted lining that closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the round yoke, the full under proportion and the graceful bertha. The yoke closing at the left shoulder extends to form a narrow vest that closes under the left front. The sleeves are in elbow length, terminating with flaring cuffs, but can be extended to the hands, as shown in the small sketch.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size one and a half yards of material twenty-one inches wide, one and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, one and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide, or one and a quarter yards forty-four inches wide, will be

when found, should be made an immediate possession. That these mostly figure on the best and most exclusive French models accounts for the long price asked for such creations. But new and again—the fates alone know how or why—out of a boxful of mediocrity there may be turned up something out of the ordinary happily passed over by hundreds of unseeing eyes.

### The Gainsborough Hat.

The Gainsborough hat is to be seen, big, black hats, with high crowns and a big tuft of ostrich plumes on one side. These hats are always good style, or they seem to be, perhaps because of the familiarity of the picture hat, which has become a millinery classic.

### Color on the Handkerchief.

A suggestion of color on the handkerchief is coming more and more in general favor. Narrow hemstitched borders of a color matching the summer suit are used, and many of the French initial handkerchiefs have the letters set on a shield of pink, blue or green.

### Handsome Chiffon Gown.

A pretty chiffon gown, a mass of fine tucks with trimming of Cluny lace on the waist, has undersleeves of mousseline set with insertions of lace and bands of silver braid. A big hat trimmed with pink roses is worn with it.

### A Pretty Hat.

Black grenadine ruffles, the edges all along tipped with white ostrich feathers, a white muslin one having black chenille spots, a black tulle with white lace insertions, are among the pretty hats seen this season.

### Stocks and Belts.

No woman ever yet possessed a sufficient number of stocks, ties and belts. No matter how large her collection, there is always room, and even need, for the additional one that is novel and takes her fancy. The very complete assortment here given includes the soft bow, four-in-hand and butterfly ties, plain, draped and bodice belts,



GIRL'S DRESS.

required, with three and seven-eighths yards of all-over lace and ten yards of velvet ribbon to trim as illustrated.

### Dress For a Girl.

Dainty frocks with many tucks are as much in style for little girls as for their elders. The charming little May Manton model illustrated in the large drawing is suited to many materials, and has the merit of being childish, but almost anything and everything is used, and there is ample opportunity offered for individuality in the choice both of materials and color.

The foundation for all the stocks is the same. The plain one in the centre is shown with the butterfly tie that appears separately just below. The four-in-hand model is trimmed with stitched bands and has the tie joined to the back edges, where it crosses and passes round to the front. The bow includes turn-over portions, but is the same familiar friend. The belts are well fitted and curve to the figure to give a graceful outline. The plain and the draped ones are eminently simple, but are stylish and fashionable as well. The laced bodice is cut in sections, and fits to a nicety, and can be closed at back or front as preferred, made pointed or cutaway as illustrated.

To cut the stocks with ties in the

and will enable any deft needlewoman to make half a dozen for the cost of one ready made. The materials for the originals are dotted silk, louisine silk, white mull and white pique, but almost anything and everything is used, and there is ample opportunity offered for individuality in the choice both of materials and color.

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STOCKS AND BELTS.

different styles, seven-eighths yard of material thirty-two inches wide will be required. To cut the belts, one yard twenty-one inches wide will be required.

### Millinery Novelties.

For veiling floral trails a very fine gosamerlike chantilly is employed and is undeniably effective, the while it hits at an importance somewhat lacking in tulle. An all white tulle illusion toque is sweet veiled in this same fine black chantilly, worn well tilted over the eyes with a great jet butterfly serving as a specific of cache-peigne at the back. This is the very latest, fairest piece of millinery conceivable and eminently before the hat decked with many feathers in the affection of the smart woman. Bisacre wings,



## ODDS AND ENDS OF DAININESS.

Pretty Trifles That Add Smartness to the Summer Girl's Wardrobe.

One of the chic and useful novelties for summer is the "shirt waist set." This consists of four fancy brooches, set in gold or silver, three of which are uniform in size to fasten the front. The fourth is a trifle larger to wear at the throat. Plain and matrix turquoise and baroque pearls are among the prettiest.

A charming summer fancy is the bon of white mousseline de sole or tulle and chiffon, with tiny flowers sewed liberally on the edges. They are made just long enough to fasten closely around the throat under a huge rosette, and have long ends of mousseline or chiffon, accordion pleated. Violets, forget-me-nots, "Rambler" roses or any other small flower may be used with good effect.

Novel and with extreme possibilities in the line of decorative effects are the Persian jackets of chamelion taffeta. They are cut low enough at the neck to escape all danger of interference, with delicate finish of lace or tulle, and stop well above the belt. The fronts curve both at upper and lower edge, meeting almost in a point over the chest, where they fasten with a fancy button or under a large bow of ribbon with long ends. Shaped thus, the little jacket protects the most sensitive parts of the body, the shoulders and chest. The sleeves are loose and slightly bell shaped, terminating a little below the elbow. The whole is lined with a heavy silk of the same or a contrasting color, making sufficient warmth for the ordinary summer wind.

Some of the dainty muslin gowns this season are finished by slashes of crepe de chine, four yards in length, which are tied in a large bow at the left side of the front. In many instances they are attached to a lining, shaped to the figure, making a pointed girle back and front. Others are simply wound around the waist and fastened invisibly in the proper loag and straight front effect.

Convenient and fetching are the sets of velvet choux made by an ingenious young woman. Yards of velvet bebe ribbon are made up into four rosettes, one larger than the others, and having numerous long, looped ends. These are attached to three or four strips of the velvet about four inches apart, the larger, however, being at nearly double that distance from the three. In the centre of each is a tiny ornament. The set can readily be pinned on a simple gown, when a little extra smartness is desired, and add much to its beauty.—New York Tribune.

### Life in Manila.

Mrs. Whitsett, the wife of Lieutenant George P. Whitsett, now serving in the Philippines, has just returned from Manila on a brief visit to her family in Carthage, Kan. "There are now," she says, "two hundred American women in Manila, for whom there is only one dressmaker, and he is a Chinaman. Old Sank is his name, and he recently was arrested for smuggling. He was to go before Lieutenant Whitsett, as acting judge, for trial. Sang came to me in his distress to intercede. So did the rest of those two hundred American women. If Sang was put in jail, what would we women have to wear? Well, you may be sure Old Sang was let off easy—fortunately, he proved himself not guilty. But George, as judge, had all kinds of bribes offered him. Even I was offered Filipino candy and finery by the women prisoners who wanted to be let off lightly. We kept those the last six months with several other officers' families, each woman taking her turn as head of the household for one month, managing the Chinese servants, etc. Our food was bought at an army commissary. We had fresh meat from Australia (seven days on cold storage), potatoes, etc., from Hong-Kong, China, and our canned goods from America. Socially, the life is a pleasure. Driving on the Luneta, or cool ocean beach, is the universal pastime from 5 to 8 p. m. Once a month we attend the army and navy assembly dance, and there were two other dances a month at the Oriental Hotel."

Soft Woollens For Summer Gowns.

While the wash materials are always preferable for summer gowns for the more substantial toilets for dressy occasions, the softer woollen materials are to be very much worn. These come in the various shades of cloths, grenadines, Lanadownes and the soft silks. The trimmings are lace, quantities of lace, and the finer batiste embroideries are sometimes used with charming effect. For tailor gowns white cloth of a light quality is stylish, with trimmings of taffetas and liberty satin stitched and in the silk braids. These braids have the touch of gold in them.

For white skirts and for the yachting suits or seaside morning dressing white hop sacking is shown. It makes a durable skirt, from which the dust and sand can be so easily shaken and is made plain, with stitching only as a trimming. As popular as well to the white toilets for morning, noon and night, so are the hats. Whether of lace, straw, braid or chiffon, they are pretty near all white, and, though trying to the many, can be toned down by a face trimming of flowers or black velvet.

White undressed kid gloves are always stylish, and at the resorts white undressed kid gloves will be seen on modish young women.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Fashioning Silversmith.

A Western woman has recently invaded a profession hitherto monopolized by men, and has become wonderfully proficient in her art. She is an amateur silversmith, and skilfully produces pieces of jewelry and other articles of silver more or less ornate. It has been said of her that she works like one who has taste but no education. When possible to obtain it, she

uses the crude ore just as it comes from the mine, but more frequently she is compelled to take the metal from the rolling mills, where it has been melted and rolled into sheets. She also makes use of color in her work, as, for example, in a heavy silver twist, irregularly enamelled in brown, which serves as a clasp for an oze leather belt of the same color. Some oddly designed silver buckles, enamelled in strange blues and greens, and a delicate clasp of transparent blue enamel on a crush belt of changeable silk produce a most effective color scheme, with a tendency to bric-a-brac. A set of gorgeous cloak fasteners in copper, studded with brilliant hued enamel and held together with thongs of braided leather, is one of her original designs, and another, in strong contrast, is a silver buckle of fanciful shape, hammered into a delicate lace-work.

### Plans a Big Free Hospital.

Mrs. Ethel Costello, of Kalamazoo, Mich., is a nurse. She has lately inherited a fortune of \$500,000. Mrs. Costello is young and pretty. She has a little daughter. The sudden accession to fortune might have been expected to centre her thoughts chiefly upon her own pleasures, but it appears that she is not forgetful of the good that wealth enables its possessors to do. She says:

"As a trained nurse I have seen much of human suffering and mean to do something to alleviate the suffering of those who may be called God's poor. I believe I will endow a hospital for them. That is how I intend to give thanks for my good fortune."

"For myself, I expect to buy a yacht as soon as the hospital matter is settled and with my daughter and some good friends, go cruising over the waters of the earth, where I don't know, but anywhere, so I sail."

Mrs. Costello inherits her fortune from an uncle. The property is mostly in Honduras. She has been besieged by countless schemers with plans guaranteeing to double her estate in a short time, but she says that none of these persons will get a cent of her money to operate with.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Bernhardt on Shipboard.

On arriving in Paris from her American tour Bernhardt told her friends that on the trip over she had never quitted her cabin during the whole of the time. "Not even once," she said, "except to go to my bath in the morning. I do not like to be looked at as if I was a wild beast, so I was careful not to put my nose outside the door."

"But how did you pass the time?" "Oh, I used to read and write and chat, and play Salta and Halma."

"And look out on the sea?" "No, never," replied Mme. Bernhardt, "for it is a curious thing that I who love the sea so ardently when I can look at it from a beach, simply desert it when it is carrying me. I labor it so that I cannot even look at it."

"Perhaps it is that you are nervous?" "I do not think so," she replied, "for death by drowning is the only one which has no terror for me."—Malady About People.

### Stories Told by Bracelets.

Bracelets that tell stories are among the most ingenious modern devices for attaching some meaning to a young girl's trinkets. "The House that Jack Built" and "The Three Blind Mice" have already served as themes for illustration of this sort. The bracelet illustrating the former of these tales consists of a series of charms. The rat, the bag of malt, the cat, the dog, the cow with the crumpled horn, all are represented, and even the man all tattered and torn, the priest, the maiden and the house itself are not omitted. In the story of the three blind mice the carving knife is the prominent feature.

### Women Are Best Taught by Women.

Womanly graces of mind and heart are best taught by women. Nothing can make up for the lack of early mother-love and mother-care in a girl's life. The motherless daughter knows this too well. It is much the same in schools and colleges. Girls need the inspiration of a high type of womanhood always; they should have it before them at college, and they should also have it away from home in the intelligent guardianship and guidance of women instructors who command both love and respect.—Ada C. Sweet, in the Woman's Home Companion.



White mousseline gowns are the sine qua non of smartness for out-of-town wear.

Lace and batiste embroideries are the favorite trimming for foulard gowns.

Lace jackets, the newest thing of the summer, are certainly charming with muslin or silk skirts.

Amethyst buttons are a recent fashionable caper for fastening handsome white and light-tinted fabrics.

Flowered and dotted muslins, dimities, batistes and foulards are the correct summer materials for girls in their teens.

Although the boleros and the lace collars are not new, yet they are such satisfactory trimmings they still retain their vogue.

Lace and also chiffon bridal robes are quite as fashionable this season as the regulation white satin and oftentimes much more becoming.

A soft stock of the same material or one of the softest white mull, with lace trimmed ends, is the proper neck finish for this year's wash silk shirt-waist.

Shoulder knots of ribbon matching the soft ribbon sashes of bright hues are the swagger thing for little girls' wear, accompanied by colored socks and shoes or ankle ties of the same shade.

Practical sleeve, while necessary to a stylish gown, should be carefully chosen. The sleeve with a puff at the elbow or breaking out at irregular intervals all the way down the arm is fantastic rather than pretty.

## CONVEYED BY A SPARK

### MESSAGE OF THE PEACEFUL BOER TO HIS FIGHTING BROTHER.

An English Correspondent Describes in Picturesque Language How the British Plans Are Revealed to the Burglars in the Field.

The big fighting is over, with its Ladysmiths, Modder Rivers and Stormbergs, and in its place a new warfare has sprung up, a warfare on the run, says the Pretoria correspondent of the London Chronicle. The British are in Pretoria; they hold the towns and the railways, and the lively, waspish commandoes are active in their endeavors to make the outside country uninhabitable.

There are in the Transvaal tranquil, white-washed, iron-roofed dorps, through which the trains run twice daily with a homely punctuality; where shopkeepers grow fat in trade with the big garrisons and officers fill comfortable billets as Provost Marshals, District Commissioners and what not, which are none the less in a state of actual siege, so far as their surroundings go. In the streets and market places, there is nothing—no the everlasting topic of conversation—to indicate the presence of war and the proximity of an armed foe. Good-natured soldiers lounge through the places and guards change with a clasp and rattle at the corners of the streets. It looks rather like Germany in khaki, and the good relations which prevail among the townsfolk and the soldierly heighten the resemblance. Surrendered burghers, who have buried their Sunday-best Mausers, and temporarily suspended active operations, smoke on their stoops with an outward air of patriarchal benevolence that disarms their caution and invites good faith. To them the Britisher, with his belts and bayonets, tanks and files, stars and grades, is an ever-interesting anomaly; a pushing creature to be tolerated to a certain point, but to be sniped at and rushed on proper occasion. They some and they so, these burghers, regarding oaths of neutrality like the laws of the old constitution, framed for the advantage, and not for the oppression of the weak men.

This is a view of the inside. Beyond the pickets it is otherwise. From the hills which rise abruptly like islands standing out of the water, the gray, comfortable velvet rolls nakedly to the very skirts of the town, the skyline is bare and clean as the edge of a knife, and, looking straight before one, one seems to see the rim of the earth. An ox stalks solemnly across his grazing ground; he is the only moving thing visible between here and the sky. An innocent outlook; a most innocent outlook. So innocent and open that the cossack post striding slowly from one boulder to another and back again—it is well to have cover at hand—almost permits himself to think of home—and that girl in the Transvaal the night drops quickly; "at one stride comes the dark." The twilight, for the few brief minutes that it lasts, is exquisite. It smooths out the creases of the day, healing where the sun has touched, easing where the dust has stung, cooling the brain and comforting the body. The cossack post does think of home; he remembers just such another evening. Then talk was not of war.

But a light, a mere spark, which across the miles. It might have been a star, reconnoitering over the edge of a cloud before making its debut at the dance of the zodiac. On the other hand, it might have been a signal lamp, an affair of lenses and the tongue of a fate. The cossack post's home whistles aloft to hide a better wish, and his eyes snuff themselves on the point where that light appeared and went out.

He waits perhaps five minutes. Then it dodges up again. Dot-dash, dash-dot, it says, blinking brazenly to his very face. The code is a very strange one; nothing is to be gathered from watching the message. He shoulders his rifle, and steps briskly over the parched grass toward his homestead man. They are signalling to the town, where some of the patriarchal surrendered ones are making the most of their time among the soldiers who do not practice keeping secrets or having secrets to keep.

The light is announced from post to post, and a clever young lieutenant is dragged from a card table to observe what he is too clever to hope to understand. They are men of arms, these soldiers, and do not recognize the brain as a fighting unit—yet! That will come, but only after the next big flanking.

Meanwhile, a dear old boy with a most benevolent beard, and owing to sixty years, despite his straight back and keen eye and fresh cheek, is leaning out of a window watching a lamp flashing through the darkness. His name is Petrus Johannes Coetzee, and he has four sons on commando and three more buried down by the Tugela. His wife and married daughters are out yonder on the farm, protected from plunder and insult by the flat of Great Britain, and their eggs and poultry are very comforting to their rifles. His cattle, it is true, were commandeered by an irresponsible brigadier, racing northward with his column to join French, but who, nevertheless, found time to leave a receipt in full, insuring generous payment. And Petrus Johannes Coetzee finds the British officer very affable and sympathetic, and takes great interest in the army news that he hears.

His friends outside carry on an affectionate correspondence with him. On their side there is the helio and signal lamp; on the other that marvelous machine, the Kaffir telegraph. Kaffirs are vermin, as we know, and much lower in the scale of creation than the oxen they tend. They have an authority of the Boers, who ought to know for they have hunted them, fought them, killed them, used them, and learned them long since. But the Boer has taught us as little of the inwardness of the Kaffir as of the sources of his argument. We work the Kaffir bodily; the Boer knows how to enslave his soul.

A Kaffir walks out of the town toward dusk in the direction of the "Pretoria," More than likely he is a very fine Kaffir, with the limbs and trunk of an Amazon and a face of human intelligence. He saunters, with the peculiar Kaffir swing of the body, along the edge of the gutter, for he has no place, by the adopted law of the land, on the sidewalk and passes unobserved everywhere by the man with the gun. Perhaps a policeman in khaki and spurs stops him to inspect his pass, or unless he be labelled human, he is mere stray cattle. But that document is in exemplary order. He is in the employ of — Brothers, an laborer, and lives in the location whither he goes.

But before morning that Kaffir is eating freshly killed beef and maulies, in the laager on the hills, while Commandant Van der Westhuizen eagerly peruses a certain letter extending over several sheets of paper. And Petrus Johannes Coetzee, in his bedroom in the town, looks over his pipe bowl and lifts up his eyes to the hills whence cometh a certain message in dots and dashes from a lamp, advising receipt of his communication of even date.

Nevertheless, the intelligence department offers to hammer you in two rounds if you make any reference "lucus a non lucano."

Horror of Journalism.

Communism Boast Between a Brace of Editorial Sharps.

"If you haven't anything else to do," suggested the information editor, with a yawn, "you might tell me what you conceive to be the difference between shaving around a mole on your chin and carving a roast rabbit."

"One is a rather particular shave and the other is a choice hare-cut," retorted the exchange editor. "What is the diff—"

"Nothing of the sort. In the one case you have a care and in the other you carve a hare."

"Merely a hair-splitting distinction. What's the difference between a properly cooked Hudson River fish and a beginning in the stock market?"

"That's easy. One is a pickled shad and the other is a cooked goose."

"Not at all. You are losing your grip. The other is a gudgeon on the board."

"Scally. There's a better reason than that. They leave all the bones of the one and they take all the bones of the other. Eat more fish. It's brain food, and you need it. Speaking of food, what did the squeezed shorts eat the other day?"

"Mum! Bull pie."

"No. Saw Sage."

"If you don't like it you can slump it."

"Don't get in a fury. What's the difference between chivalry and square dealing?"

"One's bogus coffee and the other's honest tea. Why is a current report like the inmate of a boarding house?"

"Because it's a rumor. But here's a big difference. One flies but can't kick and the other kicks, but can't fly. Why is an ancient Mexican chef?"

"Like a hot tamale maker of to-day? He was an Aztec cook. Awful! When was the first prize fight?"

"When the lion and unicorn fought for a crown. What is—"

"No! No! It was when Lucifer went down to avoid punishment."

"Well, he didn't avoid it, just the same. What's the difference between an ice peddler—"

"And a custom house officer? One's an ice man and the other's an excise man. How would you get up a church trust?"

"Start on an amen corner. Why is a skeleton in a closet—"

"It's the Anatomy of Melancholy. What's the reason why Englishwood—"

"Because David Ward Wood, How does Governor Yates—"

"He Yates with his fork."

It was at this point that the railroad editor threatened to sit down on them if they didn't quit.—Chicago Tribune.

General Havelock's Characteristics.

Havelock was sixty-two years of age when the great chance of his life came to him. A little man, prim, erect, alert, quick footed, stern-faced, with snowy-white mustache and beard, Havelock, no doubt, had his limitations. A strain of severity ran through his character. "He was all ways," says one who served under him, "as sour as if he had swallowed a pint of vinegar, except when he was being shot at, and then he was as bilious as a schoolboy out for a holiday." There is a touch of burlesque of course, in that sentence, but Havelock was no doubt austere of temper, impatient of fools and had a will that moved to its end with something of the fiery haste and scorn of obstacles proper to a cannon ball. He was fond too, of making Napoleonic orations to his men, and had a high-pitched voice which could make itself audible to a regiment. And the British soldier, if fighting mood is rather apt to be his patient of oratory. But Havelock was a trained and scientific soldier, and a deep sense of duty of the antique sort, the sacred sense and reckoned life, when weighed against honor, as a mere grain of wind-blown dust, and Havelock, somehow, inspired in his men a touch of that solemnity of valor, associate with Cromwell's Ironsides.—The Cornhill.

Visiting Cards on a Tree.

Near Santa Cruz, Cal., a grove of giant redwoods is visited daily by tourists from many climes. Some time in the dim past the individual who likes to deface famous places by carving his initials with his knife, or tracing his name with a lead pencil came here, but owing to the nature of the trees there was no place on which he could leave a record of his visit in his usual way.

Nothing daunted he took his business card and tacked it on to "Junio," as the largest tree of the grove is called. Others of his ilk followed, and showed their appreciation of his action by doing likewise, until now the monarch of the redwoods has some hundreds of pasteboards tacked on or stuck into the bark. They do not bear any famous names.—Leslie's Weekly.

A Tribute to Busby's Powers.

In response to a paragraph in Nature calling attention to the proposal to erect a memorial to Professor Huxley, the editor recently received twenty-five cents, accompanied by an anonymous letter, from which he publishes the following extracts:

In Nature the reader is informed of a movement on foot in England for a memorial to the memory of Huxley. With gladness I breathe to contribute my mite, and I enclose a postal order for 1s. as some little help toward the memorial. Even now I am giving a casual dock laborer, living from hand to mouth, and often hardly able to make both ends meet. Had I never let my mind get rusty, and from my boyhood have had a keen partiality for nature's leading lights and their works. Among the brightest of these and of whom any nation might be justly proud, flashes out Thomas Henry Huxley."

Atchison Girls of Espionage.

An Atchison girl who is in love for the seventh time says she doesn't notice any difference in the attacks, except that she calculates more than she used to if the trouble in curling her hair is going to pay.—Atchison Globe.

## THE WORLD'S WOES.

This world's an endless sea of woes,  
The man but wakes to sigh,  
Contentment never yet was found  
Below the arching sky.

The thin man mourns because the flesh  
Is thin upon his bones;  
The lady with the double chin  
Looks in her glass and groans.

The childless man would give his all  
To have a little one;  
The man with seven boys would be  
O'erjoyed if he had none.

A down bestreals the maiden's lip,  
Therefore she moans about;  
The strong man's heart is sore because  
His hair is falling out.

—Chicago Record-Herald.



"Is Mr. Petersby rich?" "I don't think so. He dresses too fashionably."

—Tit-Bits.

He (reverently)—"You are the only girl I have ever loved." She—"Ah! What lots of fun you have ahead of you!"—Punch.

Her Father—"What are his business prospects?" Miss Heights (natively)—"That I do not know. I only know he means happiness."—Brooklyn Eagle.

For a happy coincidence.  
Pray, remark this:  
How happily miss rhymes with  
"Kiss" and with "bliss."  
—Philadelphia Record.

"It was understood that the cashier had been a lamb in Wall Street."  
"Therefore," said I, with a happy smile, "he skipped."—Indianapolis News.

"Is he a criminal lawyer?" "Well, I should hardly call him a criminal, though some of his practices come very close to being felonies."—Town and Country.

Circus Manager—"What's all that row in the dressing room?" Attend—"Oh, the man who walks barefoot on swords ran a splinter in his foot."—Ohio State Journal.

It is wise, of course, not to exhibit your ignorance by asking questions, but it is still wiser not to compel other people to exhibit their ignorance by asking them questions.—Brooklyn Life.

The man who doth procrastinate  
Sometimes is not so fond of worrying,  
He loses some drop of his estate  
And lets him do the hurrying.  
—Washington Star.

"Black yer boots!" grinned the young anthropoid ape. "Go on!" growled the caveman. "Don't try any of your monkey stunts on me." The phrase then began to thunder down the ages.—Pacific Unitarian.

Amateur Gardener (to goat-fencing neighbor)—"Hi, madam! One of your confounded pigs has got into my garden, and is eating my bedding-plants!" Neighbor—"Good gracious! I trust they are not poisonous?"—Punch.

"Who is that quiet individual whom the guests seem to avoid?" "Oh, he's a famous composer of classical music." "And that young man who seems to be the lion of the evening?" "Why, he's a rag-time piano player."—Ohio State Journal.

"I am sorry for you, my boy," said the old man. "I feel certain that you are about to ved a woman who does not know how to cook." "It might be worse, father," answered the young man. "She has promised never to try to learn."—Tit-Bits.

As they reached the corner he turned and whistled and then called "Here, Collar Button!" As the puny little terrier came skurping up, his companion said: "Why on earth do you call your dog that?" "Why," replied the proud but worried owner, "just because he gets lost so easily."—Kalla delphia Press.

A Paris Story From London.

Vernicelli cut into little letters is a thing commonly found in modern soap. But it is not often that it saves a man from financial disaster, as it did in the following case: An American visiting England was dining in London the other day during the height of the Wall Street boom. The talk turned on that subject, and the American, who had bought largely at high figures, maintained, against the general opinion, that the great prices rested on a solid business basis. Suddenly he saw in the spoonful of soup which he was raising to his lips four letters forming the word "Sell." Somewhat shaken by this, for he was a man of a superstitious turn of mind, he went on with his soup in a troubled mind until only six of the small white capitals remained floating in his plate. "They spelled the word 'Unload,'" hastily rising he excused himself upon a plea of indisposition, and took a cab to the nearest open telegraph office. He cabled to his broker, ordering the immediate sale of all he held in railways. As New York time is five hours behind our own, the thing was done before the market closed. The next day the panic began. He had got out at the top of the market.—London News.

A Tribute to Busby's Powers.

In response to a paragraph in Nature calling attention to the proposal to erect a memorial to Professor Huxley, the editor recently received twenty-five cents, accompanied by an anonymous letter, from which he publishes the following extracts:

In Nature the reader is informed of a movement on foot in England for a memorial to the memory of Huxley. With gladness I breathe to contribute my mite, and I enclose a postal order for 1s. as some little help toward the memorial. Even now I am giving a casual dock laborer, living from hand to mouth, and often hardly able to make both ends meet. Had I never let my mind get rusty, and from my boyhood have had a keen partiality for nature's leading lights and their works. Among the brightest of these and of whom any nation might be justly proud, flashes out Thomas Henry Huxley."

Atchison Girls of Espionage.

An Atchison girl who is in love for the seventh time says she doesn't notice any difference in the attacks, except that she calculates more than she used to if the trouble in curling her hair is going to pay.—Atchison Globe.