

It is a grand sight to see France rising up out of the Dreyfus mire, and taking her place again as a nation with a conscience, exclaims Life.

When it comes to trying to put a book into a single word the Germans certainly take first prize. They have called their new electric cabs "automobiletaxameterdroschken."

Striking proof of the growing popularity of automobiles is found in the way women well known in society are taking them up. These machines have already become a craze in Newport, where several women have shown great proficiency in running them.

At the recent annual meeting of the Society for the Employment of Women, in London, Sir Owen Roberts, who presided, said that in England there are two million women in excess of the male population, while in the colonies the surplus of males is about the same.

A capital of \$50,000,000 is now engaged and 50,000 people are employed in the various clipping bureaus of the world. The business consists in making and distributing newspaper clippings among those whom they concern. This is a very clear indication that a great many individuals take a deep interest in themselves.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine's model school will be erected in Chicago during the coming year in the vicinity of Hull house. While the two institutions will have the common purpose in view of elevating mankind, they will be different in that the model school will endeavor to occupy the same relation toward the children of the crowded district that Hull house has taken toward their parents. One hundred thousand dollars will be devoted by Mrs. Blaine to the founding of this school as a sort of adjunct to the college for teachers which her philanthropy has assured for Chicago in the near future.

There is an old rule for finding the length of a man's life if the present age lies between 12 and 86 years. Subtract the present age from 83, and divide the remainder by two; the result will give the number of years you have yet to live. This old rule was discovered by the mathematician De Moivre, who emigrated to England from France in 1865, and became a member of the Royal society. M. Schöling, who endorses the rule, affirms from his calculations that of 1000 individuals of 60 years 599 will live to be 70, 120 to be 80 years, and 17 to be 90; while of 1000 nonagenarians four will reach their hundredth year. We may add that for men of 65 the average expectation of life is 10 1-3 years.

A government official is causing trouble because he will not draw his pay. He does not need the money and allows it to accumulate, using the treasury as a sort of bank, till he has thirty warrants ahead, amounting to several thousand dollars. And this mixes up the bookkeeping of the government badly, since it is unaccounted to, and has made no provisions for, this kind of an officeholder, facetiously observes the New York Commercial Advertiser. It really seems as if he ought to be put out and his place given to a man that will appreciate his pay enough to take it out on pay day. There are plenty of worthy men that would be glad to agree to this stipulation; many, indeed, would sell their warrants months in advance, and at a discount. The government has worries enough without having to trouble over men that will not draw their pay when it is due.

The collection of mail in Hartford by trolley-cars, operative since April 1, has been highly satisfactory, and has benefited the service in many ways. Prompt advantage of the opportunity was taken by the people, and during the first month of the service, 22,209 letters and cards were collected from the boxes in the cars. This number was increased to over 30,000 in the second month, and in that number were 2241 special-delivery letters. This was an increase of more than one-fourth in the number of special-delivery letters over May in the preceding year, showing ready appreciation by the public of this method of quick communication. From the extremes of the trolley-car routes a letter arrives at the postoffice in a half-hour, and the subsequent immediate delivery of a special-delivery letter affords a cheap substitute for other messenger service. The probability of the establishment of a like service in other cities of the relative size of Hartford is increased by the good reports from that city.

THE ISLE OF SLEEP.

In the tropically languorous sea of sleep
There stretches a coral strand,
Where the moonlight plays 'mid the leafy palms
That grow in the dream-world land.
And here it is that fond dreams meet
And dance on the sands of gold;
While the misty shapes we chase in sleep
Within our arms we hold.
A land where the gold-brown poppy bud
Sways gently in the night,
And with its opium-laden breath
Lulls us to realms of light.
There are no sins, there are no fears,
No sorrows or vain regrets;
'Tis a silent kingdom of happiness
Where we wonder and—forget.
—Edyth W. Sterrett, in Life.

ONE MUST ECONOMIZE!

BY HELEN G. FORREST.

"I really don't know what I shall do about it," said Mrs. Peveril. She was sitting on the arm of a sofa, in her own room, confidentially displaying the treasures of her wardrobe to Miss Sally Siphon, who had been her bridesmaid, just two years before. And the particular article which inspired so much doubt in her mind lay on a chair opposite—a soiled, white silk dress, with the goes out of fashion, a wine-stain in the front breadth and the long train bearing evidences of considerable wear.

"No, I really don't," continued Mrs. Peveril, surveying the garment, with her head on one side. "It's too passe to wear, and yet it's too good to give away."

"Why don't you sell it?" said Miss Sally Siphon, briskly.

"Sell it?"

Mrs. Peveril opened her blue eyes in surprise.

"Yes," nodded Miss Sally. "People often do. I know a very respectable woman who makes a regular business of buying ladies' cast-off dresses; and she gives you a good price for 'em, and you know that's so much toward a new one. One must economize in these hard times."

"Oh, that would be charming!" said Mrs. Peveril. "But—but I'm afraid Horace wouldn't like it."

"Don't say anything about it to Horace," said Miss Siphon, in a whisper.

"I won't," said Mrs. Peveril.

"Shall I send Mrs. Isaacs to you?"

"Do," said Mrs. Peveril.

Miss Sally Siphon took leave accordingly; and Mrs. Peveril took her silk dress, and laid it carefully away in a bureau drawer.

"It's very stylish-looking yet," said Mrs. Peveril to herself, "and I shouldn't wonder if I got a decent price for it."

Mrs. Isaacs made her appearance that afternoon.

"I understand that you have something in my way, ma'am," said she, courtesying and smiling. "Miss Siphon mentioned—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Peveril, "a white silk dress!"

"Dear me, ma'am," said Mrs. Isaacs, "I could have wished it had been black, or garnet, or plum color, or some o' them neutral tints. White is the unsalablest color as we have in stock. But I'll look at it, ma'am. I never refuse anything in the way of trade."

And Mrs. Isaacs seated herself, smiling, until she seemed all white teeth and red lips, while Mrs. Peveril brought out the depreciated silk dress.

"Oh," said Mrs. Isaacs, with a glass at her eye; "old-fashioned, soiled, and a good deal worn!"

"The fashion is a little old," said Mrs. Peveril, feeling the color mount to her face. "It may be slightly soiled, but I have only worn it about a dozen times."

"I know lots of ladies as only wears their dresses once or twice, and then gives 'em to their maids," said Mrs. Isaacs. "Then we can afford to pay a good price for 'em—"

"What will you give me for this?" interrupted Mrs. Peveril, shortly.

"I couldn't say more than ten dollars," replied Mrs. Isaacs, with another display of the white teeth. "If it was plum color, or myrtle green—"

"Ten dollars!" echoed Mrs. Peveril. "But it cost a hundred!"

"When it was new," said Mrs. Isaacs. "But one can really get nothing for second-hand goods. I shall lose on it at ten dollars, but I would like to obtain your custom for the future."

"Take it!" said Mrs. Peveril, abruptly.

She was almost sorry that she had sold the dress when Mrs. Isaacs had courtesied herself out of the house, with the bundle projecting itself beneath the imitation shawl, and she was a little ashamed. But there was a ten-dollar bill, and she could have one of those exquisite bits of honiton lace, like Mrs. Chesterfield St. John's.

"And I'll coax another dress out of Horace," said she to herself. "Goodness me! wouldn't he be angry if he knew I had sold anything to one of those second-hand dealers?"

"Dear!" said Mrs. Peveril to her husband, that evening.

"Well, ducky?" responded the unsuspecting victim.

"I want a new white silk dress to wear to Mrs. Jennings's reception next week."

Mr. Peveril put down the newspaper and twisted himself around in his easy chair, to obtain a better view of his wife's smiling face.

"Another white silk dress?" said he.

"Why, you've got one already, haven't you?"

"Oh, that's worn out long ago!" promptly responded Mrs. Peveril.

"Times are hard, Rosabel," said Mr. Peveril, impressively.

Mrs. Peveril felt for her handkerchief.

"You wouldn't have your wife go into society looking like a dowdy, would you?" said she.

"Can't you wear some of your other silk frocks?"

"I've set my heart on a white gros-grain," said Mrs. Peveril, plaintively.

Mr. Peveril took up the newspaper again, and his wife had the good sense to say no more.

"He'll get it for me," thought she; and she chuckled to herself in a secret sort of way, as she thought of the tender bill she had made out of the old dress.

Mr. Peveril stopped at a dry goods palace the next day, and priced white gros-grain. It was four dollars a yard.

"And how many yards does it take to make a dress?" asked he.

The polite clerk really could not say. It depended so much on the height and proportion of the lady. From twenty-five to thirty yards, was, however—

"And the dressmakers' bill on top of that," almost shouted Mr. Peveril.

"No, I won't take it today!"

And he strode away, muttering dire anathemas on the extravagance of the age.

How he came to select Blessington street as the especial down-town route for that particular day he never knew, but select it he did. And in front of an establishment which was half concealed by a grove of dresses swinging from above, as if half a dozen ladies had committed suicide by wholesale, he espied the following placard:

"Bargains in Ball-dresses. Inquire Within."

"By Jove!" said Mr. Peveril, staring up at the fluttering flosses and the empty sleeves, which seemed to beckon at every gust of wind, "I never thought of that!"

The next instant he felt himself taken insidiously by the arm and hurried into the store, with a persuasive voice in his ear, begging to show in what way they could possibly serve him.

"Got any white silk ball dresses?" demanded Mr. Peveril.

How fortunate it was protested Miss Naomi Isaacs (who was exactly like her mother, only a size smaller), that they had just received an invoice of that very article from Paris!

"They must be gros-grain!" added Mr. Peveril, remembering his instructions.

"Gros-grain is the exact material!" cried Miss Naomi, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes.

And she brought out a white silk dress, trimmed with cheap Spanish blonde, and smelling rather strong of benzine.

"That's the article," said Mr. Peveril, his face glowing with satisfaction. "Almost exactly like the last one she had. What is the price of that dress?"

Miss Naomi, after referring to the books of the establishment, answered that the dress was dirt cheap at seventy-five dollars.

"Seventy-five dollars!" repeated Mr. Peveril. "Isn't that rather steep, now, for a second-hand dress?"

"But look at the material," smiled Miss Naomi Isaacs. "And then, you know, sir, the dress is all made and trimmed so exquisitely. You have no dressmaker's bill of thirty or forty dollars to pay!"

"That's very true," said Mr. Peveril. "In hard times one must economize."

So he paid down the seventy-five dollars, and walked out of the store with the "bargain," neatly folded in a mouster paste-board box, under his arm.

And all the day he smiled mysteriously to himself whenever he thought of the agreeable surprise which he had in store for Mrs. Peveril that night.

"Well, darling," said he, as he came into his wife's sitting-room—boudoir, she called it.

"Well," she answered, with a responsive smile.

"I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"The white silk gown," flinging the box toward her. "Just from Paris. All made and trimmed, and ready to put on!"

"Oh, you darling!" cried Mrs. Peveril, effusively, as she jumped up and kissed her liege lord on each side of his countenance, and then in the middle.

And then she cut the string with her scissors, and opened the paste-board box, expecting to behold some marvel of Worth's or exquisite creation of Madam Elise's.

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Peveril, recoiling.

"What is it, my dear?" questioned Mr. Peveril.

"Take it away!" said Mrs. Peveril.

"What for?" said Mr. Peveril.

"It's the same one!" sobbed the lady—"with the greese-spots taken out by nasty benzine, and a few yards of cotton blonde basted across the front. Horace Peveril, where did you get it?"

"At Madam Isaacs' on Blessington street," said Mr. Peveril, beginning to realize that there was some terrible mistake somewhere. "And I gave seventy-five dollars for it."

"Seventy-five dollars!" shrieked Mrs. Peveril. "And I sold it to her, yesterday, for ten."

And then Mr. Peveril went into hysterics in good earnest.

Mr. Peveril went down to the dry-goods emporium, the next day, and ordered twenty-four yards of the four-dollar silk; and Mrs. Peveril economized no more in the cast-off-dress direction. And both of them are particularly anxious to avoid the subject.

"Because," says Mrs. Peveril, "I was such a goose!"

"And I was the biggest fool in New York!" says her husband.—Saturday Night.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—Pink dimity is here prettily united with fine lawn, tucking and lace insertion, the trimming being ruffles of the material, edged with valenciennes lace. A



GIRLS' YOKE DRESS.

sash of pink taffeta ribbon is daintily bowed in back. The full waist is simply gathered top and bottom, and arranged over fitted linings. The waist may be made without lining and finished with a low, round neck, the lining and sleeves being used separately as a guimpe. The closing is made in centre back, and the neck is completed with a standing collar. The one seam sleeves are gathered at the upper and lower edges, the wrists being finished with bands of insertion edged with a

these, like the one shown in the large engraving, has all-over embroidery for the fabric, with stripes meeting in points all the way down front and back. It is stunning and dainty, and it is hard pushed by the lovely nainsook one with the short yoke of embroidery and lace running down into the top of the sleeve. The finish of the bottom of the sleeve of this one is unique too, with its long pointed cuff falling over the hand and making no end of a becoming flap to the very knuckles.

For the white waists there are at least three ties for each, wide, long, soft affairs to wind around the throat and tie in a short bow with long floating ends. For the silk waists the neckwear is white or rose color, blue or violet in chiffons or gauzes, with ends finished with crimped chiffon, or having striking patterns in rich lace appliqued on.

Hats Joyful to Look Upon.

Tulle hats are airy, fairy nothings, joyful to look upon. Iridescent effects in these diaphanous materials are delightful. Combine pale blue, Nile green, pink and lavender, with butterflies for trimmings. Spangles should not be used, as their brilliancy would ruin the effect.

Earrings to Reappear.

It comes from very good authority that earrings are to reappear, not the simple solitaire or plain unobtrusive form of eardrops alone, but pendant ornaments, such as Queen Victoria wore in her early years, and at times still uses.

Jacket For Autumn.

Fawn-colored vicuna made the stylish autumn jacket, the lower line of which is characterized by



WAIST OF A POPULAR TYPE.

graceful dip fronts so popular last season. The fronts lap slightly in reefer style and close with a double row of flat round-shaped crystal buttons. Machine stitching finishes the edges in strict tailor style. The bodice fronts may be fitted with single bust darts, if so preferred. Under arm and side back goes with a curved centre seam in back contributing trim adjustment, coat laps and pressed plaits being arranged at the termination of the back seams.

The fronts reverse at the tops and forked pointed lapels that meet the rolling collar in notches. Pockets are inserted in the fronts, over which laps are stitched to conceal the openings. The fashionable sleeves are correctly shaped with upper and under portions, the fulness of the upper being taken up in four short darts or dis-



MISSIE'S REEFER JACKET.

posed in gathers, if so preferred. A double row of stitching at cuff depth finishes the wrists. This jacket may form part of a suit of chevrot, serge, broad, venetian or covert cloth, or in light or dark shades be worn with separate skirts. Braid or strapped seams can be effectively used in its completion, and a silk lining will provide a dainty inside finish. To make this jacket for a miss of fourteen years will require one and one-half yards of material fifty-four inches wide.

The Advanced Shirt Waist.

The shirt waist is an institution that has come to stay. It has its subscribers in the homes of the poor and the mansions of the rich. Its praises are sung by the women who have cents and by the women who have dollars. The popularity of the convenient article of dress places it on a pinnacle from which it will take lots of time to drag it, if it ever comes down at all.

The shirt waist belongs to no class, to no clime, so far as America is concerned. It has covered the upper of the Southern as well as that of the Western woman, and that of the Eastern woman as well as that of the Eastern woman.

Four dozen is a very ordinary number to own and the collection possessed by some reads like the extraordinary number of toilets listed in the royal wardrobes.

There are bound to be at least two-thirds of the lot that are white. That goes without saying this year. There is a pink and white gingham fine as gossamer, a pale blue, a medium blue, a deep blue with a round yoke of embroidery. There are at least two acres with embroideries to lighten them and lavender ones, and white ones these in silk, and solid grounds with narrow stripes and broad and narrow stripes alternating. The bewildering variety of designs in the white ones almost takes even the owner's breath away as she views them for the first time buried in tissue papers of delicate tints. The most advanced of



MISSIE'S REEFER JACKET.

posed in gathers, if so preferred. A double row of stitching at cuff depth finishes the wrists. This jacket may form part of a suit of chevrot, serge, broad, venetian or covert cloth, or in light or dark shades be worn with separate skirts. Braid or strapped seams can be effectively used in its completion, and a silk lining will provide a dainty inside finish. To make this jacket for a miss of fourteen years will require one and one-half yards of material fifty-four inches wide.

TALKING WISE.

When the daylight fades away
And the sunset colors play
O'er the mountains in the west—
That's the time I like the best.
When I've done up every chore,
Gatherin' 'round outside the store,
With the good old chums I prize,
Settin' 'round an' talkin' wise.

Let's an' monopolists,
Base ball gam' and fights with fists,
Naval victories, war on land,
Trusts, Imperialism and
All the rest! If you'd some 'round
You'd enjoy it, I'll be bound.
'Tud fill you with surprise
If you heard us talkin' wise.

Golf is what some people like.
Others fish or ride a bike;
Some play ball or sail a boat;
Some hang by ear or nose.
But us folks our pleasure finds
Jes' improvin' of our minds,
When the busy daylight dies,
Settin' 'round an' talkin' wise.

'Course, we're amateehors. That's all.
But I've heard big men an' small
Meetin' to debate fur pay—
Made their daily bread that way.
'Twan't no more convinein' than
What'll pass from man to man
When we folks extemporize
Settin' 'round an' talkin' wise.
—Washington Star.

HUMOROUS.

Tommy—Say, paw. Mr. Figg—
Well? "How big is the universe?"
"As big as all out doors, of course."

He—I wish I could be a kissing bug
a little while. She—Oh, well, there
might be a little kissing bee, yo
know.

Williams—The baseball profes
seems to be getting overcrowd
Hopkins—Yes, the collages are tu
ing out more players than the club
can use.

"Do you mean to say that you will
recognize Aguinaldo as a dictator?"
asked the rebellious Filipino. "I can't
help myself," was the sorrowing
reply. "I'm the official stenographer."

Mr. Kiddby—Who is making that
infernal jangle on the piano? Mrs.
Kiddby—That is Constance at her ex
ercise. Mr. Kiddby—Well, for heaven's
sake, tell her to stop her exercise som
other way.

"When a man pays attention to a
woman," says the Manayunk Phil
osopher, "it's generally a sign that he
wishes to marry her, and when he
doesn't pay attention to her it's often
a sign that he has married her."

"Freddie," said his mother, severely,
"didn't I tell you that you
shouldn't ride your bicycle today, be
cause you were naughty?" "This
isn't my bicycle," said Freddie; "it's
Tommy Jones's. We've exchanged just
for today."

"Your hair isn't wet, uncle, is it?"
asked little Tommy. "No, of course
not," replied the amused relative;
"what makes you think my hair is
wet?" "Because I heard mamma say
you had a hard time to keep your head
above water."

Maudie's papa is night editor on a
newspaper, a fact which Maudie ap
parently hasn't learned, for when some
one asked her a few days ago what her
father did for a living, she replied: "I
div it up. I fink he's a burglar, 'cause
he's out all night."

Little four-year-old Flossie was
looking at a picture book and finally
said: "Mamma, why do men hunt
lions and tigers?" "Because they
are cruel and kill sheep and poor lit
tle innocent lambs," replied her
mother. "Then why don't they hunt
the butchers, too?" she asked.

Mrs. Newham—Oh, John, there
was such a tender-hearted tramp here
today! Mr. Newham—Tender-hearted!
Mrs. N.—Yes. I asked him to weed
the garden to pay for the dinner I
had given him, and he said he was a
botanist, and that it hurt his feelings
to destroy living plants.

"When I can't sleep at night," said
she, "I say to my husband, 'Oh, read
me one of my dear minister's sermons.'
And he has not read five
minutes when I am sound asleep!"
The "dear minister" said, of course,
that he was delighted to hear it; al
though it was not wholly for that pur
pose the sermons were published.

To Work Cleopatra's Mines.

"Yes, we've got a concession from
the Egyptian government, which gives
us the right to mine for emeralds and
other precious stones on the coast of
the Red Sea for the next five years,"
said a well known Bond street jeweler.
"I have not yet signed the concession,
but it's all right. Egyptian
emeralds? Here's a basketful, or at
least of ore or talcose schist, from
which the emeralds are derived.
Here's a fine piece of emerald, now,
and here, and here."

To the uninitiated eye they were
not exactly flashing green fires, and
the reporter wanted to know if the
color was coming by a later mail.

"Color? Some of these have been
lying out there in the region of the
Nile these two thousand years, and
the sun's taken the color out of them,
as it will out of everything. And it is
a sun there."

"We expect to get some good
stones, of course, or else we shouldn't
have made the arrangement. Why,
Cleopatra's famous jewels were mined
there, and you will remember she
gave as presents to ambassadors por
traits of herself engraved on emeralds.
The stones during her reign were re
garded as strictly royal property, and
Egypt was described by Mandeville
some 500 years ago as 'a country of
fair emeralds.'

"Where are the mines? In the
centre of a great mineral field formed
by a depression in a long range of
mountains which runs all along the
Red Sea coast. There are two main
emerald mining centres. That of
Sikail, approached from the sea by
the Wadi Jamal, is the largest and
most extensive, and some ten miles
north of these are the Jabel Abbar
mines."—London Leader.