

If the fad among American girls for marrying foreign princes keeps up the sultan of Sulu will be sending over presently for quotations on half-dozen lots.

The government of Kassel, Germany, is evidently determined to put down train-wrecking. For the capture of a man who recently made an attempt in that direction a reward of \$24 was offered.

It is doubtless an indiscretion for a public man to say privately what won't cause trouble if spoken openly. But the man who gives to the world what has been said to him in private confidence commits something more than an indiscretion, and little less than a crime.

The old-fashioned toy house that told us it was going to be fair because the woman came out of the house, and that it was going to be stormy because the man stood to the front, gave us the natural idea of the wife's and the husband's place. In matters fair and gentle and domestic the wife is properly the head; in stormy, stern, and especially in out-of-doors affairs, the husband is the best head of the house, or his wife is unfortunate.

An item of interest is reported in the Woman's Tribune from the little Nebraska town of Culbertson. There the women living in the town have furnished a waiting room with easy chairs and toilet conveniences for the comfort of women coming in from the country. "Nothing could be more sisterly and humanitarian," says the Tribune. "Women usually come in the farm wagons to the town to do their shopping and have to hang around the stores waiting for the men to have finished their business which usually includes settling the political affairs of the nation."

George Dewey may have begun to be a hero late in life, as he says, but he is a real hero, because he is so human, observes the New York Sun. We know from his manner of speech, his sympathies, his toleration, his brave natural carriage and the bold but gentle light of his eyes that he must have been the same Dewey all his life that he is today. The man was always ready for the opportunity to be great, but it did not come to him until the first of May, 1898. It has probably puzzled him to find that he has grown so famous, and that in the estimation of the world he is to take his place among its great men for all time—puzzled him because he is so modest and so incapable of being anything but the plain, unaffected character whose worth his friends, and whose great qualities his brother officers, have known all along.

The higher education of women is a recent thing. It never had anything that could be called a start until the present century was well advanced. But though this movement began late, it has made a phenomenal progress. Women seemed determined to make up for lost time in the matter of education. It appears that the women are being educated away from the men. Within the memory of many persons now living there was not a college for women, or a school for their higher education, in this country or anywhere in the world. Now these schools of this character are to be found in every state and territory, in every city and in most of the towns of considerable size, in the United States. There are far more girls than boys in attendance upon schools for higher education in this country. It will be interesting to see what the relative proportion of the two will be when it is ascertained by the next census, but it will certainly show the girls to be far in the lead.

There is always something interesting in the discovery, or even the supposed discovery, of a new malady. The race rejoices in nothing so much as in talking about its physical disabilities. We have a long succession of troubles in connection with the bicycle. It is only natural that the new rival of the wheel should keep in the swim and produce its own peculiar troubles. A piece of dialogue in the Automobile Magazine shows that the expected has happened. A young woman is the subject of the conversation "Puts on a good many airs," said one neighbor to another, as they walked home after the rapidly disappearing automobile. "You'd think that she invented the horseless carriage and owned the only one in use, instead of taking a few rides by special invitation. And did you notice that she's getting the automobile face?" "I noticed she looked kind of queer." "Yes, proud and puffed up, as if she were somebody better than any other woman. That's the way they all look."

THE RAINY DAY.
Takin' things easy an' driftin' along;
Hurryin' some when the current is strong;
Listlessly lyin' an' goin' to sleep
Where Time's mighty river flows silent and deep.
Ijes' want to dream far away from the throng,
Takin' things easy an' driftin' along.
Takin' things easy an' driftin' along—
The plaster's come down an' the roof has gone wrong!
Wish I'd a' fixed 'em. I reckon we'll drown
Unless we all bustle an' walk into town.
It's no good in fact, though it's fine in a song,
Takin' things easy an' driftin' along.
—Frank L. Stanton.

COMPROMISED.

"Yes," said Miss Isidora Ives, "the Tower is mine still, and I intend to keep it. Everything else they have taken away from me, because some loggerheaded old ancestor of mine signed his name to a deed 'John B. Robinson' instead of 'John C. Robinson.' As if one letter of the alphabet could make any difference! I've no patience with people! The majesty of the law, indeed! Pshaw!"

"But if the rest of the property belongs to your Cousin Robinson, so does the tower," suggested Mrs. Milroy.

"I can't help that," said Miss Isidora. "Here I am, and here I mean to stay, law or no law."

Mrs. Milroy opened her weak eyes. Feeble as a kitten herself, she could scarcely comprehend such valiant resolution in another.

"But if they come here with the sheriff, and a posse comitatus, and a writ of his habeas corpus?" she faltered.

"Then," said Miss Isidora, "they'll have to clear out again. Common sense is common sense. The house is mine, and I mean to keep it. I've got new bolts and bars to all the doors, and I keep a kettle of boiling water on the stove night and day, and my friend, Mr. Jeffreys, who is clerk in a law office, has given me the hint never to let in a man with a bag."

"Why not?" breathlessly questioned Mrs. Milroy.

"Don't you see?" said Isidora, snappishly. "Because it will be full of law papers. Writs and summonses, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Milroy. The Tower was hers, and the tower she meant to keep. And Rebecca, her little maid, was stricken with breathless admiration for her warlike qualities.

"But, of course, ma'am," said Rebecca, "nobody can stand against the law."

"I'll see whether they can or not!" said Miss Isidora Ives. "Be sure you keep the kettles well filled, Rebecca, and don't let the fires go out day or night."

And whenever she received through the mail a letter with a legal appearance, or an envelope crested with the firm address of Messrs. Tape & Stringham, her cousin Robinson's lawyers, she invariably poked it between the bars of the grate, and smiled vindictively to see the blaze.

"What are we to do with such a case as this?" said Tape, when he heard all this.

"Put in a sheriff's officer at once," said Stringham. "The woman is a trespasser, and has been all her life."

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Tape, blandly. "She's a woman. No harsh measures. It is Gideon Robinson's express injunction that all courtesy be shown to the defendant. We'll try something else before we proceed to extremities."

And one pleasant October afternoon when the air was all blue mist, and the setting sun shone as if through a medium of opaque gold, the landlord of the Toplady Arms came puffing up the hill with a stout pleasant-faced gentleman, and rang the bell, which echoed like a double chime through the tiny tower.

"Go away!" said Miss Isidora, from the window, spying the tops of two hats.

"Oh, ma'am!" squeaked Rebecca over her shoulder, "shall I get the gun?"

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said the stranger, "but—"

"Go away, I say!" sternly repeated Miss Isidora Ives. "Rebecca, bring in that kettle! I'll have you to understand that I am not to be trifled with."

But by this time mine host of the Toplady Arms had simultaneously recovered his breath and his presence of mind.

"Miss Ives," he puffed, stertorously, "don't be frustrated! It's only Israel Jenkins."

"Bless the man's heart!" said Miss Isidora, "why didn't he say so before? And what on earth did you want here, Jenkins?"

"It's a lodger, Miss Ives," said Jenkins, who had married Miss Isidora's old nurse, and somehow felt himself to be connected with the family.

"A lodger?" repeated Miss Ives. "This isn't a lodginghouse, man alive!"

"Yes'm—I'm quite aware of that," said Israel, meekly. "And where no offense is intended, it's hoped as none will be took. But, knowing as you was alone and unprotected—"

"I don't know what you call unprotected," brusquely interrupted Miss Ives. "I've got a loaded gun and a six-gallon kettle of boiling water here."

"And," mildly went on Israel Jenkins, "this 'ere gentleman, a Mr. Marshall of Alabama, wanted a pleasant lodging in the neighborhood, which meals could be took at the Top-

lady Arms—though our apartments is all occupied with the gentry as come to fish and shoot, through October—and November—and it might be a consolation to you, Miss Ives, to have a gentleman about the premises."

Mr. Marshall proved himself a quiet and peaceable member of the little household. He liked dogs, and allowed Miss Ives' King Charles spaniel to sleep, undisturbed, amid the papers on his table.

He was partial to birds, and entered at once into the most friendly of alliances with the parrot and the macaw. He grafted Miss Isidora's orange tree for her, and showed her a new way to train her wax plants.

And at the end of four weeks Miss Isidora put into execution a plan which she had been forming.

"Mr. Marshall," she said, "it's a great deal of trouble for you to go three times a day tramping down that long hill to the Toplady Arms and back again. You are no longer a stranger to us here. We have learned to respect and trust you. If you choose to take your meals with us here, I shall be quite willing to submit you to my frugal table, as a friend."

Mr. Marshall's countenance changed oddly. He made a curious sound in his throat as if he were swallowing something.

"Miss Isidora," he said, "I can't."

"Can't!" repeated the lady.

"Nothing could induce me to eat salt under this roof," said Mr. Marshall, incoherently.

"Bless and save us! Is the man mad?" cried Miss Isidora Ives.

"I am, socially speaking, a fraud," said the stranger, "a forger."

Miss Ives sat down on the sofa in a helpless way and stared at him.

"But your sweet graciousness and kindness have conquered me," added Mr. Marshall.

"What do you mean?" said Miss Ives.

"Just this," said the stranger. "I am here on false pretenses. I am your cousin, the plaintiff. My name isn't Marshall, but Gideon Marshall Robinson."

"Ma'am," whispered the heartless maid, who turned absolutely green on hearing the name of the family enemy, "shall I bring the kettle of boiling water?"

"Rebecca," says Miss Ives, "hold your tongue and go out and feed the young turkeys. I am fully competent to manage this matter myself."

And Rebecca, feeling herself put down, departed.

"I came here," went on Mr. Robinson, "to look into the facts of the case myself. I have heard of your prejudices against me—"

"Yes, I think so," interposed Miss Ives.

"And I do not blame you for them," said Mr. Robinson. "Now that I am personally acquainted with you, Miss Ives, nothing could induce me to prosecute this—"

"Iniquitous claim!" interposed Isidora.

"Iniquitous claim!" acceded Mr. Robinson, with a repetition of the swallowing sound. "Just what you please to call it. I respect you as a lady, but I appreciate you as a relative; but, of course, knowing who I am, you cannot tolerate me any longer as your friend. I will pack my bag and depart at once. I can only feel regretful that I have deceived you so long. I feel myself to be a hypocrite and a swindler!"

He waited meekly to receive the full title of Miss Isidora's curbed wrath. She put out her plump little hand, with four dimples in the four joints.

"Don't go!" she said in a low voice.

"What?" cried the incredulous plaintiff.

"There's no reason why we shouldn't be friends," said Miss Ives, in her odd, brusque way. "Things seem so very different now that we are acquainted with each other. Couldn't we—compromise?"

"Isidora," said Mr. Robinson, "we're cousins, you know, twice removed. I may call you Isidora?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Miss Ives.

"We are the two last seeming heirs."

"Plaintiff and defendant," nodded Isidora.

"Exactly so. Now it has just occurred to me—I mean, I've been thinking of it for some time—that if we were to unite our claims—"

"To get married, do you mean?" said Isidora, bluntly.

"Yes, precisely. It would put an end to all litigation," pleaded Marshall Robinson. "Would you be willing to marry me?" said Mr. Gideon Marshall Robinson.

"Y-yes!" said Isidora. "I think I should. I'm not young, but then six-and-thirty is not absolutely old."

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

New York City (Special).—On the street it is now possible to take stock of the new coats, and a great many full-box shapes with Raglan shoulders



certainly are worn. Of course they should be the exclusive property of the youthful and slender, for ample proportions find no strength or refuge in their straight trying lines. Everything except a dress coat, that fairly lays itself out in its gorgeous revers, buttons well up onto the chest, with



fly front, too, and there, only a few inches below the chin, opens back with modestly small silk-faced lapels.

Again, everything except a dress coat, the eccentricities and prerogatives of which will be dwelt upon later, has pockets, plenty of them, and for true service designed. A Raglan pocket, for instance, when it is nobly planned, has a right-hand slip in its skirts that opens into a capacious silk-lined pocket, and then there is, on the same side, a breast pocket. A ticket pocket is its descriptive title given by the tailor men, and if this coat is used for traveling the virtues of that upper pocket can be tested and appreciated.

Three of the Season's Triumphs.

On many models lace motives are mingled and form part of the appointed garniture. The arrangement requires taste, but when properly treated the effect is absolutely charming. To look its best the shade chosen for this style of trimming must not correspond exactly with that of the dress, but in preference be a shade or two lighter when the lace which accompanies it is white, and darker in the case of black lace being chosen. One of the most striking costumes of the season is shown in the large engraving. It is a piece-dyed robe with scarf draperies of fancy material, and is from the Dry Goods Economist. The costume on the left of the large engraving represents a tailor-made princess robe of Dresden-blue satin de laine, trimmed with a scroll design in steel beads. A similar adornment conceals the back seam on the skirt and corsage.

The central figure shows a rich silk visiting dress of "roseau" green, with side panels of handsome cream-colored renaissance lace, framed on either side by three folds of dark-green velvet. The bodice, which bulges slightly in front, but without fullness, has brochettes and epaulettes of the same lace, which terminate at the shoulder seam. Cuffs of the same at the wrists. Small embroidered cambric collar with long "Regato" cravat of roseau-green silk.

Black Velvet Much Used.

Black velvet is seen in some form on nearly all light gowns. Bands

across the front, in many cases, appear to fasten the skirt. Others, again, have a wide black velvet band from the centre of a high stock, secured in front by a buckle. The favorite way, however, is to thread white lace with narrow velvet and use the lace as trimming. Entire gowns are made of this velvet, threaded with insertion, sewed deftly together.

A beautiful toilet of ecru guipure has two small capes covering the shoulders, the one over the other. These and the standing collar, also of guipure, are threaded with very narrow black velvet. A torsade of black velvet descends in front to the waist, while black velvet bows continue the effect on the front of the skirt.

Bangs Are Becoming Popular.

Bangs are slowly but surely superseding the pompadour. The most novel feature of the coiffure is the pouch at the back. It is often so exaggerated that it hangs over the collar. The scold locks are caught up the middle of the pouch with a dainty bit of a gold lace pin and a luxurious head of hair is affected by padding the pouch with a wide pompadour roll.

How Skirts Are Made.

Skirts are still made to touch in the front and sides, with quite a dip in the back, but have plaits at the waist line, rather than the perfectly plain effect. None of the new gowns are gathered at the back.

Two Pretty Effects.

A pretty effect in braid is shown in its application on a blue cloth tailor-made suit. The tunic appears in this instance, which is taken from the New York Sun, over a very plain overskirt and trimmed with black braid in conventional designs. The coat is one

of the shortest, and short even as regards the elongated front, which can be called long only because the back is so far from that. The way in which the braid is applied seems more in keeping with the idea of the wandering floral pattern than does the usual. Mink fur lines the high collar, and mink plays an important part on the hat, where it forms the crown.

The charms of black and white are to be seen in an extremely plain but very fetching gown. The skirt of black cloth is unrelieved with the exception of a row of white stitching. The dainty little bolero is bordered by a row of the white stitching, too, and is fastened with buttons of black and white. On the revers and collar another note is brought to bear, for they are faced not with white, but with a delicate corn-colored material. The toque brings the black, the white and the yellow into combination by using black and white plaid with a narrow line of the yellow running through

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BORROWERS.
"Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long."
Yet, some there be, it seems to me,
That know not right from wrong—
And hence 'tis mine to quite despise
The meanness of the man
Who, when he borrows "anything,"
Will keep it if he can.

Books by the score, in my day
Have kindly lent, to find
My shelves now bare, indeed of much
That fed my youthful mind;
Thus, none may wonder if I here
Confess that I have grown
Full weary of the man who keeps
That which is not his own.

Again, 'e'en if the wish is vain,
I want restored to me
The "trifles" which, within an hour,
Repaid were sure to be;
But here the maxim well applies,
"To borrow not, nor lend;
For oft, when we the latter do,
We lose both cash and 'friend."

Perchance 'tis wiser and humane
Each borrower to forgive,
Since "memory" fails and weaker grows
The longer that they live;
Still, I may not the while forget
The meanness of the man
Who, when he borrows "anything,"
Will keep it if he can.
—Robert Bain, in Somerville (Mass.) Jour-
nal.

HUMOROUS.

"Ever up in a balloon?" "Me?
No. But I have been in love."

Boss—Here, Johnny, hurry up and take these pills around to old Brown, and collect before he dies.

"You can't keep a secret, Marie."
"Yes, I can, but I... yours happen to tell things to other girls who can't."

Briggs—Nice suit you've got on.
Griggs—Yes. How much do you suppose that suit cost? Briggs—You the tailor?

"To the pure all things are pure"—
Ah, this is true no more,
For the pure get left as others do,
When they tackle the grocery store.

Doctor—I will leave you this medicine to take after each meal. Mike—And will yez be kind enough to leave the meal, too, doctor?

"I've always given Lot credit for one thing." "What's that?" "When his wife looked back he was too much of a gentleman to say "rubber-neck!"

"Some day," said the high-browed young man, "I expect to have the world at my feet." "What have you been doing all this time," snarled the cynic, "walking on your hands?"

"Liquid air is nothing new," said Dukean, after Gaswell had been telling him of wonderful discoveries. "What do you mean?" "There has been soda-water ever since I can remember."

Hail to the glorious game of golf!
Since its arrival you'll strike,
Sometimes, a youth or a lass who'll talk
Of something other than the "blinks."

Married Friend—My husband says stock speculation is very dangerous if you get on the wrong side of the market. Fiancee—But George has promised to be very careful not to get on the wrong side of the market.

Mamma—What is my Tommy going to do when he is a man? Tommy (aged 4)—Oh, I suppose I shall do the same as the rest of the men—tie myself to some woman. Dad set me the example, and I'll have to follow it.

The Sentimentalist—Poets, you know, are born, not made. The Materialist—Oh, yes, I know; but if there were any demand for the goods a poet factory would be started inside a week.

"Will you be my wife?" asked the impudic but noble Count de Kak-iak. "I will," replied the American heiress; "not because I love you, but because the good book says a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

How the Horses Died.

Having reached the firing-line, many officers left their horses tied to the brush on the sands of San Juan river. Baggage and gun mules were turned loose, and stood stupidly about. There was a constant tweet of bullets coming through the trees from the Spanish position. One horse caught three almost in a bunch; another passed through them, and he lay down on his side, panting desperately. A big gun-mule lay on his side gasping, and another horse sat down like a dog, giving every evidence of great pain. A ball cut the skin on a mule's knee, but he only stamped the leg as though to get rid of a troublesome fly.

The thing about it which was strange to me was that the horses which were untouched seemed sleepy—they