

The average number of novels issued 100 years ago in America and Great Britain was sixteen a year. Now the average is two or three a day.

A scientific contemporary has discovered a "breed of cats in South America which do not know how to mew." Probably, like other cats, they yowl all the time.

El Diario de la Marina of Havana says that in a war between the United States and Spain the latter would not get the worst of it. That journal clearly is entitled to another guess.

Japan is coming to the front steadily with new railroad projects. The country has about 3000 miles, a little more than half as much mileage as Georgia has. Applications have been made for charters for 12,351 miles.

No one is surprised to hear nowadays that this well-known man or that has taken to the bicycle. All the world's a-wheel, both sexes and all conditions. Some ride for their health, others because it is fashionable, and again others from a love of sport. There is nothing like the bicycle as a rejuvenator. The man who finds that age will not be denied, and that, accordingly, he must bid a farewell to baseball, rowing, football and tennis for lack of agility and snap, turns to the bicycle as a flattering friend that subtly leads him to believe he is still a boy and one of the "sports." It is then he quotes that old saying, "a man's as young as he feels," while he pedals swiftly down grade.

The next event to be celebrated is the 900th anniversary of the discovery of America by the Norsemen, and there is a society in Philadelphia now being organized to take the matter in charge. The exact date on which Lief Erickson landed on the shores of Vineland has not been fixed to the satisfaction of historians any more than his landfall, but it is very generally acknowledged that he landed somewhere near Boston in the latter part of the tenth century, and it is proposed to select a day for the purpose of commemorating that event. Paul du Chailin, the author of many works on Scandinavian archeology; Dr. Daniel G. Brinton and other members of the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania; Professor Putnam, of Peabody Museum; Professor Thomas Wilson, of the Smithsonian Institution and other scientists will participate in the arrangements.

The deadly bicycle has now affected the travel to Europe, announces the New York Journal. Among its enemies must be counted the steamship companies, who declare that thousands of Americans will stay home this year and inspect their own country on a wheel. If this is true, their country at least will remain their friends. In estimating the blessings of the "bike" no one seems to have considered that it is making our people acquainted with the United States. Hundreds of intelligent girls in New York City have discovered that the Harlem River is not the Hudson, and there are others who have known Como by heart for years, and have just found out that Lake George beats it two to one when the moon shines. This gradual introduction of Americans to their native land may be bad for the Riviera and Naples, and rough on the Bois de Boulogne, but it establishes a new bond of sympathy between the people and the land they were born in.

Edward A. Moseley, Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission, has some interesting things to say about the South. Mr. Moseley went with the Commission not long ago to give hearings at points in Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Tennessee and Texas. He once lived in the South, and knows its resources and the characteristics of the people. Mr. Moseley was greatly impressed by improvements in the Lone Star State, and particularly the harbor of Galveston. "I believe Galveston is destined to become one of the great commercial cities of the country," he said. "The long-desired boon of deep water has now been obtained, and ships drawing twenty-six feet can enter Galveston Harbor in safety. Why, there is ample sea room for all the shipping in the world. Tributary to this magnificent harbor is a region of imperial extent and of unsurpassed fertility. Houston and Dallas are also populous and progressive cities, and the people there are thrifty and wide-awake citizens. From what I saw I am convinced that the Lone Star State is about entering on a stage of development and commercial and industrial expansion that will land it in the front rank before many years have passed away."

A SUMMER SHOWER.

Ah, the drops are pouring down
Over country, over town,
Pelting on the shining leaves,
Making music on the eaves,
Streaming down the grassy hill
While the rootlets drink their fill—
Every little rain-drop glancing
Like a fairy dancing—dancing.

Busy little elfins they,
Flitting through the air to-day;
Moistening the growing wheat
With their cool vaporous sweat;
Filling up the little stream
Throwing back its grateful gleam—
Watch them—listen every patter
Echoing like fairy chatter.

Washing now the pansy faces
Waiting in their modest places,
Roses droop with richer glow
As the diamonds bend them low,
Lilies looking all the while
Upward with a beaming smile
At the little crystals dripping
Like a fairy tripping—tripping.
—Sydney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.

A HIGH WATER STORY

It seems to me, dearie,
You are believing on
A gaily toward
Those two young men."

"But it's such fun,
You know," and the handsome creature
gave vent to her high spirits in merry peals of laughter.

"But the danger of it—have you thought of that, Ruth?"

There was such gravity in the elderly lady's tones that the buoyant young woman began to look quite serious herself. She came and seated herself by the other's side, and taking the plump, soft hand between her strong fingers began earnestly:

"You know, auntie, the up-to-date woman of to-day must do her own thinking; hitherto others have been in the habit of thinking for her, while she simply acquiesced or was falteringly negative. The up-to-date woman leads, instead of follows. It is in affairs of the heart that she asserts her new position. I am like the rest. I am simply endeavoring to do what men have been in the habit of doing. They have overlong been pumpered with the fancy that they were strong, women weak. As for the two young men, I am simply sifting them. The one I can best manage, rule, lead, that one shall be my choice."

"Humph! Not much affair of the heart about that, I think; as for managing or leading a man, that has not been the style of courting if I recollect." The speaker drew her hand away from the firm grasp, rose and looked down upon the beautiful young Amazon before her.

"I fear, Ruth," said she, after a pause, "you are wrong in your ideas of men and women."

"As women used to be, perhaps; but it is different now. We live in a new atmosphere, so to speak. However, auntie, it is not for us to quarrel because we cannot think alike. I am going out for a ride, you know."

Shortly afterward, when Ruth mounted her spirited bay, there was a look of triumph upon her face that told she had solved a question of grave perplexity.

"Excepting for her grace of form and rare beauty, the girl is a veritable man, indeed," mentally commented Aunt Hope as she followed with her eyes the dashing figure until it disappeared around the bend of the road.

When Ruth drew near the river bank she saw that the waters had risen during the night; what was yesterday a smoothly rolling stream was now a dashing, turbulent, swollen torrent bearing upon its troubled surface logs, trees torn up by the roots, parts of timbers and other debris.

The little town below was partly inundated, and men were hurrying from house to house with boats, removing women and children from their positions of danger. It was a thrilling spectacle, and as Ruth gazed upon it she felt anew that longing to manage, rule, lead.

"Why cannot I do something to prove that I am as good as a man on such occasions as this?" came through her lips and she reined back the bay that snorted and quivered as the water rushed by with a roar.

Two well-dressed young men were standing side by side gazing upon the wild scene.

"Oh! If I could but be one of those men," came from Ruth's lips. She urged her horse near the pair; they both glanced up and lifted their hats at the same time.

"A sad affair, Miss Hope," said the blonde young man with the blue eyes and red lips—lips that seemed to be perpetually smiling.

"Yes, a dangerous time, too, I take it," said she, pointing with her riding whip toward the town where the men in boats were engaged in the good work.

"The danger there is but slight. The water has not risen so high yet but that all will reach places of safety. The danger is higher up the river. The land is lower there and the people, unless they have removed from their houses, will be placed unfortunately."

It was the dark young man who spoke. His was a face of strength. There were lines about his mouth, a gleam in his dark brown eyes that told of a spirit that would be hard to manage, rule or lead.

Ere Ruth could reply a cry came from the lips of the blonde man. "Look! for Heaven's sake. A baby in a crib!"

There upon the surface of the troubled stream, tossing about like a bubble, was a rocking-cradle. In it was a tiny child wildly wailing and looking at the mad water in bawling fright.

"If that crib strikes the floating debris below it will capsize, and—"

And Ruth covered her eyes with horror.

The dark young man ran close to the bank and looked up and down. It was true, as Ruth had said. The baby would be lost if the crib struck the debris below.

"Mr. Harter, cannot you do something?"

"I—I am afraid not. It is an awful thing," and the blonde young man stepped away from the bay's side.

"Then I will—I will show you what a woman can do," cried Ruth as she applied the lash to the bay. The animal reared upon its hind legs and pawed the air. Again she used the lash. This time the horse started for the bank.

"Out of the way, Mr. Harrison," rang from the girl's lips.

The dark young man looked quickly over his shoulder at the horse and rider, approaching with swift bounds. He comprehended it all in an instant. He was quick to act, for he dashed toward the bay, grasped the rein and fairly jerked the animal back upon its haunches.

"Are you mad, Miss Hope?"

"Let go the bridle, sir? How dare you?" The whip was raised to strike the horse again, but it was jerked from her hand. Then with, "Fardon me for the liberty," she was lifted from her saddle and deposited upon the ground. Before she could utter a word or move the bay dashed into the flood with the dark young man upon its back.

Out into the turbulent stream Harrison urged the horse. Out farther, toward the middle of the water, the gallant creature swam. Nearer and nearer came the crib, rocking upon the muddy river's surface, and then, as it passed, Harrison reached out his hand and lifted the baby from the crib. The child grabbed at him and clung to his neck as he faced the grand horse toward shore, which was reached safely.

"Pardon me once more, Miss Hope, for such a summary method of obtaining a horse," said Harrison.

The speaker was standing by the side of the dripping, trembling steed as he said this. His head was bared and he looked less than ever like a man any woman could manage, rule or lead, although he did hold in his arms a little baby that clung tightly to him.

"Harter, please assist Miss Hope to mount. I must attend to this little charge of mine. Good morning," and Harrison walked away, holding the baby to his breast.

"Brave man, that! Permit me to help you," said Harter.

Ruth was again in her saddle and on her way home.

In the meantime, when Mr. Harrison came to call, and after he had told her, in answer to her inquiries, that no lives had been lost, and the baby had been restored to its people, Ruth did something very unlike the up-to-date woman; she covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

She was easily consoled, for—well, it is not necessary to say what Harrison said. When he left the house his life and future looked more beautiful to him than ever.

After they were married Aunt Hope playfully asked of the beautiful young bride:

"I suppose he is quite easy to manage, rule, lead—oh, dear?"

"More easy than I dreamed of, auntie," was the answer, with a smile.

"How do you manage it? Do you assert your views?—I mean, do you put into practice your notions about up-to-date women?"

"I manage, rule and lead him."

"Yes—but how?"

"By showing my husband that I love him dearly, I am a perfect tyrant over him."

"You have come to your senses. I knew you would go back to the old way of thinking when experience had taught you wisdom."

"Yes, and I am pleased that it has come," as she smiled sweetly upon Aunt Hope.—Times-Democrat.

WISER WORDS.

The key to every man is his thought. Imaginary eminence is actual humiliation.

Don't jeer at everybody's religious belief.

The virtues of society are vices of the saint.

The great man is not convulsive or tormentable.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Better a servant from love than a ruler from lust.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Intelligence is largely knowing what we do not know.

Happiness is lost by being intemperate in its pursuit.

Persistent industry is the best antidote for temptation.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Don't moderate anything because you don't possess it.

Men cease to interest us when we find their limitation.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Be more prompt to go to a friend in adversity than in prosperity.

What we gain by experience is not worth what we lose in illusion.

Every man is our neighbor who needs our compassion and help.

A good man is kinder to his enemies than a bad man is to his friends.

History makes haste to record great deeds, but often neglects good ones.

It never occurs to a boy that he will some day know as little as his father.

You needn't pack up any worries. You can get them anywhere as you go along.

Would you know how to give? Put yourself in the place of him who receives.—The South-West.

England's Food Supply.

An address on "The Food Supply in Case of War," was delivered recently by Stanley Machin, before a meeting of the London Chamber of Commerce, which was held at Botolph House, Eastcheap, says the London Times, in which he stated that "in 1856 the acreage under cultivation of wheat in the United Kingdom was 4,213,651 acres, capable of producing in an average season nearly 16,000,000 quarters, or four-fifths of the total consumption of the country at that time. The acreage decreased in 1856 to 3,649,584, in 1876 to 3,114,555, in 1886 to 2,356,451, while last year only 1,693,957 acres were under cultivation for wheat, which might be expected to produce between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 quarters, or less than a quarter of what was now consumed."

"If this country were at war with France and Russia, one of the first acts of the enemy would be to declare coal and wheat contraband of war. Estimating our consumption of wheat to be nearly 600,000 quarters a week, and allowing for existing stocks, we should require 16,000,000 quarters to carry us over the time between now and the ingathering of the next harvest. In the event of the United States and Russia joining hands against this country we should be confronted by the two powers who between them controlled 75 per cent. of the total corn supplies required by importing countries throughout the civilized world; and in the event of these powers jointly prohibiting the export of wheat, he did not hesitate to say that starvation would compel this country to sue for an unconditional peace within three months without a gun being fired."

Lived Wholly on Eggs.

"Do you like eggs?" was the question that stirred up a "forty-niner" to make some talk in a Bangor store the other day. He was an old man, and he straightened up to something like the height of his prime as he answered: "I had a surfeit of them once, 'Twas many years ago, when I was on the way home from California. We left the Isthmus on a good brig bound for New York, but ran into a coral reef in the Caribbean sea and were wrecked. It was a patch of sand just out of the water, but you ought to see the flocks of sea fowl that nested on it!"

A Strange Voyage.

After a career unparalleled in the history of maritime affairs, the derelict schooner Myer G. Sargent, abandoned at sea on March 31, 1891, in latitude 34.42, longitude 74.40, while bound for Philadelphia with a cargo of lumber—her crew being rescued by the schooner H. E. Thompson—after battling with the storms of the Atlantic for nearly six years, has drifted ashore on the uninhabited island of Conception, one of the most dangerous of the Bahamas, and there will end her days. She is shattered and covered with barnacles. Her cargo of lumber long ago has been emptied into the sea through her capsizing, but her stow hull is still held together as firmly as the day on which she was launched at Sedgwick, Me., in 1881.

This most remarkable career just ended for years past attracted the attention of shipping men all over the world, as her erratic courses about the Atlantic were for months most accurately plotted on the pilot charts issued by the hydrographic department at Washington. Her drift was indeed more singular than that of the famous old schooner W. L. White, which although abandoned in the same locality, drifted ashore ten months afterward at the Hebrides islands, off the northeast coast of Scotland.

Influenza Bacilli.

Dr. Lindenthal, in Klinische Wochenschrift, states that bacteriological investigations show that the sputum of persons who have suffered from influenza, especially those who are also the subject of pneumonia, has sometimes been found to contain influenza bacilli several months after the clinical symptoms of the disease had disappeared. Such persons may infect susceptible individuals and the case be considered as spontaneous. In eight cases of influenza associated with pneumonia, examinations showed that the bronchi were affected. No bacilli were found in the blood.

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Woman's Thrift in Massachusetts.

Woman's capacity as a wage earner can be measured by the fact that the report of the Massachusetts Savings Bank Commissioners showed that in the year 1894, out of a total of 1,044,649 depositors, 480,835 were women, and out of \$74,946,570 deposits that year, \$33,469,923 had been deposited by women.

Female Sign Painters.

In the streets of Berlin, Germany, one may nowadays see a sight that at first seems odd—female sign painters. But the women and girls so employed seem to enjoy their work, to be admirably adapted to it, and to turn out good work. Moreover, they earn more at it than doing clerical or bookkeeping work in the shops or factories.—Chicago Record.

Her Hats Cost \$150.

Little Miss Gladys Vanderbilt has an expensive taste in the matter of hats; at least, she had during her recent six weeks' stay in Washington. Hence her departure from the city was deplored with many tears and sighs by the modistes who profited by the fastidiousness for headgear on the part of the youngest member of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's household.

It seems that this fondness for new and numerous hats was gratified by her indulgent parents to such an extent that the result in bills amounted to \$150, sufficient to pay the rent of the modiste for two months.—New York Journal.

An Unselfish Woman.

Some days ago, writes W. E. Curtis, from Washington, to the Chicago Record, I told the story of a lady clerk in the patent office who asked Commissioner Butterworth to promote the woman at the next desk instead of herself, because her associate had serious sickness in her family and was sadly in need of the money. It was then that Mr. Butterworth said he was sure he was looking a true God-fearing woman in the face. But he did not forget her, and the next vacancy that occurred she was promoted, so that both women are now receiving an advance of salary. The name of this unselfish woman is Mrs. Frances B. Ervin, of Louisiana; the name of her associate for whom she relinquished her promotion is Miss Hattie Sears, of Virginia.

Large Earrings Are Revived.

In spite of continued protests by physicians and lovers of simplicity, the downfall of the earring is not yet accomplished. Not only that, but the newest earrings are far more of an offense than their immediate predecessors. One could forgive a pretty pearl or diamond held in the ear by an invisible gold screw. The immense earrings of the summer are not excusable on a similar ground.

It has recently been announced that the immense jeweled hoops of a quarter of a century ago are again to be revived, and the announcement is considerably strengthened by the fact that several leaders of fashion have already appeared wearing these striking articles of jewelry. The newest hoops are nearly as large as a bracelet. They are studded with diamonds or other gems, but in some cases the chased gold is its own ornamentation. The effect is barbaric but not unbecoming. Women who have adopted this fashion prefer antique jewelry, when it is obtainable, to the modern imitations. Old Etruscan hoops, imported from Italy for a season's wear, are now particularly in demand.—New York World.

The Wife in Russia.

"This is a curious custom you Americans have of referring to your wives by their husbands' names," observed Ghanvock Kaplon, an intelligent Russian traveler. "I suppose the American holds his wife as his high esteem as the Russian holds his, but if at home I should speak of my better half as Mrs. Kaplon my friends would at once conclude that my domestic relations were not as pleasant as they should be, and that I was thinking of a legal separation. When I first heard an American speak of his wife as Mrs. Jones, for example, I felt almost like presuming on my acquaintance by intruding into his private affairs and asking him what the trouble was at home. Yet I soon learned that the custom was universal over here, but still I cannot get used to it. 'My wife' is the plain, blunt way I speak in Russia of the lady who, I suppose, I would have to call Mrs. Kaplon in polite society in America. In some of the more fashionable circles of St. Petersburg this American social custom has been adopted, though I was told by a prominent Government official not long ago that the Czar disapproved of it."—St. Louis Republic.

My Lady's Parasols.

Parasols have blossomed out into a variety and fresh importance in the realm of fashion which is really disheartening to all women except the few who are blessed with unlimited incomes or a mind above the frivolous things of life. Fashion decrees that the up-to-date woman must have from six to a dozen of these expensive trifles to harmonize respectively with her various costumes, but with three well selected she can meet all the requirements of fashionable dress. One should be of changeable or foulard silk, or ecrú batiste, another of bro-



WHERE AMBER COMES FROM.

The Supply Nearly Exhausted and the Price Likely to Rise.

News comes that the greatest deposit of amber in the world is on the point of exhaustion, so that this substance, so largely used in connection with pipes, is likely to rise greatly in price before long. The deposit in question is on the Samland peninsula, which juts out into the Baltic Sea. In that locality, many thousands of years ago, there were great forests of huge cone-bearing trees, long since extinct as a species. From their bark exuded quantities of gum, which formed accumulations about the roots of the trees. Though the trees themselves disappeared the gum was preserved in fossil shape. How extraordinary was the amount of it yielded by the trees, to be kept over through the ages, may be judged from the fact that the mines of the Samland Peninsula have yielded during many years past an annual harvest of about four hundred thousand pounds. The diggings are below the sea level, and the amber is found in small and large lumps, the biggest ever discovered weighing thirteen pounds. Along the shores of the Baltic nodules of the gum are so thickly scattered that many vessels are engaged in dredging for them by means of chains of buckets dragged along the bottom. Much amber is also obtained by divers.

When the gum was fresh and soft it was very sticky, like that of modern trees of the pine family. Insects were caught in it, and thus it comes about that bungs of numerous species are found inclosed in the lumps of amber. In the same way fragments of twigs, leaves, buds, flowers and even pollen grains of plants are embraced in the substances of the fossil gum. There has been found a piece of amber that contains a catkin of an oak tree as distinct and perfect as when it grew. Likewise the hairs of animals and the feathers of birds were caught in the sticky resin now and then, and a woodpecker and a squirrel have been identified as contributors.

Pieces of amber which contain insects or fragments of plants bring fancy prices for morthpieces of pipes. But the finest specimens do not reach the United States; they go to the East, where rich Arabs, Turks and Persians are willing to pay extraordinary prices for them. The ruby-colored amber is precious, and the green also is particularly valuable. The bluish and perfect yellow are highly appreciated by amateurs. In the fourteenth century amber was made into knives and forks with one prong, which were used by princes and church dignitaries, the gum fetching more than its weight in gold. At present it is worth from \$2 to \$50 a pound, though exceptionally large and beautiful pieces bring almost any price. The morthpieces for pipes are made with a turning wheel and a very sharp chisel. The dust and scraps are melted and supply the "amberine" of commerce.

Just as the catlinite which furnished the finest Indian pipes was obtainable from a single locality, so the meerscham which is recognized as incomparably the choicest of materials for modern pipes is got from one place and is found nowhere else.—Boston Transcript.

Importing Nuisances.

Australia is overrun with rabbits, the descendants of half a dozen imported from England some years ago. They have become so numerous that the agricultural interests of the country are seriously threatened. Devices of all sorts have been employed in the effort to get rid of them, but thus far without avail. Disease germs have been scattered among them, but this is dangerous, as the rabbits die, and domestic animals may devour them. It is a matter of common remark that the English sparrow has become a nuisance. Brought here originally to destroy caterpillars, it is more annoying and destructive than the insects it was supposed to prey upon. The danger of importing creatures of this sort is nowhere more aptly shown than in the efforts now being made in Massachusetts to exterminate the gypsy moth. This insect was brought to this country by an entomologist. By some accident a number of them escaped, and within the past four years half a million dollars have been expended in trying to get rid of them. It is thought that some millions may be required before the gypsy moth is entirely destroyed, if this can be done at all, which very many persons are strongly inclined to doubt. Some years ago a hyacinth, brought from some foreign country, took root in Florida and spread to several of the rivers, which have become so choked by the growth of it that navigation is difficult, and considerable sums of money are required to keep the channel open. All of which furnishes an excellent reason for the greatest care in bringing foreign plants and animals into new localities.—The Ledger.

Last of the Royal Stuarts.

To Queen Victoria's jubilee the Prince Regent of Bavaria sent a personal gift, the choice of whom is deemed, to say the least, a bit peculiar. This young aristocrat is Prince Rupert of Bavaria, who is the last remaining direct descendant of the royal Stuarts, and who is, therefore, regarded by British legitimists as the de jure Prince of Wales. His mother, by legitimist rights, the reigning Queen of England, is Maria IV., wife of Prince Ludwig of Prussia, the heir apparent to the throne of Bavaria.—Chicago Record.

Charles H. Hackley, a Millionaire Philanthropist of Muskegon, Mich., restricts himself to simple living. It is said of him that he has ridden in his family carriage only once, and then to attend a funeral, and that although he owns a fine summer residence on the lake he has rarely seen it.

Fashion Notes.

Red blowaways are the newest aigrettes for evening wear, and red gaities hover over blue roses.

Black trimmings predominate on high-colored dresses, even for the house, to soften and tone down the excess of color.

Gray and red make a pretty mixture, and both are well worn. Watered silk poplin is new, and is certainly a very good wearing material.

The fashionable parasols have wonderful handles, the latest taking the semblance of a horse chestnut bursting from its prickly sheath.

The most jeweled belts are worn. Sometimes steel with amethyst, very often turquoise set in silver or leather with jewels down the centre.

Black cloth jackets are now trimmed with white lace applique, and very smart they look, especially when they open over white watered silk waistcoats.

Sticks vary according to the beauty and costliness of the parasol, but the handle above all else, indicates the exclusive purpose of certain parasols, as show affairs for full dress.

The Norfolk jacket is very popular for demi-toilettes for street wear. Scotch homespuns, granite cloths and English chevrons are nearly all made up for walking suits, with either the Norfolk waist or the jacket for the refer style. The latter have a generous amount of outside pockets, and are usually V shaped at the neck to display the trim linen collar and scarf.

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The Norfolk jacket is very popular for demi-toilettes for street wear. Scotch homespuns, granite cloths and English chevrons are nearly all made up for walking suits, with either the Norfolk waist or the jacket for the refer style. The latter have a generous amount of outside pockets, and are usually V shaped at the neck to display the trim linen collar and scarf.

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