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Some inventions are still in their
infancy, and the inventors are in their
second childhood.

The great American ticket speculator
has descended upon the Paris ex-
position. We still have a thing or
two up our sleeve to show the French.

An American palmer has been sen-
tenced to five years' imprisonment in
England for stealing. Evidently he
couldn't read his lines well enough to
tell where the police would be waiting.

Trustees of Princeton college are
considering the advisability of a de-
partment for the systematic study of
the principles of disputation, to pre-
pare young men for political and pro-
fessional life.

If the plan of the Teachers' club
meets with success, school children
in the city may have a chance to study
the process of farming and agricul-
ture almost at their very doors. The
plan of the club is to raise grain and
vegetables in the public parks, where
the pupils can watch how seeds are
planted, and learn by practical demon-
stration the art of plowing and other
mysteries of gardening.

According to the annual reports of
the Indian agents which have just
been received at Washington and com-
piled the aboriginal population of the
country at the close of last year was
267,805. Of these 43,597 can read
and 23,314 can speak English well
enough to hold an ordinary conver-
sation. Over \$325,000 has been con-
tributed by religious societies and in-
dividuals for their instruction, which
is carried out by 407 missionaries.

A notable feature of Massachusetts
statistics of crime is the comparative-
ly recent marked decrease in the num-
ber of prisoners. Speculating on the
causes for the decrease, the Boston
Herald assigns the war as a prominent
one. It turned attention to new and
exciting subjects, and many young
men addicted to drink enlisted in the
army. The improvement of business
has also been a factor in the reduction.
The more general employment of
men has taken them out of tempta-
tion and reduced the amount of over-
indulgence.

Up to the time when the United
States took control of Cuba it
was a continental hotbed of yellow
fever. Santiago was its home, Ha-
vana its export port. This year there
has been practically no yellow fever
in Cuba. General Wood not only pre-
vented its outbreak at Santiago until
he left there for a brief visit to the
United States, but when it broke out
in his absence he hurried back and
exterminated it. Havana is today al-
most as healthy a city as New York
City, and under General Wood's ad-
ministration it promises to become
even a healthier one. For he knows
how to rid it of zymotic disease, and
it is naturally not subject to consump-
tion or pneumonia as New York City
is. This is our best gift to Cuba,
claims the New York World. It is
also the best result to Americans of
our deliverance of that island. For
there is not the slightest doubt that
every yellow fever epidemic that has
scourged this country has come direct-
ly from Cuba, and that with Cuba san-
itized we shall be freed once and for
all of that danger. All this is a tri-
umph of that common sense which for
convenience we call science.

Farm Lost, Strayed or Stolen.
The Bangkok Times announces that
a large floating island on the Mekong
or Cambodia river, in Siam, recently
sipped its moorings, and has not been
seen or heard of since. There were
a number of trees three feet in diam-
eter on the island, and the land was under
cultivation. The owner has been
hunting diligently for his property,
but has not been able to hear any tid-
ings of it. It undoubtedly went down
the river with a freshet and has either
stranded or gone to pieces.

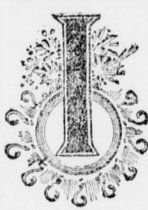
In his state clothes, including the
crown, the Sultan of Johore wears dia-
monds worth \$12,000,000. His collar,
his epaulets, his girdle, his cuffs, sparkle
with precious stones.

SONG OF THE UNSUCCESSFUL.
We are the toll-- from whom God
bared.
The gifts that are good withhold,
We meant full well and we tried full
hard,
And our failures were manifold.
And we are the clan of those whose kin
Were a million dragging them down,
Yea, we had to sweat for our mother's
sin,
And lose the victor's crown.
The seeming-able, who all but soared,
From their towering triba we came;
What was there wrong with us, O Lord,
That our lives were dark and dumb?
The men ten-talented, who still
Strangely missed of the goal,
If them we are: it seems Thy will
To narrow some in soul.
We are the sinners, too, whose lust
Conquered the higher claims;
We sat us prone in the common dust
And played at the devil's games.

We are the hard-luck folk, who strove
Zealously, but in vain;
We lost and lost, while our comrades
throve,
And still we lost again.
We are the doubles of those whose way
Was festal with fruits and flowers;
Body and brain we were sound as they,
But the prizes were not ours.
A mighty army our full ranks make,
We shake the graves as we go;
The sudden stroke and the slow heart-
break,
They both have brought us low.
And while we are laying life's sword aside
Spent and dishonored and sad,
Our epitaph this, when once we have died;
"The weak lie here, and the bad."
We wonder if we can be really the close,
Life's fever cooled by death's trance;
And we cry, though it seem to our dearest
of loss:
"God, give us another chance!"
—Richard Burton, in the Outlook.

The Itinerant Parsonage.

By C. A. Stephens.



If any one had asked me, twenty years ago, to pick from all the young men of my acquaintance the one least likely to become a minister of the Gospel, I should, without hesitation, have named Jackson Williams. For Williams was a very plain youth, of a shrewd, practical turn of mind, sharp at a bargain and given to acquiring property. He was of that type of young man who eventually becomes wealthy in small village communities; he was afflicted, moreover, with a confirmed defect of speech, which in itself would seem a fatal obstacle to success as a clergyman.

At the age of twenty-two, "Old Jacky," as we called him, married Rosilla Cahill, whom we all knew as the brightest, quickest-witted girl in town, although not, perhaps, the most beautiful. In mind she was not a little like Jackson, but was more merry-hearted and humorous. In discussing, at their wedding, their prospects in life, their friends were agreed that they were certain to prosper; or, as one expressed it, "Nobody need worry about Jack and Rosy! Why, they will own the whole town by the time they are fifty!"

A few months later Jackson Williams attended a series of meetings, presided over by a great revivalist. He experienced a profound change in his convictions of duty, and determined to devote his life to the active promotion of religion. In the following autumn he began to study for the ministry at a seminary, and in due course entered on his labors as an itinerant minister.

It was suspected that his young wife was much dissatisfied with their changed prospects; but if so, she refrained from expressing her feelings, even to her intimate friends, and set herself faithfully to become a helpmeet to her husband in his chosen vocation.

The ideal, popular clergyman of the present generation appears to be a personally graceful, eloquent, emotional man. Jackson Williams was no such man. In the pulpit he was conservative and dry in all that he said or advised, and his defect of speech helped his cautious words in making him appear lacking in zeal and eloquence.

The ideal minister's wife, too, seems to be an easygoing woman of a social, sympathetic nature, not much distressed about house or home, but inclined to take life calmly and float with the tide. Rosy Williams was the reverse of that type. She longed for something permanent and stable in life, and lay awake nights planning how she might save twenty-five dollars a year from her husband's meagre, uncertain salary. When their children, Dolly and Jackson, Jr., began to go to school, she became even more solicitous to shield them from the ill consequences of their itinerant life.

But fate seemed against her. Jackson Williams rarely remained for more than a year on one "circuit" or parish. The presiding elders of his conference had discovered his useful qualities as well as his defects as a preacher. Wherever there was a church which was financially weak or lacked a parsonage, or was in need of repairs or of reorganization, there they sent Jackson Williams.

In such a place his shrewdness, thrift and good hard sense came into play, with the result that often in a single year, always in two, the church was repaired or rebuilt, or a new parsonage erected or the church committees reorganized and stimulated to activity, as the case called for. But as a consequence of the expenditures which he got his parishioners to make on the church, he usually left to go to another similarly degenerate place, with half his small salary in arrears and his wife in despair. For there were numerous "run down" churches in our State, and the presiding elders kept my poor friend going.

At Link's Mills, where the Williamses were stationed during the year 1898, the condition of affairs had, as usual, been bad. The old parsonage had burned in October, 1897; and after the fire it was discovered that, owing to the neglect of the church stewards, the insurance had been allowed to lapse months before.

Yet during that year Jackson Williams had contrived to get a snug little parsonage of five rooms built and paid for, at a cost of only five hun-

dred dollars besides his own labor. On the other hand, when he went to attend the annual conference at Lancaster on April 4th, his salary was fully five hundred dollars in arrears.

Mrs. Williams stayed at home to care for her family, in some faint hope that they would not be sent to another circuit, since they had but recently moved into the new parsonage. These hopes were short-lived.

On the evening of the seventh a letter from Williams informed his wife that she must again pack their household goods. "But we have not far to move this time," he added. "It is only five miles. They are going to send me to Marston, down at the foot of the lake. But the church there has no parsonage," he added, "and I suppose that we shall rent a house until I go ahead and build one, as I did at the Mills."

It would be difficult for any one, except an itinerant minister's wife, to realize the bitterness of soul which fell on Mrs. Rosy Williams as she re-folded her husband's letter. But as calmly as possible she explained to Dolly, aged fifteen, and Jackson, Jr., aged thirteen, that they must stay at home from school on the next day to help her in packing.

Dolly burst forth in lamentations. "Our new, pretty house that papa made! Have we got to leave it, mother?" she cried.

"Yes," replied the mother, sadly, "and leave the most of your father's salary, too, I fear."

"And live in some old dirty place down at Marston, as we did a year ago at Simonton!" cried the little girl. "I don't care! I think it is too bad! I think this house belongs to us—or ought to!"

Mrs. Williams thought so, too. Something of her girlish spirit suddenly revived, and it bore fruit that evening in an exploit which will not soon be forgotten in that part of the State.

The weather was still very cold. Snow lay on the ground, and the two feet or more of ice on the lake had not as yet been broken up, or thawed perceptibly. Just across the lake from Link's Mills, a crew of loggers with their teams were "browing" spruce logs. At sunset they were not a little surprised to see the minister's wife approaching on the ice. Her errand was soon made known. She wished to hire them to draw the new parsonage to Marston, and she wanted to have the job done before six o'clock on the following morning!

The foreman of the crew laughed, and returned an evasive answer. Finding that the men could not be induced to attempt such a queer and doubtful job, merely for hire, Mrs. Williams then told the whole story, and appealed to them to help her through with her project. This appeal put a different complexion on the affair. It tickled the humor and, no doubt, touched the hearts of the lumbermen.

"We'll do it, ma'am!" exclaimed the foreman, grinning broadly. "You get your crockery down off'n the shelves and your stovepipe cool. We'll be over by nine or ten, and fetch chains and skids and a couple of logs for 'shoes' to haul it on."

The church at Link's Mill stands a little apart from the village proper, and is separated from the rest of the place by a pine grove where there is a cemetery. The new parsonage stood a few rods beyond the church. If passers along the road saw teams arriving there late in the evening, they paid little attention. Loggers' teams often passed.

The loggers worked quietly and quickly. Before eleven o'clock the little new parsonage, with the minister's wife, family and household goods still in it, started on its singular journey—first down to the lake shore, then out on the ice, and so onward to Marston, where the people were greatly astonished and mystified next morning to see it, set close to their weather-beaten meeting-house, and making it look like an old soldier who has suddenly married a very young wife!

Smoke was rising blithely from the chimney, and all curious inquirers at the door were met by Mrs. Williams in person, who cheerily informed them that she was their new minister's wife, and brought her parsonage along with her!

The people of Marston could find no fault with such a windfall, but the people of Link's Mills were greatly agitated.

A member of the church, a farmer, driving into the village with vegetables next morning, was the first to notice the absence of the parsonage.

"Wal, I'll be planted and hoed!" he gasped. "What's missin'?"

MAN NEEDS A THIRD HAND.

Showing That Nature Failed to Provide For Modern Requirements.

When nature gave us two hands she gave us all that was wanted at the time, but we have moved on, and nature has remained stationary, says a writer in Pearson's Magazine. We have the trolley car to take us downtown. We carry with us a hat which blows off when there is a slight breeze and is ruined by a shower of rain, an umbrella to protect the hat, and a small black bag containing papers. On our way back we have in addition in another bag a piece of fish which we have purchased in the market and are taking home to our residence. Laden with these impediments, we attempt to board a car in motion.

At first sight it would appear that one hand is necessary to catch on to the rail, another hand to hold the black bag and another to hold the fish bag. But this is not so in practice. One hand can satisfactorily account for a black bag, an umbrella and a fish basket. The trouble begins when we try to hold on to the hat with the same hand with which we are gripping on to the rail. And in the case of the two-handed man this happens every day. As at present constructed, we lose our hat or our balance, or both. The third hand would make all secure.

Go downtown at midday and enter any of the popular restaurants and you will be faced at once with the great luncheon difficulty. There is a long counter and a number of men seated at it on high stools. The counter itself is crowded, and there are many waiting for their chance at it, and wasting valuable time. Now there is room and to spare, but not against the counter.

The third hand blots out all the difficulties of the rush luncheon at once. The third or middle hand spread out flat would hold the plate on which was the cut from the joint. The right hand would hold the knife and the left the fork, as now. The counter could be removed entirely, thus giving more space. Every man would be his own counter. When the human race first started with the original couple there was plenty of room and two hands sufficed, but in the crowded condition of the metropolitan luncheon the third hand, to hold the plate, has become a necessity. Having acquired the rush luncheon, we must inevitably acquire the third hand.

Where the Tramp Worked.

The prisoner was making his appearance before the magistrate for the hundredth time.

"Well," said the magistrate, "you here again?"

"Yes, your worship," responded the prisoner.

"What's the charge?"

"Vagrancy—same as before, your worship."

"It seems to me you are here about half your time."

"Yes, about that, your worship."

"Well, what do you do for? Why don't you work?"

"I do, your worship, more than half my time."

"Ah, now," said the magistrate, surprised, "if you can tell me where you have ever worked I'll let you off."

"In prison, your worship," answered the prisoner, brazenly; and the Judge kept his word.

A Unique Aboriginal Alphabet.

In a recent number of the French publication Anthropologie, M. M. Delaposse gives an interesting account of the Vai language. This is the only indigenous written language known among negroes. These negroes occupy a territory on the confines of Sierra Leone and Liberia. The alphabet is syllabic, and it is the only syllabic alphabet existing in Africa. The author considers it at least two hundred years old, and perhaps older; it is not even certain that it was invented by the Vai themselves. Of the 225 characters in the alphabet, twenty-five resemble Berber consonants in form, and twenty resemble European letters and numerals; but these may be purely superficial resemblances, as the sounds do not correspond. Professor Delaposse does not consider that the Vai alphabet has been derived from these sources.

"Brother Blodgett, if you know our parsonage is gone?" he asked of the first person he met, who chanced to be one of the church stewards.

"Gone?" was the surprised ejaculation. "Where could it go to?"

"Dunno; but it ain't there, sartin."

The steward hastened to the church. Sure enough, all trace of the parsonage had disappeared! With dashed faces, the two then went in quest of other brethren and told the strange news. Few would believe it until they had gone to view the vacant site for themselves.

A crowd gathered, wondered and searched. It was not until nearly noon that the facts became known. Many were very angry, and a meeting of the church-members was held that evening to decide what should be done. Legal proceedings were talked of, but meantime the story had gone abroad, and the public generally applauded the exploit.

When the Rev. Jackson Williams returned from conference, Saturday, to preach his farewell sermon at Link's Mills, he was as much astonished at anybody to find his family moved to Marston, and he offered to restore the parsonage; but a certain indolent regard for Mrs. Williams' "cuteness" at length led the church members to offset the house against their late minister's unpaid salary. Mrs. Williams now regards this parsonage as her own exclusive property, and has been heard to say that if their next circuit is not more than twenty miles from Marston she shall take it along with her.—Youth's Companion.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

ONE WOMAN'S PROFESSION.

She Earns a Comfortable Income Arranging Bridal Finery.

Miss Eleanor Burwell is a young woman who dresses brides. That is the way she makes her living, and a very good living at that. The other day a friend of mine was married, and one morning, about two weeks before the eventful day, a card was sent up to her, and I went down to see the caller, a Miss Burwell, whose name neither of us had ever heard before. She explained her business and my friend engaged her.

Early on the morning of the wedding Miss Burwell appeared with her assistant. The entire trousseau, and, I might say, the bride herself, was turned over to her. She first investigated the wedding outfit and saw that everything was as it should be. She insisted on the bride's remaining quietly in bed until 10 o'clock, the wedding not being until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Then she had her out and tried on the wedding dress, gloves and slippers. Some alterations, only a few stitches, were necessary, and she took them. Next she turned her attention to packing the trunks, and in less than two hours the task was accomplished and a little book containing a complete inventory was put in the bride's traveling bag. This inventory gave not only the list of articles, but told exactly where they could be found. By this time the bride had finished her luncheon and was persuaded to take a nap and remain in bed until called by Miss Burwell, who, with her assistant, left the house, to appear again promptly at 3.30 o'clock.

Then a tepid bath was prepared; the bride awakened, and while she was taking it they straightened up the room and laid out the bridal costume. The dressing of the bride was accomplished without the slightest hurry and in ample time. But best of all was the fresh, rosy face that was seen through the bridal veil. It was so different from the haggard, nervous girl we had all expected. She was not a bit tired or worried, and, feeling that she was looking her very best, womanlike, she was supremely contented. Miss Burwell accompanied her to the church door, guarded against soiling her gown in the carriage and gave the final touch to her veil and train as she entered.

After the ceremony she returned to the house, superintended the exchange of the bridal for the going-away gown, gave the final arrangements to the last trunk and the traveling bag, set the trunk to rights and left as quietly as the proverbial mouse.

The next day I saw her again, and asked her to tell me about her work.

"I began four years ago," she replied, "by dressing a friend of mine, and I thought her mother, who was a very delicate woman, would never get through thanking me. She said I was just the right person in the right place on such an occasion, and as I had left school and was on the lookout for something to do to earn a living, I decided to try dressing brides as a profession. I came to New York as our nearest big city and affording the largest field. Of course I had a few letters of introduction and a small amount of money, less than \$50, in my pocket.

"While they pay me well for my services they do not feel that they can afford to keep expensive servants. Of course I am compelled to keep up with the latest styles, and for that purpose I spent two months in Paris last summer. August and September are the poorest months in the year for weddings, while October, February and June are about the most popular. Often during these months I have as many as two brides a day to dress, and several times I could have had as many as four, but was obliged to refuse many engagements for want of time.—Lafayette M. Laws, in Chicago Record.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Some of the bodices seen are made to blouse decidedly back and front, as pronounced a blouse effect as has been worn in any of the time of the recent popularity of the bloused waists are plaited in close small plaits.

One pretty little silk gown has the fullness given it by fine tucks set in around the waist. These are stitched down five or six inches to form three points in the front and at the sides, and below this the tucks flow out into the skirt. The fine tucks are set in plain at the back.

An Eton jacket on a pretty little light stuff frock opens at the side, and is fastened across with narrow black velvet ribbons. There are three of these fastenings, each with two straps of the black velvet, with bunched little rosettes of the black velvet on either end. It makes rather a pretty finish.

Paune velvet is combined with satin ribbons. A sash that is worn with a light stuff gown has a black paune velvet centre, with brilliant colored flowers on it, and wide edges of black satin ribbon. This is a narrow sash width, and is tied once around the waist and fastened a little at the side of the front with a big bow.

The new stockings are gorgeous to behold. Black silk stockings are cut out on the instep to show appliques of lace. Others have the holes worked around with button-hole stitch, and underneath are set pieces of bright colored taffeta. Black stockings are embroidered with dots and small flowers. The open-work stockings are of exquisite delicacy.

A unique belt is made of three narrow straps of white kid over black velvet ribbon. The black velvet is rather wide, crushed together at the ends in front, where the three straps of the kid are also brought close together, and the whole fastened with a small gold clasp. As the straps pass around the waist they are separated about their own width apart, and held in place by little crosspieces of gold filigree work.

Cluny lace is used for many kinds of gowns this year, and is charming with all.

A satin ribbon worn around the neck and tied in a trim bow at the throat should have the two ends long and tucked in at the belt.

A paune velvet parasol has rather a warm look for summer, but it is beautiful. One with a white ground, with the most delicate pink roses in clusters upon it, is charming.

A woollen gown which has a narrow panel front has a solid mass of tucks or folds going around horizontally over the hips from the panel. Large women will have to fight shy of such gowns.

A Pretty Bodice Novelty.

There is a new note in the bodices of fashionable gowns these days, and although one that would have seemed incongruous to our grandmothers, it is extremely pretty. It is double zephyr worsted, used to lattice work and embroidered certain parts of fancy silks instead of the Roman silks and flosses that have been familiar so long. One distinctive usage is seen in bodices of black satin or liberty silk, made over white linings. If it is arranged with tucks—either bias or straight, the interspaces are decorated with a working of the double zephyr. The decoration never represents flowers, leaves or similar designs. Usually it is worked in a cat stitch and, as an added touch, when the needle points out of each side of the goods the zephyr is thrown about it several times and fastened so as to form a French knot. The dress goods under the worsted is then cut away and allows the underlining to show through only slightly as the outstitching was very closely done. The worsted was of many mixed colors through which yellow and purple predominated. Another charming bodice was of cherry-colored liberty silk made over cream white. It was elaborately worked with black double zephyr.

On rather fancy shirt waists this work, though slight, gives them a touch of style and novelty. The edges, also of fancy and adjustable collars, with ear points and pointed cuffs, are being finished with double zephyr. At first they are edged with a satin ribbon of some color in contrast to the collar and on the ribbon the worsted work is executed. This work is quickly done, and it is greatly in its favor that no advance design-

ing is necessary. A straight eye and an adaptability in designing is all that is necessary.

It is also feasible to fill in many sharp little corners on gowns with a fan-shaped bit, the stitches being long and graduated. Arant the old Roman block design is used on straps to cross over the vests of bodices. By those that know about up-to-date gowns, it seems as though even more attention was paid to what is new in wrinkles, as such little points as this one about worsted are called, than to the excellence of the quality of the goods.

Necessities Created by New Fashions.
New fashions often create new necessities, and the train skirt is no exception of the younger women. They find it difficult to manage, and accuse themselves bitterly of awkwardness when they find themselves entangled in its clinging folds. In point of fact, the mere phrase "manage the train" definitely conveys the idea of difficulty, and since trains first were worn novelists have laid stress upon their heroines' grace in managing them, and the atypical critics comment upon it in like manner.

The novice in train gowns, therefore, does not need to feel badly over her deficiency, but simply apply herself to remove it. It is not weariness and affectation to try to acquire grace of movement. It is duty.

The way to seat one's self is to catch the skirts lightly in one hand, bend one knee, and so slide down into the chair, at the same moment releasing the draperies, with an imperceptible swing that throws them in sweeping folds almost into a semicircle. In rising catch the skirts in the same way, and with a dexterous twist of the wrist and slight backward movement of the foot spread the train in its proper fan shape. It is difficult to describe, but a little practice will accomplish the trick, and it is well worth acquiring.

Smaller Calling Cards.

The big pocketbook has been replaced by the purse of gold mesh, netted silk and beads, studs and jewels, and the very long and unhandily broad cardcase has given way to the easily carried case of convenient size and weight. The change has necessitated a change in the size of visiting cards, and these are smaller than they have been for many years. A few years ago misses not yet "out" used cards the size of those now correct for their mothers. Some of the new cards are almost square, others just a trifle longer than they are broad. With an address in one corner and an at-home day in another there is not much fair white space left upon which the indolent woman can scribble a message instead of writing a note, but these small cards are very handy for the little reticules and small cardcases.

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THE GIRL WHO'S BEEN ABROAD.
She spent six months in Europe,
About ten years ago,
And now finds Minktown Centre
Decidedly too slow;
She never has stopped talking
Of lands across the sea,
And how she did the town once
Of beautiful "Paree."
When she is at a party,
To make her feel at home,
The hostess says: "Now tell us
About your stay in Rome!"
And one day in our dry goods store
She asked old Hiram Hanks
If he would kindly give her
The price of things in "franks."
I'd like to buy her ticket
And send her far away
On that ship she calls the "Grocer"
(If I was sure she'd stay);
And I would the folks around her
Would gladly help her pack—
That girl who's been to Europe
And can't seem to get back.
—Puck.

PITH AND POINT.

Tommy—"Pop, what's a wooden wedding?" Tommy's Pop—"When a chip marries a fellow who is a perfect stick."

"Miss Bird sent two dollars for a sure method to preserve the voice."
"What was it?" "Sing into a phonograph."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Despite the price of gaily bonnet,
When woman sets her mind upon it,
It isn't long before you find
The bonnet set upon her mind.
Clara—"I have my photograph taken every three years; I think it's so interesting." Fanny—"Oh, whatever do you do with them all?"—Flick-Me-Up.

He—"Will we announce our engagement on Wednesday?" She—"I'd rather not; I have an important engagement for that day."—Youkers Statesman.

Customer—"Give me ten cents' worth of paregoric, please." Druggist—"Yes, sir." Customer (absent-mindedly)—"How much is it?" Druggist—"A quarter."

Smiles—"I'm glad I wasn't Shakespere." Giles—"Why are you?" Smiles—"Because I should be dead now." Giles—"Yes, that's true—and Shakespeare would be forgotten."

"Why stand ye idle here all the day?" asked the taxpayer, who is fond of quotations. "Because," replied the party of the second part, "I am a city employe."—Chicago News.

"I will admit," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "that oratory is mostly gas, but even gas is illuminating—not to mention the way it rips things open 'sometimes.'"—Indianapolis Press.

Prospective Purchaser—"I thought you said this place would make a good poultry farm. Why, it's almost completely under water." Real Estate Agent—"Just the thing for ducks, my dear sir."

Condemned Man (to lawyer)—"It's a long sentence, sir, to be sent to prison for life." Lawyer (inclined to be more hopeful)—"Yes, it does seem long, but perhaps you won't live a great while."—Tit-Bits.

"It's no trouble at all to get married," remarked the girl with the new engagement ring. "No," replied her married sister, with a sigh. "The trouble doesn't begin until shortly after the ceremony."—Chicago News.

"You're looking kind of green, Bill," said the Half-Eagle to the Dollar Note; "you need change." "No, thank you," replied the other, "change would break me up completely, and probably make me look like thirty cents."

"Well, gentlemen," remarked the president of the club, "motions are in order. It has been suggested that we have a banquet. What shall be done?" "Mr. President," spoke up the man-whose-seldom-heard-from. "I move we dispose of it by laying it on the table." The motion was carried.—Philadelphia North American.

Absolutely Powerless.

He walked up and down the room, gesticulating excitedly, and saying uncomplimentary things about his rival.

"It is terrible!" he said.

"What is terrible?" they asked.

"Talk about the problem of the Man in the Iron Mask!" he exclaimed, ignoring the question. "Why, this is a thousand-fold worse than that!"

"What is it?" they asked.

"My rival has been carrying false stories about me to the girl I love!" he cried.

"And what did you do?" they asked.

"Nothing," he answered. "I was powerless."

They laughed scornfully and made merry jests at his expense.

"What would you have me do?" he inquired.

"Kill him!" they replied.

He shook his head.

"At least," they insisted, "you could thrash him within an inch of his life; you could resent an insult by pounding him until he would figure principally as a nonentity for the next six or eight weeks."

"Forget what?" he said.

"Forget what?" they demanded.

"He carries both an accident and life insurance policies in the company that I represent."

A Big Hotel's Economy.

"You would be surprised," said the steward of a leading New York hotel recently, a house that has risen to great fame on both sides of the water, "that in this house we are as careful to see that the potato parings are this and that the least possible waste prevails in the kitchen as if we conducted a private household." This steward is said to receive the second largest salary of any man holding a similar position in the city. The moral to be learned from this is that in even the most fashionable establishments the small and seemingly insignificant items are worthy of consideration.—The Hotel World.

PRETTY THINGS TO WEAR.

Cluny lace is used for many kinds of gowns this year, and is charming with all.

A satin ribbon worn around the neck and tied in a trim bow at the throat should have the two ends long and tucked in at the belt.

A paune velvet parasol has rather a warm look for summer, but it is beautiful. One with a white ground, with the most delicate pink roses in clusters upon it, is charming.

A woollen gown which has a narrow panel front has a solid mass of tucks or folds going around horizontally over the hips from the panel. Large women will have to fight shy of such gowns.