



**The Breton Hat.**  
The little round Breton hat is enormously popular in felt with the brim bound by a contrasting color, especially in front. A great deal of bright apple green velvet is employed in millinery, and one firm has made a striking note in the employment of green parrots with green satin rosettes on white and pale mauve felt. Very large boules are also to be worn, the trimming flat and low and a soft drapery of lace round the brim falling low on the hair at the back. Nothing points to the return of the high corure, as has been stated in some fashion papers.

**The Applique Craze.**  
Fur and lace, lace and fur and fur and lace and velvet make a chorus that never fails to captivate our winter fancy. A chorus, moreover, that asks the aid of the needle. Stitchery, stitchery, all the time, and never a stitch too much. Applications are to be the ruling bent in this year of grace. The craze for applying one material over another amounts almost to a disease, for it is irresistible. The cut out crochone motifs and trails continue to declare themselves, while the mystery lent to this decoration by a veiling of transparency, preferably the very finest aerephane, is a vast improvement. Shaded so discreetly, all hardness is lost, and there is substituted a certain shadowy suggestiveness which is the very essence of artistic feeling.

**The Revival of the Earring.**  
The long-predicted revival of the earring has, it would seem, arrived; just now earrings are considered quite the correct thing and are being worn to a considerable extent for the first time in ten years, though two styles only in settings are at the present time noticed. The large hoop and other fantastic shapes have been discarded in favor of the short drop and the screw, and, given a pretty ear, earrings to everybody, whereas diamonds only suit people with clear complexions. Of course, real pearls, lustrous and of fairly good size, are very expensive, but so perfect are the imitations now manufactured that only an experienced eye can detect the difference. The most effective of the earrings now shown have a small diamond as the head of a screw and dependent from this is a pearl or other stone. The effect is that of the drop, yet there is no swinging, the one thing most important to avoid in the up-to-date earring.—American Queen.

**The Wedding Cake.**  
Wedding cake boxes are in any design which the bride is pleased to order, if she gives the instructions long enough in advance. At present, however, there is a tasteful preference for severe shapes, with dependence upon the best materials for distinction. Heavy "white water color" papers are the proper sort for the covering of boxes, on the tops or sides of which the monograms, usually of both bride and bridegroom, are blended in relief, either in white or in gold and silver. Ribbons for tying the boxes are of moire, taffeta or satin. The bride's cake is exclusively the bride's. Whatever the amount of cake previously stored in boxes for the guests to carry away as they pass out, there is always an especially decorated cake among the good things served to the guests. It is intended frequently that the bride herself shall cut this cake in the presence of the guests, especially her maids, who expect to find in it a gold ring or some other article portending the marriage within a year of the funder. A bride lately took high-handed hold of tradition and substituted a heart for the ring of our foremothers' superstition.

**Scientific Skirt Cutting.**  
The trend of fashion in women's skirts is toward a closer fit and more sheath-like shape from the waist to flounce depth. The greater number of these skirts are ornamented with flounces, various depths being employed, while perhaps the graduated flounce may be considered the most up to date. The flounces are cut on entirely new lines, being much more circular than heretofore, and produce a more graceful and decided spring around the foot of the skirt. This extreme fullness accentuates the clinging effect of the upper portion, which must be fitted with the greatest exactness. The flounce ripples gracefully being much more circular than the older modes, and therefore is fuller around the bottom. It is in two pieces and slopes gradually until at the back it is twice its depth of the front. It has the added advantage that it may be made with a sweep or shorter for those who prefer the round length. The upper or sheath-like portion is held in place by straps of elastic tacked to the gore seams as directed on the label of the pattern. To these elastics are sewed tapes, that adjustment may be made to suit the individual figure. This fashionable mode is called the "form-fitting" or serpentine skirt.—The Delineator.

**"All Work and No Play."**  
We all know the old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and perhaps it is particularly

true when applied to busy women. Women, if I may express it so, piod at their tasks in a way unknown to most male workers. Ask any business manager of a firm which employs both sexes, and he will tell you that women are by far more conscientious and turn out more work in a given time. Then, too, nature meant men to be the breadwinners, and endowed them with constitutions more fitted for the daily drudgery of office or professional life. The mere fact of having to do the same thing day by day is positively deadly to many of the gentler sex. To take up work and run it as a hobby and taking up work as a means of providing bread and butter for yourself or those dependent on you are things as remote as the poles.

The sensitive, nervous temperaments, which are those which certainly do us best work, are very easily influenced by their surroundings, and it makes all the difference in the world to them at the end of a hard day's work some one or something awaits them that will take them out of the business world in which they have been and give them something entirely different to think about.

So often one hears a business woman say that she is too tired to go to the theatre, or to read, when as a matter of fact, once the actual effort of getting there was accomplished, she would find it a real rest, for it would change her thoughts, get her away from her little home worries, and arouse her interest in the lives of those who seem to have so little in common with her own.

Lack of recreation not only ruins the health and turns girls into old women, but it takes from them all individuality, all freshness, all power of sympathy, and turns them into the awful product of this twentieth century—a woman who has but one idea in life, and that the particular branch of work in which she is engaged.—Home Notes.

**New Era in Sleeves.**  
There seems always something new to say about sleeves, really the most important item in wardrobes just now. The prettiest and most modish sleeve is undoubtedly the one that follows closely the lines of the arm to below the elbow and then widens excessively with a lot of ruffled undersleeves that fall over the hand; but this sleeve, unfortunately, is not generally becoming.

A sleeve that, on the other hand, is almost universally becoming is close, with a high, tight cuff and elaborate drapery at the elbow. An example of this drapery is a scarf of mousseline de soie arranged with a big bow on the outside of the arm, while the same idea on an elbow sleeve consists of a turn-up cuff, slashed on the outside of the arm with a frill of lace or a puff of some thin stuff coming through the slashing. The correct way is to have the full part of the elbow trimming on the outside.

Some dresses made by first-class houses have sleeves made in a bag to the elbows, where they meet long, close cuffs. A close cuff, perhaps five inches deep, with the full sleeve bagging over this, is perhaps the most popular model. This sleeve should increase in size gradually, but should reveal the contour of the arm almost to the elbow.

After sleeves, what is the next important thing on bodices? Probably collars, although there is a great similarity about these. They vary more in regard to size than to shape, in the latter respect keeping close to the Louis XIII. design. It is the use of embroideries and laces that gives cachet to most of these. A deep collar of yellow batiste, embroidered with white and yellow worsted and inset with ecru lace, is a novelty that gives distinction to a gown of tabac brown velvet. The blouse has no other trimming save some small and very lovely gold buttons, which are used in clusters on the front of the bodice and on the small, close cuffs. The skirt is made with a shaped flounce, trimmed with diamonds formed of lines of small tucks taken in the stuff.—New York Tribune.



White roses are much in demand for the winter hats.

More stylish cloth skirts are made with a separate drop skirt of silk than with a lining sewed in with the outside fabric.

Narrow lines of costly fur on gauze, net and tulle remain one of the incongruous combinations, but it is extremely effective and becoming whenever used.

The rage for lace for the trimming of hats and the adornment of gowns and evening wraps still continues, Irish crochet and filet being the popular sorts.

Guipure lace waists are prettily finished with tiny bands of fur, and one thing which never fails in these days is the stitching applied in every conceivable way.

A somewhat novel and altogether pretty feature of a fashionable wedding was a wreath of sweet peas worn by each bridesmaid in place of the customary large hat.

Brown cloth forms a smart tailor costume, with cream panne revers trimmed with gold-threaded applique. The vest is of Persian embroidery, outlined with gold.



**The Thought of a House Cat.**  
In fall, when I peer out at night, The stars seem brighter when it's cold; And, though I never have been told, I know those little stars all try To shine their brightest in the sky. To warm the world and make things bright, For cats who sing outdoors all night. —Philadelphia Press.

**New Cudgel Game.**  
Here is a new game, which is causing a great deal of amusement at social gatherings in Europe.

Two boys, or young men, are blindfolded, and in the right hand of each is placed a stout roll of paper in the form of a club or cudgel. The players then have to lie down on the carpet and to grasp each other by the left hand. Thereupon the fun begins. One of the players asks the other:

"Are you there?"

When the answer "Yes" comes, he raises his right hand and strives to hit with his cudgel the spot where, from the sound of the voice, he supposes the other player's head to be.

The other player, however, is at perfect liberty to move his head after he has answered "Yes," and the result is that in nine cases out of ten the blow misses his head and falls on his shoulders or some other part of his body.

In that case it is his turn to retaliate, and so the game goes on indefinitely, the sole object of the player who asks the question being to strike the other player's head and that of the player who answers to save his head from being struck.

**A Terrible Moment.**  
While in New Haven to attend the Yale and Princeton football game, I witnessed a sight which I will not forget for many a day. It was almost noon, and the main streets were swarmed with the hundreds of visitors that a big game always draws to the town where the game is to be played, when clouds of black smoke were seen to rise from the upper stories of the Hutchinson, a large, five-story, light brick building, occupied entirely by students. Long before the fire department had arrived an immense crowd had gathered on the spot, and there we beheld a young man standing on the ledge of a fifth-story window, wildly calling for aid, while the thick smoke rose all around him, and now and again completely enveloped him. Two or three times he seemed about to jump to the ground, which would mean certain death, but each time he was stayed by the shouts of his friends below, who called frantically to him to wait.

To the crowd, as they stood in the terrible suspense the fire engines never seemed longer in coming, and when they did arrive it took some time to raise the truck ladder, so that angry remarks could be heard on all sides. The sight of the ladder slowly rising, and the cheers and applause of his friends below, gave hope and courage to the entrapped student, by this time almost suffocated by the smoke, and he had just strength enough to seize the ladder as it reached the window and slide down half-way, where he was caught in the arms of two of the firemen and borne unconscious to the ground. He was taken to the house of a physician nearby, and it was over an hour before he recovered. The fire burned on and completely gutted the three upper stories, but the two lower stories were damaged only by water. The students in the lower stories went to their rooms and threw whatever they could into the street, where the things were gathered up by their friends, who stood waiting with the water pouring down upon them. Those whose rooms were on the upper stories, however, lost everything they had. That night there were about 50 students looking around for homes.

**The Gobbler Gobbles.**  
Little Dickie wept. You must not think too badly of Dickie, for he was only five. He wept because the turkey was after him again!

There were many turkeys about, for Dickie's father owned a farm. But this particular turkey was the liveliest of them all, and how Dickie feared him! It seemed to him that the turkey was always after him.

"He doesn't yike me!" Dickie had explained when jeered at for his fears. "He wants to bite me."

"Never mind, Dickie boy," his father had laughed. "Some day you shall bite him."

Dickie had vowed in his heart he never would. And now, on the day before Thanksgiving, the turkey was pursuing him again. Dickie had, only a moment before, escaped from his pursuer—a tiresome person, far too much addicted to saying "don't"—and had strayed into the farmyard. He looked so clean and nice in his white sailor suit, over the blue collar of which strayed his yellow curls. His blue eyes were filled with tears as he ran. The turkey, gobbling, ran after him—but not, as he thought, in pursuit, for the turkey had no thought of Dickie, but was trying to run away from Sam, the black cock.

"Sam! Sam!" called Dickie. "Sam! He's after me!"

"All right, Mas'r Dickie," answered Sam. "I be after him, and he knows it, too."

At that point Dickie sat down, abruptly and unintentionally, on a heap of straw. The turkey came up, Dickie waved his straw hat wildly up and down.

"Hold him! Hold him!" cried Sam.

"I can't. He'll hold me," wailed

Dickie, as the turkey came closer. "Sam—oh, Sam!"

"Hello, Dickie!" cried his father, coming out of the barn. "My boy a coward? That will never do. Stand up to him like a man!"

Now, Dickie never obeyed his nurse if he could help it. Sometimes, I am sorry to say, he did not do what his mother told him, very quickly. But he knew better than not to mind his father the first time. He stood up now, his fat legs very, very wide apart. The turkey, however, shot by, Sam after it. In a moment Dickie saw his foe in the hands of Sam, who bore him off, gobbling to the last and fluttering wildly.

"I 'tood up to him, daddy," said Dickie. "But I didn't bite him. I couldn't."

"You shall tomorrow," replied his father, swinging him up on his broad shoulder. "Come and see the little calf."

The next day Dickie sat at the table in his high chair. He was not usually allowed to dine with the grown-ups, but on Thanksgiving day his grandfather paid his yearly visit to the farm, and insisted upon his little grandson's presence.

Dickie's mother cut up a small piece of white meat for him.

"There!" said his father. "You've bitten the turkey now."

Dickie wondered what he meant, and why everybody laughed. But he had long grown accustomed to the way in which big people laughed when he saw nothing funny, so he took a spoonful of cranberry sauce and said nothing. He did not realize that it was his foe he had been eating.—New York Tribune.

**Clytie, the Sunflower.**  
When I was a little girl I used often to visit a gentle lady who lived at the edge of a quiet old garden. Hollyhocks and sweetwilliam and mignonette grew in that garden, and away at the farther end tall, strong stalks with nodding yellow blossoms at their very tops. These, the lady said, were sunflowers; and she told me an interesting story about them that I have never forgotten.

Once upon a time—hundreds and hundreds of years ago—there lived in a far-off country called Hellas a beautiful maiden whose name was Clytie. She was not a real maiden, but a water nymph, and her home was in the midst of a forest stream. In those days every stream and tree had its guardian spirit, and the people of Hellas, who were the Greeks, believed that their land was blessed by these nymphs and made fruitful. The tree spirits were called dryads and the water spirits were naiads. Clytie was a naiad because she guarded a sparkling stream that came flowing down from the mountain side. She was very beautiful, for her hair was long and yellow, her skin was as white as the inner sue of a lily and her eyes were brown and dancing as the waters are when they darken among the shadows of the trees and are rippled by the summer wind.

The little nymph was very happy in the pleasant wood where she was born, and played contentedly all the long, drowsy mornings and afternoons and evenings. But one day she ventured farther than she had ever before—out into an open space where the sun was shining like gold on the pebbles at the bottom of the stream. Now, Clytie had never looked upon the sun; she had only seen the rays on the stream that was her home as they drifted down through the leafy branches. As she looked toward the heavens her eyes were dazzled.

Apollo, the young god of the sun, was driving, as he drove every day, in his chariot of flame, from east to west through the heavens; and Clytie was charmed. She had never beheld so beautiful a being, and she called him to come down and play with her by the stream-banks in the meadow. But Apollo kept straight on in his course, never deigning to notice the little water-nymph so far below him on the earth. Clytie sat on the grassy bank and watched until the chariot of gold disappeared behind the western hills and the purple mist of the twilight came. Then she went home, but was very lonely. So day after day she came out from the shadows of the forest to the open place, where the waters gleamed and the fish went darting like spears of gold. But Apollo never noticed though she called him and called him to come and be her playmate. The people of the earth who came that way often saw her there by the stream and heard the sound of her voice, and they looked on her with awe.

For nine days and nine long nights the maiden sat and mourned, with her yellow hair drawn close about her, and would neither eat nor sleep. She was very, very sad, this little water-nymph, but she did not die. Oh, no. On the morning of the tenth day, when the children of the valley came to play by the meadow stream, they found a wonder where the maiden had been sitting—a tall, strong stalk with a nodding yellow blossom at its very top. And when the people watched, day after day, and saw that the pretty flower turned its head to follow the course of the sun from east to west through the heavens, they knew it was the nymph of the stream; and they called it Clytie, the sunflower.—Grace Adele Pierce, in Woman's Home Companion.

**Schoolboy Knows Three Towns.**  
A schoolboy at Greenpoint was asked to name three towns on Long Island. He gave them as follows: "Crosstown, Downtown and Out of Town."—New York World.

**A Humor of the Census.**  
The usual humorous incidents were not lacking in the recently taken British census. An immigrant in New Zealand stated to the authorities that his mother was a Kaffir, his father an Irishman, who had become a naturalized American, but afterward served in the French army, and that he was born on the passage between Yokohama and Colombo in a Spanish vessel. "Put him down a Scotchman!" was the official decision.

**"UNREDEEMED PLEDGES."**

**One of the Ways in Which the Unwary Are Tricked Out of Money.**

Recently there have been added to the city's heterogeneous commerce several little shops which offer for sale, mostly at auction to the highest bidder and to the only bidder, too, if his bid be high enough, jewelry and other articles that go under the name of unredeemed pledges. There are tricks in all trades and this particular trade is the sublimation of all tricks.

In the first place there is something alluring in the term "unredeemed pledges."

All such stores employ men with phenomenal lungs, who cry their wares in basso profundo. In one of them there is a fellow with a voice that would be conspicuous in a den of roaring lions. He is always coherent and the volume of breathy sound that comes from his mouth seems to be reverberated from every surface in the establishment. Generally he is telling the merits of a certain watch, or the price he has just been offered for the timekeeper, and as a passing pedestrian reaches the doorway he raises his voice a little, which secures an involuntary turn of the head. Often curiosity is aroused and the passerby goes in to investigate.

When one enters the shop the "auctioneer" is probably announcing he has just been offered a ridiculously low price for a fine pair of earrings.

"Gentlemen, are you going to let this elegant pair of earrings go at this price?" he asks, and there seems to be a genuine distress in his voice.

Perhaps the next article offered is a watch.

"Ah! What have we here? A watch? Well, so it is, and a beauty, too."

And then he goes on to tell how the owner of the watch was forced to part with it. It is always a pathetic tale. Young man; health failing for a long time; no money saved; mother dies suddenly; the watch is pawned for the funeral of the dear old lady.

He sighs deeply, but stifles his emotion and proceeds with the sale.

"Look at this watch and tell me what you think of it," he says to a tall individual standing near the showcase.

"I have no need of a watch," replies the man.

"But look at it. You don't need to buy it."

A critical examination of the watch follows and then the man who "had no need of it" offers perhaps \$5. The bid is at first scorned, but after much talk is reluctantly accepted.

If any one bids 25 cents more the watch is immediately sold.

The man who offers the \$5 is a "tout." He goes from shop to shop. Three or four are employed, and they go from shop to shop, making the first bid on every piece of gold-plated jewelry that is offered for sale.

There is one tall "tout" who wears glasses and who has been employed so long that even the most unwary look at him askance. Often he is forced to "make a bluff" at buying the brass. It is safe to estimate that he has "bought" at least 2600 watches during the past two years.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Bagpipe Music.**

Bagpipe music has "suffered greatly through the efforts of well-meaning but mistaken people to lift it out of its proper place and graft it on to city life and its inside entertainments." To compare its music with "classical productions" is "like comparing 'tates and herring with wine and jellies.'" A Chicago jury once decided that the bagpipe was not a musical instrument at all. But why quarrel with a denunciation? Enough that it has lived through some bad crises. When that phase of life in which it was born and brought up passed away, it declined to be moved into the back-ground. In short, it had the will to live without the adventitious aids of cranks and of congresses, because it answers a primitive want. Indeed, nothing could be more ironic than the fact that the military organization which did much to crush out everything that had made it a power should have been so completely conquered by it that there are now two-and-twenty bagpipe bands in the British army. The bagpipe has been annexed by some of our native Indian regiments, notably those in the Punjab, and it continues to spread there as a great military instrument.—The Athenaeum.

**President Arthur as a Dresser.**

"President Arthur was the best-dressed man I ever saw," said one of the attendants at the White House, who has been there 30 years or more. "He changed shirts three times a day and suits almost as often. He never wore the same suit all day, and during the social season changed as often as three or four times each day. In the summer he was fond of low-quartered shoes, and always tied them with a wide silk string. I have bought him hundreds of pairs of silk shoestrings. He had not less than 50 pairs of good shoes at all times, and I know he did not have less than 100 pieces of neckwear, too. President Arthur was a mighty fine man and was good to all the servants and others connected with the White House."—Washington Star.

**A Humor of the Census.**

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**Mother**

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured."  
D. P. Jolly, Avoca, N. Y.

No matter how hard your cough or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take. It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once.

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MORE VALUABLE THAN GOLD.

**Why Recent Discoveries of Platinum in Alaska Are Important.**

The price of platinum, one of the rarer of the precious metals, now exceeds that of fine gold, being \$21 an ounce. In 1890 the price was only \$10 per ounce, but owing to the gradual increase in demand it has been steadily rising. Platinum somewhat resembles silver in appearance, but has a rather duller luster. It is extremely resistant to acids and atmospheric agents tending to corrosion, and would be much more largely used were it not for the rather limited supply and resulting high price. The demand is in excess of the supply, and its price will probably continue to rise.

**MEANING OF "ATMOGRAPHY."**

New and Convenient Abbreviation Suggested for Wireless Telegraphy. A Muskegon correspondent of the "Electrical Review" suggests the word "atmography" as a desirable abbreviation for use in place of "wireless telegraphy" which is rather clumsy and undesirably long, especially when it has to be repeated every line or two in a description of aerial signaling. It should be pronounced with the accent and syllables of geography. Made up of the first four letters of atmosphere and the last half of telegraphy, it suggests the features of the system very well.

Lavender gives a net profit of \$100 an acre. Pure lard saturated with the scent of flowers (pomade) is worth from \$6 to \$7.50 a pound. Cologne of the finest quality (obtained by soaking the saturated lard in alcohol) brings as much as \$17 a pint.

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