



THE HAIR WORN LOW.

Nets Jeweled and Beaded and Silken Scarfs Inevitably Follow.

The fashion of dressing the hair well at the back and even low on the nape has come in to stay.

A big, three roll, or a big winged eight is the most satisfactory arrangement the coiffures have yet arrived at.

When two extremely long curls are drawn forward on either side of the neck they are appropriately called Lady Teazles.

It was almost inevitable, with the low arrangement of the hair and the waterfalls of curls, that the nets of 1860 and thereabouts should come back to favor.

When women, who do not wear jeweled or chenille nets in the evening have found almost as much comfort in the use of fanciful hair scarfs.

Some of the most prominent hair-dressers are actively pushing the use of pearl Juliet nets.

Some of the most prominent hair-dressers are actively pushing the use of pearl Juliet nets.

Some of the most prominent hair-dressers are actively pushing the use of pearl Juliet nets.

In Harper's A. Maurice Low, in his paper on Washington Society, tells of the difficulties confronting a newly elected Representative's wife in getting into "society."

"The rural Congressman's wife, ambitious to be in society, and who fondly imagines that election to the House of Representatives carries with it the golden key to unlock all doors, learns her first and bitter lesson," says Mr. Low.

"The rural Congressman's wife, ambitious to be in society, and who fondly imagines that election to the House of Representatives carries with it the golden key to unlock all doors, learns her first and bitter lesson," says Mr. Low.

"The rural Congressman's wife, ambitious to be in society, and who fondly imagines that election to the House of Representatives carries with it the golden key to unlock all doors, learns her first and bitter lesson," says Mr. Low.

specimen of middle-class, commonplace intelligence, the social recognition for which his wife sighs will never be hers.

Your Garments Must Cling.

Whatever you have or whatever you don't have for your spring and summer outfit there are certain things of line that must be remembered and carried out.

New Tints of the Moment.

Red tones are conspicuous in the smart women affect this color, and it is more generally worn by young girls and children.

A delicate tint of lettuce green or lily leaf, as it is also termed, is too attractive to be overlooked, and it is extremely smart in combination with a bright dahlia or parma violet tint.

A graceful exit from a drawing-room has always been an art. There is a good old rule in letter writing about saying what you have to say and stopping when it is done, yet there are people who always leave the important part of a note for the postscript.

When the call is at an end, one who is not from long habit accustomed to formal visiting should keep in mind the point of leaving, and when she has said the last thing she wishes to say, rise quickly and easily and shake hands with her hostess, making some pleasant remarks as she does so, and go directly out.

New ideas as to the care of the hands and the care of the complexion will always find some persons waiting to receive them.

Some of the most prominent hair-dressers are actively pushing the use of pearl Juliet nets.

Some of the most prominent hair-dressers are actively pushing the use of pearl Juliet nets.

Some of the most prominent hair-dressers are actively pushing the use of pearl Juliet nets.

In Harper's A. Maurice Low, in his paper on Washington Society, tells of the difficulties confronting a newly elected Representative's wife in getting into "society."

"The rural Congressman's wife, ambitious to be in society, and who fondly imagines that election to the House of Representatives carries with it the golden key to unlock all doors, learns her first and bitter lesson," says Mr. Low.

"The rural Congressman's wife, ambitious to be in society, and who fondly imagines that election to the House of Representatives carries with it the golden key to unlock all doors, learns her first and bitter lesson," says Mr. Low.

"The rural Congressman's wife, ambitious to be in society, and who fondly imagines that election to the House of Representatives carries with it the golden key to unlock all doors, learns her first and bitter lesson," says Mr. Low.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

The Way to Disinfect Books. If you have an atomizer half fill it with a forty per cent. solution of formaldehyde.

Correct Dining Table Decorations. A florist told me the other day that a well-adorned dining table no longer exhibits a great centrepiece of flowers.

Idealized Pillows. The newest and most beautiful cushion covers are made of gathered chiffon.

To Improve a Dark Hall. A woman who has long found the narrow hall of her house dark and difficult to treat in any way that made the entrance to the residence attractive, has transformed it, to its great improvement, by letting in a mirror from floor to ceiling on one side.

Care of the Complexion. New ideas as to the care of the hands and the care of the complexion will always find some persons waiting to receive them.

Bracelets in Fashion. Bracelets have come in fashion again, as the result of the elbow length sleeve, and many are studded with beautiful jewels.

Recipes. Anchovy Toast—The French mode of preparing anchovy toast is as follows: Melt an ounce of butter in a pan and a tablespoonful of anchovy paste; thin it out a little with hot water, add the juice of a lemon; pour over the toast and serve.

Blackberry Tart—A plain paste made with butter or cream and a little baking powder is much better for fruit pies than the finest puff paste ever made.

Turnip Soup—Peel and slice six white turnips; put them over the fire in two pints of boiling water; add one slice of onion; cook until the turnips are tender; rub them through a strainer into the water in which they were boiled; season with salt, pepper, celery salt; melt two level tablespoonfuls of butter; add two level tablespoonfuls of flour; stir this into the boiling water and stir until thickened; let cool five minutes, then add one cupful of milk.

Sweet Tomato Pickle—One peck of green tomatoes and six large onions, sliced. Sprinkle with one cupful of salt, and let them stand over night. In the morning drain. Add to the tomatoes two quarts of water and one of vinegar. Boil fifteen minutes, then drain again and throw the vinegar and water away.

A Man Who Knows. Douglas, the shoe man, who spends more than \$100,000 a year for newspaper advertising, makes this affirmation: "Any man who has an article of merit or any man who has a business in a good location who will advertise and keep on advertising is bound to more than get his money back and to become successful and wealthy."

The advertising man may not be superstitious, but he believes in signs.

THE OLD-TIME CIRCUS SHOW.

These circus we see Ain't the sort that used to be— Great big wonderful affairs Keeps us scatterin' our things 'Long the string-out row o' rings Tryin' to see all the stars 'Till our rubbernecks git sore As a rule, an' every pore Sweatin' plum from head to feet From excitement an' the heat, An' our eyes get tangled so Seems they're swappin' places; go Rollin' up an' down the tent Sort o' in bewilderment Tryin' to see it all till they Git right in each other's way! Leave the tent plum certain we Haven't seen the half, by gee! An' around the town we sneak Lookin' cross-eyed for a week! Give us them of-fashioned shows, Seats a-plin' up in rows 'Round a single throwed-up ring Where they showed us everything In a bunch, an' we could set Watchin' 'em an' never fret 'Thinkin' there was somethin' we Wasn't goin' to git to see. —Denver Post.



Employer—"What are you idling your time away for?" Clerk—"I'm not; it's your time."—Chicago News.

She always meets me at the door, My little wife so sweet; She always meets me at the door, To make me wear my feet! —Philadelphia Record.

Mother—"You must remember, Emmeline, that fine feathers don't make a fine bird." Daughter—"True, mamma, but they do make awfully pretty hats." —Tit-Bits.

The Teacher—"Without mastering multiplication we could not go any further in arithmetic." One of the Pupils—"Gee! Wouldn't that be a cinch?" —Puck.

Father—"What is the use of my earning money, if you spend it as fast as I make it?" Son—"That's all right, father. I enjoy it just as much as you do making it." —Brooklyn Life.

Blobs—"I shall have to wear glasses." Slobbs—"Are you troubled with your eyes?" Blobs—"What did you think I was going to wear them for—bulbs?" —Philadelphia

"You are indeed my treasure," she gently said to her; She blushed and said with pleasure: "Then be my treasure!" —Chicago Daily News.

Hewitt—"I've lost my best friend." Jewett—"Why don't you advertise for it?" Hewitt—"What do you mean?" Jewett—"I thought you said you had lost your pocketbook." —The Smart Set.

"I suppose you had to study anatomy as a preliminary at your art work." "Hardly. Why, that would be a handicap. My business is to draw fashion-plate figures." —Chicago Post.

Visitor—"You have a beautiful place here, but doesn't one become very much bored living in the country alone?" Hostess—"Oh, no! Thank goodness, we have few callers." —Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Nixdore—"My daughter, you know, is quite a lover of music." Mrs. Newcomb Peppery—"You don't say? Then that constant drumming on the piano in your house must annoy her dreadfully." —Philadelphia Press.

SOME HARDENED CR OKS

TRICKS BY WHICH THEY TRY TO HOODWINK THE POLICE.

One Criminal Who Gave Up Second-Story Robberies in Order to Receive Stolen Goods—Another Who Led a Respectable Life in Order to Pass Bad Checks.

"It's pretty hard for a lag to take a brace, and not many of them do it, but that's not the fault of the police," remarked an old-time Headquarters man who used to be one of the Byrnes staff.

"Whenever I hear of a finished and graduated lag giving it out that it's him for a merry and a little flat and a trip with the family every Sunday morning to the little church around the corner, I hope it's true, but it's been true in so few cases since I've been padding around with a badge stowed away beneath my outer clothes that I'm a little bit inclined to rubber to see if the boy isn't working up his little settle-down for the purpose of giving Mulberry street the cayenne square between the eyes.

"One of them, an old-time second-story man who'd done bits in all the big mills of the country, came pretty near throwing me with a spin like that about fourteen years ago. I'd tagged him a couple of times and got him, and when he came back with his hair short the last time he looked me up and handed me one something like this:

"It's me to join the whites, I'm through. I'm through right. I've made my last climb. You know how long it's and me down. I just thought I'd come over and tell you, and tell the Chief, so's you'd know. I'm going to get a job in Brooklyn, and if you ever hear of me being with the flash push again, nail me for a forty-speaker and I'll thank you."

"Well, there was something in the sort o' down way this old lag had about him when he pushed this one over to me that it got me just a little bit around the neck, for a fact. I took him in to the Chief.

"Well, you could never tell what the Chief thought, one way or the other, and when the old-timer passed him the same ripple I had no means of knowing whether it had stuck or not. The Chief simply told the old lag to drop in once in a while, just for sociability's sake, and the promise was made, and I dug into the kick and handed the vet a few loose ones that were laying around, and wished him luck.

"A month later, in a neat suit of black clothes, this old second-story man came 'round, paid me back those few dollars, and invited me to visit his lodgings in Brooklyn. He said that he had a job as truckman for a big warehouse company—which I afterward found out to be true—and that his niece was keeping house for him.

"The next time I was in Brooklyn in the evening I dropped in upon the old lag, and you never saw such a cute little flat, nor such a nice, womanly-like person—his niece, as he introduced her—presiding over it, in your born minutes. That clinched me. I had a dish of tea and went away with a teeny lump in my throat, and when I saw the Chief and all the rest of the crowd the plugging I did for that old-timer was something bigger in that line than I've done before or since.

"Well, that'll be about all of the soft notes up around the E string, with the mute on. Two months later a stool pigeon gave me the whisper that there was a pretty-sizeable jewelry 'fence' running over in Brooklyn in a certain district.

"The tip I passed on to the Brooklyn office without any suspicion of what was going to happen. What happened was that the Brooklyn office made a swoop upon the fence, and the swag-manager thereof was no less a smooth smoke than the old lag who had been the occasion of giving me the melons for the first time in a good many years.

"He had passed up the second-story game, all right, but he had rigged up his fence with a wide business, and his 'niece' was about as emery-palmed a piece of English female crookedness as ever had her hair clipped short or wore a burlap mother Hubbard on prison dress parade.

"The old devil had stuck to his teamster job for the purpose of keeping up his blind, and he had asked me to scatter the word around among the police crowd that he was honestly and truly on the level. I could see the almost imperceptible slow grin under the Chief's mustache when it all came out, and the things I did for many a moon after that in the way of tossing pebbles at my forehead couldn't be set down in a week.

"There was a check-kitter in this town once—he's been picking oakum and treading the mill in the English Portland for many a long year now—who did a reform stunt with the copper on and with such science that it took the office two years even to suspect him.

married a nice girl, and fixed up a cozy little Harlem plant, and made his regular little personal report on the quiet at the office at the regular intervals, and got into the church-going habit, and it began to look to a lot of us who were next to his record that he was going to do a lot of fooling up of a lot of people.

"But, as I say, he was laying plugged checks down all the time and accumulating the coin as a getway stake, for he was an Englishman and had the idea of making a final slow killing over here and then returning to the old country to give all hands on this side the quiet hoot.

"He operated for those two years on an extensive and almighty skillful manner, putting them over in widely separated communities, hiking as far as Philadelphia to pick up a few hundreds, and when he was finally got dead to rights he had an egg so near \$20,000 laid away in a number of Harlem banks that there wasn't any fun in it.

"He hadn't had a single high step or blowout out of the tricks he had turned, and if ever you saw a savage man when he mentioned this fact upon coming out of the sweat-box, he was the individual.

"Nine years was the bit he got out of his little lead-a-new-life stunt, and when he got out he had so much less hair and nerve that he went to England, where they soak 'em hard for swiping a whisk-broom or stepping on a cockroach's foot, and they swung on him with such force for a mere little matter of fifty pound that he's walking the endless roller up to the present moment."—New York Sun.

The Bride Wears Red.

Red is the nuptial color in China. The coiffes that carry the bride in her litter are dressed in red, and they bear a dwarf orange tree loaded with fruit and coin. The bride's compartments are finished in red trimmings, presents are carried on red trays, the banners borne in the procession are originally crimson, which are brightened by the rosy glow of the lanterns. The canopy itself is decorated according to the wealth and the taste of the bride's family. A poor woman is carried to her wedding feast in a plain chair painted red. If the family has wealth or rank the palanquin is very ornate, decorated with dragon heads. The Chinese skill in working silk or gold cord is displayed in an artistic manner. When the bride appears she wears a red veil, and the letters to her ancestors, whose blessing is invoked, are written on red paper. The bride generally wears a crown adorned with tinsel and mock jewels—an idea which is much more prevalent in Sweden.—Woman's Home Companion.

London Christian.

The movement for Sunday closing of public houses in England is assuming a business-like aspect. One of the chief obstacles has been the comparative indifference of members of the Anglican Church to the reform. This should now be greatly modified by the warm advocacy of many of the leading bishops, as well as of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The working classes are erroneously supposed to be hostile to the movement. About a million householders have already been canvassed, the result showing a majority of seven to one in favor of Sunday closing. Even more striking is the result of a canvass of fifty-six workshops, containing over 11,000 men. Of these, 10,000 declared themselves in favor of Sunday closing, with 1199 against and 514 neutral. A majority even of publicans have declared against the present custom.—London Christian.

Oldest Paper in the World.

It is generally believed that the Times, of London, and the Gazette de France, of Paris, are the oldest papers in existence, but this appears to be a mistake. The honor belongs to the Chinese, who possess a journal started nearly 1000 years ago. Its name is the King-Pah. It was founded, says a learned bibliophile, in the year 911 of the Christian era.

In 1804 it underwent another transformation, and appeared daily. It costs a half penny and issues three editions. The morning edition, printed on yellow paper, is devoted to commerce; the noon edition, printed on white paper, contains official acts and miscellaneous news; while the evening edition, printed on red paper, is taken up with political information and leading articles. It is edited by six members of the Academy of Science, and the total sale of three editions is 14,000 copies.

The Northern Spur of Minnesota.

"If England in 1782 had stood upon the motto, 'What we have we'll hold,' there would be now no Northwest Angle. But that is another story." In these words Mr. Otto J. Klotz, of Ottawa, concluded a paper read at the Ontario Land Surveyors' convention dealing with the Northwest Angle, Lake of the Woods. This is a strip of territory adjacent to the Shoal Lake gold fields, which naturally would belong to Manitoba or Ontario, but a treaty between Great Britain and the United States made it a part of what is now Minnesota, although it is entirely separated by water from the latter State. Mr. Klotz in an interesting manner traced the history of the dispute, and showed that the award, which originally was even less fair to Canada, and which was afterward compromised, was the result of defective maps.—Toronto (Ont.) Globe.

Ireland has the highest average number of children per family, 5.20, while France has the lowest, 3.03.