

The Breion Bat. The Second Bat. Second Bat.

stated in some fashion papers. The Applique Cras. The Applique Cras. The and lace, lace and fur and fur fund lace and velvet make a chorus material and velve that a shorus the fancy, a chorus, moreover, that asks the aid of the needle. Stitchery, stitch too much. Applications are to be the ruling bent in this year of prace. The craze for applying one material over another amounts al-most to a disease, for it is irresistible. Che eut out cretonne motifs and trails continue to declare themselves, while the mystery lent to this decoration by a velling of transparency, prefer-ability the very finest aerophane, is a vast improvement. Shaded so discret-by, all hardness is lost, and there is substituted a certain shadowy sugges-tiveness which is the very essence of artistic teeling.

## The Revival of the Earring.

The torviral of the Earring. The long-predicted revival of the ear-ring has, it would seem, arrived; just how earrings are considered quice the generating and are being worn to a casiderable extent for the first time inten years, though two styles cally in settings are at the present lime no-cied. The large hoop and other far-nation of the short for part of the serve, and slow a bretity ear, earrings to worn body, whereas diamonds only suit per of the short for part of the serve, and slow a pretity ear, earrings to out of size, are very expensive, and so size, are very expensive, and a detect the difference. The focus of a serve and dependent from this is a serve and dependent for this is a serve and the store, store, the protect is that of the drop, yet there is portant to avoid in the up-to-date ear-ting. American Queen.

b aron norican Queen. The Wedding Cake. Ing cake boxes are in any de-ich the bride is pleased to or-ich the bride is pleased to or-ich advarve. At present, how-is a testeful preference for dependence upon Wedding cake

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### Scientific Skirt Cutting

Benefit Skire Cutting. The control of fashion in women's skirts is toward a closer fit and more thouse depth. The greater number of founces, various depths being em-tions of the skirt. This ex-tions of the skirt shift is ex-tions of the shift. This ex-the shift. This ex-the shift. This ex-

true when applied to busy women. Women, if I may express it so, plod 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 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 posi-tively deadly to many of the gentier sex. To take up work and run it as a hobby and taking up work as a means of providing bread and butter for your-self or those dependent on you are things as remote as the poles. The sensitive, nervous tempera-ments, which are those which certainly do use best work, are very easily in-fluenced by their surroundings, and it makes all the difference in the world to them ι at the end of a hard day's work some one or something entirely different to think about. Bo 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 get-ting there was accomplished, she would find it a real rest, for it would changes hor thoughts, get her away from her little home workies, and arouse her little home workies of those who scem to nave so little in common with her own.

to have so intre in example own. Lack of recreation not only ruins the health and turns girls into old women, but it takes from them all individual-ity, all freshness, all power of sym-pathy, and turns then 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

New Era in Sleeves. There seems always something new to say about sleeves, really the most important item in wardrobes just now. The pretilest 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 ruffed undersleeves that fall over the hand; but this sleeve, un-fortunately, is not generally becoming. A sleeve that, on the other hand, is findent universally becoming is close, with a high, tight cuff and elaborate drapery at the elbow. An example of this drapery is a scarf of mousseling de sole 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 stahing. The correct way is to have the full part of the elbow trimming out. Some dreases made by first-class houses have sleeves made in a bag to

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 elseve 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.

contour of the arm almost to the elbow. After sloeves, what is the next im-portant thing on bodices? Probably collars, although there is a great simi-isrity about these. They vary more in nearly to size than to shape, in the latter respect keeping close to the could XiII. design. It is the use of embroideries and laces that gives eachet to most of these. A deep collar of yellew butlste, em-broidered with white and yellow worsted and inSet with ecru lace, is a novelry that gives distinction to a gown of these brown velvet. The blouse has no other trimming save some smail 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 founce, 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 out-side fabric.

ide fabric. Narrow lines of costly fur on gauze, et and tulle remain one of the incon-ruous combinations, but it is extreme-v effective and becoming whenever

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

crochet and niet being the popular sorts. Guipure lace waists are prettily fin-ished with tiny bands of fur, and one thing which never fails in these days is the stitching applied in every con-celvable 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 cus-tomary 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.

"All Work and No Play." The handsomest spangled nets are being used, with garish effect and great expense, over brocaded colored sliks and no play makes Jack a dull and perhaps it is particularly tion is bewildering.

00 G. CHILDREN'S COLUMN 000000000

Lickie, as the turkey came closer. "Sam-oh, Sam!" "Hello, Dickie!" cried his father,

"I 'tood up to him, daddy." said Dickie. "But I didn't bite him. I touldn't." "You shall tomorrow," replied his father, swinging him up on his broad shoulder. "Come and see the little calf."

calf." The next day Dickie sat at the table in his high chair. He was not usually anowed to dine with the grown-ups, but on Thanksgiving day his grand-father paid his yearly visit to the farm, and insisted upon his little grandson's presence. Dickie's mother cut up a small piece of whice meat for him.

Clytie, the Sunflower

The Thought of a House Cat. In fail, when I peer out at night, The stars seem vory bright. That is a seem vory bright. That, thought I never have been told, i know these little stars all try To shine their brightesis in the sky. To shine their brightesis in the sky. To warm the world and make things bright For cats who sing outdoors all night. —Philadelphin Press.

For cats who sing outdoors all night. —Philadelphia Press. —Philadelphia Press. Here is a new game, which is caus-ing a great deal of amusement at so-cial gatherings in Europe. Two boys, or young men, are bilnd-folded, 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?" "Are you there?" Men the answer "Yes" comes, he rates 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 per-fect liberty to move his head after he has answered "Yes," and the result is that in nine cases out of the the blow misses his head and fails on his shoul-ders or some other part of his houly. In that case it is his turn to re-talitet, and so the game goes on in-definitely, 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.

Clytic, the Sunflower. When I was a little girl I used often to visit a gentle iady who lived at the edge of a quaint old garden. Holly-hocks and sweetwilliam and migmon-ette 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 sun-flowers; and she told me an interesting story about them that I have never for-gotten. story about them that I have never for-gotten. Once upon a time-hundreds and hundreds of years ago-there ilved in a far-off country called Hellas a beau-tiful maiden whose name was Clytic. She was not a real maiden, but a water nymph, and her home was in the midst of a forest stream. In those days overy stream and tree had its guard-ian 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 beau-tiful, for her hair was long and yellow, her skin was as while as the inner sue of a lily and her cyes were brown and dancing as the waters are when they darken among the shadows of the theres and are rippled by the summer wind.

A tornba down and the provided signification of the provided on the provided

trees wind.

dents looking around for homes. The Gobbler Gobbled. 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 yowed in his heart he

had laughed. "Some day you shall bite 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 unrse-a filesome person, far too much addicted to saying "don'"—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 cook. "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,

"Hold

"All right, Mas'r Dickle," answered Sam. "I be after him, and he knows it, too." At that point Dickle sat down, abruptly and unintentionally, on a heap of straw. The turkey came up, Dickle waved his straw hat wildly up and down.

him! Hold him!" cried Sam. "I can't. He'll hold me," wailed "UNREDEEMED PLEDGES."

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

Dickie, as the turkey came closer. "Sam-ob, 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 toudn't." Are of the ways in the former, Are tricked Out of Money. Recently there have been added to the city's heterogeneous commerces ev-eral little shops which offer for sale, mostly at auction to the highest bid-der and to the only bidder, too, if his bid be high enough, jeweiry and other articles that go under the name of un-redeemed 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."

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 roar-ing lieus. 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 tell-ing the merits of a certain watch, or the price he has just been offered for the timelceper, and as a passing pe-destrian reaches the doorway he raises his voice a little, which secures an in-voluntary turn of the head. Often curlosity is aroused and the passerby goes in to investigate. When one enters the shop the "auc-tioneer" is probably announcing he has just been offered a ridicalously low price for a fine pair of earrings. "Gentlemen, are you going to let this elegant pair of earrings. "Achilement hence 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

Dickle's mother cut up a small piece of white meat for him. "There!" said his father. "You've bitten the turkey now." Dickle 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 cating.—New York Trib-una.

"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 saveq; mo.ere dies suddenly; the watch is pawned to pay for the funeral of the dear old laay. He sight deeply, but stilles his emo-tion 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 show-case.

case. "I have no need of a watch," replies

the

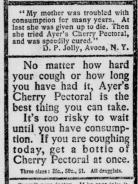
"I have no need of a watch," replies the man. "But look at ½. You don't need to buy it." A critical examination of the watch follows and then the man who "had no need of it" offers perhaps \$5. The to a last first scorned, but after much talk is reluctantly accepted." If any one bids 25 cents more the 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 jew-elry 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 binff" at buying the brass. It is safe to estimate that he has "bought" at least 2000 watches during the past two years.-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

the past two years.-New Orieans Times-Democrat. Bacpipe music has "suffered greatly through the efforts of well-meaning but mistaken people to lift it out of lits proper place and graft it on to city life and its inside entertainments." To compare its music with "classical pro-ductions" is "like comparing futies and herring with wine and jeliles." A Chicago jury once decided that the bacpipe was not a musical instrument at all. But why quarrel with a def-fition? Enough that it has lived through some had crises. When that phase of life in which it was born and brought up passed away, it de-clined to be moved into the back-ground. In short, it had the will to live without the adventitious aids of cranks and of congresse, because it answers a primitive want. Indeed, nothing could be more ironic that the fact that the military organization which did much to crush out every-iting that had made it a power should have been so completely conquered by fit that there are now two-and twen-ty bacpipe has been anneed by some of our native Indian regiments, notably these in the Punjab, and it continues to spread there as a great military instrument.-The Athenaeum. "President Arthur as a Dreaser."

D spread there as a great milling instrument.-The Athenaeum. President Arthur as a Dresser. "President Arthur was the besident dressed man I ever saw," said one, the attendants at the White Housy who has been there 30 years or mor-"He changed shirts three times a dr and suits almost as often. He ney-wore the same suit all day, and du-ing the social season changed as oftr as three or four times each day. If the summer he was fond of low-qua-tered shoes, and always tied the with a wide slik string. I have bough him hundreds of pairs of silk sho-be did not have less than 50 pairs of good shoes at all times, and I kmo-he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on he did not have less than 100 pieces on her did her servants and others connect with the Waite House.'-Washingto Star.

## A Humor of the Cens The usual humorous incid

The usual humorous incidents we not lacking in the recently taken Bri ish census. An immigrant in Ne Zealand stated to the authorities th his mother was a Kafft, his father a Irishman, who had become a natura ized American, but afterward served the French army, and that he was boo on the passage between Yokohama ar colombo in a Spanish vessel. "Put hi down a Scotchman!" was the offici decision.



Mother

Consult your doctor. If he says take it then do as he says. If he tells you noi to take it, then don't take it. He knows Leave it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass

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MORE VALUABLE THAN GOLD.

MORE VALUABLE THAN GOLD. Why Recent Discoveries of Platinum in Alaska Are Important. The price of platinum, one of the rarer of the preclous metals, now ex-ceeds 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 steadi-ly rising. Platinum somewhat re-sembles silver in appearance, but has a rather duller luster. It is extreme-ly resistant to aclds and atmospheric agents tending to corrosion, and would be much more largely used were it not for the rather limited sup-ply and resulting high price. The de-mand is in excess of the supply, and its price will probably continue to rise. MEANING OF "ATMOGRAPHY."

MEANING OF "ATMOGRAPHY."

New and Convenient Abbreviation Suggested for Wireless Telegraphy.

Suggested for Wireless Telegraphy. A Muskegon correspondent of the "Electrical Review" suggests the word "atmography" as a desirable abbrevi-ation for use in place of "wireless telegraphy" which is rather clumsy and underirably long, especially when it has to be repeated every line or two in a description of aerial signal-ing. 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 teleg-raphy, it suggests the features of the system very well.

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



But up in Collapsible Tubes. A shothest or and Superior to Musiari or any shothest of the Superior of the Superior of Super-site of the Superior of Superior of Super-site of Superior Superior Superior Superior Super-Super-Friedwork Instance and salarist constant environment in the Superior Super-Super-Friedwork Instance and Super-Super-Friedwork Instance Instance Instance Super-S CHEESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., 17 State Street, New York Oity.

DROPSY Nº W DISCOVERT; sives sass. Book of testimonia's and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. Gazet sould, for M. A. Status, Ga. Gold Medal at Buffelo Exposition. MCILHENNY'S TABASCO Itamicted with Thompson's Eye Water

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The contortionist is not the fellow who is addicted to pa<sup>#</sup>ing self on the back.

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 been before there is an open space where the sun was shining like gold on the peb-bles at the bottom of the stream. Now, Clytle 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 town the heavens her eyes were dazeld. 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 Clytle was charmed. She had never beheld so beautiful a being, and she cailed him to come down and play with her by the stream-tanks in the mendow. But Apollo kept straight on in his course, never deigning to notice the little water-arymph so far below him on the earth. Clytle sat on the grassy bank and watched until the charlot of gold diappeared behind the western hills and the purple mist of the twight 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 fleamed and the fah went darting like spears of gold. But Apollo never no-ticed 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 neard the sound of her voice, and they looked on her with ave. For nine days and nune 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 won-der where the ma.den had been sitting — a tall, strong stalk with a nodding when the people watched, day after day, and saw that the pretty flower turned its head to follow the course of the sun f

A schoolboy at Greenpoint was asked to name three towns on Long Island. He gave them as follows: "Crossfown, Downtown and Out of Town."--New York World.