

Tight Gioves. Tight Gioves are worse than tight shoes. The shoes may give a dainty look to the foot in spite of the tor-tures endured, but tight gloves make the hands fat and red and ugly. The desh bulges out and wrinkles form. Gloves should be worn so easily fitting that rings may remain under them. The red, creased look of the palm when gloves are too tight is abomin-able. The maiden who wears the glove is the only one who is deluded into the belief that her hand looks well in it.

In it. Sinces Dress and Jewels. Now that ladies wear so many jewels in the day time a sequence of color should be thought out. The Slamese arrangement may, perhaps, afford sug-gestions. In that country on Sunday red silk with a parure of rubles is worn; Monday brings a silver and white dress and a necklace of moon-stones: Tuesday is dedicated to light red, with coral ornaments; Wednesday is devoted to green, with emeralds; Thursday sees a display of variegated polors, with car's eyes; Friday the lady is arrayed in pale blue with flashing diamonds; and Saturday the more sto match.—London Graphic.

to match.—London Graphic. Beribboned Arm-Tops. While too many frills are not to be commended for a tiny daughter a fond mama occasionally evolves some lit-tie touch that is as pleasing as it is becoming. One thought as much upon teeling a rosy little girl in sheerest white the arm-holes of her frock being putlined with two or three inch pink ribbon. A few stitches had been tak-en to prevent the ribbon from becom-ing mere strings. These ribbons were tied on the tops of the arms, the bows being neither small nor very large. The same sized bow of the very same rib-bon was tied around the top hair in the very sensible way which now keeps the unmanageable tresses out of the little one's eyes. No doubt one reason for the admirable effect gained in this instance was the skill with which the ribbon had been chosen. It was just the Methen roses in the little maid's cheeks.

the hidden roses in the little maid's checks. An Ubiquitous Material. Was there ever before any one mat-erial which served in one and the same season for bathing suits, outing suits, walking suits, tallor costumes, travel-ing and coaching cloaks, promende ing costumes and evening dresses? You may think this last far-fetched, but it is true that a very fine silky white mohair, prettily made, is very attractive of an evening, and especially useful at the seashore, where many materials are far from satisfactory. Mo-but the same thing may be said of affecta, which is also used for every-thing, and for all age. In fact, it even outdistances mohair, bage superior for linings and petti-coase sepecially. The more one thinks of such con-trasting uses of a material the more one marvels.—Philadelphia Record.

The sandow dirt. The sandow dirt. The Sandow girl is in style. The new first waists are built so that a woman looks twice as wide as she is. In hec with the looks narrower, for skirts are built so that awan looks twice as wide as she is. In hec with the looks narrower, for skirts are built and apparently muscular, so the broad so the broad and apparently muscular being to the shoulders. In cer-and its immediate effect is to make the hore becoming to a slender woman who looks . Steve eabroad as she did in the spring. . Steve display the same pecularity. They are tucked in rows of tucking triming around the arm and they are the apparently and so f lace going make the sheve large and the arm big. . Milvaukee Sentinel.

Prize Fackets. Many owners of the marquise and chevallere rings that fashion has order-ed for her favorites, and which have been given as presents, are discover-ing that the pretty ornaments are un-expected prize packets, which only chance can reveal to them, says Wom-en's Life.

chance can reveal to them, says Wom-en's Life. When carelessly twisting one of these rings roung her finger a well forown Parlsienne was surprised to find the top of her rins suddenly spring open and reveal within its depths the thiese miniature of her favorite pet ditter. Another, testing her own ring, met with a like surprise, to find her own face smilling back at her. Miniature portraits of the givers are more general, and on inquiry at a lead-ing jeweler's, where the most costly of yewelry novekles first see the light, it was confessed that quite a number of rings fitted with these tiny springs. and enclosing some little photo, or

the petal of a certain flower, have been made, though their contents have not yet been discovered. Only an accidental touch is likely to re-lease the spring, for not even to the giver, but only to the maker, is the secret known.

Women's Opportunities

Women's Opportunities. That the industrial field for women in this country is looked upon as a veri-table Eldorado by some English writ-ers on the subject is evidenced by the glowing account of the opportunities at the command of American women and the salaries paid for various kinds of that appeared in a recent issue of an influential London weekly. Teach-ing and typewriting are stated as the staple occupations of women of edu-cation and sbility. The average rate of a year, while head misk-creases and col-lege professors receive propertionately more. All teachers have a summer va-cation of from three to four months, which many energetic teachers make profitable by giving private lessons or turing in the various summer resorts, by chaperoning girls to Europe or in many other ways which entail neither loss of prestige nor of social posi-tion."

ton." Concerning the occupation of steno-graphy and typewriting is this com-ment: "The typewriter is an adjunct of every business office in the United States, and its operator is usually a woman. Here salaries begin at \$10 a week and go up to \$40 or \$50 a week, or even higher, in cases where expert knowledge is required, as in a law of-fice, or in connection with medical work."-Brooklyn Eagle.

The Decline of the Apron

The Decline of the Apron. It is about forty years since the pop-ularity of the apron began to wane. At that time no woman's wardrobe was complete without an assortment of aprons for all sorts of occasions. A black silk apron was the acme of ele-gance and propriety, and any nonde-script gown could, by the addition of the black silk apron, trimmed with a few rows of black relvet ribbon, be dignified and adorned to the utter satis-faction of the wearer. An apron had rather a wide field of

The proof of the second second



Long strings of beads made of burnt ood, carved and tinted. are very

front o stylish.

stylish. The water lily in black represents one of the novelties in floral millinery garniture. The most fashionable vells are black and white or black tulle with half moon or tiny stars on the plain grounds.

grounds. Very pretty oracelets of irregularly shaped pearls in varying tints, caughi together with gold links, are finding much favor. Spanish laces in small figured de-signs, stars and dots, are to be seen in borders of handkerchiefs that have eentres of slik.

borders of handkerchiefs that have eventres of slik. A wrist bag of gray succe is studded with turquoises, the mounting being set with a row of turquoises and Rhine stones in alternation. China slik underbodices, full in front with straight back, cut high in the neck and finished with elbow sleeves, are very nice to wear under sheer white batiste blouses. A very pretty finish is given a waist by a white lace collar, edged with finely plaited black chiffon, which in turn is bordered with a narrow chiffon ruching. It gives the bertha effect and breadth to the shoulders.



What the Chicken Thought. Before the chicken burst his shell, He could not see things very well. It seemed to him like one white wall; He could not look outside, at ak. But, when once free, he viewed on high The beauty of the bright blue sky !

"Some day, when I am grown," thought he, "T'll break that blue shell that I see!" —Boston Budget.

-Boston Budget. -Boston Budget. How Long Do Animals Live? How many of you know how long the birds and animals live? None of our common pets, the cats or dogs, live very long. I once heard of a cat that lived 29 years, and of a dog that was 22 when he died. But this does not often happen. A horse cannot do much work after he is 12 or 14 years old; but I heard of one horse that lived 64 years. Birdis sometimes have long lives. There was once a partot who lived over 100 years, and ravens often live much longer. A cocatoo In a far-off country was a cheerfal old pet when he was 55 years old. He would have lived to be older if he had not grown so cross that he would fight and hurt himself. A doge. Fish are such selfish creatures that they out to live doge.

A dove once lived 25 years in a cage. Fish are such selfish creatures that they ought to live long. They never get hot. Carp are said to live hundreds of years, and pike are also hardy old fellows. There are some insects that live but a few hours. Some live but a day, and all of them are short-lived. The wild beasts do not live long, but elephants are sometimes old, and then they grow helpless, just like old people, and cannot do anything for themselves.—Washington Star.

then they grow helpless, just like old people, and cannot do anything for themselves.—Washington Star. A Tame Quash. Mr. C. Napler Bell sives, in "Zang-weera," a pleasant account of a tame quash, a little animal of Central America belonging to the raccoon family. It is about twice the size of a cat, is covered with thick brown fur, and has a long, busby tail. While in camp, Mr. Bell's party brought up a young one. "I never in my life saw such an in-quisitive, active, pertinacions, fear-less, impudent, amiable and quarrel-some little beast as he was," says Mr. Bell. "If you tracted Quash well, he would be most loving, playing with your hand, poking his long nose up your sleeve or into your pockets, and running all over you as if you belonged to him; but, if you attempted to put him away before he chose to go, he would quarrel at once, snarl and bile, and twist his nose from side to side with impudent definance. "If the workmen set their food down, Quash would take possession at once, and a fearful row would take place before he could be dispossessed. "He was everywhere and into every-thing, singed his little toes by walk-ing through the wood ashes, when, in-stead of running away, he shrieked with rage, and began to dig and scat-ter the ashes in ungovernable an-ger. Then he rushed up a man's back to sist on his shoulder and litch his sore toes. He would often jump on your face when you were sound anleep, and insist on lying down there. At night nothing would satisfy him but to crawl under the men's cover-ings and up against their naked skins, where he was by no means careful with his sharp little claws; but to get rid of him meant nothing less than a stand-up fight. "Every one was fond of Quash, and at the same time every one voted him an unnitigated nuisance. Finally, I gave him to an Indian girl, with whom he became a great pet and grew tamer than ever."

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it. Returning from Japan, where the Mikado presented him with a pass-port bearing the seal of the emperor, and where, at Tokyo, he is said to have whipped every dog he ran across, just to show what an American dog could de, Owney reached this coun-try, and in 1897 found himself in **To** ledo, Ohio. While there one of the clerks, desire there one of the clerks, desir

While there one of the certas, there ing to have him photographed, chained him. This was too much for Owney's American spirit, and he bit the clerk. It was reported to the postmatter, and he had a policeman shoot him. An in-glorious end for a dog of his distinction

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A Little and a Big Fellow

A Little and a Hig Fellow. There were 36 plump muskmelon seeds, and Bobbie planted them very carefully, tucking nine in each one of the four mounds of earth his fat hands had heaped, smoothed, and patted down. My garden's to be all melons this year. I'll have enough to eat, and lots to sell," he called out proudly to Harry Wood.

year. I'll have enough to eat, and lots to sell," he called out proudly to Harry Wood. Now Bobble and Harry were great friends, though the former was only five years old and recently out of kits, while the latter wore a stand-up collar, a butterfly necktle, and was even thinking about "putting on long tronsers."

contain a butterny neerche, and was even thinking about "putting on long trousers."
Harry's tone, though patronizing, was kind, as he inquired, "So you really think, sonny, that you'll have a big crop of melons?"
"Of course!" And Boblie's voice was full of pride. "I mean to take awfully good care of the plants."
And, indeed, as the weeks went by Bobble did tend his melons faithfully, and in spite of many discouragements. For in two of the brown mounds the seeds failed to appear; whether they had been nibbled by some wandering worm, nobody could tell.
However, the other two mounds soon

bed of some wandering worm, hobody could tell. However, the other two mounds soon bristled with luxuriant green plants. These, under Uncle Jed's advice, Bob-ble thinned out carefully, weeded, and watered. Then, alas! one night when the little boy was sound asleep (dreaming of luscious melons), an evil-minded cutworm sawed away in the moonlight, and, when morning came, half the plants lay wilting and dying. came,

Bobbie would have cried over them, Bobble would have cried over them, but then, sait water wasn't good for plants (only asparagus. Uncle Jed said); and so, instead, he did his best to save the rest of his plants. Soot from the kitchen stovepipe, tobacco from another pipe (the hired man's), routed the wicked cutworms. Then **a** warm rain, followed by susshing days, made the melons grow as fast as "Mr. Finncy's turnip behind the barn." They got ahead of weeds, bigs, and worms, and began to put forth pert little runners dotted with yellow blos-soms.

some. Then, one woful day, Mrs. O'Brien's cow got out of the pasture, and wan-dered about until she reached the Barker grafen; and, on her way to reach the dozen rows of young corn, what must she do but place her feet right on his last hill of melons, smash-ing every trailing vine but one! And this time Bobble cried. And Harry Wood, who came over to see the extent of the damage, tried to what must she do bub lace her out of the damage, tried to what must she do bub lace her out of the damage, tried to what must arg, a smy by greet agate marble." Now Bobble hadn't noticed this, and he was so delighted that he quite for-got his tears. The one lonely melon grew rapidly until it began to look very well. Then one day-it was when Bobble and the rest of the Barkers went to the county fair—the young Plymouth Rock roos-ter squeezed himself through the chicken yard palings; and what else must he do but stalk boldly up to that melon, and begin to peck at it! Tap, tap, tap! went his yellow beak, until he broke right into the juley, salmon-jink heart. It was Harry Wood who saw him, and drove him back into the hen-yard. But most of the melon rode away in the stomach of the Plymouth Rock. Harry looked down mourfully at the bits of rind, scattered seeds, and threw it among the burdecks on the other side of the garden fence. After which his long legs carried him down to the Italian's fruit sore; and, when he came out again, he bore a buiging paper bag. Hurrying up street, ho reached the Barker yard,-reached Bobbie's Ill-fated melon patch, and there with fresh affection for his own solitary treasure. Ho hent mad filed him with fresh affection for his dwn solitary treasure. Ho hent over the brown mound, parte the green leaves, and—oh, wonder of won-ders.'

"Mai mai" Bobble shouted. "Do ome here. Why, my melon has grown is just while I've been gone! And 's so ripe that it's loosened itself from the stem. Oh-ee! it's perfectly weater"

it's so ripe the from the stem. Oh-ee! It a pro-lovely!" The Plymouth Rock stuck his red The Plymouth Rock stuck his red on through the chicken-yard fence, the balance of the stuck his red through the chicken-yard fence,

The Plymouth Rock stuck his red comb through the chicken-yard fence, and crowed deristvely; but Bobble didn't notice him. And Harry Wood was chuckling to himseif across the street, as he said: "That quarter I was saving toward my new alr-gun is gone, but I don't care. The joke was worth 25 cents. And, anyhow, a big fellow kind of ought to look out for a little fellow." --Sunday School Times.

Most spiders have eight eyes, though some species have only six. al

"Notwithsianding the fact that we are generally credited with being a newspaper-reading nation, I am often tempted to believe that there must be many millions of intelligent persons in the United States who never so much asglance at the head lines of a newspaper," remarked an official of the postofice department, "At any rate, if these millions to whom I refer ever actually do read the newspapers, their guilibility must be so profound as to be unfathemable. The postofflee department is constantly issuing fraud orders against individuals and alleged firms engaged in getting rich in the operation of schemes that it would seem as if any shrewd child of 10 ought to be able to see through with-out the least bother. "The other day, for example, the de-partment got after a chap out in Clin-cinnait who for some months had been conducting what he called a 'urf bu-reau." He allaged in his really admi'-ably written circulars that he had pri-vate and abolute certain methods of obtaining information as to the horses that were stated to with races on tracks all over the United States, and hey partitude will, woll we hooked this follow up, he promptly skipped, and his moonling mail was spiezd. It seems incredible, but every day's mail brought in thourands of dollars, in amounts ranging from §5 actually up to \$500, and the letters inclosing cash and checks were nearly all of them maparently written by persons of edu-cation. The book in which the man hey his simple account of cash ra-ecived showed that since he put his scheme into operation he had taken in no less a sum that \$465000, almost out of the question as it may appear. He has got away, but, even if the is cap-ured, yrey much doubt if any very heavy punishment can be visited upon him. Those aligney chaps who work their dodges by means of the mails. The endless chain schemes that the department is ord is all site as a so if all a busted' individual had to do to get not a sin a site is constantly in refer to a sin a site work of the tran-sor and the recent dout

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THE SPIDERS' WAYS

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