

## ON THE STAGE.

In the rosy light of my day's fair morning,  
Ere ever a storm-cloud darkened the west,  
Ere ever a shadow of night gave warning,  
When life seemed only a pleasure guest,  
Why, then, all humor and comely scorn-  
ing,  
I liked high tragedy best,  
I liked the challenge, the fierce-fought  
duel,  
With a death or a parting in every act,  
I liked the villain to be more cruel  
Than the basest villain could be, in fact,  
For it fed the fires in my mind with fuel  
Of the things that my life lacked.

But as time passed on and I met real  
sorrow,  
And she played at night on the stage of  
my heart,  
I found that I could not forget on the  
morning  
The pain I had felt in her tragic part;  
And, alas! no longer I needed to borrow  
My grief from the actor's art.

And as life grows older, and, therefore,  
sadder  
(Yet sweeter, may be, in its autumn  
haze),  
I find more pleasure in watching the  
gladder  
And lighter order of humorous plays,  
Where mirth is as mad, or may be mad-  
der  
Than the mirth of my lost days.

I like to be forced to laugh and be merry,  
Tho' the earth with sorrow is ripe and  
rife;  
I like for an evening at least to bury  
All thought of trouble, or pain, or strife.  
In sooth, I like to be moved to the very  
Emotions I miss in life.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

## HERO OF THE HALL BEDROOM.

When I told my wife about it she  
exclaimed: "How utterly absurd! Why,  
I think you should have understood  
him all along."

"Mrs. Dockboy," said I, severely,  
"how was I to believe all his stories—  
his tales of prowess in matters of love,  
in feats of strength? Perhaps he did  
knock out O'Sullivan, the champion  
middleweight; perhaps he was the  
greatest halfback that ever played on  
the Cad university eleven; perhaps he  
did leave the West on account of the  
impertinences of three beautiful mil-  
lionaires; but even Lieutenant Swash  
doubted the story of his capture by  
Apaches and his subsequent release  
by the chief's daughter."

"Swash!" retorted my wife. "Why  
do you always quote that horrid old  
thing? I think that he is himself in-  
clined to exaggeration at times, wheth-  
er unconsciously or otherwise, I can-  
not judge."

I do not take my wife's view of the  
matter at all, and I cannot see why the  
lieutenant and myself should have ac-  
cided otherwise than we did.

We were talking of Filkins—Filkins,  
who occupied the fourth floor rear hall  
bedroom in my old boarding house. In  
locating the man I have described  
him, for that particular room in every  
boarding house is inhabited, experi-  
ence has taught me, by a peculiar ac-  
cidents—men of culture, but on their up-  
pers, men whose long lines of distin-  
guished ancestors have bequeathed to  
them some quarts of blue blood, but  
nothing with which to keep it in cir-  
culation, and an inherent idea that it  
ought to keep moving itself, without  
their descending to plebeian labor to  
supply the motive power. Just such a  
person was Filkins. His clean-cut  
features, his easy manners, his politeness,  
supported by his pretensions  
to family. When preparatory to going  
out after dinner he donned the  
evening clothes of the medical student  
who occupied the second floor front,  
and you saw him, not a hair of his head  
or moustache out of place, not a wrinkle  
or a speck anywhere, you instinctively  
felt that he was a gentleman born.

And if, perchance, he was off to "that  
swell little affair at Mrs. Van Fonn's  
that the papers have been talking so  
much of," and needed a quarter for  
car fare, his father having forgotten  
to send him his check for the month,  
it was willingly given, for he was a  
capital fellow. He drew on us occa-  
sionally, but we regarded that as only  
a slight compensation for his com-  
pany.

Lieutenant Swash came into my  
room early one evening as Filkins and  
I were discussing things in general  
over our pipes, and announced that  
he had three tickets for a series of box-  
ing bouts at the Olympic Athletic Club.

"There will be some bruising," he  
cried, enthusiastically, "and it will be  
worth seeing."

"Awfully sorry, old man, but I can't  
go," replied Filkins. "There is a cer-  
tain man in New York who has been  
searching high and low for me for  
three weeks. He'll be there, I know,  
for he has been going to the bowwows  
and spends all his time about such  
places. I'm not afraid of him, but I  
deem it more discreet for a while to  
avoid him."

"Your tailor?" ventured the lieuten-  
ant.

"Dear me, no," replied Filkins, with  
great good humor. He seemed to en-  
joy the joke. "Would that he was and  
I was wearing a respectable-looking  
cause for him to pursue me, but I am  
not so lucky."

"Now, see here, Filkins, you've got  
to come," I said.

"To tell the truth, it would be awfully  
embarrassing for me to meet that  
fellow," he replied. "You'd be sur-  
prised if I'd tell you who he is. Every-  
one has heard of him—rich, great  
swell."

Swash looked at me and winked one  
of his knowing winks. Then, turning  
to Filkins, he asked:

"Well, what does he want with you?"

"A woman at the bottom of the whole  
thing," replied our companion, unru-

fled. "You'd be surprised if you knew  
who she was—great belle—piles of money  
in her own name. I met her at a  
dance. Three weeks ago she broke off  
the engagement, and since then he has  
been going to the bowwows—a perfect  
madman, the fellows say, and he has  
sworn to break my head on sight."

"And why should he bother about  
you?" queried Swash, sitting down on  
the edge of the bed, a most contemptu-  
ous look on his face.

Filkins smiled and softly puffed up  
his pipe.

"Why should he bother about you?"  
repeated the lieutenant, more emphati-  
cally.

"Indeed, I don't know," was the quiet  
reply. "I never spoke to her more  
than three times." He was silent for a  
moment. Then he laughed: "And,  
by Jove! do you know, she sent me a  
note the other day that cost me a quar-  
ter—forgot to pay the messenger."

"Never mind your certain man. Come  
on!" cried the lieutenant, rising, but-  
toning his coat and drawing on his  
gloves.

Filkins sighed, knocked the ashes out  
of his pipe and arose.

"Very well, if you insist," he said.  
"But I know there will be trouble, and  
I am very rusty with my fists. Now,  
I would not care if I was like what I  
was when—"

"Hurry! We're late!" interrupted  
Swash. And as we were filing down  
the stairs he whispered:

"A million to one we don't see the  
certain man."

"I would be a fool to take you up," I  
replied, softly.

When we reached the gymnasium of  
the Olympic Club the first bout was  
over. Several hundred men, generally  
in their shirt sleeves, were seated on  
low benches about the ring, all smok-  
ing so vigorously that a thick haze  
filled the room, and from where we  
stood we could hardly distinguish the  
faces of the two muscular fellows who  
were seated in their respective cor-  
ners.

"There are three seats up front.  
Let's get there," said the lieutenant,  
indicating the place with his cane.

Filkins hung back.

"I'd rather not," he said, "I'll not be  
noticed here."

"Rot!" exclaimed the other, seizing  
his arm and literally dragging him  
through the crowd, until at length we  
were comfortably fixed in the front  
row. I could see everything then, and  
even heard the low tones of the referee  
as he arose and announced: "Six rounds  
between Harry Donohue of Boston  
and Kid Williams of New York. Then,  
with a nonchalant wave of the hand  
toward the right-hand corner, "Dona-  
huc" toward the left, "Williams."

Donahue and Williams were two  
very respectable looking young men,  
with clear, pink faces, and splendid  
 chests and muscles. Swash said that  
the latter was a middle weight and  
fought too low, but of that I knew  
nothing. In fact, I thought it was  
rather tame. My idea of prize fights  
had been drawn from comic and relig-  
ious papers, but in these two active,  
athletic young men, who shook hands  
and then began to jump lithely about  
the ring, beating the air and at times  
striking each other with their gloved  
hands, I did not see a realization of my  
sanguine imaginings. To be sure, in  
the second round Williams landed vil-  
lanously on Donohue's nose, causing it  
to bleed profusely, and received in turn  
an upper cut on the chin which brought  
from the crowd about us cries of "Good  
one!" "Now, another!" "Yer got 'im  
skewer!" "Ah, pshaw! the Kid's too  
slow; just see the chances he missed!"  
"He's fighting too low."

The affair was getting more inter-  
esting. Williams gave his opponent a  
body blow that sent him reeling against  
the ropes at one side, but the Boston  
lad regained himself in an instant and  
dealt the New-Yorker such a violent  
one on the cheek that the young man  
began to stagger stupidly about, hold-  
ing his hands out to protect his face.  
Involuntarily I half rose and cried, "A  
good one!"

A sudden pull at my coat brought  
me back to my seat and Filkins whis-  
pered in my ear:

"There he is! What did I tell you?"

"Who?" said I, ruffled at the inter-  
ruption.

"The man that I spoke of. Come, let  
us get out. He is moving this way."

Swash heard him, and, seizing him,  
he pulled him back into his seat, for  
he had made a motion to go.

"Leave at this point?" he cried.

"Filkins, you're a fool!"

I looked toward the person whom  
Filkins had pointed out, and although  
I had never before seen him, from a  
series of pictures of noted society men  
which a certain paper had published I  
knew him to be Archibald Van Peyster.

"Yes, Filkins," I said, "you're a fool."  
"Call me what you choose," he retort-  
ed, "but mark my words, there will be  
trouble if we stay. Time has been  
called and I, at least, had better go."

"Nonsense!" laughed Swash. "We'll  
stand by you, old man, for I propose to  
see this thing out. It'll be hot the next  
round."

"Indeed, it will," said Filkins, grim-  
ly.

"Well, here comes the certain well-  
known man," I chuckled, for Van Pey-  
ster was moving around our way, and  
since Filkins had so boldly declared  
himself I determined to give him a  
few gentle thrusts. The opportunity  
was so good.

"I see him," he replied, quietly.

Swash began to laugh and used a  
rather strong expression, but hardly  
was it out of his mouth when I heard  
a stronger one, and looking up saw  
Archibald Van Peyster right in front  
of us, glaring down at our companion.  
There was a pause. Then he delib-  
erately raised his cane and brought it  
down toward Filkins' head. I sprang  
from my place and put out my arm to  
arrest the blow, but Filkins was too  
quick for me. He caught it on his

left wrist, and shot out his clenched  
right hand, landing neatly on his as-  
sailant's chin with such force as to send  
him groping against the ring platform.

In an instant the place was in an up-  
roar; a dozen men sprang between the  
two new combatants; a hundred others  
gathered around us, filling the air with  
their excited cries and inquiries as to  
what had happened.

Van Peyster's excretions were  
something terrible. Inflamed with  
drink, maddened with jealousy and  
thirsting for revenge for the punish-  
ment he had received, he struggled  
to free himself from the grasp of those  
who held him. Filkins on the other  
hand coolly explained:

"The man is drunk, gentlemen. Some-  
one had better find his name and ad-  
dress and send him home." Then in a  
lower tone he whispered to me:  
"Don't you think we had better go  
now?"

"I think we had," I said, and with-  
out another word Swash and I follow-  
ed him out of the place and home to  
the boarding house, where he bid us  
good-night and retired to his fourth  
floor rear hall bedroom.

I saw Filkins the other day. He was  
driving toward the park in a handsome  
victoria, two neatly liveried men on  
the box. At his side sat a pretty girl whom  
I had never before seen, but knew  
from the pictures to have been the  
great belle, Miss Emily Carusher. And  
when I told my wife about it she said  
that I ought to have known it all along.

"But I judged him from his other  
stories," I expostulated.

"Perhaps they were true, too," said  
she.—New York Sun.

## TREATMENT OF COLDS.

### How They May Be Cured and Their After Consequences Averted.

Colds are probably the most common  
ailment in the world. They are always  
disagreeable and oftentimes dangerous.  
A person in good health, with fair play,  
easily resists cold, but when the health  
flags a little and liberties are taken  
with the stomach or with the nervous  
system a chill is easily taken, and, ac-  
cording to the weak spot of the indi-  
vidual, assumes the form of a cold or  
pneumonia, or it may be jaundice. Of  
all causes of "cold," probably fatigue  
is one of the most efficient. A jaded  
man, coming home at night from a long  
day's work, a growing youth losing  
two hours' sleep over evening parties  
two or three times a week, or a young  
lady heavily "doing the season," young  
children overfed and with short allow-  
ance of sleep, are common instances of  
the victims of "cold." Luxury is favor-  
able to chill-taking; very hot rooms,  
feather beds, soft chairs, create a sensi-  
tiveness that leads to catarrhs. It is  
not, after all, the "cold" that is so much  
to be feared as the antecedent condi-  
tions that give the attack a chance of  
doing harm. Some of the worst "colds"  
happen to those who do not leave the  
house or even their beds, and those who  
are most invulnerable are often those  
who are most exposed to changes of  
temperature, and who by good sleep,  
cold bathing and regular habits preserve  
the tone of their nervous system and  
circulation. Probably many chills are  
contracted at night or at the fog end  
of the day, when tired people get the  
equilibrium of their circulation distur-  
bed by either overheated sitting or un-  
derheated bed rooms and beds. This is  
especially the case with elderly people.  
In such cases the mischief is not al-  
ways done instantaneously or in a single  
night. It often takes place insidiously,  
extending over days or even  
weeks.—London Lancet.

### By Any Other Name.

Oberlin, the French philanthropist,  
was once traveling in the depth of winter  
amongst the mountains of Alsace. The  
cold was intense, the snow lay  
thickly upon the ground, and ere the  
half of his journey was over he felt  
himself yielding to fatigue and sleep.  
He knew if he gave way to sleep he  
would wake no more; but in spite of  
this knowledge, desire for sleep over-  
came him and he lost consciousness.  
When he came to again, a wagoner in a  
blue blouse was standing over him  
urging him to take wine and food. By  
and by his strength revived, he was  
able to walk to the wagon, and was  
soon driven to the nearest village. His  
rescuer refused money, saying it was  
his duty to assist one in distress. Ober-  
lin begged to know his name, that he  
might remember him in his prayers. "I  
see," replied the wagoner; "you are a  
preacher. Tell me the name of the  
Good Samaritan." "I cannot," answer-  
ed Oberlin, "for it is not recorded."  
"Ah, well," said the wagoner, "when  
you can tell me his name, I will then  
tell you mine." And so he went away.

### Military Pride.

Looked at from a soldierly point of  
view, the following little anecdote of  
the battle of Alma is worth quoting  
from Sir John Adye's "Recollections of  
a Military Life." "The battle ended  
about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the  
headquarters camp being pitched near  
the river; and Lord Raglan then went  
in search of his orderly officer, Lieut.  
Tom Leslie, and, with the help of some  
Guardsmen, with a stretcher, brought  
him to his tent. Lord Raglan asked  
me," writes Sir John, "if I knew Tom's  
mother; and on my replying in the  
negative, he said, 'A charming woman.  
I must write to her. How proud she  
will be to hear that he has a bullet in  
his shoulder!'"

### Mosaics.

Mosaic floors, laid with small pieces  
of different colored stones set in regular  
patterns, were known to the Egyp-  
tians 2900 B. C. In Babylon floors of  
this kind dated from 1100 B. C.

### To Freshen Basted Water.

Cold boiled water tastes flat because  
it has been deprived of air. To restore  
air pour water quickly from one jug to  
another.

## TO ATTRACT WILD BIRDS.

If You Want Them About the House  
Plant a White Mulberry Tree.

"If you live in a suburban town and  
want to encourage wild birds to visit  
and live about your house," the observ-  
ant Jerseyman says, "you cannot make  
advances to them in a better way than  
by planting a white mulberry tree and  
abolishing cats.

"The first thing to attend to is to get  
rid of all the cats which come about  
your grounds. You can do this while  
your mulberry tree is growing, but  
don't take too long about it, for the  
white mulberry is one of the quickest  
growing trees that I know of. Origin-  
ally it came from China, and was  
brought to this part of the country  
about fifty years ago, when there was  
a craze for raising silkworms. Since  
that time it has been much neglected,  
but there are many places like my own  
part of the country upon the Shrews-  
bury river where it has found a con-  
genial soil and climate and now grows  
wild.

"I have one white mulberry tree.  
Five years ago it was only about six  
feet tall, with a trunk not bigger than  
a broomstick. To-day it is thirty feet  
tall, and its handsome globular head  
has a diameter of about twenty-five  
feet. It is a pretty tree, with its shiny  
leaves and its close foliage, and makes  
a shelter which the birds love; but it is  
when the fruit ripens that the tree be-  
comes the strongest drawing attrac-  
tion for them. The fruit is about three-  
quarters of an inch long and mawkish-  
ly sweet to our human taste, but there  
seems to be hardly one of our small  
native birds that does not love it. The  
fruit began to ripen about June 15  
this year, and ever since then there  
hasn't been a minute of the day when  
there wasn't at least one bird in the  
tree. To one who is not conversant  
with the great variety of our native  
birds it is a revelation to watch them  
come after a taste of the sweet fruit.  
There are catbirds and robins, sparrows  
of more kinds than you have fingers  
and toes, warblers and vireos, and  
even hummingbirds. The fruit will  
last until about July 10 or 15.

"The white mulberry furnishes an-  
other source of delight to the birds,  
which is not so much a matter of pleas-  
ure to its owner. This is because its  
leaves are exceedingly toothsome to  
some of the caterpillars, and particu-  
larly to the tent caterpillar. The elder,  
the mulberry, and the apple tree are  
favorites of this worm. I have some  
colonies of caterpillars on my mulberry  
tree, but, thanks to the same birds  
which eat the fruit, the worms are also  
soon eaten, and not a single colony of  
the worms has so far gone beyond the  
twig it originated upon before its mem-  
bers were snipped up as choice mors-  
els by the colony of birds."

"And do you have English sparrows?"

"Certainly; a large flock of them.  
They live in the wistaria vines and  
nest under the eaves of the barn."

"And do they not drive away the  
other birds?"

"No, nor do I believe that they have  
gone so anywhere. It is true that there  
are now many places where none of  
our native birds is left, and that in  
these same places the English sparrows  
abound, and this has given rise to a  
belief that the other birds have been  
driven away by them; but I have never  
seen the native birds worsted by them.  
On my little place they all exist to-  
gether and in harmony. The robins  
are more quarrelsome than the English  
sparrows. I believe that if careful ob-  
servations were made, it would be  
found that where the native birds have  
disappeared it was the result of other  
causes, and that the English sparrows  
remained simply because they do not  
mind things which would drive all the  
wild birds far off. People and cats and  
lack of shade and fruit are potent  
reasons for the departure of the wild birds,  
cats especially."—New York Sun.

### The Attorney's Reply.

Chancellor Walworth, according to  
Mr. Clinton, was responsible for the  
abolition of the chancery court in New  
York State. He interrupted counsel  
continually, his interruptions often be-  
coming a discursive and aggravating  
warfare on the pleader. On one occa-  
sion a lawyer commenced to argue a  
case before him. He had hardly begun  
when the chancellor interrupted, tell-  
ing him that he had brought his action  
"all wrong;" it should have been begun  
in a different way, which he specified.  
The lawyer replied that he did not feel  
at liberty to go against all the decisions  
applicable to the subject. He said he  
could find no authority in favor of the  
course which the chancellor had sug-  
gested. The latter, with no little im-  
patience, said: "Then you should have  
retained counsel who would have ad-  
vised you to bring the action as I have  
suggested." The lawyer replied: "Since  
your honor went on the bench, there  
has been no counsel at the bar to whom  
I could have applied who would have  
given such advice."

### Resistance of Steel.

An experiment was recently made in  
Vienna in order to test the relative re-  
sistance, under pressure, of the hardest  
steel and the hardest stone. Small  
cubes of corundum and of the finest  
steel were subjected to the test. The  
corundum broke under the weight of  
six tons, but the steel resisted up to  
forty-two tons. The steel split up with  
a noise like the report of a gun, break-  
ing into a powder and sending sparks  
in every direction which bored their  
way into the machine like shot.

### Keeps Him In.

"My wife knows how to keep me in  
nights."  
"How does she do it?"  
"She insists on buying my neckties."  
—Town Topics.

Riding into a peach reminds a man of  
kissing a girl with whiskers.



## WOMEN WHO LOOK LIKE FRIGHTS

IT is astonishing how many women  
there are who do not know the  
value of a handsomely fitted gown  
and its power to enhance a fine figure  
or even to give a certain amount of  
style to the poorest sort of form. Of  
course, this does not include the woman  
who is obliged to make her own clothes  
or go without. The average woman  
can have, if she wish, a perfectly fit-  
ting costume at an extremely slight ex-  
pense and can present a harmonious  
and soothing effect to her family and  
friends, instead of an ill-proportioned,  
shapeless object of pity. One of the  
greatest mistakes of the woman who  
has not a plethoric purse is that she  
sacrifices quality of work for quantity,  
and her greed is her undoing. She fig-  
ures the cost of having a dress made  
"out of the house" and then calculates  
how many she could make at home by  
having a dressmaker cut and fit them.  
She can finish them herself and thereby  
have more gowns. That woman does  
not know the first principles of the art  
of dressmaking.

She really thinks she is economizing.  
Frequently she makes her husband be-  
lieve it. But he wonders why she deuce  
it is that there is always something or  
other the matter with his wife's  
"clothes," as he terms them. He no-  
tices that on one blouse there is the  
obnoxious and familiar wrinkle across  
the back between the shoulders; an-  
other, the back seam has a twist, the  
shoulders differ on a third and on the  
fourth dress the sleeves are entirely  
too short and the skirt hangs all sorts  
of ways. One marvels that these women  
cannot see how much better it is to  
have—if they cannot afford more—one  
dress each season made by a modiste  
and be happy in the knowledge that  
it is in as good taste as is anyone's in  
the city. It is the same with millinery.  
The woman who advises you to trim  
your own hats "because you can have  
so many more," and who proudly shows  
one which she says she "just threw to-  
gether," is generally too conceited to  
bear telling that she would appear in-  
finitely better as the possessor of just  
one purchased from a first-class mill-  
iner who understands color combina-  
tions.

### Fortune for a Typewriter.

San Francisco lawyers are looking  
forward to a lively lawsuit over the  
will of James C. Simonds, a lawyer of  
that city, who died recently in New  
York. Mr. Simonds was originally a  
lawyer in the empire city, but went to  
California years ago and built up a  
lucrative practice, besides becoming  
interested in some valuable nitrate  
mines. He had offices in the Crocker  
building, San Francisco. It so hap-  
pened that a Mrs. Rosenberg, a good-  
looking widow of something over 40,  
was conducting a typewriting business  
in the same building. She was en-  
gaged by Mr. Simonds to do his work, and  
before long the lawyer was smitten by



MRS. HENRIETTA ROSENBERG.

the widow's charms. He proposed and  
the couple were engaged. About a  
month ago Simonds went to New York  
on a business trip, and was suddenly  
taken ill. He telegraphed for Mrs. Rosen-  
berg, who arrived from San Francis-  
co an hour before his death. His will,  
which has just been made public, leaves  
his entire fortune of something like  
\$150,000 to the charming widow, merely  
making a suggestion that she distribute  
some smaller legacies which he speci-  
fied. The relatives of deceased are in  
the East, and it is understood that they  
will make efforts to set aside the will  
on the ground of undue influence.

### Signs of Returning Easties.

The latest silk petticoat may be a  
forerunner of the much despised bustle.  
It is a billowy creation made with a  
deep ruffle through the bottom of which  
a fine reel is run. At the back the lower  
half of the skirt hangs in folds.  
There are six folds, and through each  
one a reel is run which makes the  
skirt stand out with a certain aggres-  
sive stiffness at the bottom, though at  
the waist line it is very flat. All the

## FOR WOMEN AND HOME

new silk skirts have either the fine  
reeds to aid them in standing out, or  
they are lined from the bottom to a few  
inches above the knee with hair cloth.  
Women of fashion in buying a silk pet-  
ticoat these days order a shorter silk  
skirt to match, as well as a corset. Bro-  
cade is the silk most in favor, and both  
the skirts and corset are exquisitely  
embroidered with the owner's mono-  
gram. Lace flounces trim both skirts,  
and a tiny frill of the same pattern of  
lace finishes the corset at the top.

**My Lady Plays the Mandolin.**  
In her attacks on the masculine heart  
the summer girl finds that ability to  
play a few airs on a stringed instru-  
ment comes in handy. The result is  
that most fashionable girls have gone  
in for this sort of thing. The guitar  
used to be the favorite weapon with  
these maidens, but it requires a great  
deal of patience and practice to learn  
to play well enough upon a guitar to  
use it without a voice accompaniment  
to cover some of the sins of execution.  
It is much easier to play attractively  
upon the banjo than upon the guitar,  
and for this reason it has been very  
popular with both men and women.



THE SUMMER VERANDA FAD.

But many object to the thrum-thrum  
tone, and it quickly grows monotonous.  
Besides, it is always getting out of tune,  
and the operation of tuning any string  
instrument is doleful, to say the least.  
All things considered the most inter-  
esting little instrument and the most  
convenient to carry about is the man-  
dolin. It has other advantages over a  
banjo and guitar. For one thing, it is  
smaller and easier to hold, therefore  
more graceful. If handled with care it  
rarely gets badly out of tune, and one  
can soon learn to play upon it well  
enough to be interesting. If a maid  
have a musical ear she can quickly pick  
out a few popular tunes by air, which  
her friends will be glad to join in sing-  
ing. Indeed, contrary to the general  
impression, chords upon the mandolin  
make a very pretty accompaniment.

### Makes Women Look Younger.

A curious development of the bicy-  
craze is its juvenescent effect upon  
women. Clad in the abbreviated skirt  
that convention has at last declared  
that she may wear upon the wheel, the  
most venerable of them looks for all  
the world like a young, kittenish thing  
of 16. From the ethiological point of  
view the short skirts level all ranks.  
Were it not for certain physiognomic  
distinctions it would be hard to tell  
the difference between grandmother  
and granddaughter when dismounted.  
This isn't altogether because short  
skirts have so long been the emblem  
and insignia of youth, either. No little  
reflection upon the matter soon con-  
vinces you that there is yet another and  
more important cause. Grandmother's  
feet and ankles are just as youthful-  
looking as her granddaughter's, which  
proves the interesting fact that the ex-  
tremities are somehow proof against  
the ravages of time. Hair may grizzle,  
eyes may dim and cheeks may fade;  
feet and ankles retain their adolescent  
grace. But it has been only possible to  
discover this since the advent of the  
bicycle. The thing has its inconven-  
iences, though. It is confusing, not to  
say irritating, when the supposed "lit-  
tle girl" walking toward you turns out  
to be a middle-aged matron or well-sea-  
soned spinster. It is noticeable, though,  
that no such woman ever minds being  
told of such a mistake.

### What Women Talk About.

Regular redingotes are being reported  
for the autumn wear.  
Fresh lime in the cellar at this season  
is said to prevent malarial troubles.  
White alpaca is to be the fabric chosen  
by a wealthy autumn bride for her  
wedding gown.  
Soft tulle, over a scarf of colored silk  
or satin, is employed as a new dinner  
table decoration.  
On English afternoon tea tables are  
seen leek asparagus and white wine in  
lieu of the conventional tea and muf-  
fins.  
Despite all the attention that has been  
paid to woman's athletic education,  
there is hardly one in ten that can run  
gracefully.