

THE SONNET.

As often in some old and gloomy fane As often in some old and gloomy fare A devotee will kneed him down to pray Before the self-same shrine day after day, And to his guardian mint his wees complain. There, while his singers reli the bended chain. His woul in ecutary drifts away.

Till back returning with the vesper strain, it enters once again its home of clay. So, in the closstered corridors of soing. There is one after where I love to kneel, Though humblest of the workingers who the

Though humblest of the worshipers who thron its marrow space. Yet there I often steal, -

## Styles Ladies

Fabrics and Designs Suitable for Elderly Dames.

NEW YORK, Feb. 21.-Brocade and gray have always seemed an imposing ination, and now that brocade is seas the correct dress-up materia for elderly women, dignity and statell ness are likewise the fashion. Both are ness are likewise the fashion. Both are synonymous in the mind with rich rust-ling textures, and in point of quality, as



well as design, the new brocades leave

In the black weaver, which are pro ced the best taste, the patterns are

Bouquets, large and small, and raised with a high satin finish from a dull background, predominate over figures; but though semberness is the prescribed expression for years, it is not to be assumed that the woman who has esten her cake and lost her roses must always advertise that mournful fact in gloomy black.

For her whose heart is still young, who to her last day will see the world still

to her last day will see the world still green—who even in her slim coffin per-haps will have some dainty grave fix-ing to mark her as a sweet dead coquette -for this adorable and much-maligned old gentlewoman, there are brocades whose black backgrounds bloom like flower gardens with bouquets in natural These are exclusively for evening and high dress use, and when worn by slight figures, and contrasted with plain black astin, they make magnificent and becoming tollets. A late model visiting slight figures, and contrasted with plain black astin, they make magnificent and becoming tollets. A late model visiting gown of this gayly-flowered sort, and that

treatment and a surplus of flesh another A black brocade gown for a little roly poly grandmamma is made with a rigid eye toward a slim effect, the first stroke in this direction being made in the device of the material, which is patterned in minute flowered stripes. The bodice, a short barque shape with two tiny fan-pleatings set in the tall back, is made to of glistening jet put in V-shape. These outline a vest of black crepe lisse made in close flat folds, and there are no revers to accentuate too plump shoulders. The mutton-leg sleevs are almost small and hang slink from the shoulders, em-phasizing the up-and-down principle of

The plain skirt, the inevitable godet odel, is only moderately wide, and alnost entirely without flare. Erocade, one regrets to admit, tends

the costume

aiways toward a fatal width giving, but if her best frock is made in this way, and the design of the silk carefully chosen-big flowers, plaids and stiff fig ures avoided as a plague—no little grand-mamma need look wider than she is long. Fatin and velvet are, like brocade, the right of the oldish woman, and they are likewise fashloned with a strong toward showing off the quality

The satin frock may have pipings of the same, or triminings of narrow jet; but the velvet costume is always more splen-did when depending mainly on the cut for effect.

Crepor gowns, which in black seem possible for all ages, when trimmed at all have only narrow in-turning folds of the same.

Most commonly they are made severely plain, and when worn by widows, turn over collars and cuffs of fine hemmed lawn are sometimes neat and effective ac-

In silk, gros grain and peau de sole ire much affected by old ladles, and these ituffs, as well as the others, are in the sest taste when made plainly. If the of old lace at neck and wrists is too lear a luxury, white tulle will add much a the tone of the black silk gown.

A black peau de soie dinner gown of special graciousness has a vest in crossed ertha folds and wrist pleatings of white

The shape of the gown borders slightly on the princesse, it being made all in one, and yet with a distinct body that has the plain black of the younger article and a skirt that is fulled on slightly below th waist line in the good old ways of 1865.
The body opens in loose folds over the vest, and the waist is outlined with a narrow belt of the peau de sole, that fastens simply in front of NINA FITCH.

HOW TO BEHAVE. Simple Rules of Etiquette That All Should Follow.

one has paradoxically said that "trivialties are the most important things in life." And if manners make the man, then these small courtesies that constitute the ensemble of polite behavior are quite

worth study and observance.

A kindly heart and genial nature may be the Scotch poet's definition of a gentleman, but to the world at large these are the corner-stones, from which should spring the finer architecture that completes the structure.

Changes in etiquette are purely vagaries of fashion, only to be adopted by that leisure class who regard the tying of a cravat or shaking hands one of the seriou

events in life.

Both men and women hesitate at the feet of stairs over the question as to which shall go first—the woman or the man? This short rule, if remembered, will gov-ern the indecision—that in going down the steps the man follows the woman; in going

a man is coming down stairs hurr



MATRONLY PROCES.

black and dull pink brocade.

The flowered skirt, which opens in front ever a perticoat of black satin, is full and alightly trained and apparently entirely without stiffening. The bodice is a short jacket cut with Louis XIV, leanings, a jacket cut with Louis XIV, leanings, a jacket cut with Louis XIV, leanings, a least satin in folds repeating the stairway, she advancing, he should stand to one side, and remain with head uncovered until she is a step above him, only limb. fops with a number of tiny side pleats; they are finished at the wrists with wide cuffs of black sain and falls of rich lace. This lace, which is point applique in a

mellow white, appears again in a volumin ous fichu that, coming from under wide satin revers at the vest sides, ties high up at the throat in a vast bow and ends.

Real lace, we are told, as well as the narvelous imitations that so nearly counterfeit them, is to be the correct throat and wrist muffling for all the elderly woman's best gowns. Chiffon in ruches, or plisses flattened

into tiny knife-blade folds, may appear at times; but just as her Mechlin pinners marked the gentlewoman of the old school, she of the new will be known by her bits of cobweb lace. In the point of cut there is no absolute

in the point of cut there is no absolute man should pass in, with the handle in put on, so the surveillance of a quick eye thing depends upon the figure for which it is intended, sienderness calling for one back with his open hand from the side.

In the door can be though man should pass in, with the handle in put on, so the surveillance of a quick eye and a bit of advice—though masculine—may prevent later diseaser.

The door can be thrown open and held back with his open hand from the side.

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uncovered until she is a step above him, then resume his way. Should he be a few steps from top to bottom, he must go back to the landing, allowing her to pass him. This is the etiquette of the stairs. It may sound trivial to enumerate these rules to a man of the world, but it is a safe esti-

mate that six out of every 10 forget to ob-serve them when in the rush of business offices, hotels, or even boarding-houses. Next to the question of the stnirway comes the problem of the door. When women are passing out of a room the men should give them precedence at the door.

If a man has followed a woman down the stairs, he allows her to pass into the room first, as he stands at the side of the doorway, not behind her. If the door is closed he can step before her and open it. It is erroneously thought that if the door opens into the room the man should pass in, with the handle in hand, and stand there as she enters. Not

a which he should stand. Therefore, the score of men, Surely there are changes manner in which a door opens does not in that old-time custom."

manner in which a door opens does not alter his attitude.

The two rules already outlined should stand for a man's coursesy in an elevator.

A woman precedes him both when entering and leaving the lift. Men are not very careful in lifting their hats when female occupants share the elevator. "It is troublesome." they argue, but it is a breach of politeness to do otherwise.

No matter in how great a hurry a man is to catch a street-car, he must stand aside if a woman desires to get on. It is unnecessary to lift his hat as she does so, for the action would materially lessen his ability to jump on the car.

In that oid-time custom."

Never mird those vagarles. Shake hands in the most cardial and graceful way you know. Don't let the hand fall through your friend's without energy. Nothing is so unpleasant to the other party. If the woman is ungloved, and there is pleasant friendship between you, give her hand a crimile clash; between you, give her hand a crimile clash; between you, give her hand a shaking." provides for the gloved woman—and it is a sensible provision. Just take her fingers within yours and shake them on a level with the chest. This prevents your own hand should be uncovered when greeting friends of either sex.

If you are making a short call, carry

for the action would materially lessen his ability to jump on the car.

If he has acquaintance with her, she should be assisted by him, and it is affirmed that the polite thing for a man in any case is to respectfully help a woman in a position like this; especially if, as usual, her hands are filled with bundles. No sensible woman would take offense at the courtesy, if it was properly executed.

Offering a seat to a woman in a car is so many sided a problem there is little satisfaction in discussing the question.

That a man should lift his hat when he does rise to offer his seat is a rule that

half slipped into his trousers pockets.

ADELE M'ALLISTER.

BUNS OR PUFFS.

Extremely English Styles for Bress

ing the Hair Just Now.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.-I shall neve

fully four inches from the head. I con cluded it was the style of an ordinary class of shoppers; but no: that afternoon in Hyde Park, mondaines who lolled back

in victorias arranged their shining locks

Would the fashion take passage over

attaches a Dutch bonnet to herself must

The architecture of this knot is simple,

THE NEW MODE.

women to whom nature and hair tonic

range it, the result is accomplished by

This is the style worn by the Princes

CLAIRE CLAXTON.

of Wales, and is especially becoming to all slender faces."

HOUSE DECORATIONS.

What Artists Advise to Make the

Home Beautiful.

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.-The walls of Ed-

win H. Blashfield's studio hung with tapestry or lader with old armor are not exactly object lessons in the art of inex-

censive decoration, but Mr. Blashfield has

practical ideas on the subject, born of the long experience that has helped to make him a national authority on the beautify-

"It is a capital iden," said Mr. Blash-eld, "to make some of this talk on house-

nape of neck.

ing of houses.

wear the "Bath Bun."

knot in place,

orget with what dismay I regarded the



WHEN CALLING. ses, and a man sits with both hand

If she has one, lifts his hat also in ac-knowledgement of the courtesy. In alight-ing from a street-car the rule of prece-dence is reversed, the man stepping down first, that he may be of assistance. This action holds good in every case, whether tendered from stranger or friend.

When greeting a woman on the street, do not merely tip your hat; or, as many do, barely touch its brim with your fin-gers. Raise the covering entirely from the head, leaving it bare as she passes. It is a bit hard to determine whether

man or woman should bow first. It is very much a question of the degree of in-limacy. In the case of a slight acquain-tance, a woman should be allowed the choice of recognition. Of course, it desends very much on catching the eye, for a woman dislikes by look or action to no-tice a man acquaintance who may have forgotten the introduction.

In southern countries it is the vogue to

stand with hat in hand while conversing on the street with a friend of the oppo-site sex; climatic conditions do not favor



OPENING THE DOOR.

that custom in all latitudes. In lieu of this, the gentleman lifts his hat both or addressing and leaving her. The best pro edure under such circumstances is to walk with the woman until the conversa ion is ended. This relieves her from any

onspicuousness.

When escorting a woman to the theater, always go up and down the alide before her. This rule is founded on common sense, for you make clear the path. When the coupons are identified, stand aside and let her pass in first. Always rise when a woman is passing in front of you to a seat. It is no mark of deference, but makes less obstruction A man should offer his arm to a lady

after nightfall. The custom is not as general as formerly, but it lends too much support and comfort to women to ever fall into disfavor. In assisting her over a crossing or through a crowded thorough fare, his hand placed under her elbow is more efficacious. To an elderly woman he should extend the latter courtesy at any hour of the day, as she will probably need

the support.
Whenever you see a woman's gown in disorder, so that others may unpleasantly criticise, the fact should be told her. The manner of telling determines her recep-tion of it. A man who, lifting his hat, steps up to a woman and quietly says, "I beg your pardox, but your skirt is slipping down," and turns away, may feel assured he has done the proper thing. It may em-



ASSISTING HER OFF THE CAR.

parrass her deeply, but she will thank him. It prevents a dozen passers-by from laughing at her.

Several men tell me they glance over a friend's tollet very carefully if they are accompanying her to a public place. All members of the lovely sex do not possess maids, and gowns are sometimes carelessly

pensive. Now if I were to move into an artment and were required to furnish on the very smallest possible sum, I uld, in the first place, buy furniture o the simplest pattern and of inexpensive material. It is really wonderful how nuch prettier a pinin pine chair can made at a total expense of perhaps \$1 30 than some of these bideous stamped plush things for which moderately well-te-do people pay from E to \$15. If the walls were within my province, I would much prefer a quiet tint put on at small ex-pense than any ornate designs. As for other decorations, I should exercise selfabnegation until I could find things that sulted my apartment and my pocket book. How very much better the average low-priced New York flat would look if it were partly bare instead of being stuffed with the goods people buy in job lots when they go to housekeeping. As a a writer describes them, those things disdayed on the sidewalk and advertised as haste and cheap."
"Speaking of wall papers, though, it is

interesting to notice that some of the most attractive are cheap, while others and hideous ones are costly. Quiet conven-tional designs and that do not stare at you are always preferable, of course, to the red leaves and green apples and loud flowers that one frequently finds. Among the decorations of my inexpensive flat I would be sure to include some of the plaster casts that one can buy in any large city of the country for \$5, or perhaps even less. Naturally I don't refer to smug girls standing under umbrellas or uninteresting females preparing to dive from the little round pedestals. I mean the exact reproductions of famous works of art. Really I know of no better deco-rations for the price than these. They ele-vate the apartments and the tasts of the person who lives in them. If one does not like the staring whiteness of the plastor, it is well to treat the cast with oil —linseed oil is good. That tones it down and gives it the appearance of marble. "I believe that the most attractive ple-

tures for a wall to which no very expensive works of art could find their way are good photographs of famous paintings. They are quiet company, but one comes to enjoy them in time more than if they were bright bits of color.

"This question of color is one of the hardest to deal with. The tendency is toward garish hues. The cruder the taste of the decorator, the rawer his colors will be You will set by will be. You will find his dwelling-place full of violent reds and greens and blues that fight each other and make a sort of commotion that wears on one's nerves, whether the victim knows it or not.

"One of the hardest lessons to learn is that one must avoid showy things. I don't like bunching up everything with rags-blg bright scarfs over every chairback and picture frame and every other place available. These sofa pillows stuffed until they look like bombshells about to explode and adorned with huge pink satin ws are a frequent abomination. Fer-ps the best rule to apply in this matter street the first marning I arrived in Lon-don. Those frightful knots or waterfalls at the back of the bead; or, incking that, great quantities of puffs that stood out to put nothing into a room which, as one artist of my acquaintance expressed t, 'comes out and bucks you in the eye.' The impression that one is to get upon intering a room for the first time, ought to be one of general harmony in line and col-or, and not of independent objects which seem to quarrel with one another for your attention and have no relation with each

in victorial arranged their shining locks after that fashlor, and the climax came when I found that particular conflure on the head of every fashlorably gowned woman at the opera that night. The only consolation came with the fact that in the evening they had abandoned the hideous invisible (?) net that kept the knot in place. "Cheese cloth, some of the new crepes in delicate colors, the matting that one finds in some of the Japanese stores and what are called Japanese rugs are very well worth keeping in mind if one pro-poses to furnish a house cheaply, although it is said that the Japanese rugs do not wear very well. Antique Persian and Turkish rugs could be a more importhe Atlantic—the American woman asked themselves in consternation. Their question has been answered. I don't know by what liner the style came, but it is here. The hairdrespers' windows display dummies with "the English knot," leading actresses have adopted it, and it has crept into the avenue—the last battlement an extreme faibless opens fire upon. Miss Nethersole, 'Mrs. Langtry. Miss Hanbury, of Beerhohm Tree's company. the Atlantic-the American woman asked

Hanbury, of Beerbohm Tree's company, and even Miss Casy Fitzgerald, the dancer, are exponents of this new head fashion, and the outlook is that whoever "The average low-priced flat in New York is hampered by mantels-generally of imitation black marble, which may have been sent by an overruling Provi-dence as a punishment for sins. They are irredeemably ugly. The only way I can suggest for lessening the burden is to put a floard on top of the mantel-piece and cover it with drapery that hangs down in front nine inches or a foot, conbut it takes many hairpins to maintain it and I would advise those made of tortoise

the decoration of a moderate-priced house or flat. He would not bring the flames to the parior, but he would take several features of the average parior to the fire and burn them therein until they were reduced to the quiet, restful gray tone of ashes. This is its fashioning, and the larger the knot the more correct. Of course,

"What a blessing it would be," Mr. Ver Beck went on, "If this bonfire could be fed with the ugly chromos and old-fashoned cheap pictures which abound in the nouses of well-to-do people who haven't ret caught on to the modern idea of color sarmony and general good taste. How nuch better their walls would look if they were decorated, instead, with illustrations from the modern magazines—illustrations that are genuine works of art and yet can be bought in quantities, with good stories thrown in, for 15 cents. Lacking color? Well, what of it? There is no crying demand for a lot of color on the walls. It is an art chestnut to say that fondness for bright colors is barbaric, and that the less heathenish we become the quieter we want our colors. Our honquieter we want our colors. Our hon-ared friend, Father Time, is always standored friend, Father time, is always stand-ing around ready to give us a lesson in colors. As soon as he gets hold of a thing he fades the loudest colors out of it, and after he has had a chance at it the probabilities are that it will look better than it did before. He keeps his choicest goods in the second-hand shops."

Another artist, who is so well known and prosperous that he could not be in-cluded as a beneficiary of his own idea, nakes an interesting suggestion. He said: 'People in very moderate circumstances have an idea that artists are a great have not been generous, must resort to a 'switch.' In London one can buy the whole knot, built up most artistically and luxury and that only the wealthy can make use of their training in household decoration. That isn't so, at all. There are talented young artists in every large the women who indulge in these luxuries have only to pin them on at the back of the head." "This last defined is the genuine 'Bath city who could give valuable ideas for the Bun, but another formation obtains that has the same effect. It is a confure of puffs. If one has sufficient hair to arsecoration of houses and who would be not only willing but glad to spend an vening or so in arranging parlors, assorting colors, suggesting the needs of this corner and that, bringing things from people's garrets into their pariors fastening one's locks in the manner I mentioned before. Divide the ends, roll each one over the fingers, pull it out to a and banishing other things from drawing graceful length and pin the puffs down, one beneath the other, until the back of room to lumber-room. Their services would be especially valuable in selecting the interior colors for new houses. head is ornamented from parting to

"Remember, I'm not talking about the houses of the rich, but of the dwelling places which rent for anywhere from IS to \$15 a month. Those persons who pay that much rent could get a couple of evenings work in the way of suggestions from a young artist for less money than they probably suppose. How much? Why -er-perhaps even \$10 or \$15 would cover the whole bill. They might not approve of his suggestions at first, but the chance are that if they followed them they would mever regret it and would consider the money spent one of their best invest-ments, for if the artist is worthy of his calling, he has a trained eye for line and color and he will make the place far pleasanter to live in than it ordinarily would have been. There is a great field for art in this direction, and it is high time for it to be understood that this art hold decoration suit the needs of the is for all and not for the few.'

## BAB IS HERSELF ONLY

SHE OBJECTS TO SCRIBBLERS USING HER NAME FRAUDULENTLY.

Besides Scoring These Literary Pirates, She Discourses Entertainingly About Dogs, Etc.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.-(Special Cor-respondence.)-This kind of weather makes NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—(Special Correspondence.)—This kind of weather makes one fully appreciate the horror of Dante's seventh hell; where, instead of being comfortably warm, the poor souls sieep, sit on and eat ice, and, when they are remotesful, weep ickeles. As well as possible, this state of a fairs has existed in most homes; but I am so taken up with a burning indignation that I feel more and more comfortable, as far as warmth goes, every minute, and more and more indignant the more I think about some things I have just heard. I hope all newspaper editors are going to be very nice, and write out three very personal inflairs. A little while ago a woman calling herself "Mrs. Coe." was at a hospitul in Philadelphia. While she remained there, she told to the nurses and whoever would listen to her a story that is absolutely untrue. She announced that she was "Bab," and had cast aside her husband's name, and taken the one under which she was born. Now this woman is a frand.

Coe was not her maiden name, Hab was never in a hospitul, she has not been to so the saw the curtains on the same the person of the long when he knew that never in a hospitul, she has not been to so the saw the curtains on the same the pens not been to her a story that the same the pens not been to her maiden name, Hab was never in a hospitul, she has not been to so the saw the curtains on the same the curtains on the same the pens not been to hear of the land, and never goes there any more, because the baker tried to defraud him by giving him for his penny a stale bun, when he knew that they sold at two for a penny. Then there is the dog who, when he saw the curtains on the same the curtains on the same the curtains on the same the same the curtains on the same the curtains of the same the same the same that the same that the same the same the same

Coe was not her maiden name, Hab was never in a hospital, she has not been to Philadelphia for three years, and she bears shand's name with as much pride as she did the day she first took it. So much for "Mrs. Coe," whoever and wherever she may be.
Another woman, name unknown, has, I

believe, been cavorting about in the West-ern states, being entertained at hotels, given theater and railroad passes because she was "Bab." "Bab" has never been further west than Buffalo in her life. She never knew the joy of a railroad pass but once, and then she forgot to use it and bought a ticket. When she goes to hotels, she pays her way. I hope, if ever these two women are heard of again they will be arrested and held until I can get where they are, and then I don't think there will be any necessity for having a stove in the

The next sufferer from fraudulent representation is my friend, and the woman more. For two years Miss Ashmore has been a bit of an invalid. She has not been away from her home, which she shares with me, except to go to the country. The false "Ruth" solicited subscrip-tions, and I believe got a great number, a something which Ruth Ashmore never did, for her work is in a different line. This woman was entertained by kindly people, and visited largely throughout northern New York. I believe she is just now thinking over things behind the now thinking over things behind the walls of a penitentiary, but my friend asks me to say that when she does go among strangers they will only find out when they grow to know her very well that she is not merely "Miss Ashmore, a pleasant woman," but the "Ruth Ash-more" who counts among her acquaintances and friends so many girls all over the country. So much for myself and my kin, and, indeed, dear Mr. Editor, who

will blame me for being angry?

This was talked over when we were having our tea, and after I had expressed myself decidedly and made the air cheer ful, we began to discuss other things, and this story was told: A young Englishman, a theatrical manager whose diamonds are as large as his ambition, and whose rings are as innumerable as his flow of words, said to a man, apropos of his ability: "The thing to do, dear boy, is to catch the ear of the vox popul!." After we had all laughed, somebody else got to talking about the prima donnas and their lost dogs. They seem to get dogs to lose them. My private opinion is that the reason a prima donna likes a dog is because he masters her when nobody else can. She becomes his slave, and every woman likes a master, even if it is one with four legs and a tail capable of expressing joy or sorrow. The time has come for dog

\*Miss Backnumber hurled this chestnut ing out on the state. In the hospital with friend trotting toward the hospital with something in his mouth. In time, the doctor saw it was a penny. The little dog stopped just in front of the door, there stood a push-cart man, who sold such stood a push-cart man, who sold such space of 12 months without the aid of private contractors. sponge cakes as only a dog can appreciate. He hesitated. All his soul went out to the sponge cake, which he knew the penny would buy, but the nobler feeling triumphed. Dropping a tear in memory of the lost dainty, he trotted up the steps, and dropped the penny in the box at the door for the poor patients. This was a neble pup, but unfortunately for the young woman who told the story nobody laughed, for we had all told it ourselves, and we had all claimed that dog as being attached

to us in some way. Now, my dog story is true. That's where it differs from every other dog story. A log who frequently dines with me, a foxterrier, rejoicing in the name of kins," always stops as he enters the front-door and wipes his feet on the mat. I ask, nobody to believe this. It is asking too much even to demand that one's own kin should accept it; but I know it is true should accept it; but I know it is true. Another dog was told about then by a young woman, who pronounces vase as if it were spelled "vahne." She claims to have a pug that, when he hears hap play the march from "Lohengrin" joint in and sings it in perfect time! I saw my mother adding bitter sait tears to her tea when this was told, for she has an old-fashioned lies in regard to the value of truit and idea in regard to the value of truth, and yet she expected us to believe this: She knew a dog, in fact he belonged to her brother, who wouldn't eat terrapin unless it was diamond-back and had plenty of eggs in it. After this everybody took their

tea without sugar.

But really and truly, there is a dog of my acquaintance who won't eat in the kitchen unless some of the family go dut and sit with him, because he is so aristo cratic. He cocks up his nose and wags already, that she may be floated with his tail from side to side, as if he were trying to tell of the blue blood in his plete well within 12 months from the day

any effort; rest assured we will meet in heaven." He gave a gasp and said: ous ex-newsboy, Mr. W. H. Smith, first lord of the English admiralty, the Sir Joswered, "Yes." The dying man's eyes seph Porter, of the "queen's navec."

"Remind me then to tell the rest

of that story."

After this too-true tale, can it be said.

After this too-true are not dangerous? The that dog stories are not dangerous? The brinking of absinthe is as nothing, and the worst of it is, that women take to them as naturally as a fish does to water, and when one comes to think of it, this is something they never do about fish atois something they never do about fish sterrics. I know of a life-long friendship being broken by a dog story. The dog in question was an omnipresent fox-terrier, and he was clever. One woman gave him to the other, and the woman who gave him felt that she had a right to use her imagination about him, while the woman who owned him felt that it was her privilege, and they quarreted about that, and while they were doing this the dog ate the back off Worcester's dictionary, and so gave his miniress an opportunity to explain his versatility

There is that wonderful dog who goes to buy a penny bun, and walks out of the baker-shop insuited, and never goes there any more because the baker tried to defraud him by giving him for his penny a stale bun, when he knew that they sold at two for a penny. Then there is the dog who, when he saw the curtains on fire, got up on a chair and pressed the button of the fire alarm, and after this awakened everybody in the bourte by bit. awakened everybody in the house by his-ing at their toes, and stood by the baby's cradle, holding its cloak in its teeth, and having the lire insurance policy, which he had gotten out of his master's desk. securely pressed down under his tall. This dog was just a little too knowing, though. He is the sort that would sit up with two lovers as a chaperon, and bark whenever the lover attempted to kiss the you woman he loved with a mad, desp

Then there is the dog who sleeps beside the baby, and when it has a croupy cough wakes up the mother, and then trots over to the closet where Dr. Pink-eyes' Croup Dispeller is kept. I never have met these dogs, but I hear of the frequently, and they always belong to the blood kin of the woman who is tell-ing about them. She always introduces her story in the same apologetic way "I knew a dog, in fact he belonged to my Aunt Sarah"—and then the rest of the party look solemn, wonder if suicide is against the law, how many years are given for woman-slaughter, and if the orgue is full.

Who hasn't thought that Herod ought o wear a halo, when the children in the flat above have a good romp on a carpetess floor?

Who hasn't thought that the feolkiller wasn't doing his work when the newa-papers tell of the riches of the man who gained them by preaching unbellet? Who hasn't thought that cook-book

writers, who advise boiling a leg of mut-ton four hours, ought not to be allowed to promulgate these dangerous doctrines? Who hasn't thought that it was time for all modest women to be careful about their daughters when other women start to tell stories only fitted for har-rooms? Who hasn't thought that the so-called emperance people are very intemperate a their judgment of the people who don't appen to agree with them?

Who hasn't thought that a lot more ractice and a little less preaching would make the whole world better?
Who basn't thought that the meanest

thing in the world is pretense? Who hasn't thought-gracious goodness! it is quite time for me to stop thinking, else somebody will say, "Who hasn't thought that the most tiresome of all

## RAPID SHIPBUILDING. A War Vessel Launched a Year After the Keel Was Luid.

Examples of the speed with which battie-ships of enormous tonnage can be built in English dockyards are furnished by the Magnificent and Majestic, whose keels were labi less than 12 months ago. The Magnificent, with all her armor-plating and cover it with drapery that hangs down in front nine inches or a foot, concaling just so much ugliness. What a blessing it would be if the builders could only be induced to put up mantels on plain simple lines and made of materials which would not be in violent contrast with the would not be in violent contrast with the came for him to go. About a week after window lookshell rather than wire.

"How do you do it?" I asked of one whom it becomes.

"Fasten the hair tightly as if beginning a French twist very low down on the neck. Divide the hair into two parts.

Take the upper one and form it into a figure 8. Do the under strand the same figure 8. Do the under strand the same has been made famous by the humor that something in his mouth. In time, the doctive was a penny. The little docto a hospna, there for two or three weeks, provided the luxuries of the season, him to enjoy all the luxuries of the season, him t on, her bollers fitted, and a good deal of

Messrs. Fenn, the engineers, have done wonders in supplying the huge boilers and machinery as fast as the builders could get ready for them, and Messrs. Cannell & Co., of Sheffield, have delivered every foot of forged steel armor plating for the great citadel with unexampled celerity. Every plate, the thickest of which measures fourteen to the steel armor ball to be ures fourteen inches through, had to be rolled with a special calculature in all directions, and case-hardened on its outer gurface to a degree of density by what is known as the Harvey process, which the admiralty only decided to adopt eighteen months ago, and the manufacturers of armor-plates have shown great enterprise in adapting their plant to meet the new

The Magnificent is citadel-belted with a double streak sixteen or seventeen feet wide just below and above the water line. Every foot of this is now in position, and the great battleship will be floated out of the dock on Wednesday in a state nearer completion than was that of the Royal Sovereign when she was named by the queen three years ago. In fact, nothing so rapid in the rate of battleship construction has been accomplished before in this or any other country. The Victorious, laid down in the same yard only a few months ago, is built with equal rapidity, and the armor-plating for her citadel will begin at

Fast as the government deckyards are working, however, there is a probability that both Portsmouth and Chatham will be beaten by Birkenhead, where Messrs. Laird have put much work into the Mars trying to tell of the blue blood in his venus, and to make you understand thorsughly that he would not associate with the queen of the kitchen. The telling of dog stories is undoubtedly demoralizing.

Everybody knows of the man who was on his deathbed, and who started to tell the meacher a dog story. The invalid's breef grew short, and all he said was:
"I once knew a remarkable dog; in fact, he belonged to my nephew," when he weakened and gasped. The minister said, we will meet the same class, being built begreater to tell the meacher a dog story. The invalid's may be ready for commissioner of Kansas, was a newsboy but a few years back. Now he treads is clover on any effort; rest assured we will meet

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