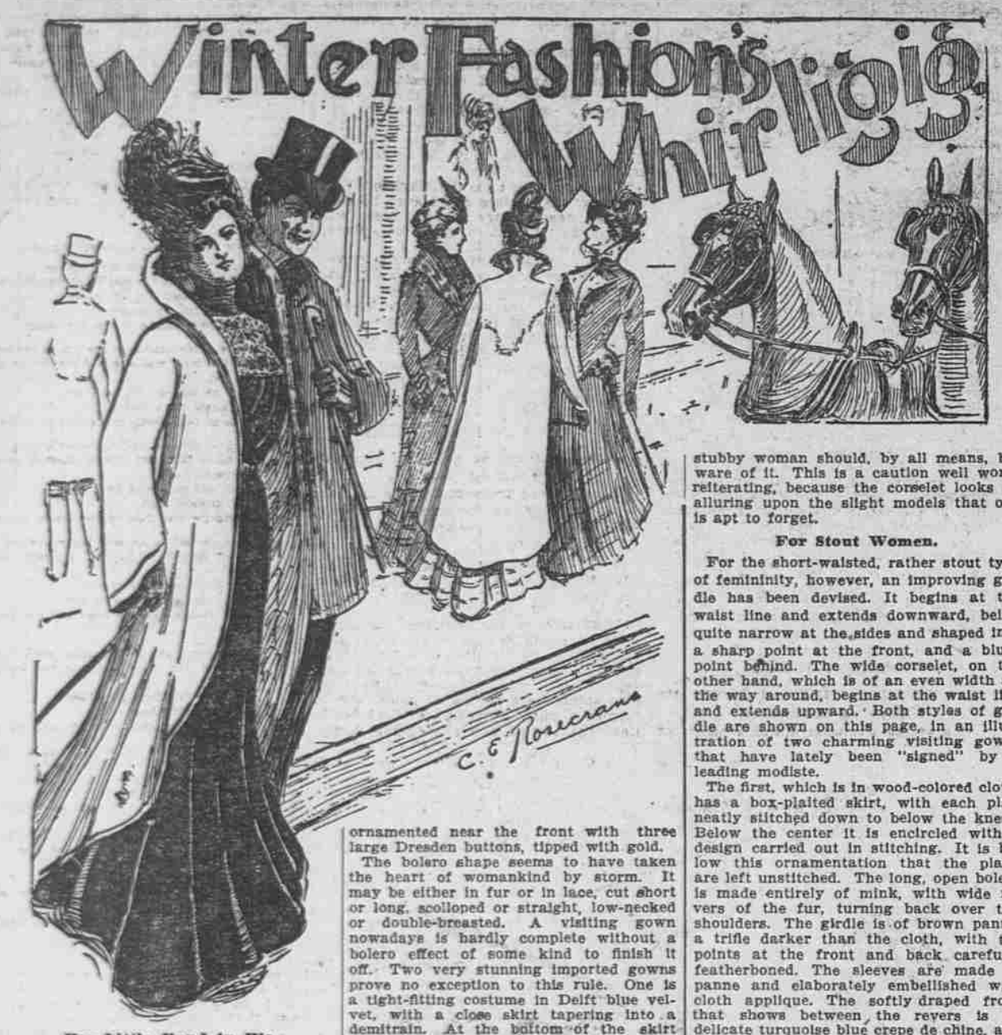
Winter Fashions Whirligig



Her Little Hand in His.

He held her hand in his,
And she was passing fair;
She did not say him nay,
And no one else was there.

He said some words to her
That made her sigh, and they
Had never met before—
She did not draw away!

He looked into her eyes,
Her blushes went and came;
He talked to her of love,
And did not know her name

He told her she was born
To shatter hearts, to rule;
He was a palmist, she
Was just a little fool.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

MADE OUT OF PLUG HATS

Thus Irrevedent, Irrepressible Man Flippantly Alludes to Woman's Costly Black Panne Gowns.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22.—A detail of fashion that is affording much amusement to the irrepressible brother, is the fact, as he expresses it, that "women are making dresses out of men's plug hats." The truth of the matter is that the new black "panne," which is undeniably the most modish fabric of the season, is identical with the glossy silk that covers the hats worn by the sterner sex. To be sure, the material is not manufactured in black alone; on the contrary, it is offered in the most exquisite evening shades, though in black it is most popular, threatening even to outvie the much-doted over jet-spangled fabric. Nothing could be imagined that would more strongly emphasize a beautiful figure than an untrimmed princess gown of black panne, well-molded to the form; clinging like dampened drapery to the body, almost to the knees, and thence swerving out slightly and emerging behind in a long slender train. At the top, such a gown is cut abruptly off, just above the bust-line, all the way around, leaving the shoulders perfectly bare, save for a single strand of jet that has no other purpose than to accentuate the whiteness of the skin. The decolletage is completed by a drapery, drawn in close, horizontal folds, straight around the body under the arms, and having the ends twisted into a cabbage rosette that is snuggled into the hollow of the left shoulder.

Gowns all of panne are so glossy and so collante that they look positively wet, and it is not to be wondered at that someone has conceived the idea of trimming them with spray-like fringes of beads, in crystal jet or colors, that are allowed to drip from the elbows and lash about the bottom of the skirt, over rippling billows of mousseline de soie. Like all novelty fabrics, panne is undeniably expensive, being very narrow, and a good quality costing not less than $3 a yard. Prices range upward and downward from this; a cotton-backed panne is sold for $1 50 or less. It is not desirable though, as it holds and shows every crease, while the better quality, which is more lustrous than satin and light almost as liberty silk, is, like foulard satin, so supple that it can be crumpled in the hand, and, after being softly shaken out, will not show a wrinkle.

Often Trimmed With Velvet.

Though panne is really a species of velvet, it is more often trimmed with velvet than with any other tissue and, reversing this, velvet is frequently trimmed with panne. A visiting gown of violet velvet has a sheath-shaped skirt, trimmed with narrow bias bands of black panne. The front gore of the skirt is very narrow at the top, but spreads considerably from the knees down. The seams at either side are concealed under three rows of the panne which, when they reach the bottom of the skirt, continue all the way around the demitrain, outlining an open tunic, as it were, and leaving a front panel. Down the front of the panel the bias strip is applied in diamond shapes, in a single row from top to bottom, and a row of diamond shapes, placed at right angles, runs along the bottom of the panel just above the edge. All of the trimming on the panel is caught down with jet nailheads, set quite close together, and a small jet ornament marks the center of each square.

The waist, also of violet velvet, is uniquely trimmed with panne folds. At the top is a wide velvet collar, crossed in lattice fashion, with strips of panne, like those on the skirt. The collar is really more like a yoke placed on the outside than like an ordinary collar, as it has no opening at the front or back, but fastens invisibly on the shoulder. It ends in an even row of points across the bust, below which falls a heavy fringe of mixed jet and chenille. Behind, the collar ends in a single wide point, notched squarely at the tip. It is latticed like the front, and the center of each little square is marked with a jet ornament. The standing collar is made of closely-tucked pale blue velvet. The sleeves, made long and tight, are of violet velvet, trimmed at the bottom with several rows of panne, and all of the rest of the bodice, from the deep yoke down to the waist line is covered with a wide, draped girdle of black panne, tightened around the body and ornamented near the front with three large Dresden buttons, tipped with gold.

The bolero shape seems to have taken the heart of womankind by storm. It may be either in fur or in lace, cut short or long, scolloped or straight, low-necked or double-breasted. A visiting gown nowadays is hardly complete without a bolero effect of some kind to finish it off. Two very stunning imported gowns prove no exception to this rule. One is a tight-fitting costume in Delft blue velvet, with a close skirt tapering into a demitrain. At the bottom of the skirt is a four-inch band of marten. The velvet bodice is tight-fitting and, worn with it, is a bolero of Venice lace, with the edges in irregular outline. The bolero is sleeveless and open at the top, in horseshoe shape, over a yoke of marten. The latter is finished with a high storm collar of the same fur, with a small twist of blue velvet passing around the neck and tying in a little bow under the chin. Drawn close around the waist is a sash of blue crepe de chine, matching the tint of the velvet and trimmed at the bottom with a heavy fringe of silk in a lighter shade. The sash is tied in a knot at the side and left hanging in two straight panels. A marten muff is carried with this costume, and the hat is of folded blue velvet, trimmed with a pair of fancy, multi-colored wings.

Made Princess.

The other toilet is of gray cloth, made princess in form and adjusted by wide plaits, flatly stitched at the edges, and running the full length of the gown. From the knees down, the plaits are left unstitched and give a fanlike flare, when the wearer walks. The cunning bolero may be copied in any kind of fur; the one depicted is in chinchilla. It is short and double-breasted and cut out at the bottom in large scollops. An almost round scollop closes it across the bust, where it is fastened with two large onyx buttons tipped with gold. A single rever folds back above the fastening, and a high storm collar of chinchilla, lined with sable, rolls up about the ears. The muff is of sable, to match the facing of the collar.

Extravagant fur wraps of all sorts were never more in vogue. Mlle. Cleo de Merode leads the fad in Paris, wearing a long cloak, made entirely of broadtail. It is made with a loose back and has the under-arm seams slightly sloped in to the body. Curiously enough, there is over each seam a heavily-stitched strapping of the same fur. It is very pretty, and very warm, enveloping her, as it does, from above her ears to the ground, and they say it is extremely becoming to her style of beauty. Like so many of the most modish garments, it is ornamented with buttons that, as they bid fair to become the rage here in a short time, are well worth describing.

In size, they are similar to the buttons known as "cartwheels," but the surface instead of being flat, is rounded out in cabochon shape, and the edge is encircled with a little band of gold. They are made of a variety of stones, crystal, pearl, onyx, amethyst, turquoise and sham emerald. On account of their size, they are rather sparingly used. For example, instead of having a whole row towards the front of a long fur coat, the buttons would be set on in well-separated groups of two or three.

The girdle plays an important part in the newly arrived fashions, as well as in those that are yet to come. The exaggeratedly wide girdle or corselet is in the most approved style, but, it might be added, is very trying, excepting to an extremely long-waisted, slender figure, as it has a tendency to shorten and widen the appearance of the body. A stout or stubby woman should, by all means, beware of it. This is a caution well worth reiterating, because the corselet looks so alluring upon the slight models that one is apt to forget.

For Stout Women.

For the short-waisted, rather stout type of femininity, however, an improving girdle has been devised. It begins at the waist line and extends downward, being quite narrow at the sides and shaped into a sharp point at the front, and a blunt point behind. The wide corselet, on the other hand, which is of an even width all the way around, begins at the waist line and extends upward. Both styles of girdle are shown on this page, in an illustration of two charming visiting gowns that have lately been "signed" by a leading modiste.

The first, which is in wood-colored cloth, has a box-plaited skirt, with each plait neatly stitched down to below the knees. Below the center it is encircled with a design carried out in stitching. It is below this ornamentation that the plaits are left unstitched. The long, open bolero is made entirely of mink, with wide revers of the fur, turning back over the shoulders. The girdle is of brown panne, a trifle darker than the cloth, with the points at the front and back carefully featherboned. The sleeves are made of panne and elaborately embellished with cloth applique. The softly draped front that shows between the revers is of delicate turquoise blue crepe de chine, and the blue crepe stock is covered in front by a large bow of white mousseline de soie, that is fastened under the chin. The muff is of white fox fur.

In the same illustration is a wide-girdled gown, designed to meet the requirements of a too-slender figure. The fabric employed is an elephant-gray cloth, stitched with white sewing silk. A band of the stitching, made of closely applied rows, is worked into the skirt near the bottom. The stitching is repeated around two oval-shaped pieces of gray velvet that trim the top of the front breadth at either side, concealing the placket, and again on the edges of the cloth bolero, where it is turned in oval shapes at the corners. The cloth bolero is short and opened wide, to disclose an assimilated under bolero and vest in one, made of gray velvet, that is converted into a semblance of plaid by being "latticed" with the same white silk stitching. The wrinkled girdle and stock collar are of white taffeta, while the sharp ears that spring from the outside bolero collar and the revers are of gray velvet. The latter are embroidered with white chenille. The toque is of chinchilla, trimmed directly in front with a great windmill bow of gray, mirrored velvet. The costume is lined throughout with white taffeta.

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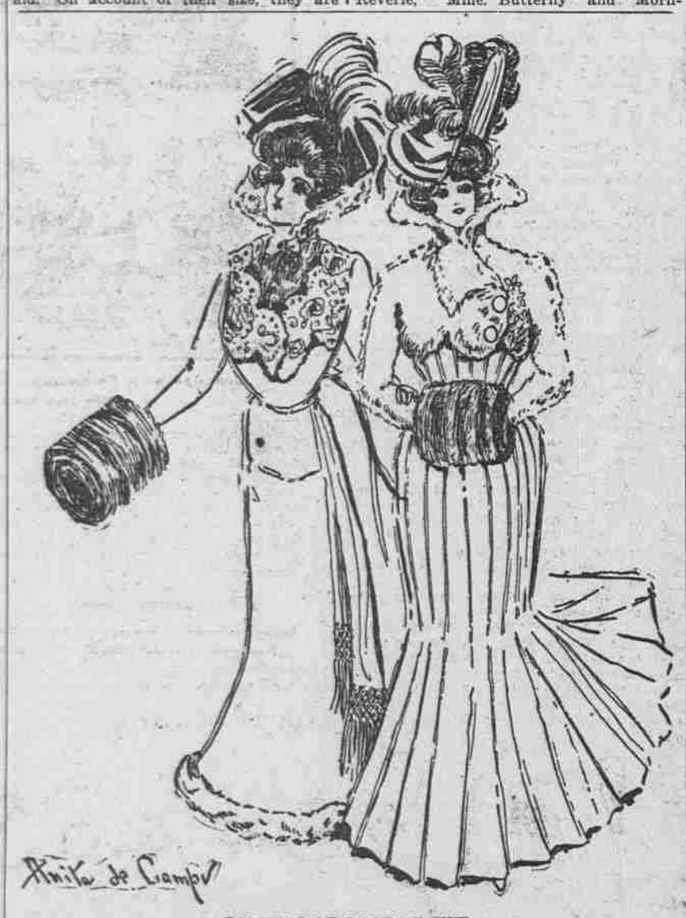


BOLEROS OF LACE OR FUR.

PERFUMES AGAIN IN VOGUE.

Used in Various Forms, and Also Most Extravagantly.

Perfumes are fahionable once more. Not only do women distribute sachets through the contents of their wardrobes, moisten their handkerchiefs with essences and sleep on delicately odorous pillows, but the tinted rice powders sold at toilet counters are all impregnated with a charming perfume that transmits to the skin a fragrance rare as that of June roses.

According to the fashionable ethics of the toilet, the lady of quality who feels a true artistic interest in scents abjures all save perhaps the Russian violet, and gives a great deal of scientific attention to what she calls her private mixture. This is any concentrated essence she prefers, modified with some precious oil extracted from a spice or bean, and the whole diluted with alcohol or fixed with the strong and sure ess-bonquet. All the compounding is done in the privacy of her own room, and not even her maid servant is trusted with the names or the proportions of the extracts used in the mixture. "Angels' Breath," "Moonlight Reverie," "Mme. Butterfly" and "Morning Mist" are a few of the titles to these mysterious mixtures.

Very little perfume is used any longer on the hair, for every essence contains a certain per cent of alcohol, that, if applied with any regularity, will whiten the youngest locks, so there has been found a ready sale for the small scented pillows that French women use at night and when napping, in order to convey a fresh odor to the hair without doing the locks any injury. The pillows are flat, thin, satin-covered sachets, encased in fine white linen slips, and meant for use upon the big down-stuffed bed pillow. They are filled with flower petals, cured so as to retain their original odor.

From Paris, besides the sachets, have recently come the tinted, scented powders that are designed exclusively for the perfuming of clothes. When a maid servant now lays out her mistress' costume, she fills the pouch of a little suede and silver bellows with a rose, pink, lilac, sky-blue, or cream-white powder, and, holding up the bodice, stays, skirt, gloves and wrap in turn, blows into them an almost imperceptible cloud of the powder.

BEAUTY'S BETE NOIR.

Embonpoint Should Be Avoided by Women Valuing Good Looks.

The first duty of the woman who values her good looks is not to allow herself to grow either too stout or too thin. The great enemy of beauty, most often encountered by women of the leisure classes, is embonpoint. All the conditions of their life tend to foster it—getting up late, eating generously all kinds of rich foods, walking little, having no more serious occupation than visiting their friends or their dressmakers. All this luxury and ease of life tend to engender obesity.

"Women," says the New York Herald, in discussing this matter, "who are inclined to be too stout should avoid all enervating luxuries and habits. They should get up early, dress themselves without the aid of a maid, and take lots of active, jolly exercise in the open air.

"A great many women think dancing during the party season takes the place of outdoor exercise. This is a great mistake. It does nothing of the sort. On the contrary, dancing in heated ballrooms, in overscented and germ-filled atmospheres, is quite as likely to prove injurious as beneficial.

"The woman who is inclined to obesity must eschew all kinds of fattening foods, such as wheat, corn and graham breads, breakfast cereals of all kinds, pork in all forms, and all meats containing a superabundance of fat; fish preserved in oil, such as salman, sardines, anchovies; vegetables containing starch or sugar, such as peas, beans, carrots, oyster plant, egg plant and potatoes; macaroni, noodles, spaghetti, vermicelli, and sweets, puddings and pastry of all descriptions. However, it is much better for the woman who wants to reduce her weight to increase the expenditure rather than to limit the receipts of her system.

"It is a good old rule that tells us we should always arise from the table feeling as though we could eat more. But above all other things, cultivate your mind, develop your intellect. It is undeniable that there exists a strong bond between intelligence and beauty. Intelligence is said to be the beauty of ugliness, but it is also the most vital and lasting charm of the beautiful woman."

EXPENSIVE LUXURIES.

Fur Rugs All the Rage, and Some Fetch Tremendous Prices.

Fur rugs are expensive luxuries, and this is the season when they find the greatest sale in the East. The orders for perfect lion skins are sometimes very hard to fill, but the very highest of prices are paid for these rugs with the beautiful heads attached. An order for a fine Lichtenstein Hartebeste, or African deer head, may take a year to fill. Special prices are charged on such an order, as the remainder of the animal is rendered useless even for museum collections, and $250 to $500 is not an unusual price.

Rug skins without the heads do not bring one-quarter the price of those with the heads attached. The most perfect lion skin, having a rich color, handsome mane, all the claws, mounted, with the full-whiskered head attached, brings as high as $3000, and no fine ones are to be had for less than $1000. Nearly all of them have some imperfections, because the superstitious natives usually cut off the heads, or the whiskers, ears, and sometimes the claws, before they sell them to traders, having a superstition that if these go out of the country in which they live, the entire species will become extinct.

The favorite head rugs next to the lions are the tigers, the white and cinnamon bears, Russian grizzly, leopard, jaguar, wild cat, lynx, fox, ocelot and panther, costing from $150 upward. Buffalo skins have become scarce at $250 apiece, while the beautiful heads alone now bring as high as $1000.

POPULAR OPERA COLORS.

Magnificent Gowns Worn by Mrs. Astor at the Metropolitan.

By far the most popular color seen in the audiences at the opera this season is gray, the second in favor being flame-color, and the third black. Previous to Mrs. John Jacob Astor's departure for abroad she appeared at the performances of "Romeo et Juliette," "Carmen" and "The Marriage of Figaro," and her gray gown worn at the first-named opera and the beautiful black gown repeated at the two last-named performances were conspicuous for their quiet yet striking elegance. The gray costume was of tulle over taffeta, and made with full pleated skirt and simple rounded yoke. The entire front of the bodice was closely draped with silver-gray tulle heavily spangled. At the left side, near the shoulder, was a large knot of cerise panne velvet.

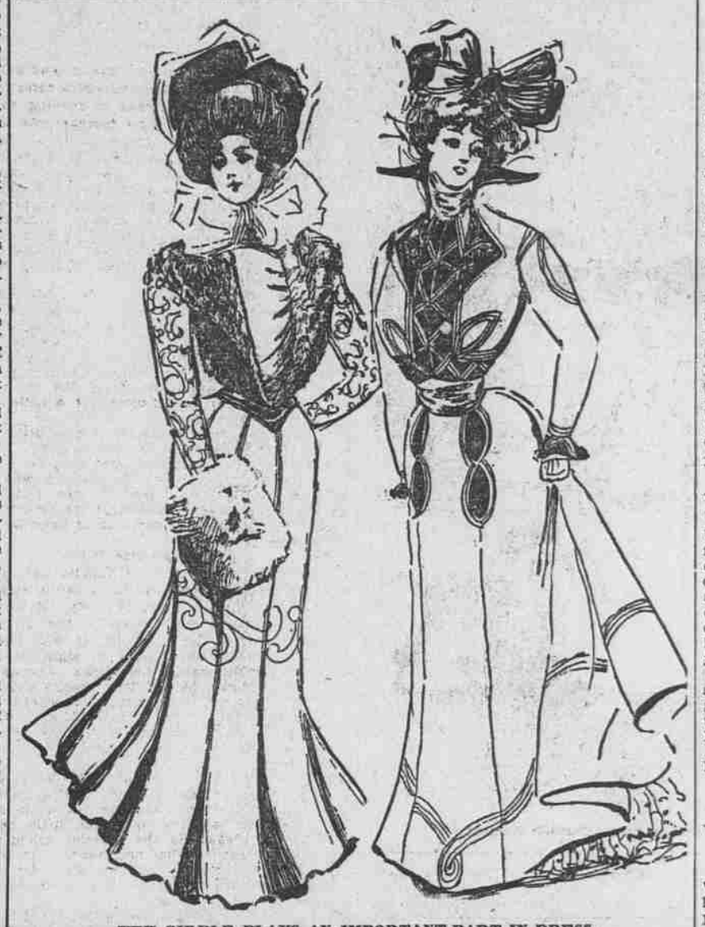
Mrs. Astor's black gown was of lace shimmering under a profusion of spangles. The bodice was made with scalloped neck, and narrow bretelles of jetted bands, from which the sleeves were suspended. A very narrow jet fringe, wired to keep in shape, bordered the scallops of the bodice, and weighted the sleeves at the top. The latter were sheath-fitting, and pointed over the hand. With this costume, short white gloves with black stitching were worn. The coiffure was extremely high. A band of jetted velvet surrounded the loose coil on the extreme top of the head, and two long black-spangled gauze chrysanthemum petals were held in position against the coil by a diamond crescent.—Harper's Bazar.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Parisians Revive Picturesque Fashion of Second Empire.

Parisians have revived a picturesque fashion of the second empire. When Eugenie first held her court in Paris, skating was popular and the empress was fired by an ambition to learn the art. Unfortunately court etiquette stood in the way of skating lessons, and forbade that an empress should be held up and guided by a skating teacher. Cartier, then the greatest of French skaters, solved the problem for the empress, and introduced a new fashion by inventing the skating baton. It was a strong rod, padded and covered with brilliant-hued velvet. The ends were held by expert skaters; and the empress, holding the center of the rod, could be supported and guided without touching her teachers.

She soon learned to skate, but the baton became a fashion. Later some of the batons were decorated elaborately with richly ornamented ends and fluttering streamers. The fashion went out with the empire, and was not revived until this season. Quite recently the baton appeared at the exclusive Cercle des Patineurs, in the Bois, and was adopted with favor.



THE GIRDLE PLAYS AN IMPORTANT PART IN DRESS.

A Base Imposter.

In the lodge of Sway-Backed Susan,
Leader of the Ute four hundred,
All the kings and queens of fashion
That the fragrant tribe could boast of
Gathered for a festal blowout.
There was Dick and Mrs. Bull Elk,
Bulbous-Nose and his best squawlet,
Miss The-Girl-Who-Has-No-Sox-On,
Bessye Knocks-the-Fellows-Silly,
Pollye Ellyn Skins-the-Rabbit,
Sleepy Kim and Chicken Swiper,
Colonel Skunk-That-Spikes-The-Breezes,
Mam'sell Don't-You-Wish-You-Had-Me,
And a lot of other flyers
From the gilden coop of fashion.
'Twas the annual dinner given
By fair Sway-Backed Sue in honor
Of the death of her last husband,
Who was angelized quite sudden
By an expert quick-shot paleface
'Round whose henhouse he was snooping.
In the chafing-dish the dog meat
From a blooded bull pup simmered;
On the coals the tripe was broiling,
And the heavenly aroma
Percolating through the wigwam
Started every nose to twitching,
Thrilled with fond anticipation.
Gaily sped the dance du ventre
To the beating of the tom-tom,
And the beaded perspiration
Stood upon the smoke-cured faces
Like the warts upon the hop toad.
Suddenly a shriek of horror
Marked with streak of indignation
Burst from out of Sway-Backed Susan,
And she swatted Messieur Bull Elk
On the ear and swiftly kicked him
Through the portal of the teepee
Out into the shimmering moonlight!
He had claimed to be a blue-blood,
A society example,
Lacking not a high-flown feature,
And as such had won her favor,
But she'd then and there discovered
That he was a base imposter,
For to her he had admitted
In a literary confab
That he'd not read "David Harum."
—Denver Post.

Origin of Silver Weddings.

The first silver wedding dates back to the time of Hugh Capet. Two servants of his had grown gray in his service, a man and a woman. Calling the woman, he said:

"Your service is great, greater than this man's, whose service is great enough, for the woman always finds work harder than a man, and, therefore, I will give you a reward. At your age, I know of none better than a dowry and a husband. The dowry is here; this farm, from this time forth belongs to you. If this man, who has worked with you five and twenty years, is willing to marry you, then the husband is ready."

"Your majsty," said the old peasant, "how is it possible that we should marry, having already silver hairs?"

"Then it shall be a silver wedding," and the king gave the couple silver enough to keep them in plenty. This soon became known all over rFance, and raised such enthusiasm that it became a fashion, after 25 years of married life, to celebrate a silver wedding.

WOMAN'S REALM.

He and She.

When a man is a lover he ceases to care
For the glories that others invite him to share;
There is one and one only whose smile makes him glad,
Though the world sounds his praises, her frown makes him sad;
She has only to nod, and he runs to obey,
For her he reserves his attentions;
Her whims are his laws and he wishes to slay
All others whose names she but mentions.

When a girl is in love she's afraid she may show
The dear one some sign that will give him to know;
She talks about others—Tom, Harry and Dick—
She flirts for the purpose of making him sick,
And when they are married forgets the old way
That won all his love and attentions;
She tells him she loves him, by night and by day,
And hates every woman he mentions.
—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

HOW TO COOK "HUBBIES"

Really Delicious, When Skillfully Seasoned and Prepared Over a Well-Regulated Fire.

"A good many husbands," according to the Philadelphia Telegraph," are spoiled by mismanagement in cooking, and so are not tender and good. Some women keep them too constantly in hot water; others freeze them; others roast them; others put them in a stew, and others keep them constantly in a pickle. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be good and tender managed in this way; but, as a class, husbands are really delicious, when properly treated.

"In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel; nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him, as those brought to the door are always best. It is far better to have none than not to know how to cook them properly. It does not make so much difference what you cook him in as how you cook him.

"See that the linen in which he is wrapped is white and nicely mended, with the required number of strings and buttons. Do not keep him in the kettle by force; he will stay there himself if proper care is taken. If he sputters or fizzes, do not be anxious. Some husbands do this; add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kissee, but no vinegar or pepper, on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment.

"Do not try him with anything sharp, to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently the while, lest he stay too long in the kettle and become flat and tasteless. If thus treated you will find him very ...gestible, agreeing nicely with you, and he will keep as long as you want."

MIDDLE AGE ABOLISHED.

Women Now Mature at 50, While at 30 They Are "Young Things."

One of the most remarkable social developments of these latter days is the evolution of the mature heroine of romance. Formerly this post was allotted to the young girl, or the young married woman. In those times, moreover, the adjective of youth would not have been applied to the maiden who had passed her 25th year, and only in the spirit of the grossest flattery to the matron who had seen her three decades. It is typical of the age that this explanatory note should be necessary. Now the expression "young" is purely relative.

In a recent issue, the London World discusses this matter at some length. Among other things it says: "The period of middle age has been entirely abolished. Where almost everybody is younger than somebody else, it is only the few who are proud of their extreme antiquity who can be regarded with any degree of certainty as old. At 30 the girl of today no longer retires on the shelf as a failure, to pass the rest of her life in the humiliating position of the maiden aunt, who devotes herself to the children, or revenges herself on the poor. She is merely preparing to start on a new phase of life, with a more definite plan and a clearer vision. Very often she marries and begins afresh at 40. Sometimes she has been known to be so greatly daring as to enter on matrimony for the first time, when she has passed her 50th year.

"For the matron the range is even more extended. At 30 she is quite a young thing—gay, frivolous, skittish, to whom society and flirtation are the chief objects in life. Ten years more bring her to her prime. It is the period of fascination, of adventure, of impulse; the woman of 40 is capable of anything. She is the object of the wildest plans, the center of the most daring romance. At 50 she is probably marrying for the second time. Three-score will find her approaching the altar for her third wedding, and if she lives long enough, she may even reappear at a later date to bring her record up to four."

LIFE AT CAPE TOWN.

Trials of Housekeepers in the South African Metropolis.

An American woman who is visiting at Cape Town, South Africa, writes to the Boston Transcript concerning many everyday customs there that have interest for American women. For example, probably American housekeepers will be thankful that they are not required to pay such prices for table dainties and necessities as those that confront a Transvaal housewife. Eggs are 84 cents a dozen during a part of the year, and strawberries are never lower than 36 cents for a basket holding 90 berries.

In well-cared-for gardens, flowers bloom all the year, but where they are not closely tended and covered from the hot sun, they are apt to wither. They are most beautiful during June, July and August—South Africa's winter season. In Cape Town the finest dwellings are in the suburbs, where there are immense forest trees principally pine, bordering long avenues that are like a dream of pleasure to bicyclists, as well as to pedestrians, for, naturally, they are always cool.

American housekeepers would find many drawbacks, principally in the care of table supplies, which are never delivered the day on which they are ordered, unless one's home is very near to a shop. And there are so many holidays on which nothing will be delivered that one is obliged to provide beforehand for them. When a holiday occurs Monday, it is very disagreeable to keep meat, etc., from Saturday till Tuesday morning.

The dry goods shops are as fine as those in any ordinary city of the United States. Their display of goods is handsome, valuable and often exquisite; all imported, of course; nothing to speak of is manufactured there. The majority of houses are of one story, including the old Dutch farmhouses, many of which have thatched roofs, some with grass and moss growing on top.

THE FLIGHT OF FASHION.

1898. 1899. 1900.

SIMPLY HAD TO TELL.

But Then She Didn't Really Know She Was Telling.

A newly married couple were honeymooning in the country when the first batch of letters from home arrived, and the husband teasingly proposed to open one addressed to his wife.

"Certainly not," she said, firmly.

"But, Phillippa," he pretended to remonstrate, "surely you are not going to have any secrets from me now that we are married?"

"I shall not have any secrets from you, but Phyllis might," his wife said. "The letter is hers, not mine. I shall probably let you read it after I have, but not till I am sure that Phyllis has told me nothing but what she would be willing for you to know."

"Still, doesn't it imply a lack of confidence when a wife won't show her letters to her husband?"

"Not at all. The lack of confidence is shown by the husband when he demands to see his wife's letters."

This was unanswerable, and the husband sank back in his chair with amused delight in his wife's perfect unconsciousness of having said a good thing.

Presently she added:

"I told you so. Here is something Phyllis wouldn't want you to know."

"Then why are you going to tell me?"

"I'm not going to tell you what it is. You are only to know there is something you can't know—at present."

"Phyllis is engaged," he remarked.

"And what if she is? You are not to know to whom."

"To Radcliff," hazarded her husband.

"I didn't say so."

"But you don't say she isn't."

"How could I say she isn't when she's—"

"Is! I really think, my dear, you might as well have let me read that letter."—Collier's Weekly.

WOMAN INFERIOR TO MAN.

Thus Declares a Scientist in the London Humanitarian.

Professor Paolo Mantegazza, in the London Humanitarian, adduces a number of experiments to show the inferiority of woman's intellect to that of man's.

"Woman has always been, is now, and will always be," he says, "less intelligent than man, and the general characteristic of her mind is that of being infantile. In the long run of intellectual evolution she always stops at the stations nearest to the point of departure. Of course, with a better education, she will be able in the future to make a greater contribution to literature, to science and to the fine arts, but I believe that the distance which separates her from us will always be the same, since the progress of man will keep pace with that of woman, each sex preserving all the while its own brain and the peculiar idiosyncracies of the intellect.

"The oppression in which woman has been held until now is not sufficient to explain her inferiority. Oppression from the strong can only originate from surprise, but it can never last a long time. Those who stand high above others are placed there by the right, the beautiful right of might, which, if not the most just and lawful ideal, is yet the most natural and logical. Among savage tribes woman is subjected to man because she is physically weaker; in civilized states because she is intellectually weaker. Were she to become stronger tomorrow she would occupy the first place, without any need of new doctrines or of new laws."

LIMIT TO ALL THINGS.

His Wife's Economy Commendable Until Applied to Him.

Mrs. Newlywed—My dear, as you say we must do everything possible to economize, I have been at work turning my old dresses, and can make most of them do another year. It won't take me over six weeks to get through, and then I'll reshape and retrim my old bonnets.

Mr. Newlywed—That's very sensible, I must say.

Mrs. Newlywed—I have also been trying some waxed thread and a coarse needle on my old shoes, and I believe they'll last six months longer; and I've turned that old carpet we bought at second hand, and given it a thorough washing, so that it will do very nicely; and I'm going to make some curtains for the upstairs windows, to avoid buying new ones.

Mr. Newlywed—Eminently sensible, my dear.

Mrs. Newlywed—And I've sent off the washer-woman and discharged the hired girl. I will do all the work myself.

Mr. Newlywed—You're an angel, my love.

Mrs. Newlywed—And I took that box of imported cigars you bought and traded them for two boxes of cheaper ones.

Mr. Newlywed—Now, see here! Economy is a good thing, but there is no need of your becoming an unreasoning, fanatical monomaniac on the subject.—New York Weekly.

PREFERRED WILD BEASTS.

Hingstermeier, the Lion Tamer, Dared Not Face His Frau.

Frau Hingstermeier, the wife of Herr Hingstermeier, the lion tamer, says Life, was what me be termed—to put it mildly—a virago, and held Hingstermeier in absolute subjection.

The lion tamer returned to the family caravan one evening in a state of hilarity, which made him feel that he had better postpone an interview with his better half until his condition had worn off. He therefore concluded not to sleep in the family quarters.

The next morning his wife called him to account, and he explained that he had been having a little jollification and did not wish to disturb her slumbers on his return.

"Where did you sleep?" she demanded.

"In the cage with the lions," he replied meekly.

"Coward!" hissed Mrs. Hingstermeier, with a look as of one robbed of her just dues.

New Way to Thread a Needle.

An ingenious woman has suggested an improvement in the method of holding the needle for the purpose of threading it. It is to be held between the third and little fingers of the left hand instead of by the thumb and forefinger, palm upper most. The advantage of this is that the thumb and first finger can be used to grip the smallest end of the thread as soon as it protrudes from the eye, a method preferable to that of letting go the thread and endeavoring to get hold of the end with the right hand. This prevents the weight of the cotton from dragging the end out of the eye again.

Made Love on Brick.

The oldest known love letter in the world is in the British museum. It is a proposal of marriage for the hand of an Egyptian princess and it was written 3500 years ago. It is in the form of an inscribed brick, and is therefore not only the oldest, but the most substantial love letter in existence.