



## THE DAY OF HER DEBUT.

TO THE white-gloved ebony statue at the door this was only another of Stark's teas. Stark was the caterer. His punchbowl, his waiters, his salted almonds, and his bill went from house to house during the season. The man at the door wished Stark would get a new punchbowl. If it were not for the different faces that appeared behind it at every house life to him would be one long, unending party. From his post he could see the table in the dining-room, and he knew from the height of the candles that it was nearly 6. The men would be coming soon.

Matronly women in long fur wraps were waiting for their carriages, and girls in picture hats and trailing silks slipped through the throng into the drawing-room. A sweet-faced young girl in white chiffon, with her arms full of pink roses, stood before a mantel banked with flowers, at the left of a stately woman in lavender, it was the girl's first bow to society, and the woman by her side was still young enough to feel old when men stopped to make pretty speeches to her daughter. Mrs. Howe felt that having a debutante daughter was almost as bad as finding the first white hairs. The men were arriving now; the elder ones alone—the young fellows from the university re-enforced by one or two companions. Near the door was a great, broad-shouldered athlete, supported by a little blonde man with a confident air.

The big fellow kept saying: "Now, King, don't bolt and leave me alone. I'm getting more hands and feet every minute. I'll soon be like that chap we used to read about in Latin. Bri—something or other. Now you speak to Mrs. Howe first, won't you? This sort of thing isn't in my line."

"Well, here goes. Be careful. Don't kick that jardiniere, if it does happen to be in your line," said King. The girl had noticed the two. She smiled reassuringly at the big fellow. Her mind went back to the day, a week before, when she had seen him last. He wasn't in black broadcloth then. Instead, his hair hung in long black strings over his eyes; there was a red streak across one cheek. She had seen him running over a field marked with white lines, while a yelling mob of men in canvas jackets tried to stop him. Then, after the game was over, men in silk hats and men in sweaters had lifted him high on their shoulders, and the whole air rang with cheers for his college.

Now he was bowing solemnly before Mrs. Howe. The next minute he forgot his hundred hands, and remembered only the one that held a little white-gloved palm in its strong clasp. "Miss Dolly, Bob washed his face in honor of the event. Had his hair cut, too," King explained. Then he added: "Well, take care of yourself, old man," and hurried across the room to speak to a girl he knew.

Bob laughed uncomfortably and twisted his neck about as if he were unacquainted with his collar. "Dolly, my dear child," said Mrs. Howe, "you must be tired standing here so long. Mr. Fields, won't you take her out to the dining-room and get her a cup of coffee or something?"

Bob thanked her with a rapturous look, and the two disappeared on their way to the dining-room. There are one end of the table was a limp-looking girl with pale yellow hair and loose gloves on her thin arms. In front of her were a large samovar and an array of cups. She had been pouring chocolate and tea for the last ten years, and was growing old in the service. The silver candelabra at either end of the table proudly held up the half-burned pink candles with pink shades, and the cut-glass dishes of pink bonbons sparkled in their light. The waiters hurried here and there, bringing in plates of salad and ices. Pretty girls in dainty dresses served the guests standing about the room. When Dolly and Bob came in a girl in a much-beruffled pink silk rushed to them with a smile that showed all her dimples.

"Oh, Dolly, you're simply perfect. I wanted to talk to you when I came in, but there were so many people. My dear, your dress is a dream! And those roses! I was awfully late. I came right out here. I hope I've done some good. Why, Mr. Fields, I'm so glad you could come," she rattled on. "How is the sprained knee? We were all so proud of you last Thursday. Dolly, what do you suppose I heard this morning? I went up to see Alice Avery. You know she came home from New York last night. Well, she is engaged. She met the man at the springs

last summer. He lives in Atlanta, and his name is Vernon Pierce. Didn't you meet a Mr. Pierce from Atlanta over there at the springs?"

Dolly knew her face was hot and flushed. She hoped Bob wouldn't notice it. "Yes, I think so," she said, trying to smile.

The other girl went on: "Alice confessed that he was a great flirt. She must be going to be married soon, or she would not announce her engagement. My dear, you look simply worn out. But you will get used to these teas and dances and things by the end of the winter," said the girl with the social experience of two seasons to her account. She smiled and glanced up at Bob, and showed all her dimples again.

The football player led Dolly to a little cushioned seat in an alcove. There was an orchestra behind a screen of palms. Now they were playing "La Paloma" with a mystical Mexican jingle. Dolly looked down at the great bunch of roses in her lap. They had come that morning—with Vernon Pierce's card. She was no longer there in the heated hall of her city home, with Bob, dear old stupid, tiresome Bob, by her side. It was moonlight, and she felt the air of a summer night on her face. They had been dancing and now they could hear the strains of "Forever and Forever." In the light from a window some one was standing before her. His voice was low and he was singing the words of a waltz. "Oh, bid me hope to call thee mine, forever and forever."

She could remember all that he said that night at Greenbriar, and she remembered that she had laughed at him. Yes, she had laughed, and now she was glad. Of course he said the same things to Alice the next week. Alice went up there to the springs just after Dolly came home.

The man at the door came over and gave a handful of letters to Dolly. "These came in the afternoon mail," he said.

"You can read those, Bob," she said as she tossed her companion a pile of small envelopes. She knew they were regrets and such things. There was one large letter, postmarked Atlanta, and directed in a strong, masculine hand. Bob was busy with the "regrets," so she opened it.

"Dear Miss Dolly," it ran, "I wanted to send this letter with the roses, but did not care to risk it to the carelessness of the florist. Of course, I am inconsolable in my disappointment in not getting up to your 'coming out.' But, if I may—it depends entirely upon your answer to this—I shall come up during the holidays. I don't know whether Miss Avery has announced the fact or not, but she is engaged to my cousin. By the way, we both have the same name. They will be married the last of December, and I am to be the best man—if you will let me come and say to you what I tried so hard to make you understand last summer—"

Bob reached up to straighten a candle in the sconce above them. He shook his head at the face reflected in the mirror and murmured, "Not in my line. Not in my line."

Dolly looked up into his face smiling, but he knew that the light in her eyes was not for him.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Feminine Savagery.

European women have a craze for tattooing at the moment. They cause themselves to be decorated with dragons, serpents, griffins and such things, and call the figures tattoos. The Queen of Greece is said to have had her ankles tattooed with some small figure, and a Parisian woman, hearing of this, went her one better and had a spider web tattooed on her shoulder. She claims to be delighted with the result, for she says when in full dress the "tattoo" gives her an air of mystery, and attracts people to her shoulder if not to her side. It is not stated that the mouse has become a popular figure. A woman who could be guilty of such folly is not far removed from a savage, and it is safe to say that this fad will not be adopted by American women.

### Macaulay's Memory.

Archdeacon Farrar in a recent reminiscence says that when a young man he heard Macaulay name every woman who had been executed in England. He was then asked if he could name all of the archbishops. "Oh, yes," he replied, "any schoolboy could do that." The Archdeacon says that Macaulay's memory made him the most wonderfully informed man that ever lived.

### Honest Boy.

"I am glad there are a few honest people left. Two years ago I sent a boy around the corner to buy a postal card. I have never seen the boy to this day."

"You don't call that boy honest?" "Yes sir! This morning I received a postal with this on the back: 'Dear Sir: Here is your postal. I started in business with the penny you gave me and have prospered. Thanks.'"—Chicago Evening News.

### England's Armored Trains.

The magnificent armored trains used by England in her war with the Boers will protect her troops in about the same way that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters drives dyspepsia from the human stomach, and then mounts guard that it does not return. The bitters has won in every case of indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney trouble for fifty years.

Natural gas conveyed in bamboo tubes was utilized in China years ago.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Fabucher, La., August 26, 1895.

The average advance in wages in Wisconsin for all classes in the year past was 15 per cent.

From all accounts the glassmaking trade will in the near future be revolutionized by machinery. Some of the inventions have emerged from experimental stage, and there are many more to follow.

### DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Painters and decorators at St. Louis want 37 1/2 cents, eight hours and Saturday half-holiday on and after April 1, 1900.

The United States turns out annually 185,000,000,000 pounds of plug tobacco.

### "Nature Abhors a Vacuum."

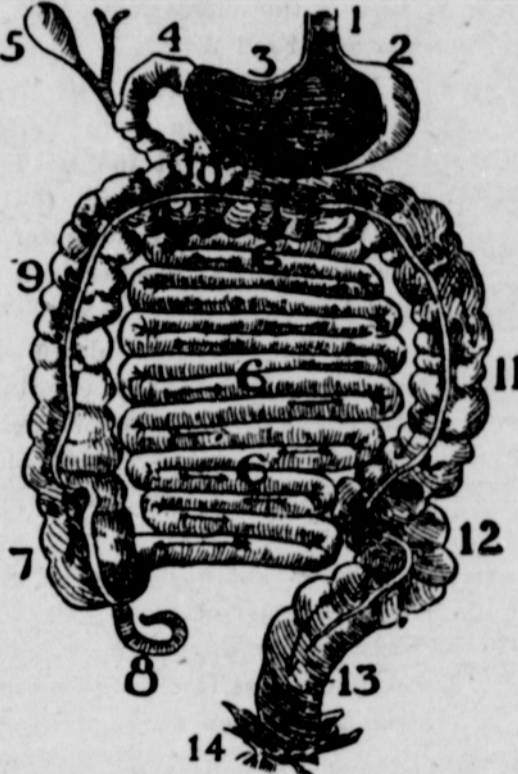
Nothing in the world stands still. If you are well and strong day by day the blood supplies its tide of vigor. If you are ill, the blood is wrong and carries increasing quantities of diseased germs. You cannot change Nature, but you can aid her by keeping the blood pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this as nothing else can. Be sure to get Hood's, because

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### The January Century.

The January Century will contain a poem by Rudyard Kipling. "In the Matter of One Compass." Dr. Mitchell's story, "The Autobiography of a Quack," ends in that issue, but another serial by Dr. Mitchell will begin in the March number. It is called "Dr. North and His Friends," and one who has read the manuscript calls it "an epitome of the science, culture and common sense of the nineteenth century."

# 30 FT. OF BOWELS



THE ALIMENTARY CANAL. 1. Lower end of esophagus (neck-pipe) which conveys food from the mouth to the stomach; 2. Cardiac end of stomach; 3. Pyloric end of stomach; 4. Duodenum; 5. Gall bladder; 6. & 7. Small intestine; 7. Cecum; 8. Vermiform appendix; 9. Ascending colon; 10. Transverse colon; 11. Descending colon; 12. Sigmoid flexure; 13. Rectum; 14. Anus. The duodenum is continuous with the small intestine. The small intestine empties into the large intestine or colon at the caecum. The arrows indicate the direction which the contents of the bowels must take in passing through the alimentary canal.

are packed away in your insides and must be kept clean, in order and doing business.

It's a long way, with many turns and pitfalls to catch the refuse and clog the channel if not most carefully cleaned out every day.

When this long canal is blocked, look out for trouble—furred tongue, bad breath, belching of gases, yellow spots, pimples and boils, headaches, spitting up of food after eating,—an all-around disgusting nuisance.

Violent pill poisons or gripping salts are dangerous to use for cleaning out the bowels. They force out the obstruction by causing violent spasms of the bowels, but they leave the intestines weak and even less able to keep up regular movements than before, and make a larger dose necessary next time.

Then you have the pill habit, which kills more people than the morphine and whiskey habits combined.

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