A Bothersome Business.

Oh, this being in love is a bothersome business,
It just keeps one in torment from morning till night!
Tho' I quarrel with Jack every minute I'm with him,
I'm wretched whenever he's out of my sight;
His name, tho' prosaic, it has but to be mentioned
And my heart gives a jump, and—I'd perish before
I would own up to him—it stands still while I listen
For his step on the walk or his ring at the door!

I can settle to nothing—to reading nor sewing—
Just for thinking of Jack! I don't flirt any more—
Not because it is wrong, but because the plain truth is,
What once was a pastime is now but a bore;
For the rest of mankind, tho' they all were Apollos,
I've no eyes and no ears, for alas! and alack!
When a woman's in love the whole universe centers
In some commonplace fellow like honest old Jack!

For it's fact—and I know it—that Jack is no hero;
He's about as unlike all the knights of romance
That I've read of or dreamed of as any man going!
How 'twas that he came my girl's soul to entrance
I can't tell; I suppose, though, that shy rascal, Cupid,
Just for spite, pulls the wool over each woman's eyes;
At least once in her life, and an ev'ryday mortal
Looks to her—for awhile—like a god in disguise.

The last man in the world to set up for an idol,
You'd say, was my Jack. How it all came about
Is a marvel to me, who at Love and at lovers
Have so long found it easy to fleet and to flout.
I pretend to be cold, and I'm high and I'm mighty
With poor Jack, when at heart I'm as meek as a dove;
But oh, does it most gladden or sadden or madden
A proud woman to find that at last she's in love?

The Great War Syndicate.

By FRANK R. STOCKTON.

Author of "Rudder Grange," "Amos Kilbright," "The Bee Man of Orn," "The Christmas Wreck," "The Lady or the Tiger," "The Late Mrs. Null," "The Hundredth Man," "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," "The Dusantes," etc.

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It was not yet noon when the bombardment ceased. No more puffs of black smoke came up from the distant repeller, and the vast spreading mass of clouds moved seaward, dropping down upon St. George's channel in a rain of stone dust. Then the repeller steamed shoreward, and when she was within three or four miles of the coast she ran up a large white flag in token that her task was ended.

This sign that the bombardment had ceased was accepted in good faith, and as some of the military and naval men had carefully noted that each puff from the repeller was accompanied by a shock, it was considered certain that all the bombs which had been discharged had acted, and that, consequently, no further danger was to be apprehended from them. In spite of this announcement many of the spectators would not leave their position on the hills, but a hundred or more of curious and courageous men ventured down into the plain.

That part of the sea coast where Caerdaff had been was a new country, about which men wandered slowly and cautiously with sudden exclamations of amazement and awe. There were no longer promontories jutting out into the sea; there were no hillocks and rocky terraces rising inland. In a vast plain, shaven and shorn down to a common level of scarred and pallid rock, there lay an immense chasm two miles and a half long, half a mile wide, and so deep that shuddering men could stand and look down upon the rent and riven rocks upon which had rested that portion of the Welsh coast which had now blown out to sea.

An officer of the Royal engineers stood on the seaward edge of this yawning abyss; then he walked over to the almost circular body of water which occupied the place where the fishing village had been, and into which the waters of the bay had flowed. When this officer returned to London he wrote a report to the effect that a ship canal, less than an eighth of a mile long, leading from the newly formed lake at the head of the bay, would make of this chasm, when filled by the sea, the finest and most thoroughly protected inland basin for ships of all sizes on the British coast. But before this report received due official consideration the idea had been suggested and elaborated in a dozen newspapers.

Accounts and reports of all kinds describing the destruction of Caerdaff, and of the place in which it had stood, filled the newspapers of the world. Photographs and pictures of Caerdaff as it had been and as it then was were produced with marvelous rapidity, and the earthquake bomb of the American war syndicate was the subject of excited conversation in every civilized country.

CAERDAFF AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

The British ministry was now the calmest body of men in Europe. The great opposition storm had died away; the great war storm had ceased, and the wisest British statesmen saw the unmistakable path of national policy lying plain and open before them. There was no longer time for arguments and struggles with opponents or enemies, internal or external. There was even no longer time for the discussion of measures. It was the time for the adoption of a measure which indicated itself, and which did not need discussion.

On the afternoon of the day of the bombardment of Caerdaff, Repeller No. 11, accompanied by her crabs, steamed for the English channel. Two days afterward there lay off the coast at Brighton, with a white flag floating high above her, the old Tallapoosa, now naval mistress of the world.

Near by lay a cable boat, and constant communication by way of France was kept up between the officers of the American syndicate and the repeller. In a very short time communications were opened between the repeller and London.

When this last step became known to the public of America, almost as much excited by the recent events as the public of England, a great disturbance arose in certain political circles. It was argued that the syndicate had no right to negotiate in any way with the government of England; that it had been empowered to carry on a war, and that if its duties in this regard had been satisfactorily executed, it must now retire and allow the United States government to attend to its foreign relations.

But the syndicate was firm. It had contracted to bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion. When it considered that this had been done, it would retire and allow the American government, with whom the contract had been made, to decide whether or not it had been properly performed.

The unmistakable path of national policy which had shown itself to the wisest British statesmen appeared broader and plainer when the overtures of the American war syndicate had been received by the British government. The ministry now perceived that the syndicate had not waged war; it had been simply exhibiting the uselessness of war as at present waged. Who now could deny that it would be folly to oppose the resources of ordinary warfare to those of what might be called prohibitive warfare?

Another idea arose in the minds of the wisest British statesmen. If prohibitive warfare were a good thing for America, it would be an equally good thing for England. More than that, it would be a better thing if only these two countries possessed the power of waging prohibitive warfare.

In three days a convention of peace was concluded between Great Britain and the American syndicate acting for the United States, its provisions being made subject to such future treaties and alliances as the governments of the two nations might make with each other. In six days after the affair at Caerdaff a committee of the American war syndicate was in London, making arrangements under the favorable auspices of the British government for the formation of an Anglo-American syndicate of war.

The Atlantic ocean now sprang into new life. It seemed impossible to imagine whence had come the multitude of vessels which now steamed and sailed upon its surface. Among these, going westward, were six crabs, and the spring armored vessel, once the Tallapoosa, going home to a triumphant reception, such as had never before been accorded to any vessel, whether of war or peace.

The blockade of the Canadian port, which had been effectively maintained without incident, was now raised, and the syndicate's vessels proceeded to an American port.

The British ironclad Adamant at the conclusion of peace was still in tow of Crab C, and off the coast of Florida. A vessel was sent down the coast by the syndicate to notify Crab C of what had occurred, and to order it to tow the Adamant to the Bermudas, and there deliver her to the British authorities. The vessel sent by the syndicate, which was a fast coast steamer, had scarcely hove in sight of the objects of her search when she was saluted by a ten inch shell from the Adamant, followed almost immediately by two others. The commander of the Adamant had no idea that the war was at an end, and had never failed, during his involuntary cruise, to fire at anything which bore the American flag, or looked like an American craft.

Fortunately the coast steamer was not struck, and at the top of her speed retired to a greater distance, whence the syndicate officer on board communicated with the crab by smoke signals.

During the time in which Crab C had had charge of the Adamant no communication had taken place between the two vessels. Whenever an air pipe had been elevated for the purpose of using therein a speaking tube, a volley from a machine gun on the Adamant was poured upon it, and after several pipes had been shot away the director of the crab ceased his efforts to confer with those on the ironclad. It had been necessary to place the outlets of the ventilating apparatus of the crab under the forward ends of some of the upper roof plates.

When Crab C had received her orders she put about the prow of the great war ship, and proceeded to tow her northeastward, the commander of the Adamant taking a parting crack with his heaviest stern gun at the vessel which had brought the order for his release.

All the way from the American coast to the Bermuda islands, the great Adamant blazed, thundered and roared, not only because her commander saw, or fancied he saw, an American vessel, but to notify all crabs, repellers and any other vile invention of the enemy that may have been recently put forth to blemish the sacred surface of the sea, that the Adamant still floated, with the heaviest coat of mail and the finest and most complete armament in the world, ready to sink anything hostile which came near enough—but not too near.

When the commander found that he was bound for the Bermudas he did not understand it, unless, indeed, those islands had been captured by the enemy. But he did not stop firing. Indeed, should he find the Bermudas under the American flag, he would fire at that flag and whatever carried it, as long as a shot or a shell or a charge of powder remained to him.

But when he reached British waters, and slowly entering St. George's harbor, saw around him the British flag floating as proudly as it floated above his own great ship, he confessed himself utterly bewildered; but he ordered the men at every gun to stand by their piece until he was boarded by a boat from the fort and informed of the true state of affairs.

But even then, when weary Crab C raised herself from her fighting depth and steamed to a dock, the commander of the Adamant could scarcely refrain from sending a couple of tons of iron into the beastly sea devil which had the impertinence to tow him about against his will.

No time was lost by the respective governments of Great Britain and the United States in ratifying the peace made through the syndicate, and in concluding a military and naval alliance, the basis of which should be the use by these two nations, and by no other nations, of the instantaneous motor. The treaty was made and adopted with much more dispatch than generally accompanies such agreements between nations, for both governments felt the importance of placing themselves without delay in that position from which, by means of their united control of paramount methods of warfare, they might become the arbiters of peace.

The desire to evolve that power which should render opposition useless had long led men from one warlike invention to another. Every one who had constructed a new kind of gun, a new kind of armor or a new explosive thought that he had solved the problem or was on his way to do so. The inventor of the instantaneous motor had done it.

The treaty provides that all subjects concerning hostilities between either or both of the contracting powers and other nations should be referred to a joint high commission, appointed by the two powers, and if war should be considered necessary, it should be prosecuted and conducted by the Anglo-American war syndicate, within limitations prescribed by the high commission.

The contract made with the new syndicate was of the most stringent order, and contained every provision that ingenuity or foresight of man could invent or suggest to make it impossible for the syndicate to transfer to any other nation the use of the instantaneous motor.

Throughout all classes in sympathy with the administrative parties of Great Britain and the United States there was a feeling of jubilant elation on account of the alliance and the adoption by the two nations of the means of prohibitive warfare. The public sentiment acted even upon the opposition; and the majority of army and navy officers in the two countries felt bound to admit that the arts of war in which they had been educated were things of the past. Of course there were members of the army and navy in both countries who deprecated the new state of things. But there were also men still living who deprecated the abolition of the old wooden seventy-four gun ship.

A British artillery officer, conversing with a member of the American syndicate at a London club, said to him:

"Do you know that you made a great mistake in the beginning of your operations with the motor guns? If you had contrived an attachment to the motor which should have made an infernal thunderclap and a storm of smoke at the moment of discharge, it would have saved you a lot of money and time and trouble. The work of the motor on the Canadian coast was terrible enough, but people could see no connection between that and the guns on your vessel. If you could have sooner shown that connection you might have saved yourselves the trouble of crossing the Atlantic. And, to prove this, one of the most satisfactory points connected with your work on the Welsh coast was the jet of smoke which came from the repeller every time she discharged a motor. If it had not been for those jets I believe there would be people now in the opposition who would swear that Caerdaff had been mined, and that the ministry were a party to it."

"Your point is well taken," said the American, "and should it ever be necessary to discharge any more bombs—which I hope it may not be—we shall take care to show a visible and audible connection between cause and effect."

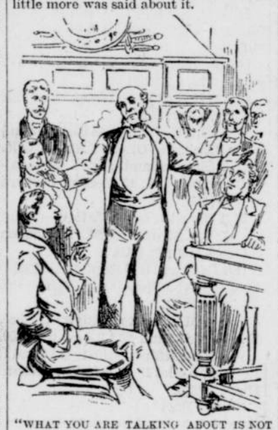
"The devil take it, sir!" cried an old captain of an English ship of the line, who was sitting near by. "What you are talking about is not war! We might as well send out a codfish trust to settle national disputes. In the next sea fight we'll save ourselves the trouble of gnawing and crunching at the sterns of the enemy. We'll simply send a note aboard requesting the foreigner to be so good as to send us his rudder by bearer, which, if properly marked and numbered, will be returned to him on the conclusion of peace. This would do just as well as twisting it off, and save expense. No, sir, I will not join you in a julep. I have made no alliance over new fangled inventions! Waiter, fetch me some rum and hot water!"

In the midst of the profound satisfaction with which the members of the American war syndicate regarded the success of their labors—labors alike profitable to themselves and to the recently contending nations—and in the gratified pride with which they received the popular and official congratulations which were showered upon them, there was but one little cloud, one regret.

In the course of the great syndicate war a life had been lost. Thomas Hutchins, while assisting in the loading of coal on one of the repellers, was accidentally killed by the falling of a derrick.

The syndicate gave a generous sum to the family of the unfortunate man, and throughout the United States the occurrence occasioned a deep feeling of sympathetic regret. A popular subscription was started to build a monument to the memory of Hutchins, and contributions came not only from all parts of the United States but from many persons in Great Britain, who wished to assist in the erection of this tribute to the man who had fallen in the contest which had been of as much benefit to their country as to his own.

Some weeks after the conclusion of the treaty a public question was raised, which at first threatened to annoy the American government, but it proved to be of little moment. An anti-administration paper in Peakville, Ark., asserted that in the whole of the published treaty there was not one word in regard to the fisheries question, the complications arising from which had been the cause of the war. Other papers took up the matter, and the government then discovered that in drawing up the treaty the fisheries business had been entirely overlooked. There was a good deal of surprise in official circles when this discovery was announced; but as it was considered that the fisheries question was one which would take care of itself, or be readily disposed of in connection with a number of other minor points which remained to be settled between the two countries, it was decided to take no notice of the implied charge of neglect, and to let the matter drop. And as the opposition party took no real interest in the question but little more was said about it.



"WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT IS NOT WAR!"

Both countries were too well satisfied with the general result to waste time or discussion over small matters. Great Britain had lost some forts and some ships, but these would have been comparatively useless in the new system of warfare. On the other hand, she had gained not only the incalculable advantage of the alliance, but a magnificent and unsurpassed landlocked basin on the coast of Wales.

The United States had been obliged to pay an immense sum on account of the contract with the war syndicate, but this was considered money so well spent, and so much less than an ordinary war would have cost, that only the most violent anti-administration journals ever alluded to it.

Reduction of military and naval forces and gradual disarmament was now the policy of the allied nations. Such forces and such vessels as might be demanded for the future operations of the war syndicate were retained. A few field batteries of motor guns were all that would be needed on land, and a comparatively small number of armored ships would suffice to carry the motor guns that would be required at sea.

Now there would be no more mere exhibitions of the powers of the instantaneous motor bomb. Hereafter, if battles must be fought, they would be battles of annihilation.

This is the history of the great syndicate war. Whether or not the Anglo-American syndicate was ever called upon to make war, is not to be stated here. But certain it is that after the formation of this syndicate all the nations of the world began to teach English in their schools, and the Spirit of Civilization raised her head with a confident smile.

THE END.

An Outing Waist.

A silk outing waist or blouse and stout leather belt and a reefer jacket belong with the skirt, and should match the skirt in color as nearly as possible, for all outing suits should be of subdued and ladylike colors. Gauntlet gloves of suede or dogskin are necessary to protect the hands. Others less strong would be useless. A divided skirt should be worn for mountain climbing or cycling, as it is light and far more comfortable and is never in the way.

Narrow striped summer cheviots are seen in a new effect, somewhat like chevron weave. They are light and unusually cheap.

Miss Addie M. Stevens is the prescription clerk in one of the leading drug stores of Providence.

THE LADY MANAGERS

SOME WOMEN WHO ARE PROMINENT IN WORLD'S FAIR WORK.

Interesting Personal Sketches of the Nine Vice Presidents of the Board of Lady Managers—What the Fair Is Expected to Accomplish for Women.

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It is doubtful if any one thought when the board of lady managers of the World's Columbian exposition was created by congress and Mrs. Potter Palmer was made president that there would be so many opportunities opened to women, and so great results would follow. One

MRS. RALPH TRAUTMANN.

of the national commissioners from the state of New York, John Boyd Thacher, said the other day:

"The exposition will do more for women than the woman's suffrage movement ever dreamed of doing."

Mrs. Palmer's name has become very familiar during the last eighteen months as the head and front of the woman's department. After her may be named the vice presidents—nine in all, representing as many different states. To a New York woman, Mrs. Ralph Trautmann, was given the office of first vice president, it being quite natural that the Empire state should be allowed to lead off in this way. Mrs. Trautmann's German name inclines the stranger to think of her as a foreigner, but she was born in New York city, and her loyalty to state and country stands parallel with that of her husband, who, although German born, having come to the United States very early in life, is true to the home of his adoption.

Mrs. Trautmann is not unknown in charitable organizations in New York. She is a member of the executive committee of the board of managers of the Hahnemann hospital, and she was one of the founders of the Health Protective association. She not only believes in the capabilities of women, but she is convinced that the World's fair offers them rare opportunities for displaying their capabilities. Anything she undertakes she carries through to the end without faltering, and she is altogether a woman of remarkable executive ability. Although the delay in the state legislation in regard to the fair thrust all the work into her hands, she cheerfully wrote letters by the hundreds and answered questions by the dozens, determined to do all in her power to help

MISS KATHERINE L. MINOR.

on the project of the woman's department, and the beginning made by her will no doubt ripen into brave results for New York women.

Mrs. Edwin C. Burleigh, the wife of the governor of Maine, is the second vice president of the board of lady managers. Her name was presented by Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker in behalf of the New England members. Mrs. Burleigh is a woman of rare tact and grace. She possesses intellectual attainments of a high order and is cautious in her judgment. She has been a constant helpmeet to her husband and has contributed materially to his business and political success. She exercises a cordial hospitality in her home at Augusta, and she has a large circle of friends that extends beyond the borders of the state. Her sons and daughters are grown and she has leisure to devote to the work of the fair. She and her helpers in Maine have carried on an extensive correspondence and have labored with success to secure the active assistance of the press.

A circular has also been sent out by them setting forth the intended scope and character of women's work and soliciting co-operation.

The third vice president is Mrs. Charles Price, of Salisbury, N. C. She is a little woman, young, bright eyed and witty, and was one of the liveliest and jolliest of the commissioners at the first meeting of the board in 1890. Owing to her activity in her state, there is already much enthusiasm in regard to women's work, and the public schools are having "Columbian evenings" to make money for the purpose of paying expenses at the fair.

Miss Katherine L. Minor, of New Orleans, was chosen to represent the southern appointment of states as fourth vice president of the board, and she has given much of her time and attention to furthering the best interests of the exposition. She is especially interested in the agricultural exhibit and in displaying a tabulated record of the numerous charities of the state.

A special feature of the Louisiana exhibit will be "The Acadians and their work," and another will be a "creole kitchen," where famous dishes of the old creoles of Louisiana will be reproduced.

Miss Minor is the daughter of Captain William J. Minor, of Natchez, Miss. In 1867 she moved to Louisiana to live upon her father's sugar estates, where she has been actively engaged in aiding her brother to develop their interests as sugar planters.

Her grandfather, Don Estephano Minor, was originally from Carlisle, Pa., but when quite a young man moved to Mississippi, which was then under the rule of the Spanish government. He acquired the Spanish language in a remarkably short time, was enlisted in the Spanish army, and soon rose to the rank of major. Enjoying the confidence of Governor Guyoso, he was often left in charge of the Spanish possessions, and when the territory of Mississippi was ceded to the United States government he was employed by Governor Guyoso in running the boundary lines of the state, and received a large grant of land from the Spanish government in recognition of his services. Thus the family proudly boast being among the early pioneers of the southern country, their present estate in Louisiana never having been owned by any other family.

Mrs. Beriah Wilkins is the representative from the District of Columbia, and is the fifth vice president. Ohio is her native state, and she was educated at Dr. Rogers' seminary for young ladies at Springfield. Her husband, the Hon. Beriah Wilkins, served one term in the Ohio senate, was a member of congress for six years, and is now one of the proprietors of the Washington Post and is closely identified with the affairs of the District of Columbia. Mrs. Wilkins was nominated for fifth vice president by Mrs. John A. Logan. Lack of funds

MRS. BERIAH WILKINS.

somewhat hampers the women of the District of Columbia, but they are far from being discouraged about their exhibit at the fair. Many women of merit live in Washington and will send their work to the exposition.

One woman, Miss Healy, a daughter of the Confederacy, has discovered the process for making the gold paint used on porcelain by the ancient Egyptians. She erected a kiln for the purpose of firing the china which her sister painted, and beginning in a small way finally established a business. In the course of her study of gold work on ancient china and of experiments with various mixtures she finally secured the exact formula from which the material of the old gold can be reproduced, and she will have an exhibit in two buildings at the fair. Another Washington woman proposes to carve the case in which the china is exhibited in the Woman's building.

One of the ablest women on the board is Mrs. Susan R. Ashley, of Denver, the sixth vice president. She is full of enthusiasm and energy and has already done a great deal of work in organizing and suggesting methods to be followed for exhibits. She was born and educated in Ohio, and is the granddaughter of Captain James Riley, of Middletown, Conn., whose experience on the desert of Sahara, told in Riley's narrative, is familiar to seafaring men. In 1861 she married Eli M. Ashley, and went to Denver from Toledo when it took seven days and nights to make the journey. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley have taken an active part in the growth of Denver, and they dispense a generous hospitality there.

There is one newspaper woman among the vice presidents, and this is Miss Flora Beall Ginty, of Chippewa Falls, Wis. She is descended from an old

MRS. FLORA B. GINTY.

family, her own great-grandfather being Lewis Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and her granduncle J. Fenimore Cooper. Her parents settled in the west at an early day, and in 1861 she married General George C. Ginty, one of the prominent newspaper men of Wisconsin.

Mrs. Ginty has been a widow two years, and during that time has edited the paper founded by her husband—the Chippewa Herald. She is a woman of much ability and a fine writer, and was elected a delegate from Wisconsin to the National Educational association, which met in California in May. She is also vice president of the Wisconsin Press association. She is exerting all her influence to further the interests of the fair in her state, and is at present engaged in ferreting out material for the Wisconsin State building.

Mrs. Margaret Blaine Salisbury, the niece of James G. Blaine, and the eighth vice president, is one of the commissioners from Utah. She is a beautiful woman and young, and has great social prominence at her home in Salt Lake City. Through her influence women will be allowed one-third the amount appropriated by Utah for the fair. One of the interesting announcements connected with the work in Utah is that it is being done by a committee, two-thirds of which is composed of Mormon women. There is still another officer known as the vice president at large, and this is Mrs. Russell B. Harrison, the daughter-in-law of the president of the United States. Mrs. Harrison went to Montana to live soon after her marriage, and it is from that state she hails as a member of the board of lady managers. She is a charming blond haired and blue eyed woman who is ready to lend her aid in any state, as her office permits.

FLORENCE C. IVES.

WOMAN'S WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS

Women's Clubs—The True Leadership Is One of Service.

It has been said that Washington never knew what a great man he was. When the Revolutionary war was ended, which he had guided to a successful termination, he had, so far as appears, no thought but to lay down his arms and go back to farming, which he loved far better than fighting. It seems never to have occurred to him that his countrymen might want him for president. When at length the call of the people was so earnest that he could not ignore it, he turned his back once more on Mount Vernon, just as he had done when he went to the war of independence, regretfully, only because he thought thereby he could serve his country without a spark of personal ambition, without turning his hand over to secure the place. That is how offices ought to be distributed in women's clubs. The women who do the most and the best work for the club should be its officers. The taint of personal ambition is the trail of the serpent. The greatest leader is she who serves most and best.

One of the beautiful girls of Utah comes of the widely distributed blood of Brigham Young, and her name is Miss "Jote" Beattie. Jote!

I find from the Brooklyn Eagle that Brooklyn has at least two accomplished women druggists, one Mrs. Eccles, the other Mrs. Rose Smith Brunner. Mrs. Brunner graduated from the New York College of Pharmacy in 1888, being among the ten that passed the highest examination. She says that the occupation of a druggist is well adapted to women, but that they must understand their business and not expect to wear trains and have white hands in a pharmacy. This lady makes all her own tinctures. One of her observations is worth noting. It is that the only unpleasant experiences she has ever had in her business have come from women. One lady who remarked magnificently that dispensing drugs was not a woman's business anyhow, and refused to be waited on by Mrs. Brunner, bought five cents' worth of borax. Poor creatures we are.

One likes to see one's favorite theories borne out by facts. I have always said that women were the born orators and preachers of the race, and the time would come when the world would know it. I was not a bit surprised therefore when Miss Jean Nelson, a brave, bright Indiana girl, won the first prize in the interstate collegiate contest at Minneapolis. Against her in the contest were nine young men from as many states. President John, of De Pauw university, where Miss Nelson is a student, was at Omaha at the Methodist conference when the announcement was made that the young lady had won the prize. He immediately telegraphed home: "Congratulations. Tell the boys to make a noise."

A young woman preacher of Chicago, Rev. Frances Townsley, has been called to the pastorate of Immanuel Baptist church at Lincoln, Neb. She has accepted it and is now regularly filling its pulpit.

"Polly Pry," of the New York Recorder, knows a hotel chambermaid whose lower front teeth are all gone because she loosened them by holding between her teeth the edges of pillow cases while she drew them upon the pillows. Bad habit.

How glad I am that Worth, of Paris, has set his foot down upon women's dress trains in the street!

Able editors delight to tell woman suffrage advocates to wait till there is a general demand among their sex for the ballot before they try to get it for themselves. But these same able editors did not talk that way when at the close of the war the ballot was suddenly thrust upon a million or so of swinishly ignorant negroes. The ballot was necessary to protect the negro, it was said. How about protecting women?

Midy Morgan was the pioneer woman live stock market reporter of the world. Eccentric though she was in many ways she did more to show what intellectual and business capabilities a woman possesses in an unusual field than almost any other newspaper reporter of her sex. Jeered at and opposed in the beginning by cattlemen and masculine live stock reporters alike, she lived to be a recognized authority and writer on both horses and cattle. Magazines of the highest rank were glad to get papers from her pen on her favorite topics. By her years of solid, magnificent work she helped to advance the belief in women's capacity a hundred years. And she had one of the sweetest, most musical and cultivated voices I ever heard. Death found her, though nearly sixty-four years old, as active and able for work as she had been twenty years before.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

Paris Fashions.

The lady who can present herself for the fashionable coaching trip in something novel, even if a little bizarre and daring, is at once immortalized, as "all the world" sets the seal of approval upon it; but it is not often that any new idea is so really pretty and striking as the one I here portray, and which was designed by the pretty Baronne de Mahrenheim, wife of the Russian embassador.

It is very appropriately made of the new and popular Russian velvet in light tan. The skirt is slightly lifted at the sides under rosettes of black velvet with long ends. There is a redingote back, the ends being trimmed with several rows of gold soutache. The same ornaments the sleeves and the tiny plaited sleeveless jacket. A large pink surah parasol with point d'esprit flounce, and a gray straw turban with copper colored ribbon bow and green plumes complete this unique costume. Leaving aside the rather ungraceful plaited jacket, the rest of the costume is perfect in design and taste.

Rosettes made of ribbon gathered to represent hollyhocks or choux or butterfly, all with long ends, are much worn on all dresses, some gowns having as many as fifty yards in all on them in different loops, ends and rosettes.

The organdies and sheer grenadines are more seen just now than any other expensive goods. Fine white and delicate colored muslins are very fashionable, in pale colors, such as blue, pink, gray, maize, mauve, lilac and Nile green. The color is scarcely more than suggested, being of very faint tint.

On the plain ground there is often a small flower, scarcely visible, the color being so very delicate.

When these filmy goods are smothered in chiffon garniture and have yards upon yards of fluttering ribbons they are irresistible.

White, trimmed with fine laces and white moire ribbons, is more worn this season in Paris than for many years.

Handkerchiefs are made of the finest batiste, bordered with ½-inch lace sewn very full on the edge of the rather deep scollops, and they look as if frosted and are exceedingly pretty and correspondingly dear.

Summer Dress Goods.

The variety of printed muslins, sateens, fine ginghams, crepons and other summer dress goods has never been so truly artistic as now, and such goods have never been so well appreciated. The sateens are made up as handsomely as if they were of the finest silk. They are expected to keep clean at least the season through without washing, and so much work is put into them that it would be impossible to wash them, and so by next season some poorer girl will get them and be glad to make them over.

Do You Remember?

Do you remember how that night was sweet?
You called it sweet and something more as well;
The fine white moonbeams drifted at our feet,
And nestled in each flower's trembling bell.

The hollowed waves came creeping to the beach,
And broke there with a joyous sound at last.
Do you remember how there was no speech?
No need for that. Our heartbeats throbbed too fast.

A small white falling star shot through the gray,
You bid me "wish!" before it could depart;
Do you remember how I answered, "Nay?"
Because there was no wish left in my heart.

—Cora Fabbri.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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50c ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street NEW YORK. 50c

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of intelligence and quick-witted enough to know a "GOOD THING" at sight, but who has Lost the Most Precious Possession on Earth, viz. GOOD HEALTH, WILL NOT require a SECOND TELLING to be induced to become a purchaser

OF DR. GREGG'S ELECTRIC Belts and Appliances.

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The Rugged Constitution of Man when once broken, becomes pitiable in the extreme, from which there is absolutely no escape without assistance. The Gregg Electric Belts and Appliances, in cases of this kind, have honestly won their title of KING OF REMEDIES.

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A Perfect Success. VII

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DENVER, Col., November, '89.

About five years ago I was taken by fits one night for the first time; since then they came oftener for three years. Being poor I had to work for a living, and on account of the disease nobody wanted me to work for them. Had given up almost all hope to ever get any relief, but since I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic have had only a slight attack within one month, and none since. MINNIE LOUGHRAN. 1121 Calif St.

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