

FASHIONS



Delicate and dainty tints and very pronounced colors in evening dress appear to be about equally popular this winter. Oriental combinations appear on stately and elegant full-dress gowns, and these show in striking contrast beside the more refined and beautiful toiles formed of pure white, or a single tint in pale rose, mauve, Dresden blue, nun's grey, or soft apricot, with accessories of creamy lace and ribbons matching the gown.

Street, traveling, and indeed all sorts of utility gowns, are made to clear the ground all around, but house toilets at all dressy in style are cut with a graceful demi-train—a fashion far more suitable and appropriate for smart artistic home wear, than any sort of indoor gown with an abbreviated skirt. There is very little flare on the front and sides of these gowns; the effect is close and smooth over the hips, the fullness being carried well to the back. A narrow hair cloth facing is used to prevent a limp effect just at the hem of the skirt, and this supports any sort of trimming that may there be arranged. Some of the circular or modified bell shapes have a single seam down the back, or else down the center of the front, giving a mitred effect when striped or plaided fabrics are used.

It seems no more than just to inveigh against the insensate fur strings which milliners are beginning to attach to some of the handsome dress bonnets. These narrow bands of fur are repeated on the bonnet itself, the strings being quite short, and fastened at the extreme ends by a small jewel clasp or pin, just below the chin. The folly of this fashion lies in the risk of cold incurred when the bonnet is removed, or changed for another having ribbon strings, or, perhaps, no strings at all. The throat is an extremely susceptible part of the human anatomy, and sudden exposure after undue heating will surely be provocative of throat troubles, maladies uncomfortable enough in their simplest forms.

Efforts will be made to give the Victorian, Empire, and other poke-shaped bonnets still greater vogue next spring, and, conforming to the style of the small sleeves and sheath-shaped skirts, these bonnets will be somewhat changed in outline.

Fancy waists, separate waists, blouse bodies and other pretty garments of the kind, unlike the skirt, are as universally popular as ever, and every indication is that the coming spring will show all the winter models and very many additional and attractive styles brought out in seasonable fabrics and garnitures which will render them entirely too fascinating to relinquish merely because the separate waist is a very general and familiar article of wear. Not only will these garments prevail next season, but several noted French designers are already modeling styles much like the Russian blouse for summer waists, that will be copied in fancy silks, decorated with lace and velvet

Real tortoise-shell combs in various handsome patterns are coming in marked favor. If this proves true the projected style of dressing the hair low on the head, as recently determined upon, will not have a monopoly. There is no reason why the high Spanish comb, with the coiffure en pompadour on the one hand, and the braided hair worn on the nape of the neck on the other, should not severally prevail. In addition to the Psyche knot, arranged at the center of the back of the head, from which fall a number of short zephyr curls.

All stylish evening toilets have trains of various lengths appropriate for various textures and occasions and in different styles for individual wearers. There are to be seen, for instance, the seven, eight and nine-cord models; the circular forms, the skirts accordion-pleated, flounced, ruffled, frilled, draped, paneled and rounded at the hem or cut in square shape. As a rule, however, the more costly and beautiful the material, the plainer the skirt, a narrow ruche or a frill of handsome lace forming the only decoration, no matter how elaborately the bodice may be trimmed.

A very satisfactory compromise between silk and satin is peau de soie, which partakes of the nature of both fabrics, but has not the aqueous brilliancy of satin. The lustrous repped silks still continue to take high place among prevailing styles, and following this fashion, the rich and beautiful Irish poplins are once again restored to favor.

Braid and tailor button trimmings on street costumes will be even more fashionable in the coming season than they have been this winter.

On New Year's Eve. Ere yet the voice of the New Year, Rises in the air, and heralds white, An angel hovers above me, Poised as for upward flight, And hark! through the airy silence His song floats down to me: "I am come to take back to the Father, 'What the Old Year hath given to thee."

My heart grows heavy, though softly I have so little to offer In response to thy loving call; No gems from the mind's deep caverns, No mighty bowdler rolled, From the path of thy heavenly message On the future to be enrolled.

Only a tiny pebble Brushed from a dear one's road, A whispered word of comfort, A sharing of the load, A rebellious longing conquered, A look with loving warmth, A flower of hope that blossomed In the heart of a raging storm.

These are all that I have to offer To the mighty Lord of Love, And with sorrowful eyes I show them To His angel hovering above. But in those eyes that are beaming mine I see neither scorn nor pity, But an infinite kindness shine. And the song grows strangely tender; O foolish child, be not so vain! Think'st thou that the all-wise Father Hears more for the gems of the mind, For the mighty bowdler, the message That the future is to enroll, Than He does for the tiny comfort To a struggling, weary soul? "Nay! rather—though these are most precious— 'Tis the offering such as thine That awakens the wondrous light in the depths of the eyes divine. The sharing of daily burdens, With their wearisome-day service, O' the faithful, loving heart,—Mabelle P. Clapp in Zion's Herald.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio gets \$800 a year, the Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania gets \$5,500. Their duties are not dissimilar and the vote of the two States is very nearly the same—that is, the vote of Ohio is a little above 1,000,000, and the vote of Pennsylvania is a little below 1,200,000.

ribbon, in soft sheer white wools, trimmed with white silk braid, plain white China silks, organdies, and even gingham in vari-colored checks and plaids and stripes in pretty tri-color mixtures, each finished with bands of lace insertion.

Many of the handsome three-quarter capes are both lined and bordered with fur, and the outer fabrics show a wide range of colors and patterns. Very stylish and pretty models of French broadcloth in handsome winter colors of Russian green, Danish blue, or russet-brown are braided, fur-edged down the fronts, and finished with a very high Napoleon collar of fur to match. These make really handsome winter garments. They have an effect of novelty in their general appearance, and this reconciles us to the continued existence of the cape, be it long, medium or shoulder-length.

The use of bands, collars, revers, and vest-fronts of white satin to give a very dressy effect to a coat, jacket or bodice, is still exceedingly fashionable, and, while the result achieved is invariably rich and striking, the cost is not at all great, for very little satin is required. Some of these white or cream satin accessories are covered with lace, to some of the sometimes trying effect of the satin, and again the satin is dotted with jet or sparkling jewel sequins, or veiled with chiffon shirtings, with a full, narrow put at the edge, or a line of dark fur. When sequins are used, the coat or blouse bodice is fastened with level buttons to match, and these, in graded sizes, are now sold at greatly reduced prices. When white satin trimmings are used, soft, creamy effects prevail among these dainty articles of wear, and there is absolutely no end to their diversity.

Wide lattice-work braids put on the skirt and bodice in crossing squares just now rank chief among popular trimmings on gowns of broadcloth, ladies' cloth, and other all-wool fabrics. Smaller and less showy effects are carried out in the same style in velvet ribbon, narrow fur, jet, passementerie and bias bands of black satin stitched on at both edges.

A sleeveless blouse, with epaulettes in one with the blouse, is an excellent model for the modiste to make use of, in utilizing short-length fabrics of two or more different kinds. The guimpe, or neck-piece, and the collar, are made of white cloth or of silk laid in narrow tucks. It is also quite usual to cut the collar in one with the guimpe or yoke piece, and this one piece, made of cream, gray or pale-pink cloth, trimmed with circling rows of white and gold braid, forms a stylish and attractive neck-finish above a low-cut blouse bodice.

The newest alpaca are unattractive as to texture, looking like canvas, and rather coarse canvas at that, and it is therefore easy to assume that some mistake was made in naming it, but alpaca it is nevertheless. There are very many women who do not admire either mohair or alpaca—fine, medium or coarse. It looks exceedingly plain, no matter what it costs or how much fashion may favor it. Compared with other fabrics, it is not at all amenable, when folds are under arrangement, and its hard, shiny, uncompromising surface is extremely uncomplimentary to all but the very youthful, and not very becoming even to them. Black velvet and other trimmings modify these fabrics about as well as any garniture that could be selected.

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IN RELIGION'S REALM.

EXPRESSIONS FROM VARIOUS RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Secularian Press.

"The church has no reason to regret any storm and stress of controversy which may have marked its way in this scientific and cynical age," says "The Living Church" (P. E.) of Chicago, "if it has succeeded in planting its standard on a rock from which it can never be torn down. It is astonishing to note what an almost superhuman effort has been made by professed admirers of Christ in the flesh to do away altogether with His divine essence, and to substitute in its place the great novels of the day are written largely for the purpose of deifying human reason at the expense of the plain Gospel narrative. These insidiously extol the human teacher of Nazareth in order that they may the more plausibly strip Him of every really spiritual attribute. It was never intended in the scheme of man's redemption that the Second Person of the Trinity should have special interest as an historical portent. It is as God incarnate by an act of wondrous humility that He has taken us any right to esteem Him as their David's lion. The Word made flesh cannot be compared with Oriental sages, or the thought-leaders of any epoch, without insult to His majesty and opening of His wounds afresh. The heresy of Christ as the mere teacher is the most dangerous of all, and more so in that it is not a mere scholastic quibble, as were many which came under the review of mediæval councils, but it is a total overthrow and denial of the whole plan of human redemption."

"The word agnosticism is unfortunate," says the "Church Standard" (P. E.) of Philadelphia. "It is intended to imply a belief in the impossibility of absolute knowledge; and, so far, it is well chosen, for scientific agnosticism means that the essential reality of nothing in heaven or earth can be known to beings of such faculties as ours. We constantly speak of time, and space, and matter, and force, and motion, and life, and feeling, and thought, and knowledge. Without the ideas which these words represent we could not speak, or even think, at all, and yet, when we ask ourselves what these things are, we cannot answer. In the scientific sense, therefore, the word agnosticism is well chosen; but in the religious sense less well. For, reasoning as we may and must from such cognitions and concepts as we have, even the most extreme agnostic concedes and affirms the existence of realities, though their essential nature lies beyond his scrutiny. One of these realities is force, with all its various phenomena, mechanical, organic, vital. We discover the force in the stone which falls to the ground, in the flower which lifts itself above the ground, in the animal which moves itself upon the ground; but force implies power, and Mr. Spencer not only adds, but proclaims, that the presence of an uncreated and eternal power in the universe and in every part thereof is 'the most certain of all things.' Agnosticism is no right name for this most positive and dogmatic assertion; and the truth which it asserts, the truth of the imminent presence of God in the universe, he has created as precisely the truth which the Deism of a century ago denied."

"At the present time there is to be noted," says the New York "Observer" in a leading article, "a tendency in some spheres of thought to discard, for practical philanthropy at least, this idea of the gospel as a force with a message which is its chief feature, and to cultivate the notion of a religion without words. Lincoln House, for example, a social settlement in Boston, which does a useful ethical work, has recently issued an annual bulletin that it is its settled policy to make no effort to influence people along religious lines, and explains its position by saying: 'We believe from our experience that purely social or ethical work is simply stand for inorganic religion, and that without words.' But how is this to be reconciled with the injunction of Christ, 'Ye shall be witnesses,' or with the eager declaration of Peter, 'We cannot but speak the things that we have seen and heard?' It is a question of religion, and poses as a mere ethical, of course, he can say nothing about it, though he should as speedily as possible get a religion which will bear discussion. Yet, in the admission of some of the social-settlement workers, the religious dynamic is 'the greatest source of power in the work. Why then conceal the declaration of this fact? What right, indeed, has any man who is a Christian at all to hide the fact that he is a believer? It is claimed that this method of a religion without words Jews as well as Gentiles is reached. But reached by what and for what? Not by the gospel, but by anything that converts the heart and regenerates the life."

"It is admitted on all sides," says the New York "Churchman" (P. E.), "that a secularized Sunday, if such should ever be the result of the present tendency, would be fatal to the religious, even the physical, health of the nation. It is certain that the continental people who have for a long time made Sunday either a day of mere toll in the service of amusement or industry are coming to the conclusion that such a state of things is prejudicial to the general well being. There is a movement afoot in France and Belgium to remedy this state of affairs. The continental Sunday is a synonym for religious neglect and profanation of a holy day. But the people on the Continent of Europe are now enrolling themselves in associations for the reformation of the abuse. The Ligue Populaire pour le Respect du Dimanche is the most influential among numerous societies which have the same end in view. These societies include in their members men of all religious tenets, and are increasing in numbers and influence every year. While the avowed object of these associations is distinctly that of relieving the laboring classes of Sunday work, it cannot be denied that indirectly the interests of religion will also be subserved."

"The older men in our evangelical churches mournfully recall the days of the great revivals under Finney and Knapp and their collaborators," says the "Interior" (Pres.) of Chicago. "Not long since one of our brethren lamented in the press the disappearance of old-fashioned conversions.' We are not so youthful but what we remember the fervid exhortations, the tumultuous cries, the physical prostrations, the exuberant shouts which marked those scenes. Personally we do not care to

look upon them again. They were not Biblical, they were not necessary, they were not defensible. Many in recalling the 'old-fashioned' conversions forget more than they remember, and time has softened many a ragged edge and jagged point. Even during the prevalence of these revivals the discreet mourned their excesses, and it was because they could not be freed from their excesses that the church by a strong public sentiment repressed them. Any one will be benefited spiritually by reading the biography of Charles G. Finney, or by studying his volume on revivals, but the statistical history of these periods is darkened by shadows. From city to city the excitement swept with increasing momentum, and in 1832 more than 34,000 were added to the Presbyterian Church upon confession. In the next four years over 50,000 were received upon profession of faith, besides all that came in from other denominations by letter; and yet the total number of communicants had increased but about 2,000."

THEODOR MOMMSEN.

One of the Most Celebrated Historians of the Present Day.

One of the most celebrated personalities of the present day is Theodor Mommsen, whose eightieth birthday anniversary was recently celebrated with much ado throughout Germany. He is a historian who ranks with Gibbon.

Like the author of "Decline and Fall," his great work deals with the fascinating and inexhaustible theme which runs through the life of Rome. He handles all phases of Roman life and development, the title of his work being "Roman History." It was begun in 1854. In 1857 three volumes had appeared. In 1885 the fifth was printed in advance of the fourth, which has not yet been issued. "Roman History" treats of political and social growth of Rome from the earliest beginnings down to the battle of Actium. Its contents good and style all that can be desired. Mommsen was born in Schleswig, studied at Kiel, lived in Italy and worked for years on the non-Latin inscriptions of pre-Roman Italy, which are called the Sabellian, the Oscan and the Umbrian.

Another Variety.

Wethersby had dropped in to the matinee to see the comedy. He was seated alongside of a pretty little five-year-old, who, like many beguiling innocents of that age, take advantage of a paucity of birthdays to make the acquaintance of a good-looking young man or any one else who happens to suit their fancy, without the formality of an introduction. Wethersby usually himself fearfully tangled after an attempt to mix up with an infantile conversation, but the violet blue that peeped out from under the beautiful lashed canopies and Wethersby's face smiled that were lavished on him inveigled him again.

"I'm going to see my gran'pa after a while," said the little miss, with the characteristic bluntness that children usually employ to open up conversations. "Oh, you are, are you?" said Wethersby, with startling originality; and trying to make his remarks commensurate with infant understanding, he added: "You like your grandpa, don't you?" "Yes, I like him awful well; he tells me stories." "Well, you must always like your grandpa," said he, with a mock paternal air. "Some day you'll be old yourself, you know, and then you'll want little girls to like you." The little maid smiled a sweet, beguiling smile, and Wethersby felt that he was getting on famously. "Does your grandpa walk with a nice big gold-headed cane, and does he have long white hair and whiskers?" "How funny you talk, don't you?" said the little girl, looking up in puzzling steadiness at Wethersby's face. "There's my gran'pa on the stage, he's dressed like a tramp, an see him, see him! he's dancing a clog." — Detroit Free Press.

Two Laborers Meet.

They were very animated. The discussion was evidently a warm one, and the parties to it had attracted a number of listeners, who, though strangers to the participants, were evidently deeply interested. "So you are a Knight of Labor and believe in working only eight hours a day?" said one. "That's what I am," said the other, with emphasis. "Eight hours a day!" repeated the first, with scorn. "Why, there's no dignity in the amount of work. It's mere child's play. I'm a hardy man, and strong, am I not? I don't look like I'm overworked, do I? Well, what do I do? I work twenty-four hours every day, and every householder in the city knows it. Yes, sir. When the sun is shining overhead I am diligently laboring, when evening comes I grow more active, and when night falls I get in my best licks and keep 'em up till the sun comes up again. Eight hours! Why, it's a mere bagatelle!" The other party looked dubious and crestfallen. At last he said: "Would you mind telling me who you are?" "Me? Why, everybody ought to know me! I'm a Washington Gas Company meter."

The Knight of Labor bowed low. "Excuse me," he said, "for not recognizing you, but the modesty of your claim deluded me into thinking you were some one else. I always believed that you put in thirty-six hours a day." — Washington Evening Star.

A Modern Girl.

A modern girl, With velvet eyes And a tiny curl Of her dainty lines; To the finger tips Of delicate pearls, Her words were wise, Yet a charming prize Is the Modern Girl. A modern girl, In a Paris gown, With a creamy whirl Of Venetian lace; Unless you can trace The line of an earl In a million, you, You'd best let her alone, The Modern Girl. — Pick-Me-Up.

MAUD GONNE.

THE STORY OF THE "IRISH JOAN OF ARC."

How She Was Inspired to Devote Her Whole Life to the National Cause.

Miss Maud Gonne, by hereditary instinct and early education, should, you might think, be among the very last to espouse the cause of the peasantry of Ireland against the time-honored interests of the land-owning class. All her early associations were Tory in their sympathies, staunch in their advocacy of the maintenance of the union with England.

By Maud Gonne.

I have been asked to write of myself and my work. I do not like to write of myself, first, because I only do what is so very natural for an Irish woman to do, serving my country to the best of my ability—there is nothing worthy of note in that—and second, I think that the personality should all ways become absorbed in the cause when that cause is great and noble. It is a fault we Celtic people are apt to fall into, of identifying the cause with the workers in it so much that we at last see it only through them. This is a great mistake, for an ideal can never fail or disappoint one, while a human being, no matter how good or how strong, may always fail. No man can be absolutely sure of himself; physical infirmities may come, and the greatest brain, the strongest heart, the most iron nerves may weaken, and then if we have worshipped a great cause in his own person, the glory of the spiritual ideal becomes hidden and obscured for a time by an earth cloud.

But I am wandering away from the subject, and as speaking of my work and why I took it up gives me an opportunity of speaking of Ireland through the pages of your great and influential journal to the people of America, I am very happy indeed to do so. I was educated a good deal abroad, and on going home to Ireland I could not help but being terribly struck and pained by the bitter, cruel class hatred which existed and which was manifested so plainly by the conservatives, landlord classes, among whom I lived. This was some ten or eleven years ago, at a moment when the success of the Land League had terrified the property classes and made their feelings very bitter.

HORRIFIED BY EVICTIONS.

To give an instance of what I mean, shortly after my return to Ireland I was stopping at the house of a large land owner in one of the center counties. I had heard vaguely that there had been some evictions, but hardly realized what it meant. If few people do really realize what human suffering and misery really is, there was a large and brilliant dinner party. I sat near my host, who suddenly raised his voice, and addressing himself to the table generally, said: "What fools these tenants are! They think they can fight me! Such a tenant (naming one) refused to pay his rent, and he couldn't. I warned him what would happen when I evicted him and destroyed his cabin. To-night as I was riding home I passed by where he and his family are living, in a ditch; his wife is dying; I don't think she will live till morning, and all she has to shelter her are a few branches. Served them right."

I looked around that gayly lighted table, at all those bright faces. No one looked shocked or even surprised! At one end of the table some gentlemen (naming one) refused to pay his rent, and then the conversation turned to other subjects. It was incidents such as this that first made me think. I then began to read Irish history; for, strange as it may seem to Americans, I had, like so many others in my position, only been taught Irish history in English history books, which means that in a certain and so-called educated class in Ireland there are no people in the world more utterly ignorant of the history of their country.

If they would study the Irish history more carefully, and especially England's dealings with Ireland during the record reign of Queen Victoria, I think the Irish "unionist" ranks would grow very thin. They would feel ashamed of continuing to allow themselves to be used by England as the instrument for carrying out her policy of extermination of the Irish people.

Some of them to-day are beginning to realize that their policy has been short sighted as well as wicked, and that the ruin and extermination of the Irish people will necessarily also bring about their own complete ruin. Some of them are beginning to understand that it would be wiser as well as nobler to cast their lot with the national party and help in building up a united Ireland and defending her from English robbery and plunder.

LORD CASTLETOWN'S WARNING.

The question of the financial relations between England and Ireland, which has been brought so much to the fore of late by the finding of the Royal Commission of Inquiry that Ireland is, in proportion to England, being overtaxed to the extent of £2,750,000 per annum, has had a certain effect on the Irish conservatives, and this year we have seen the principal land owners throughout the country, north as well as south, demanding in no unmeasured terms fiscal reform, and we have the unusual spectacle of Nationalist and Conservative members of Parliament speaking from the same platform and demanding that England should cease to rob Ireland.

At a meeting at Cork early this year, presided over by Lord Bandon, Lord Castletown said that England would have to grant reforms of taxation taken Ireland, or Europe would soon hear of an Irish question as they hear to-day of an Armenian question, and he went on to remind England that she had lost America and that she might yet lose Ireland. But the majority of these Irish landlords have still much to learn of political wisdom, national honesty and honor. The financial relations agitation was going along splendidly, and the English Government was beginning to be seriously preoccupied and anxious over the inquiry just held in Dublin was the result. NATIONAL SPIRIT GROWING STRONGER. I believe, however, that the greater part of the Irish Conservatives condemn this treacherous action, and the anxious relations we learned that some of them were contemplating as disgraceful a piece of treachery as could be imagined. They were endeavoring to make private terms for themselves with the Government. In the hope of being able to raise their rents. The Land Commission's inquiry just held in Dublin was the result. I am very hopeful of the future. The national spirit throughout Ireland is stronger and healthier than ever. There is a great spiritual and literary movement growing up. The genius of the past which relates to Ireland, the great center of learning and art of the world seems awakening in the Celtic race. Next year the century of our great struggle for freedom will give us a grand opportunity of asserting our national rights before the world and of disproving the claims and falsehoods which England is ever seeking to spread abroad about us. She assures the world that the Irish people are incapable of self-government and that they are really content with her rule. The delegations from all liberty-loving countries who will come next year to take part with us in the great national pilgrimage which we are organizing to visit all the battlefields of 1798, where the loyal Irish peasants, armed only with their courage and their love of our native land, fought against the regular troops of England and were not subdued until England had concentrated 150,000 soldiers in Ireland—these foreigners will see in the thousands and thousands of exiled Irish who will return to do honor to the heroes and martyrs of liberty, that the Irish race, no matter what the political dissensions of their leaders, are united, and that the whole race is determined to be free and are only waiting so in a fact—New York Herald.

The Faculty of Observation.

"Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he rushed forward a gallipot, containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "When I was a student," he continued, "I used my sense of taste." And with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot and then put his finger in his mouth. "Taste it, gentlemen—taste it," said the professor, "and exercise your perceptive faculties." The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class. One by one the students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction and, with many a wry face, sucked the abomination from their fingers. "Yes, gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation, for, had you looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot."—Home Journal.

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At a meeting at Cork early this year, presided over by Lord Bandon, Lord Castletown said that England would have to grant reforms of taxation taken Ireland, or Europe would soon hear of an Irish question as they hear to-day of an Armenian question, and he went on to remind England that she had lost America and that she might yet lose Ireland. But the majority of these Irish landlords have still much to learn of political wisdom, national honesty and honor. The financial relations agitation was going along splendidly, and the English Government was beginning to be seriously preoccupied and anxious over the inquiry just held in Dublin was the result. NATIONAL SPIRIT GROWING STRONGER. I believe, however, that the greater part of the Irish Conservatives condemn this treacherous action, and the anxious relations we learned that some of them were contemplating as disgraceful a piece of treachery as could be imagined. They were endeavoring to make private terms for themselves with the Government. In the hope of being able to raise their rents. The Land Commission's inquiry just held in Dublin was the result. I am very hopeful of the future. The national spirit throughout Ireland is stronger and healthier than ever. There is a great spiritual and literary movement growing up. The genius of the past which relates to Ireland, the great center of learning and art of the world seems awakening in the Celtic race. Next year the century of our great struggle for freedom will give us a grand opportunity of asserting our national rights before the world and of disproving the claims and falsehoods which England is ever seeking to spread abroad about us. She assures the world that the Irish people are incapable of self-government and that they are really content with her rule. The delegations from all liberty-loving countries who will come next year to take part with us in the great national pilgrimage which we are organizing to visit all the battlefields of 1798, where the loyal Irish peasants, armed only with their courage and their love of our native land, fought against the regular troops of England and were not subdued until England had concentrated 150,000 soldiers in Ireland—these foreigners will see in the thousands and thousands of exiled Irish who will return to do honor to the heroes and martyrs of liberty, that the Irish race, no matter what the political dissensions of their leaders, are united, and that the whole race is determined to be free and are only waiting so in a fact—New York Herald.

The Faculty of Observation. "Gentlemen, you do not use your faculties of observation," said an old professor, addressing his class. Here he rushed forward a gallipot, containing a chemical of exceedingly offensive smell. "When I was a student," he continued, "I used my sense of taste." And with that he dipped his finger in the gallipot and then put his finger in his mouth. "Taste it, gentlemen—taste it," said the professor, "and exercise your perceptive faculties." The gallipot was pushed toward the reluctant class. One by one the students resolutely dipped their fingers into the concoction and, with many a wry face, sucked the abomination from their fingers. "Yes, gentlemen, gentlemen," said the professor, "I must repeat that you do not use your faculties of observation, for, had you looked more closely at what I was doing, you would have seen that the finger which I put in my mouth was not the finger I dipped in the gallipot."—Home Journal.

All in the Name. At a Boston restaurant the other day a middle-aged woman entered the place and taking a seat at the counter carefully scrutinized the bit of fare she concluded to try an order of ice cream pudding at 5 cents a plate. After it had been served she looked it over carefully, and calling the waitress back said: "Do you call this ice cream pudding?" "Yes, and it's very nice, too." "But where is the ice cream?" "Oh, that's only the name given that peculiar make of pudding. We are making a specialty of it. I'm sure you'll like it when you taste it."

"It seems to me that you ought to give ice cream with it, as long as you say it is ice cream pudding." "We don't give cottages with cottage pudding," quickly replied the witty waitress. The retort threw the middle-aged woman into a convulsion of laughter, and she ordered a second plate.—Boston Herald.

Same Old Trait.

Hobson—Some people make me tired; they never accept anything as a fact without wanting to know why and wherefore of it. Saphed—Yes; I wonder why it is? Philadelphia Record.

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WOOL AND VELVET COSTUME FROM HARPER'S BAZAR. All through the winter as well as the spring and summer wool costumes are considered the smartest for street wear, and it is surprising to see how many different fashions are continually appearing which are, each and all, distinctive. Just at present the long polonaise or redingote effect is more in favor than the short blouse which has been so much the style for some months. Another point about the new gowns is that they are most elaborately trimmed, either with braiding, fur or velvet. One gown which is exceedingly becoming and effective is made of cloth of a dark gray color. The skirt is of medium length, and is trimmed with machine-sewn, and a darker shade of velvet. The waist has double revers which at the back form capes over the shoulders. These are of the velvet of a very much deeper shade. The front of the waist is extremely odd, made with a shaped plastron of the cloth which is so cut as to give long and becoming lines to the figure. This is a desirable feature, and one not always easy for the amateur dressmaker to attain, and here the cut tissue paper pattern of this gown issued by "Harper's Bazar," which appears, will be found very useful. The belt is of velvet, and the collar is also of velvet, while at the back of the neck are three tiny ostrich tips. Any dull effect of the velvet might have been obviated by being lined with white satin. The buttons are of velvet, and the way in which the velvet is put on the skirt is decidedly new and quite unlike anything that has been seen before.