Boas of every sort are still popular. Some of the new varieties are of a rich shade of golden-brown ostrich plumage; again, there is a mixture of three colors, like mauve, white and black. Some of the short boas are made of full ostrich tips, in pink, cream, or cherry-red, dotted with bits of black marabout, while others of closely plaited chiffon are edged with chenille.

* * *

Fur will not only be much used as a garniture for street costumes, redingotes, capes, jackets, etc., but it will be more than ever patronized as a decoration for choice evening toilets, ermine still receiving a considerable share of patronage. Cream-white satin gowns have a tiny roll of rich dark fur at the skirt edge, with fur and lace on the bodice. Sable, seal, otter and mink are seen on waist models of milkwhite chiffon, pink satin, primrose matelasse, etc., and odd-looking fur guimpes, draped revers, collarettes, with ends en jabot, peplums, girdle pieces, vests and bretelles appear on costly velvet polonaises, cloth redingotes, and surtouts and cloak dresses made in Russian style. On some of the less expensive long wraps of camel's hair or broadcloth a very fine quality of ladies' cloth is in some instances used instead of velvet for the revers, turn-down collar, and vest in some bright, contrasting color, and covered with a rich decoration of silk cord, chenille, or passementerie en applique. The same plan is carried out in redingotes cut down to the shoulders, the guimpe and turn-down revers being similarly made of the decorated cloth.

* * *

Very smart and striking are the new, deep capes of Russian red kersey, lined with matelasse silk, and trimmed with narrow bands of seal, otter or mink fur. Some of the models are finished with hoods that reach to the shoulders, and are lined with the matelasse silk and bordered with up-turned revers of the fur.

* * *

Although glace red gloves are considered the most appropriately worn with "dress" toilets of satin and other rich fabrics that have a very lustrous surface, most fashionable women still give general preference to the soft, velvety Swedish gants for dress occasions, and almond gray, tan, Alderney, cream, cameo, pinkish mauve, rose heart, willow green, sea green, opal gray, golden-rod yellow, fawn, antelope and the still paler doe colors, are all very popular tints. For driving, cycling and riding are shown some dogskin gloves in gauntlet style. For general wear there are both glace and suede gloves in Havana brown, mahogany, dahlia, deep shades of red, nasturtium, mouse gray, and black.

* * *

Two or three beautiful shades in green and blue, the tawny browns called Siam, and the richer russet tints, with a gleam of gold in them, known as Cleopatra, are among the most attractive colors in broadcloth, ladies' cloth, and similar elegant wool fabrics used for handsome tailor costumes. The Roman and Russian and the deep Dewey blues are all notably becoming dyes, and they make up into distinctively smart costumes when fur-trimmed. Damson again appears, the purple slightly deeper than that of Parma violet, and much like the amethyst are the Ophelia and pansy dyes that will be so popular in costume cloths and millinery this winter.

* * *

Among the new expensive novelty weaves in dress fabrics are those with a rough surface, but a firm underweave which prevents the material from stretching or breaking at the waist-seams. The surface is broken by lateral lines of chenille or narrower velvet woven in a raised design. The crinkled effect is greatly enhanced by the extreme silkiness of the fabric, which emphasizes the deeper black of the chenille or velvet stripes.

* * *

The Czarina shirt-waist, notwithstanding its title, is a simple model that is suitable for making up almost any pretty fabric, but a particularly taking one included in the handsome trousseau of an autumn bride is made of amethyst velvet and heliotrope silk. It is formed with a deep yoke at the back. There is a wide plait down the front, where the waist fastens with pearl and amethyst studs. The back of the waist is very closely fitted, the sleeves close coat shapes, with velvet cuffs, and the fronts droop a little at the belt.

* * *

What are called "dressmakers' tailor costumes" differ from those that are "strictly tailor-made" in being somewhat more dressy and elaborate. Satin and taffeta checks, in a number of handsome autumn color-blendings, are much used for shirt-waists, with matching revers and collar facings on these costumes, which are formed variously of English serge, ladies' cloth, French camel's-hair, and vicuna. Besides the many novel melanges in these checks, black and white accessories are very noticeable among gowns worn at day receptions. The newest are checked in small blocks, or else a white taffeta ground is cross-barred in black satin, and special cachet is imparted by the addition of revers and collar, overlaid with white silk passementerie or white guipure designs en applique, with matching hat of velvet and lace. Black and white toilets—including matelasse silk, faille and satin stripes polka dotted in black; black peau de soie heavily barred with white, etc., are seen at every notably fashionable and elegant function of the season.

* * *

A very handsome and at the same time econonomical costume in polonaise style can be made by using for the foundation skirt a gown that is partly worn or that one has tired of. When taken apart and thoroughly cleaned this can be used for the underskirt, adding a silk, velvet or cloth ruffle at the bottom. This ruffle need not be very deep, as the polonaise will cover nearly the whole of the underdress at the back, revealing only a few inches on the front and sides. The revers, cuffs and collar of the overdress match the ruffle on the underskirt in fabric, or, if the polonaise is turned down in revers to the shoulders, the guimpe introduced also corresponds with the ruffle in kind.

* * *

An English-made costume of Roman-blue vicuna, figured with claret-colored spots, in rough weaving of the goods, is made en princesse, the skirt portion finished at the back in two graduated box-plaits. On the waist a part of the goods is slashed with separated lengths drawn up over the shoulders, to show what is apparently a glove-fitting underbodice of claret cloth, covered with a complex design of broad and narrow braiding in blue, the sleeves to the elbow copying this style of decoration. The dress is lined throughout with claret taffeta. It is beautifully shaped and finished, but no further trimming is used upon it, save rows of heavy blue silk machine-stitching.

* * *

New ulsters are made of large English plaids, a pale and a deep shade of green, reseda, and violet, fawn-color, and Roman blue, almond, with two distinct shades of brown, or three tints in gray being favorite color mixtures. Some of the models are made with three graduated shoulder capes, others with a spreading Directoire hood, and again there are revers and a Kaiser collar of mink fur, but the less expensive styles have the three capes or the collar and revers finished like the rest of the garment, with rows of machine stitching.

* * *

Some of the new heavy silks for the winter are extremely soft and pliable and have a lustrous satin finish.

Wanted to Get Even.

In praying for the success of the troops in the Philippines a colored brother said:

"Lawd, we wants 'um all ter succeed, 'cept one, an' dat one is a yaller nigger what 'listed in de war f'um dis place, en carried off de whole collection what wuz took up ter pay my salary wid! Lawd, uphol' de American arms, but let 'um shoot off one er t'er er dat yaller nigger's legs! Save de arms, but take one leg 'fum dat nigger!"—Atlanta Constitution.

What a Congressman learns during his first term he doesn't always tell when seeking a second.

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Sold by all druggists and dealers generally. See that a **Private Revenue Stamp** is over the top of the bottle.

A PECULIAR EXPERIENCE.

I did not notice him at first—indeed, I thought the Artistic Pioneers' smoking room completely deserted when I entered for an after dinner cigar; but, as I glanced around indifferently through the blue clouds of my Muria, I realized I was not alone, and, furthermore, that the attitude, as well as the half averted face of the other occupant was vaguely familiar; then I recognized him in a flash.

"Hullo, Ravensworth!" I cried impulsively; for at the moment I was glad to meet the man again, though my fortunes had changed considerably since the days when we dwelt in the land of Bohemia and collaborated novelettes for the perambulator propelling section of the reading public; "why, where have you been in hiding all these years—cut literature and taken to a quiet life, eh?"

He looked up slowly, with an enigmatical smile which was characteristic, and then nodded in answer to my greeting.

"Well, yes, Pennyfeather," he replied, drawling a little, as of yore, "I have had rather a quiet time of it latterly. Been doing much yourself at the belles lettres—working the old claim? It fairly sickened me, so I dropped it long ago."

"Oh, the usual thing," I answered airily; "can't complain. Have a cigar?"

He shook his head, as if the subject were distasteful. "I don't smoke," he said; and then, glancing at my gold mounted case, he added: "Seems to pan out better than formerly?"

I laughed. I felt a shade awkward; such reminders are not pleasant.

"Yes," I replied deprecatingly; "it's about time, isn't it?"

He lifted his eyebrows in silent assent, and then, apparently dismissing the subject, began quite a desultory conversation. As he talked he put one knee over the other, and I saw that the toe cap on one of his rather shabby boots was perilously insecure. This led me to look more closely at his attire; it was as of old—shabby genteel, the sort of costume one rarely meets further west than the British Museum—and I wondered how he managed to evade the imposing functionary who upheld the diginty of the Artistic Pioneers in the vestibule below. Evidently he had gained nothing by his defection from literation.

Now, although I am not a malevolent man, I felt distinctly pleased at this latter circumstance, for my mind was reverting to a play of mine then running at the New Departure Theater, and I knew it would be difficult to explain satisfactorily—Ravensworth being always slow of apprehension—how I had borrowed an idea of his which he had developed one evening as we were walking home together. I had warmly approved of it at the time, its capability for dramatic treatment striking me forcibly, and Ravensworth had on subsequent occasions returned to the subject, altering and amplifying according to his custom, intending to let it grow until this prized idea should become the nucleus of an epoch-making novel, which, I need hardly say, had never been written.

We had drifted apart long before I thought of it again, at a moment when I sorely needed a framework on which to hang some brilliant dialogues of my own; and reflecting that Ravensworth would in all probability never be the worse or the wiser, I had straightway utilized the idea as the plot of my drama, with the most gratifying results, for the thing caught on immediately. It was named "A Moral Dilemma," and, critics told me, belonged to the Scandinavian school. I am indeed proud to say its first representation created much interest in literary circles, Larripur of the "Daily Tiger," slating the performance unmercifully, and suggesting that the play had all the elements of a Chinese puzzle, except the intellectual recompense of a solution, while Cantwell, editor of "The Sky Pilot," hailed it enthusiastically as the brand new gospel of some special form of religious mania then exercising thoughtful minds throughout the length and breadth of the English speaking world.

My position, therefore, was now a critical one. I did not know how much Ravensworth knew of all this, and I was not so pronounced a success that I could brazen the matter out, should he prove troublesome, by declaring the identity of my play's plot and his idea to be yet another "literary coincidence." And this was the reason why I experienced a positive thrill of relief when I noted my companion's shabby habiliments, feeling that Ravensworth prosperous and indignant would be far less amenable to reason than Ravensworth in his normal condition of indigence.

As we conversed, however, I rapidly matured a plan which I hoped would extricate me if judiciously worked, and as a preliminary I decided on treating my friend to some of the club vintage, and then sounding him by dexterous questions as he approached the requisite stage of Nirvana. If he proved tractable, I could probably smooth matters with a solatium; but if not, I might at least expect to elicit his intentions and take defensive measures.

Accordingly, I proposed that we should have dinner, ignoring my own meal, but, to my surprise, he declined the invitation, refusing afterward to join me in the fresh brandy and soda I happened to be ordering.

Some other men coming in at this juncture and talking rather boisterously, our conversation became disjointed, and, as I did not want any one to bring my play on the tapis until I had settled what Ravensworth's attitude would be, I proposed we should stroll out and go somewhere.

We were soon in the gas lighted streets, chatting of many things as we went. My friend seemed to have retained his usual manner, though he, consciously or unconsciously, baffled any attempts to draw him out.

At length, finding diplomacy inadequate, and wearied by suspense, I resolved on the bold stroke of forcing his hand by taking him to the New Departure, letting him see the performance, and hearing what he would say. Whatever his course then, I could at least plead my having brought him there as a proof I was ignorant of having given him cause for complaint.. Much pleased with my new plan, I suggested, when we had looked in at another place, where Ravensworth would not touch a drop, that we should go and seen how a little thing of mine was getting along at one of the theaters. Ravensworth instantly agreed.

I had not entered the New Departure for a fortnight, having been out of town, and, as I piloted Nat up stairs, I noticed the decorations were quite recent. The house, too, was, it appeared, crowded, and we experienced some difficulty in getting a box, a circumstance I determined on mentioning to the manager; but when we settled down to watch the performance, my temporary annoyance was swallowed up in a sensation of blank, overwhelming, hopeless astonishment, for I saw that in my absence the most astounding liberties had been taken not only with the costumes and business, but also with the text of "A Moral Dilemma"; the very cast was unfamiliar to me. Worse still, a few minutes' observation sufficed to show that the drama itself had deteriorated wofully, and instead of the noble play representing my latest message to the world, I witnessed what was little better than a screaming absurdity.

Those exasperating alterations obliged me to explain to Nat every now and again; these explanations becoming more frequent on each fresh development of buffoonery, I thought I heard a titter, and, looking up, I caught some ladies in an opposite box training their lorgnettes upon me. I felt as if I had received a cold douche, a terrible conjecture shaping itself instantly in my mind. What if, after all, Ravensworth knew more than he admitted? It was not without the bounds of possibility that he had succeeded, on the strength of malicious representations, in getting the "Moral Dilemma" thus unmercifully mangled until its own author almost failed to recognize it! What if this were the reason he refused to eat or drink with me, but was quite ready to come here, where he knew he should enjoy the spectacle of my anguish and the stultification of my masterpiece?

But even while the suspicion matured into certainty, according to the nature of suspicions, I hit upon a fresh expedient which would turn the tables completely upon my wily foe and rescue myself from the charges of plagiarism, as well as from the disgrace of fathering any longer so glaring an imbecility. I glanced at Ravensworth, and thought I could detect a cynical smile hovering about the corners of his mouth. I controlled my impulse to knock him down. So he was there, gloating over my discomfiture; very well, we should soon see how the fool's cap would fit his own head!

The calm way the people in front took the medley astonished me, until I reflected that probably half the house was paper and the other half composed of persons who came to enjoy this burlesque upon a serious drama, the enjoyment being no doubt hightened by many an ill natured rumor at my expense. Possibly, too, some hint of my presence there had reached the audience, and this would account for the interest of the box occupants over the way. Ah, it was prettily planned!

Ravensworth, who sat rather in the shadow, was apparently completely absorbed in the performance; but still I could detect the incipient grin on his ugly face. Little did he dream how near he was to being hoist on his own petard!

Mastering my indignation, I bided my time until, a propitious moment arriving, I arose and, lounging to the box front, suddenly drew aside the curtain, lifting my hand for silence, the orchestra having at that especial instant most unaccountably commenced playing.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said, in a clear, ringing voice, "allow me to make a short statement. I am, as you all are doubtless well aware, Mr. Pennyfeather—Mr. Cuthbert Pennyfeather—the reputed author of the piece now being performed before you; and it may perhaps interest you also to learn that the plot of 'A Moral Dilemma' is not altogether original—it is, in point of fact, the property of a friend of mine, who, having abandoned literature, had no further use for it, though I trust that, on viewing this large, cultured and influential audience assembled here to-night, he will reconsider his decision. I refer to my esteemed friend, Mr. Nathaniel Ravensworth, just returned from Australia—the diggin's, you know!"

A roar of applause greeted my peroration, the house writhing in a long paroxysm of laughter, which springing upward from the misty vastness of the pit, soared aloft to the very roof, and was hurled down again, storming across the footlights to the stage, where, much to my surprise, a curving line of shimmering damsels was gracefully curvetting forward. I was myself faintly amused—flattered, if you will. I rejoiced in the quick intelligence of my countrymen, for evidently the house had grasped the situation; every neck was craned toward me, every available opera glass focused upon me, and I have no doubt but every pickpocket within the building was blessing me fervently. I could, however, see nothing very plainly beyond the front row of the stalls, where a fat woman, who had been deprived of a subordinate part in my play, was laughing indecently, a gentleman beside her clapping his hands with wild abandon. I recognized him too. It was Larripur, my pet aversion.

Concentrating my gaze sternly on the man, and leaning forward so that I might pitch my voice distinctly, I waited for the applause to subside, wondering meanwhile where I had left my pince-nez.

"I must, however," I continued, "plead ignorance to the bewildering changes made in the performance during my absence—changes I cannot describe as improvements, though you seem to find them all right; for, personally, I am at the present moment as totally unable to comprehend this extraordinary jumble—Chinese puzzle, I might say—which the management has thought fit to put before you in my name, as I am to explain the presence of those young ladies, who, however admirable in their proper place, the music hall, are, it seems to my poor judgment, quite out of place in a drama which an eminent critic has characterized as embodying the most earnest aspirations of our day."

Here I hiccoughed—I could not help it to save my life—and the laughter clothed me as with a garment. I was not angry; I was, on the contrary, a little touched. I felt how near is human hilarity to the source of tears, and said so in a short passage of Virgilian pathos.

The people in the dress circle and boxes screamed; the fat woman was on the verge of hysteria; Larripur was seeking for his false teeth, which he had actually laughed out of his mouth.

"But, be this as it may," I went on, recovering myself, the audience well in hand again, "my duty is plain, and I shall do it at all hazards. Permit me to present to you the real author of 'A Moral Dilemma' as it is at present played in London. I surrender the laurels gladly. Come forward, Ravensworth; you need not be so bashful, old man."

I looked around; my companion had slunk away. Instead, two gentlemen in uniform entered the box; the taller tapped my shoulder.

"Manager's orders, sir," he remarked genially.

"Certainly," I replied; "but there is a friend of mine"——

"He's waiting outside," answered my interlocutor with, I thought afterward, suspicious promptitude. I turned to go, but paused, struck by a new idea.

"Where is the manager?" I asked imperiously.

"Upstairs," replied the courteous official; "he'd have come himself, but there's some disorderly chaps interruptin' the performance, makin' impertinent remarks on the young ladies, sayin' as how they're disimmodest."

This was the last straw. I swung round and looked back. The stage was a blaze of light, the dancing figures were jigging to the music, the music was jigging to them. Through it all the people were laughing still and calling "Author, author!"

I scanned the figurantes carefully, but could detect no impropriety in their costume until I saw a tight clad limb suddenly flash forth from the line and disappear again, when I observed that if the ladies' morals were not cut upon a Spartan model their robes undoubtedly were.

Naturally, I was scandalized, and it was with this foolery my name had been associated! I said the manager should hear of it, and meant what I said. Then the incoherent absurdity of the whole thing made me laugh, and I was yet laughing when I stepped, quite suddenly, into the street. It was raining. I could not remember where I had left my mackintosh, and attempted to button my evening coat over my shirt front, but, seeing the futility of such a proceeding, I was vastly amused.

Somebody took my arm rudely—it was Jem Travers; he had apparently come from nowhere. Jem is a relative of mine; he possesses no literary tastes, has no views on anything in particular and is, in short, a cad whom I tolerate because he has a happy knack of describing his possibly apocryphal adventures in Australia and elsewhere, thus unconsciously supplying me with local color for my well known sketches of colonial life. I told him all this in so many words; he laughed also.

"All right, old chap," he remarked; "I was born young. Never mind about that now. In with you."

The door of a cab yawned before me. I caught one of the handrests, and adjured him solemnly to seek for Ravensworth, whom I missed.

"It's Nat Ravensworth," I said, earnestly, addressing Jem and the cabby; "an old pal; knew him ages ago; he and I were at the theater together. I'm afraid he's a bit on; been following him into every 'pub' we came across since we left the club—best fellow in the world, but too fond of his liquor."

"A good man's case," remarked the jehu with disgusting familiarity. "Better get in, sir; the policeman says we're blocking up the way."

A few seconds later we were in the cab—that is, Jem and I—my hat having in some unaccountable manner got under my feet. I allowed it to remain there, my head feeling cooler. I was, however, still solicitous about Ravensworth, and had quite forgiven him the ugly trick he played me, now that I had checkmated him so cleverly; but, to my surprise, he unexpectedly appeared close to the window on the off side; he seemed quite unruffled, and appeared to have no difficulty in keeping up with the horse, but would on no account come in, nor did I press him to do so, knowing what an unsuitable companion such an unlicked cub as Jem would be for a man of his attainments. However, lest poor Nat should be inconvenienced, I warned the driver I would report him if he did not go more slowly. This arrangement suited remarkably well, and, ignoring Jem, I began to draw Ravensworth out on various subjects, talking myself with what I felt to be sustained brilliancy until the cab stopped at my own door.

Next morning, while sitting at breakfast, and striving, I confess with some difficulty, to reconstruct the previous evening from very insufficient data, Jem Travers was shown into my room.

"That was a pretty bad break of yours last night at the Empire!" he observed cheerfully, as he shook out my morning paper.

I looked at him and severely over my glasses.

"I was there, and never saw anything like it," he went on. "The Two Macs are nowhere! Gad! I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw you in the box, with your hair mussed over your head and your tie under your ear, exhorting the audience and shoving all that bosh about ideas on 'em. They took it kindly, though—you were so jolly polite. At first I thought it a bit steep; but they caught on, somehow. Heavens! you did play it low down when you began disclaiming the performance and apologizing for the ballet; but, takin' it all round, they treated you damn decently—gave you rope enough."

"I was never at the Empire in my life," said I gravely.

Jem eyed me curiously.

"Come, that's cool!" he remarked. "What next?"

"I dined at the club, and, afterward meeting an old friend unexpectedly, we went to see the performance of my play at the New Departure," I answered.

Jem whistled to express wonder.

"What!" he cried. "You don't recollect anything? Don't remember standin' up just after that burlesque on 'A Doll's House,' an' makin' a fool of yourself? Don't remember being chucked, an' me gettin' a cab, an' all that?"

I did partially, but I did not choose to say so. Jem began to laugh.

"By Jove!" he burst out, "'twas the rummiest go! I never saw anything like it; 'twas the most original! You, in your evening togs, addressing the house, by George! an' cheekin' me, your best friend, when they chucked you"—this was the way he alluded to my conference with the theater officials—"tellin' me I was a bally cad, an' askin' after the health of that other Johnnie—man you stole that play from—an' biddin' the cabman go slow, an' all that! I'd believe it as soon of the Archbishop of Canterbury if I hadn't seen you. By the way," he added, "what was the name of the chap you were gassin' about? It sounded familiar, but hang me if I can remember it—something croaky, at any rate."

"Ravensworth," said I. "I met him at the club"——

"Oh, that will do!" interrupted Jem rudely, "but I knew a chap of the name in Australia. He was a literary party, too, though a thorough good fellow for all that. Look here, Ha'penny"—a senseless joke on my name—"'twould do you all the good in the world if you were out there, too, earnin' an honest livin' for six months; 'twould make a man of you."

I overlooked the glaring bad taste of this last remark, for I was interested in spite of myself.

"What sort of a chap was he?" continued Jem.

"I should describe him," I replied, judicially folding the napkin, "as a brilliant occasional journalist, with few convictions and no principles."

Jem shook his head weakly. "I don't catch on," he murmured; and, indeed, with the exception of the brilliancy, which was purely complimentary, there was nothing distinctive in the description.

"Was your acquaintance rather tall, with weak eyes?" I asked.

"Yes; carried his head on one side, like a melancholy cockatoo."

"Hair getting scant?"

"Quite so. Then you know him, Ha'penny?"

"Yes, of course; he is the man I mean. We met at my club yesterday evening. He had been out of England, he said, and had given up literature. I had, well, borrowed an idea of his, just the merest outline of a plot—it's a common thing among literary men, but outsiders don't understand it—the motif of the play now running at the Departure, and I wished to set the matter right with him, as he had only just arrived, and tattlers might be only too glad to breed mischief, so I took him to the theater and made that explanation."

Jem shut one eye and tapped a paragraph in the journal with the paper knife. "Exactly, Ha'penny," he said, but more gravely than before; "you simply wanted to square the chap whose claim you jumped; we all saw it; that was the idea—you were in a dilemma. He! he! he! But I don't think you need have taken so much trouble; he is not likely to bother you, though it is a rum start!"

"How?"

Jem sat up and handed me the paper, marking a paragraph with his thumb, and looking me straight in the face. "Because the man's dead and buried; died of fever at Coolgardie. Read that."

I did. It was a six line account of an epidemic which had broken out up country, with a reference to the death of Mr. Ravensworth of London, who had volunteered for hospital service and had fallen among the first victims.

"Nat Ravensworth!" I gasped. "Can it be he?"

"Yes, the very man. He said he had chucked literature because he couldn't make anything out of it. How is that for high? Well, you are a cool hand! He came very near making his pile, though, I remember, for, after one of his claims was sold up the man who bought it struck gold the first day he put pick in the ground. Curious, some chaps can't be lucky, no matter how hard they try, while others. * * * But he got even with you at the end, if that's any consolation to him."

I thought so, too. Finding I was in no humor for bandinage, my visitor took his departure at last, and I went about my business, but did not care to run down to the club, as usual. However, I drew up a concise little account of my experience, omitting all unimportant detail, for the consideration of the Psychical Research Society.

P. S.—I have called at the club and have changed my mind abut that report—there is no such thing as earnestness nowadays; but I shall reconsider Jem's suggestion touching a short absence from the metropolis.—Sketch.

The Easy End of It.

Wouldn't you like to have been Thackeray, Scribbler?"

"No," said Scribbler; "I'm glad I wasn't."

"Prefer your own stuff to his, eh?"

"Not a bit of it. But I think Thackeray was harder to write than to read. I have the easy end of it."—Harper's Bazar.

The Same Old Howl.

"I tell you, sir," said the calamity howler, "this country is doomed, sir—doomed."

"Is the same old doom or a brand new one?" asked the optimist.—Harper's Bazar.

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