

HOW PAPER IS MADE.

Ordinary News Paper is Composed of Wood With a Slight Mixture of Rags. In describing the process of paper-making it may be well first to detail the methods employed in the manufacture of news paper.

The cottonwood from which it is made is received from the forests in regular corded lengths. These sticks are sawed into lengths of about eighteen inches. They are then run through a shaving-machine which takes off the bark and leaves the stick perfectly clear.

The grinders have upper and lower pockets into which these sticks of wood are packed. The wood is fed down from these pockets into grinding stones, where it is ground into pulp. There is a continual stream of water running into the grinding-stones, and this mixes with the wood as it is ground, and the mixture flows into large vats underneath the machines.

From these vats the mixture is pumped up stairs and is rolled through a machine upon sheets, ready for use in combination with the bi-sulphite and rags in the manufacture of news paper. The rags are subjected to a more elaborate treatment, before they are ready for use.

The three articles, now being ready, they are mixed in the proper proportions and run through what are termed beating engines. The bi-sulphite, rags and thoroughly mixed in these beating engines, and while mixing the sizing and coloring are put in. The mixture is conveyed from the beating engines through refining engines, and thence into large vats, from which the paper machine is fed.

The machine is nothing more nor less than a great many rollers of various sizes, so adjusted and arranged that after the pulp mixture has passed through, around and between all these various rollers it comes off in a finished state, wound upon hollow iron cores ready for adjustment in line for pressing.

The news paper, intended for use on other styles of presses is run off from these rolls through a cutting machine, where it is cut into the desired sized sheets and packed ready for shipment. The straw from which paper is made is made in a line, and is the same as the rags. It is then subjected to the same treatment that the mixture of bi-sulphite, rags and wood pulp is for the manufacture of news paper, after which it is conveyed to vats from which the machine is fed.

The straw and manilla paper made by the company is manufactured on a machine capable of turning out a sheet fifty-two inches wide, the capacity being five tons per day. The manilla paper is made entirely of old rope, burlap, etc. The material is first run through one cutter in the same manner that the rags are, after which it is subjected to the same treatment that the straw is before it is ready for the paper machine. The machine upon which the news paper is made has a capacity of six tons per day and turns out a sheet eighty-six inches in width. About three thousand cords of wood per annum are used by the mills in the manufacture of pulp alone.—Portland Oregonian.

SKY ROCKET PICTURES. Novel Method of Photographing an Enemy's Camp.



IT WILLIAM WESTAL. Copyright, 1911, by J. B. Lippincott Company, and Published by Special Arrangement.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED. "Corporal Cartouche knows his duty, mon chef. I will treat your friend as my own brother, and if he slips through my fingers, may I never drink wine again. The Medoc is for me, you say?"

"Yes." "All of it?" "All of it." "Am your debtor for life, mon chef. And about what time?" "Well, the supper will have to be prepared, you know. Suppose we say in two hours?"

"Good! That will be nine o'clock. And the Medoc is all for me?" "All." "Sacre nom, I shall count the minutes. A thousand thanks, M. le Chef de Battalion."

An revoir," said Lacluse, grasping his hand. "I feel pretty sure that the order for your execution will not be carried out; so keep up your spirits." These words were accompanied by a glance at me which meant that they were for the benefit of my guardian, who might otherwise have failed to understand the meaning of the words.

"Of course he won't be executed," said the corporal; "and in any case he will have had his bottle of Lafitte and I my Medoc. We will drink to your health, M. le Chef."

Lacluse was no sooner gone than the corporal began his preparation for the feast. He sent a passing soldier for a few sticks and the remnants of a packing-case, rigged up a table and made two things he called tabourets, and expressed great regret that we should be compelled to dispense with napery.

At nine o'clock, sharp, the supper was brought by Lacluse's servant. He brought also glasses, and, to the corporal's great delight, a very dirty tablecloth. Cartouche handled the bottles as tenderly as if they had been babies, and treated them as respectfully as if they had been generals of division.

"I rather think his neck was broken without stopping to give a second look, I ran on, in the firm belief that Jambon would follow me no more, and that I should make my point. Moreover, as I could hear from their exclamations, his fall checked his comrades somewhat, though I dare not believe they were more eager to overtake me."

As I neared the shore, the white still running, I doffed Cartouche's hat and belt and threw away my weapons. I felt pretty sure that my pursuers would not follow me far into the sea. Nor did they. It was not their element.

I merely pointed ahead, as if I were following somebody, and hurried on. This bothered them, and gave me a few precious seconds; and if the fire had not just then thrown up a revealing blaze, I should have got safely past. The soldiers exclaimed to one another ominously; and one of them, who, as I observed, had a very short body on phenomenally long legs, pointed at me, shouting:

"Look at him! Look at him! He has a pair of good shoes; and if those are not English breeches, my name is not Jacques Jambon. He is a spy! After him! After him!" On this I crowded on all sail and made a bee-line for the sea, the six soldiers following in hot chase. Thanks to my good shoes and better condition, I soon distanced them all except Jambon, whose long legs were more than a set-off for his indiffered foot-gear.

Though I tried my best, I could not shake the rascal off. He even gained on me a little, and it was plain that unless I stopped him he would overtake me. I might, of course, have brought to and fought him, but that would have taken several minutes, quite enough to let the others come up to me.

And then I thought of an old school trick—modified to suit present circumstances. After putting on a spurt of a few yards, I suddenly slackened my pace. Jambon, thinking I was spent, redoubled his efforts. When he was within arm's length of me, I stopped short, placed my feet only on the ground, and made a back lunge, he playing at leap-frog. Longlegs flew over me, pitched on his head, and fell all in a heap.

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The firing brought a couple of shots from the Kangaroo, whereupon the Frenchmen stopped their noise and sheered off. It was an easy swim to the brig. I got aboard by swarming up the cable, and crept aft unperceived, where my sudden appearance in so strange a guise I must have looked like a drowned rat) caused great consternation. My crew had heard that I was killed, and the watch, taking me for my own ghost, scattered in all directions. But I soon convinced them that I was still in the body, and, after a stiff glass of grog to keep the cold out, turned in and slept the sleep of the just.

CHAPTER XIV. I stood with Djezzar on the ramparts of Acre. On the night before, the outer wall of the old tower had been shattered by the explosion of a mine. A few hours previously the French had made two assaults in rapid succession, both of which were vigorously repulsed. They were now hammering at the old tower with their batteries. Rent by the explosion, blackened with powder, dented with shot, its rents patched with beams of wood and bags of sand and wool, its aspect was grim, tragic and treacherous, like that of some Jerusalem. The French were getting short of ammunition; and, though their engineers displayed great ingenuity, Philippeaux displayed more. He began to take the offensive, pushing forward works which were like to take Bonaparte's batteries in reverse and force him to abandon the siege.

To prevent this consummation the French made night attacks, which were always repulsed with much heavier loss to the enemy than to ourselves. And then the luck turned for a time. Col. Philippeaux died of exposure and fatigue; and the French received several pieces of heavy artillery from Jaffa and powder from Gaza. The upper part of the tower was demolished, and a breach made in the curtain wide enough to admit fifty men marching abreast. We began to look anxiously for the advance of Jambon by the long-expected and long-promised reinforcements of Turkish troops; for of Djezzar's own troops there remained only a few hundreds, and brave as these were and desperately as they fought, it was impossible for them to withstand many more assaults, even with all the help we could give them.

"Can you see anything?" asked Djezzar, as I swept the horizon with my glass. "Yes; a sail." "Only one?" "Only one. Ah! there is another; and now—come count them." "What do they look like?" "From their rig, I should say they are Turkish."

Their numbers increased every minute. Soon I could count a dozen, then twenty, then thirty ships, all making for Acre. The Ottoman fleet, beyond a doubt. The town was all joy and excitement, and the blue-jackets and marines, both ashore and afloat, gave a hearty cheer. "It is all over," said Col. Douglas, who had succeeded Philippeaux as engineer-in-chief.

With any other general it might have been all over; but instead of abandoning the contest because he was going to be overmatched, Bonaparte made a supreme effort to take the place before the reinforcements could disembark. The besiegers' lines were worked with frantic energy, and a column of attack was formed by Bonaparte in person, whom we could plainly see on Cour-de-Lion's mount, giving his orders and haranguing his men. In the meantime, Sir Sidney, fully alive to the danger, signalled for every blue-jacket that could be spared to come ashore and lend a helping hand to the defenders, and himself went off in the Tiger to meet the Turks and hurry them on.

The assault was delivered late in the afternoon, and, though the Turks fought like lions and the gun-boats plied the French with shot and shell without success, the leading file succeeded in effecting a lodgement in the ruins of the old tower, where they protected themselves from the flanking fire of the squadron with barricades of sand-bags and dead bodies. When daylight came, the triolour was floating from the outer angle of the tower; and the French renewed the attack with great energy at the very moment the reinforcements were landing at the mole. The commodore led the Turks up to the breach in person, and the fight soon became so hot that the muzzles of the muskets touched and the spear-heads of the standards reached. While this was going on, another body of Bonaparte and a contingent of blue-jackets, armed with pikes, made a sally in force, drove the enemy from their lodgement in the tower, and checked the advance of their main body. We still held our ground, but we had not yet won the victory which we had in the possession of their camp, and the presence of Bonaparte in the trenches, it was evident that another and, probably, a still more desperate assault was impending.

In accordance with a suggestion made by Djezzar it was decided that as the French came on the defenders of the tower should retire from the breach and let them enter, and when they were entangled in the narrow streets of the town and the gardens of the seraglio the fresh troops, supported by the sailors and marines of the squadron, should attack them with dagger and scimitar in the traditional Turkish fashion.

Shilly retired to a massive column advanced to the breach, under a heavy fire from the gunboats and the walls. Headless of the leaden hail which strewn their path with the dying and the dead the few fellows rushed up the glacis at the double, and when they found the breach unoccupied hoisted the triolour on the ramparts and shouted "Victory!" crossed the inner works and poured into the town. And then the Turks, Albanians, Manguabins and blue jackets, emerging from their ambush, fell upon them and literally put them to the edge of the sword. The French fought with splendid courage and dogged resolution, but being both outnumbered and taken at advantage they had no chance, and, as I heard afterwards, few of them escaped. For I knew only by hearsay how this, the fiercest fight in which I ever was engaged, and the last, came to an end.

The horror of it was increased by the barbarity of the Turks. No sooner was a man wounded or disabled than they cut off his head. When the stress of the struggle was over I did all I could to save the Frenchmen who asked for quarter from the fury of our savage allies. My humanity nearly cost me my life. Seeing an old mosque beset by a number of Turks I inquired what was the matter, and, finding that a few French soldiers had got inside and barricaded the door, I told them that resistance was useless, and that if they would surrender to me and my Kangaroos I would guarantee their lives. They thanked me heartily, and one of this poor fellow opened the door. A Turkish officer shot him dead. Without a moment's hesitation I ran the villain through, and the Frenchman retreated into the mosque.

"Fire the cartridges! Let us all die together!" he shouted on me. "Back! back for your lives!" I shouted to my men. Then there was a dull roar, and a blinding flash; something struck me on the head, and I remember no more.

When I came to myself I was lying on my back in darkness, and it seemed to me, bound hand and foot. My first thought was that I had been taken prisoner by the French, heavily ironed, and thrown into some horrible dungeon. And then I hear footsteps, and voices whispering. And I know that I am not a prisoner; for the whisperers are English.

"How does he seem this morning, Mr. Bruce?" says one of them. I recognize the voice; it is that of Blake, the Kangaroo's surgeon. "Blake! Blake, where am I?" I ask, feebly. "Good! Good! You speak; you have recovered consciousness; you are better; you will recover," says the doctor, coming near and speaking louder. "But where am I?" "In Djezzar's palace." "But what means this darkness, and why am I bound?" "You are not bound, though I dare say you feel as if you were. One of your arms is in splints; it was broken. One of your legs was badly lacerated, your whole body severely contused, and you got a bad concussion of the brain. When I first saw you I thought you were as dead as a herring. You have been unconscious a fortnight."

"A fortnight! It seems only a few minutes. But won't you light a lamp?" "There is no need; it is daylight. But your eyes were badly hurt in the explosion; so I had to bandage them and darken the room." "My God, Blake! you surely don't mean that I am blind?" "No, I don't think you are blind. But when the eyes are injured it is necessary to be very careful. I will take the bandage off just for a second. Draw the curtain a little closer, please, Mr. Bruce. There! Can you see?" "Yes; a gleam of light, and a shadowy form. and—"

THE PRESIDENT'S GUNNING.

In the Appointment of Judge Jackson He Takes It Out of Gresham. In the appointment of Judge Jackson to succeed the late Justice Lamar on the bench of the United States supreme court President Harrison has performed another of the occasional acts which should make his administration creditable on the pages of history. He has named the man as the one democratic jurist at the south whose appointment would be confirmed by the present republican senate. If he had appointed a partisan republican the democrats in the senate would have been justified in preventing the confirmation of the appointee. The republican politicians in and out of congress do not like the president's selection. But the people will approve it.

When Mr. Cleveland became president, March 4, 1885, there were but few men on the bench of the various federal courts who had held office by the commissions of presidents in office before the war. Judge Ogden Hoffman, since deceased, of the Southern district, was appointed by President Fillmore in 1851. Later democratic appointees were Judge Deady, of Oregon; Judge Nelson, of Minnesota, and Judge Love, of Iowa. With these exceptions every judge of the United States courts was a republican at the time of his appointment. During the long period of time from the accession of President Lincoln in 1861 to the accession of President Cleveland in 1885 hardly a democratic jurist was appointed to fill any place on the bench of the federal courts. Associate Justice Stephen J. Field was a republican when, in 1863, he was appointed by President Lincoln.

A vacancy occurring on the bench of the sixth circuit court in 1887, President Cleveland appointed Howell E. Jackson, then a senator from Tennessee, to fill the place. It was the first time since the formation of the original democracy was authorized to interpret the law in any of the federal courts. Judge Jackson has the legal learning, the personal accomplishments and the other qualities to fit him for the high place which he is to occupy in almost a generation when a crown prince succeeds to the throne. The wisdom of President Harrison in making this appointment may have been sharpened by the unending political instincts which he possesses in a remarkable degree. He has relieved the retiring president from a responsibility which would have become one of difficulty. He has shut out Judge Gresham from the possibility of ascending the supreme bench by an immediate appointment from Mr. Cleveland. He has fed fat an ancient Indiana judge, in service of the purpose of crowning his last days in office with the credit of a splendid appointment he has defeated the aspirations of a man whom he regarded as his enemy and who has released his successor from a close quarrel which might have proved comparatively uncomfortable.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE DEPLETED TREASURY. Facts Concerning Republican Extravagance Leaking Out. Now that the election is over, and the danger of the republicanism to the political aspirations of the republican party is past, the secretary of the treasury is gradually admitting the depleted condition of the nation's finances. The showing is one that should condemn the g. o. p. for all time as utterly unworthy of the trust reposed in them. The official salaries were withheld and the payment of many obligations deferred, in order to blind the people as to the true state of affairs, but now the dire results of a billion-dollar congress are being exposed. The estimates for a pension appropriation were increased from time to time until the aggregate is a startling one, though probably below the actual amount which will be required. Nine millions have been appropriated for public buildings, yet not a dollar has been expended, and contracts could not be entered into because there are no funds with which to meet the expenses thus incurred. Representative Dingley, of Maine, shows himself a republican statesman of the regulation gauge. He has not examined the treasury report or informed himself of its contents, but, with a lame assumption of liberating sarcasm, says: "If democrats are so happy unless they are trying to prove to the world that the United States is on the verge of bankruptcy." He is of the same pattern of man as that Ohio justice of the peace who, on having an unpaid criminal arraigned before him, said: "I don't know anything about this here case and don't want to know anything about it. I have satisfied myself that the prisoner at the bar is a democrat, and therefore pronounce him guilty as charged."

But Representative McMillan, of Tennessee, to the supreme benefit of President Harrison has shown a largeness of mind of which we greatly fear he was altogether incapable this time last year. It often happens that a chastisement, if severe enough to enforce humility, is of great use in the formation of character. But to sever this improvement in Mr. Harrison is to be accounted for, it is certainly marked, and he is entitled to congratulations on it. We trust it will continue, and we only wish it had begun earlier.—St. Louis Republic.

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT. —When the Illinois democrats get through overhauling the books of the late republican officials there will probably be additional reasons for placing that state in the permanent democratic column.—N. Y. World.

Mr. Harrison congratulated himself that there "has been no defection" under him "of sufficient importance to excite public attention." How extremely republican is the theory that if you are not caught at it there is nothing important enough to be reported of.—St. Louis Republic.

The delay in the consideration of the appropriation bills is chargeable to the senate as much as to the house of representatives. Although the house has passed three of these necessary measures the senate has not even considered one. It appears to be the policy of the republican leaders in the United States senate to throw public affairs into the greatest possible disorder to force an extra session of the Fifty-third congress.—Albany Argus.

Republican papers evince unwonted liberality toward President-elect Cleveland because of his attendance upon the funeral of ex-President Hayes. Mr. Cleveland was an ex-president as well as president-elect, and it was plainly his duty to take this step. We are inclined to think that he expected no thanks or special credit of recognition for pursuing such a course. Mr. Cleveland has at no time shown himself a violent or a bitter partisan. He has been firm in the support of principle, but liberal and courteous to his opponents in his public speech as well as in his personal relations.—Boston Herald.

McKinley has won the distinction, enviable or otherwise, of being the father of revolution. His first one overthrew his own party in this country; his second has turned down a monarchy in Hawaii. His whole bill did it here; his sugar schedule did it there. It only remains now to complete the revolution by his greatness and his fame, to have this country embroiled in war with England because of the Honolulu affair, with its inevitable result of the overthrow of that sprig of monarchy to our north by the absorption of the Dominion into the union. In time devout republicans will come to say: "Great is Allah, and McKinley is his prophet."—St. Paul Globe.

But he fails to count in his expenditures the liabilities owing and not paid, the appropriations for which he has held up. The amount of these is \$65,474,000, while \$32,333,000 has been "authorized" but not appropriated. On his own showing, therefore, Mr. Foster has in fact nothing on hand in excess of the amount of debts due and owing. The amount available for paying the public debt is, on his own statement, a deficiency of at least \$33,000,000 to be anticipated by the end of the fiscal year. The payments due on river and harbor improvements alone would consume all Mr. Foster's alleged balance except the gold reserve.

Juggling with the books will cover up deficiencies for awhile, but they will always come a time when angry creditors demand cash instead of bookkeeping, and to that time the republican administration and the billion dollar congress have about brought the country.—N. Y. World.

LAMAR'S SUCCESSOR. Democratic Comment on the President's Appointment. Whatever political motive actuated Mr. Harrison he certainly chose a jurist who will give honor to the position to which he has been assigned.—Nashville American.

Partisan politicians may not like the nomination, but it is one which reflects favorably upon President Harrison, and will command the approval of the country.—N. Y. Herald.

The appointment is a good one in every way and is one which will be appreciated by all who have become acquainted with the judge during his six years' occupancy of the circuit bench.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

President Harrison not only made an excellent selection, but deserves full credit for having thrown aside partisanship in deference to the wishes of the people, so unmistakably expressed at the last national election.—Detroit Free Press.

Inasmuch as President Harrison had determined to name a successor to the late Justice Lamar, it was both graceful and sagacious of him to choose a good judge, a good democrat and an appointee of Grover Cleveland.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

President Harrison has at once disarmed criticism for his course in making the appointment so near the end of his own term of office, and kept good his record for selecting men for judicial offices who are excellently qualified.—N. Y. Times.

In so doing the president hopes to allay democratic opposition and make a vacancy in a very important circuit, which he hopes to fill with a republican. Democratic senators ought not to be beguiled by this show of fairness.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Thus the president has performed two noble deeds in one act—justice to his opposing party and to the south and followed the spirit of civil service. It is vastly more than the democratic party felt it could expect of Mr. Harrison, and will serve to heal the rancor of political strife.—St. Paul Globe.

DOMESTIC COOKERY. —Cocoanut Custard. Boil one cup of sugar, half a cup of cream, one cup of milk, one cup of water, one cup of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of eggs, one cup of vanilla, one cup of salt, one cup of soda. Mix well and place in quart cans or molds. Bake three hours, turn out and bake a half hour.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Veal sweetbreads are most generally used in this country, but lamb's sweetbreads are fully as good, though not so large, and are fully as often used in France. In whatever way they are cooked they should always be blanched, that is, soaked for three hours in cold water, changing the water every hour and bringing the sweetbread to the boiling point in the water and boiling it five minutes.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Celery Soup: Cook in a double boiler a cupful of cracked wheat in three parts of water for three or four hours. Rub the wheat through a colander, add more water if needed, and a small head of celery cut in finger lengths. Boil all together for fifteen or twenty minutes until well flavored, remove the celery with a fork, add salt, and serve with or without the hard-boiled yolk of an egg in each soup plate. Oatmeal soup may be prepared in a similar manner, and flavored with onion or celery as preferred.—Good Health.

—Baked Indian Pudding: I generally bake my corn-meal puddings in this recipe: One quart of milk, seven teaspoonfuls of corn meal, two tablespoonfuls of flour, two-thirds of a cupful of molasses, one egg, one teaspoonful of ginger and one teaspoonful of salt. Scald one pint of the milk; beat the egg, molasses, sugar, flour and meal together, and pour the mixture into the hot milk, stirring briskly. Just before putting it in the oven, add the remaining pint of cold milk. Bake two and a half hours in a slow and steady oven. Sometimes I add a few sweet apples, pared, cored and chopped finely. Raisins also add a little. Serve with sweet cream.—Prairie Farmer.

—Chocolate Wafers: Beat one quarter of a cup of butter to a cream; add gradually one cup of granulated sugar; beat until white and light, then add two tablespoonfuls of cocoa, teaspoonful of vanilla and one cup of flour. This batter must be made in a sifter. If you use pastry flour this will be quite sufficient; if bread flour you may have to use a little less. Grease the bottom of a good-sized baking-pan; spread the mixture at the bottom of the pan as thin as paper. Bake in a moderately quick oven, until while hot cut into quarters and roll on a marble slab. This is the part that practice only can make perfect. They must be handled instantly or they will crack in rolling. If you wish to use them in small squares you will find it much easier. Simply cut them on the pan, and with a linber knife loosen and put aside to cool.—Boston Budget.

The Toilet Table. The treatment of a dressing-table nowadays is an art in itself, and there is no better criterion of a woman's taste and means than that of her toilet table spread out on her toilet table. A fashionable woman delights to surround herself with the most luxurious appointments, and a modern lady's maid gives almost as much labor and time in the glittering array in her mistress's dressing-room as the old-fashioned woman does in her table array. The prettiest devices for showing off a beautiful collection of toilet appointments is a beveled mirror fitted exactly to the bureau top. Another very becoming setting to beautiful silver is a cover of blue or light pink velvet, with a white silk lining. This year a novelty in the way of mullin covers is shown which has the squares for the pin cushion and the toilet bottles marked out by gathered lace or mullin fringe; this fancy arrangement looks particularly well when all the articles are in place. To be refined looking, a mullin cover should not be too much trimmed. Common lace is very objectionable, and the beauty of mullin lies in its dainty freshness and simplicity.—N. Y. Tribune.

Beaver Dress Trimmings. The most fashionable trimmings of the season in use among our best dress-makers has been the long napped beaver satin, so called from their resemblance in texture to a gentleman's silk hat; also the short napped velvet. These materials closely resemble each other, but still retain their characters as satin and velvet enough to be readily distinguished. Black beaver satin is being used for revers and collars, and in millinery for entire bonnets. It has a certain character of its own, and as yet has only appeared in fashionable establishments which import their own materials. The glace velvet, though no longer new, promise to remain in use another season. The Turkish and Circassian embroideries introduced last fall will be much used during the season to come. The most indications are any guide. The heavy, extra Russian laces, brightened by colors and Huseil, are also ordered for spring and summer use. They are a Paris novelty that our dress-makers have thus far kept to themselves, though the plain extra Russian lace is easy enough to get.—N. Y. Tribune.

Director's Jacket. The new director's jacket bodice, with immense cape-like bretelles going over the shoulders to the back, are used by many fashionable dress-makers for dresses of wool bourette or velours with long pile and also the heavily-corded Etonian velours in changeable effects. The jacket, as a rule, is narrow, being stretched over a snugly-fitted lining, and it is then edged with fur or galloon, the trimming serving as a border to the open jacket fronts. Soft, pliable bengaline silk is used for the collar, and is filled with under these jackets, a popular combination being a green-velvet vest, with director's jacket and round skirt of tan-colored velours. Russian red bengaline dotted with blue is also used under jackets of Napoleon blue-armed crepons and fancy-ribbed diagonals.—N. Y. Post.

"Doctor," said the collector, "I wish you would do some advertising with our paper." "Couldn't think of it, sir. The idea is preposterous. It's against the ethics of our profession. By the way, here's an item about a man I mentioned this morning. Take it down to the office, will you? And be sure that my name is mentioned."—Boston Budget.