WOMEN'S WAYS AND WORKS.

Reading of Interest to the Fair Sex—How They Dress the Children—Contrast Between the Manner in Which They are Treated at Home and Abroad. Definition of Woman—A Blue Day.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

MATE LEROY HAS A WORD TO SAY ABOUT THE LITTLE ONES.

Contrast Between the Manner in Which Children Are Treated in America and Abroad—Their Party Costumes.

When the holidays approach and the little ones are at home the wise and loving mother tries to make them so happy that those bright hours will stand out in their memory when the time shall come that they are gray and wrinkled and may be far away from both mother and home. Chil-

FOR CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

dren's parties, luncheons, teas and dances—even fancy dress balls sometimes—are given, and the little ones are taught how to be graceful and gracious hosts and guests.

In this country children live more with their parents than they do in the wealthier families abroad, and the result is beneficial in all ways. In many countries, as soon as they can talk plain, they are sent to pensions and come home rarely. They live so until quite grown up, and when they do come home for good the girls especially are awkward and bashful, and they must require a good deal of private training before a mother can trust her daughter to appear before her friends. In England children are banished to the nursery and permitted to appear only at dessert, at their parents' meals and before guests. The result is that there is not that same refinement and absence of self consciousness that make our children adorable.

Little dancing parties are given to the children, and the young hostess has the entire charge of the comfort of her young friends, her mother making but casual appearance during the afternoon or evening. They generally begin early and end early, for few children are allowed nowadays to violate a single law of health.

There is one new means of amusing children. There are two or three ladies and one gentleman who have the rare faculty of being able to improvise fairy stories to order that hold the little ones enchained, and during the winter they have constant engagements to go to houses where there are gathered a goodly number of children and tell their pretty stories. The children are delighted and for the time live in the fairyland that is so real to them.

For afternoon teas and parties, where games are to be played, wise mothers dress their children in plain and strong clothes, but for their dances a certain amount of dressy effect is considered right, though great care should be taken to protect delicate chests from drafts and cold air.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet has some lovely children who make the sweetest of little hostesses, and they have a dancing room such as is hardly to be matched in this country. There a crowd of little ones may gather and dance to the music from the piano, harp or violin. At one party recently given to two little girls there were some dainty little frocks worn, a description of which may help mothers in choosing for their own children. The little hostess wore a frock of yellow striped tissue, with a very full rose plaiting of the same around the bottom. The waist was of cherry striped satin, with bows and loops of cherry satin ribbon. The upper waist was of the tissue "baby fashion." Black silk stockings and slippers.

Her cousin, also a brunette, wore a pretty little dress of lilac crepe de chine, with front of heliotrope satin and satin ribbons to match. There was a full berthe of oriental lace, looped up on the shoulders with heliotrope ribbon. Black silk stockings and slippers.

One of the guests wore apple green china silk, with bands of lace around the chest and on the skirt and a trimming of peacock blue velvet on the neck and as sash. She also wore black stockings and slippers.

A tot of six wore a little frock of white china silk, with baby blue ribbons brought around the waist and tied in bows, holding in the fullness. The sleeves were puffed, and both they and the flounce at the bottom were edged with a very narrow silk embroidery in baby blue. Black stockings also incased her chubby feet, though several of the other children there wore stockings to match the color of their frocks or ribbons.

Many of the little girls wore short waisted and long skirted gowns of the Greenaway styles which have proved so quaint and picturesque that probably they will never be discarded by those who love to see their children look like little pictures. But the dresses represented in the picture are all novel and pretty without being very striking, and many sensible mothers aim at dressing their children in some such happy medium between a French fashion plate and the picture gowns, so that their children may not attract attention enough to make them vain or awkward. To be perfectly natural in movement and manner is perfection in deportment—that is, where the children have been well taught from the beginning.

I have a young friend who is about to be married to an Englishman. Her engagement was announced but a short time ago, but she has already received some beautiful gowns from Paris, some of which are to be worn here and others to form part of her trousseau. She kindly allowed sketches to be made of some of the prettiest of them. One is a dark moss green cloth, made with a Spencer waist, with wide lapels, postiche, embroidered with dull garnet chenille and silk. The skirt has a narrow binding of astrakhan and a triangular embroidery on the right side of the skirt, down which extends a band of astrakhan. A garnet velvet belt and gold buckle go with it. A good many gold buckles are worn on belts this season. The older style they appear the better.

Another gown was of pale green faille, with a chestnut brown velvet underbodice. The sleeves have puffs and bells at the elbow bound with very narrow shell plaited gold colored ribbon, and two rows of this same plaiting were laid around the edge of the plain skirt. In the middle of the back at the waist was a windmill bow of brown velvet, with long ends falling nearly to the bottom of the skirt. With every one of these costumes was a bonnet, or rather a toque, to match, made of the dress material.

A third dress was rather more elaborate. The corsage of petunia velvet was bound with Russian sable and left open in the front over lace and the mauve of the dress, which was of mauve cashmere, dead fine in quality. The sleeves were a combination of puff, bell and coat. Round the upper puff was tied a green velvet ribbon, and a rich jet ornament fastened the chased silver belt. The skirt had a cornet plait in the back and was ornamented by a narrow band of sable. These three handsome gowns are for home wear and visiting, in which latter case they will be supplemented with a most graceful and elegant wrap, which is illustrated below.

This wrap is made of superb black Terry velvet, with a faint glint and gleam of gold in its warp or woof. It is lined throughout with old gold colored satin and has a border of Russian sable around the bottom and on the shoulders, where it terminates in a curious puff. Along the front plaits, and also on the two deep back plaits, are superb pieces of black passementerie. The whole plan of the wrap is extremely simple, but the effect is superb.

I noticed among this trousseau that there were more plain woolen dresses than elaborate and extravagant materials or modeling. There were some plain black dresses, notably one black silk warp henrietta, which was laid in narrow plaits from waist to foot, evidently having been fitted as they were laid. This material gives a round fold, which never falls flat, and the effect of these folds, so evenly laid and flaring out almost imperceptibly at the bottom, was indescribably rich and refined. The back was fan plaited and the corsage neatly laid in those same fluted plaits up to the armpits. The rest was plain, save a double row of the fluting set in place of a collar.

Another really elegant gown for home wear was as plain as it was possible to make it, but it was equally attractive to the eye attuned to grace and beauty of color. It was of a soft diagonal twill in drab and fawn, made with an Eton jacket, filled in with a full puffed vest of oriental striped silk in all its rich colors. The sleeves and lapels were of the same.

Black bengaline formed the groundwork for another handsome home dress. The skirt and fore sleeves and back of the corsage were all of black bengaline of rich and handsome quality. The puffs to the sleeves, the crossed drapery on the waist and the band at the foot of the skirt were of plaid velvet, in blue, green, red, black and white. It made altogether a gown that is peculiarly suitable for the young, and it is a model that may be safely followed by almost anybody, if those who are a little past youth will remember that bright plaid would be better replaced with a brocaded material, and that the V shaped neck is becoming only to the young.

Recently I went shopping. I did want to match some ribbon, but soon abandoned that idea in the delight of seeing so many beautiful things displayed, and among them all I found a great counter full of sofa cushions. Fashion changes our ideas of the beautiful in sofa cushions as well as anything else. I had been quite contented with a crazy patch work affair that took untold labor, and a plush and velvet one, with one of embroidery. But these! They were light as a fluff, delicate and dainty and perfumed with some sachet powder inside the eider down. They were covered with exquisitely delicate patterns of china silk, clover blossoms, azaleas, rosebuds—in short, everything, including some green chrysanthemums. They were twenty inches square, the under side covered with plain silk and the upper only with the figured. Around the edges there was a double flounce five to six inches deep. A few had a flat puff of surah or crape laid in a hollow square on the top, but the most were plain, with the ruffle. How pretty they were!

MATE LEROY.

WHAT IS WOMAN?

She is Defined in Many Ways, Every One True.

Woman is man's conscience, and it is a good thing for him to have his conscience always with him.

Woman is man's incentive to go forward—the tempting bait and the merciless whip.

Woman is a bundle of nerves, with extra knots in them for mind and heart.

Woman is the only female in creation who sings; she is also the only female whose plumage is finer than that of its mate.

Woman is the happiness of one man and the bane of two.

Woman is the pearl of great price; to obtain her you must risk your life in troublesome waters.

Woman is a sunflower, bending her head only to golden rays.

Woman is the other half of man, mentally, morally and physically; without her he would be as a tree stripped of its leaves, without ornament or the breath of life.

Woman is only a rib of man, but she is worth all the other bones of his body put together.

Woman is the finishing touch, man was only an experiment.

Woman is the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump.

Woman is the mother of mankind since Adam. It is the material muscle that has spanked the race into decent manners and good behavior.

Woman is the index of the family book; from her you can judge of the chapters and the illustrations.

Woman is the custodian of public peace, because she interposes her delicate body between the fighters. She is also the custodian of public moneys, because they find their way to her sooner or later.

Woman is the sieve through which shift the finer attributes of human nature, and the filter which separates good from evil.

Woman is the only animal that can breathe on half rations, hold pins and needles in its mouth without a mishap and do up back hair.

Woman is the stringing of a fitful harp, played by the wind; man is the golden framework.

Woman is man's refreshment in his journey through the wilderness.

Woman is the precious porcelain of human clay; to be handled gently and admired from a distance.

Woman is a valuable article that costs more in the keeping than the acquiring.

Woman is a special dispensation of Providence to prevent a man's conceit from running away with him.—New York Recorder.

A BLUE DAY.

It Comes Once in a While Into Every Woman's Life.

No matter how happy or prosperous you may be there comes once in a while a dark, hateful sort of a shadow into your life that you call a blue day. It may be that it is in reality a stormy period with a great downfall of rain and lowering clouds that give no promise of blue sky and sunshine. Then you say you are depressed by the weather and you brood over everything that has gone wrong with you for a year or is liable to go wrong with you for the next decade.

You sigh and many a time shut yourself up in your room and have a good comfortable cry over something that is not tangible, yet seems to weigh upon you like a ton of iron. On another occasion even though the sun is shining brightly, the birds singing and all nature bursting into a song of joy, you awake with that sense of oppression and depression, and you confidently remark: "This is going to be one of my blue days."

Oh, dear sister woman, fight off these indigo horrors. They not only make you miserable, but likewise all who are about you. The children instead running to you with their little joys and sorrows, scent the unwonted element and whisper "Mother's cross;" your husband, knowing that there is no cause for your sighs and

VELVET WRAPS.

saddened looks, loses patience, bangs the door behind him, and thinks in his secret heart that all women are idiots, and you get no sympathy in that quarter. The cook is glad when you leave the kitchen, and altogether by your own depression you manage to upset an entire household and imbue them with your own gloomy feelings.

Endeavor to strangle at its birth the first unwarranted intruder. Grieve to your soul's content over the real troubles of life, but make up your mind that all else is too small to cause you to blight out the sunshine of a single day by giving up to a fit of the blues that has no excuse for its dominion.

HER DAUGHTER.

The Diary of a Mother Just Entering Society.

Well, I must say it is very trying to a woman who feels herself not a day over five and twenty and looks even less to be obliged to introduce a certain young creature into society whom she must own as her daughter, and thus let an unfeeling world into the secret that she is not quite the kitten it has heretofore kindly supposed her to be. Really it is quite inconsiderate of Claire to grow up with such frightful suddenness; it only seems yesterday that she was a tiny, red-faced mite, whom everyone declared looked just like her father, though the only resemblance I could trace was in the utter absence of hair (the late Mr. Barnard having worn a wig), and the chronic apoplectic appearance of the funny baby face, which, however, vanished after a few months, while Mr. B—'s grew worse and worse, as time went on, until nature could stand no more and I was left a widow with an ample fortune and a little daughter as mementoes of a union that had been one of those affairs where pecuniary advantages completely overawe impecunious little Cupid, who hasn't sufficient means to appear even decently clothed.

Poor old B—! He wasn't such a bad sort, after all, though I must say I had a harder time managing him than I had imagined in that curious time before marriage which was termed by courtesy my courtship, but which in reality was simply the necessary number of days and hours in which to fix up legal matters and make out a bill of sale, as it were. Sometimes he attempted a little love-making in his awkward middle-aged fashion, but I promptly vetoed such elephantine ventures, and when it was once understood that ours was a business union we got on very well.

Well, whether he loved me or not is quite immaterial, but he certainly had not to feign affection for Claire. I never saw a man so proud and happy as when the nurse placed that bundle of helplessness in his arms and said, with great unction, "She's a bonny lassie, Mr. Barnard, and looks for all the world like her father." I don't think it would have made the least difference to him if she had looked like an ourang-outang, she was perfection in his eyes and up to the time of his death his devotion to that child was something touching, though just the least bit exasperating, for though I did not care for any wild demonstrations, to be ignored was something altogether out of my line and "out in the cold" was the only term that expressed the complete absoption of those two, quite regardless of the way I felt about it.

And, now, after she has been educated abroad she is to make her debut, and I presume I will once more know what it is to be ignored, for Claire is sure to be a great success. That is one consolation, for if I must chaperon a younger and prettier woman it is a little balm to one's feelings to know that their daughter is a belle and beauty whose debut is bound to reflect credit on the mother.

How proud my late husband (I always hate to say that of him, for he was the soul of punctuality, and it actually seems like maliging the dead)—pray pardon the digression—as I was saying, how proud Mr. Barnard would have been of her if he had lived. Eight years makes such a difference in a girl, though I must say they have touched me very lightly, if at all, according to my mirror's flattery and manly compliments from other sources; but a girl of ten and a bud of eighteen are very, very different characters.

Her letter says: "Expect to arrive by the Alsatia Wednesday, the 7th, if we have good weather. It is to be hoped we do, as Mrs. Morton is a most frightful sailor, and would prove anything but a watchful chaperon unless skies are blue and the sea calm, and it would be quite too dreadful for me to have to stay below or be put in charge of the captain like the smuggled goods that are sent sometimes in that way. In fact, I would not feel quite respectable unless I were properly looked after. Come down on the tug if you possibly can. Au revoir, ma chere Maman. Votre fille Claire."

Good heavens, she must be a regular saint. Well, a few days more will reveal to me whether I have a charming, pliable daughter to take about or a feminine edition of the departed B—, who will need very artistic management.—Philadelphia Times.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

Woman's Greatest Pleader Her Own Good Looks.

A very readable and instructive article in one of the newspapers lately had as its subject the potency of woman's physical charms over the mind and judgment of those called upon to pass sentence on offenders of the fair sex. It argued that no matter how wise or how eloquent the plain-faced maiden might be, her words freighted with the wisdom of a Solomon would bear no weight in comparison with the pleading glance from a pair of lovely orbs, or the entrancing demeanor of some beautiful culprit who breather never a word, but whose appearance won the favor of judge and jury where learned arguments and dissertations signally failed.

The beautiful murderess, then, according to this, stands far better chance of acquittal than the plain-faced, middle-aged creature who, perhaps, stole bread for her starving children: therefore, cannot all the great world of women read between the lines and carry home into their own being the lesson intended to be taught. According to this, brains versus beauty, the world over, would be but an unequal fight. Talent against the greater forces of physical attractions would stand no show. According to this it is well by all the means that lie within her power to cultivate by bath, massage and nutrition the dormant beauty that may be needed for just such an emergency.

Go in for the physical culture; it may stand you in good stead before a jury. Bring to perfection by every known process eyes, ears, lips, throat and bust; then, with them as your best allies, justice will be given over to admiration and you can murder, steal and deceive with impunity.

Nothwithstanding the force of such an argument, truth compels us to state that though beauty is an acknowledged power, history and romance alike can show striking examples of women whose personality had no charm, yet whose fascinations of mind and manner outvied the attractions of physical beauty when arrayed against them, therefore be not discouraged if your pretty face never is called upon to plead for you, for hidden under such a superficial magnet may be attributes stronger and far more binding.

A LITTLE TALK ON GARTERS.

A Yellow One Bears the Title of Luck Bracelet.

Very few women nowadays wear the regulation old-fashioned garter, though many cling to the "elastic" band in yellow worn below the left knee. This is the emblematical luck bracelet and is worn simply because it is regarded as a mascot and not because of its especial efficacy in keeping up the stocking.

To make one feel perfectly taut and trim the silk elastic harness that anchors at one end to the corset and at the other to the stocking is the most reliable style known. Besides, in this there is nothing unhealthy, which is more than can be said of the band either above or below the knee.

Women who possess handsome garter buckles will, of course, wear them, even though they know the shape of the limb is sure to be distorted by the tightening process brought to bear upon it—that is, if they wear them above the knee, and no one but a real old fogy would wear them below it, though the single yellow one might be tolerated just for good luck.

The side straps can be made just as dainty, and can utilize six buckles, instead of two, which ought to be a certain recommendation to the extravagant maiden of the day. Whether made quite plain, with only nickel clasps and slides, or adorned with bejeweled ornaments that are useful as well as decorative, this style of holding up the stocking is to be strongly recommended, owing to its aesthetic aid in keeping limbs in shape, as well as for the feeling of security it gives the woman who knows that, come what may, she has the assurance that her stockings are not bagging at the knees, or in unsightly wrinkles above the shoe tops, a knowledge that, strange as it may sound, is a sort of moral support, for no woman can even feel respectable when her stockings are not as free from wrinkles as a ballet dancer's tights.

THE NITRATE KING'S DAUGHTER.

When She Married, Her Father Spent an Enormous Sum of Money.

Colonel J. T. North, the "nitrate king," of whom Americans heard so much a few years ago, has recently been celebrated in all the illustrated and fashion papers of England on account of the magnificence displayed at his daughter's wedding. The family mansion is itself a magnificent affair at Avery hill, Eltham, but the reception only was held there. The marriage took place in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Eltham, the resident vicar, Rev. Thomas Norcross, officiating, assisted by Rev. A. Hawkins, of New Eltham.

MISS EMMA NORTH.

The groom, Mr. George Alexander Lockett, of Liverpool, had for his best man Mr. H. C. Nelison, of Liverpool, but no one noticed them. The lovely Miss Emma North and her nine bridesmaids dazzled the eyes of all in the crowded church. The bride's gown was of white duchess satin, the front covered with fine point de gaze lace and the long train edged with the same. Her tulle veil covered a tiara of real orange blossoms, which was fastened with a diamond crescent and a diamond bar. She also wore a pearl necklace, with diamond and pearl pendant, diamond buckle and diamond earrings.

The guests included a long array of barons and knights, with other eminent but untitled people, and the wedding presents were wonderful for number and elegance. Among them were a diamond tiara, diamond and pearl pendant and other beauties from her father, diamond earrings and the finest piano made from her mother, diamond butterfly brooch from Lord Rothschild, silver table dishes from Alderman Knill and wife (he is now lord mayor of London), and a long list of delicate articles in gold, silver, lace, glass, and rare woods and precious stones. In short, if it were permissible to use slang, an American would say in conclusion that our old friend, Colonel North, evidently "got the stuff" he went for and is "well heeled."

HOW TO GO TO SLEEP.

You Can Hypnotize Yourself and Cure Insomnia With Little Care.

One of the technical words used in scientific descriptions of the phenomenon of hypnotism is "transfiction." This relates to the position of the eyes just before hypnotic sleep comes on, and it is believed, though not as yet fully explained, that in adjusting the eyes to this position some nerve centre of the brain is affected, producing an effect like switching off electricity from a keyboard, an unconsciousness follows almost instantly.

It is a common observation among nurses that babies "get cross-eyed just before they fall asleep," and this can be easily verified whenever there is a baby in the house by closely watching the eyes of the little one as they are closing in sleep. Almost invariably the eyes are directed inward and generally downward, though sometimes upward. True hypnotic sleep, if undisturbed by suggestion, soon turns into what we call "natural" sleep, as is shown by the sleeper awakening refreshed as from natural sleep.

A writer who was formerly afflicted with chronic insomnia effected a permanent cure by means of what he terms the hypnotic method, and gives his recipe with illustration for the benefit of the many sufferers from the tortures of prolonged wakefulness. Its worth may be easily tested by anyone with strong will power. That many eminent men—Napoleon, Horace Greeley, William H. Seward, for example—possessed the secret of going to sleep at will, is well known.

In using the following directions, the only caution necessary is that before the hypnotic sleep merges into natural slumber the sleeper is apt to answer unconsciously any questions that may be gently asked, and thereby reveal secrets that might perhaps cause domestic disturbance. But the innocent need have no fears. Lie on your right side; close the eyes gently. Forget that the lids are barriers to seeing, and turn your eyes inward and downward, so that you can see your breath as if it was a vapor leaving the nostrils and curling off in the air. Then watch it return up the nostrils and then out again. Concentrate your powers of vision until you seem actually to see this—then you are asleep.

Who Ever Saw Her Do It?

The Philadelphia Times of last Thursday contained the following paragraph, the truthfulness of which any one can question:

"Amelie Rives-Chanler is fond of equestrian exercise, and is quite at her ease in the saddle. She may be often seen riding into Richmond from her country home."

The Dreadful News.

The two ladies well along in years had stolen into the conservatory quite unnoticed.

They sat beneath a spreading palm and conversed in low tones. Nobody heard them except the man who had lost his breath dancing and was seeking relief among the flowers and foliage.

"Have you heard the dreadful news about the minister?"

The man who had lost his breadth paused and listened.

"No," came the reply.

"About the scandal, you know, in which he was involved?"

"No, indeed. Tell me."

"The scandal isn't true."

A breeze stole into the room, softly rustling the palms, and it refreshed the man to such an extent that he returned to the dance.

Could Never Forgive Herself.

The complexion of the lady who sat in the failing twilight was of that sort which always goes with red hair.

In the garish gleam of the dancing firelight she was giving instructions to her new maid. She was clothed in a lavender wrapper, which served to accentuate and throw into bold relief the peculiarities of her face and figure.

"Mary"—

She crossed her daintily slippered feet upon the fender and clasped her hands. Sitting there she made a great picture for a kodak.

—"you never need attend me when I retire. I"—

She was gazing fixedly at the weird forms rising from the embers and fading into thin air.

—"prefer to be entirely alone then."

She seemed to have forgotten that she was speaking to another, so abstracted was her manner.

"Yes"—

A tongue of flame shot into the chimney, and, illuminating for an instant the surrounding gloom, revealed a serious look playing upon her features.

—"some day I"—

Her tones thrilled with horror.

—"may find a man under the bed and if a third party were present it would be so embarrassing."

And the new maid, perceiving that she was not wanted further, quietly withdrew.

She Cures Headaches.

There is a girl in San Francisco who can cure headaches—cure them without a bit of medicine. She just lays her hand on the ache's head, and that settles the whole matter. There's something peculiar about the girl's hands. They are white and shapely, and very nice to look at, but to touch—ugh, the're as cold as ice. More than that, they are always dripping wet, these strange hands. It's an eerie thing to see a handsome, healthy girl lift her hands and let an icy dew fall from the ends of her fingers. She can do that any time she wants to, and never feels the least annoyed at the awe of the beholders. She is a tall, handsome young woman, who has never been ill in her life. She is rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, and she isn't the slightest particle like the typical healer. She works in a big, hot factory down town, and she can cure any girl in the place of headache or any kind of pain. She doesn't go through strange evolutions or weird incantations. She just pushes back her sleeves and lays her cold, wet hands on the aching head. The patient feels a queer, creepy, shivery sensation crawling down her back. The cold hands move slowly across the hot forehead of the sufferer, the throbbing pain stops, the nervous twitching of the eyelids ceases and the headache is gone.

Told in the Twilight.

"John, are you asleep already?"

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"I tell you, you might as well keep awake; this thing must be settled tonight.

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"Are you going to buy me that new dress, eh?"

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"Oh, don't pretend you're asleep! You are awake all right enough!"

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"John Henry, I am sick and tired of wearing that old black cashmere! It's time I had those duds! Do you hear me?"

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"Now, see, do be sensible. Do you want me to disgrace the family? You know I look like a fright; you know I am the most economical woman in town."

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"Only think of the bills you would have to pay if you had some wives! Do you hear me—bills, bills, bills, I say!"

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"Well, if you won't listen, my mind is made up!"

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"I give you fair warning. I am bound and determined to have those duds.

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"I am nobody's fool. I mean business!"

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"You are a miser! Seeing that you are asleep, I shall take this opportunity to go through your trousers pockets."

"Did—did some one speak?" he said in a low voice.

JOHN HUBERT GREUSEL.

A Tragic Error.

Chollie—There are the Riggles girls. Let's catch up with them and have a little talk.

Gussie—Ah! Yes, indeed.

Chollie—Ah, there, deah girls, don't run so awfully!

Chollie—!!!!
Gussie—!!!!—Harper's Bazar.