THE BANNER-DEMOCRAT.

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UTILITY.

Your toiler may not overtake
His proud ambition's goal,
But by a word or deed may wake
Some stronger, worthier soul.

And though in tales of peace and war
Obscurely he must rest,
There is no real failure for
The man who does his best.

FOR ELLA'S SAKE.

BY H. MACKENZIE.

"What have you got to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"Why did you send for me?"

A flush of red rose to her face. "I thought, yesterday, when I wrote, that I had something to say, but now—"

"You have changed your mind, Miss Austin? That is a woman's privilege and you have used it ruthlessly."

"Yes, I know. Forgive me. I meant to do my best."

He frowned and his expression was not good to see.

"Her best." And this is what she had done.

Last spring he had thought himself one of the happiest men alive, engaged to be married to this girl, Eva Austin; he loved her passionately and believed her to be the ideal type of womanhood, high principled, truthful, gentle—in fact, almost faultless.

One day, a few months ago, she had written to break off her engagement, a short letter which was a masterpiece of polite reserve and feminine cruelty. She regretted if she had caused him any pain—Oh, yes, regrets cost nothing—she was conscious of the honor that he had paid her * * * she wished to remain his friend * * * she returned his ring.

Captain Humphrey traveled many miles to demand an explanation of his affianced wife. He was refused admittance, his letters were returned unopened by her sister—Eva was ill and could not write. The truth stared him in the face; in plain English he had been hopelessly jilted. Then he vowed to forget Eva Austin's existence and congratulated himself upon his freedom from domestic ties.

Today, as he stood in the parlor of the hotel to which she had summoned him, he had so far overlooked his determination to forget her existence that his anger was waxing fierce against her. Why had she brought him here? To be made a fool of a second time? No, and a thousand times no.

"If you did your best, Miss Austin, may I ask what your worst would have been?"

She moved quickly, almost as if he had struck her.

"I cannot explain. If you knew how it all happened you would perhaps believe—you might perhaps think a little better of me."

He stood bolt upright, speechless. He was struggling with his pride; in his heart of hearts he was longing to take her in his arms, to tell her that for him she was the only woman in the world, with all her faults.

Her faults. They were unpardonable.

"I should be glad to think well of any lady," he said at last, lightly, "more especially of a lady who once honored me with her friendship."

"Yes," she said gently, "it was because of that friendship that I wrote. I had a favor to ask you. Now—it is not necessary. I am sorry."

There was a brief silence, then she said:

"There are changes in our family. Ella is going to be married; the engagement is very sudden, it was only settled this morning."

(Ella was the younger sister of whom he had so often been jealous in those forgotten days.)

"Allow me to congratulate."

He bowed and turned to go; the interview was a farce.

At the door she stopped him. "Do you start—tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Goodby. We, that is Ella and I, wish you a happy return."

Considering their former intimacy, this was barely the farewell that good manners demanded, nothing more.

His hand was on the lock. Something else she said, her voice was almost inaudible, "I will pray for you."

He shut the door quietly, there should be no melodramatic display of temper on his part. Arrived at the bottom of the stairs, he missed his hat. Had he left his purse or his watch in that room, no power on earth would have sent him back—but his hat.

He ran back hastily and knocked. There was no answer. So much the better. He entered the room and seized his property. Turning to go, he heard the rustle of draperies. She was there, standing on the spot where he had left her, with her hands clasped to her face.

* * * *

Under the cold star lit sky he had lain for hours. The fight was over. In the distance he could discern the figures of the wounded and the dead.

The victory was with his men—so much he knew before he fell. And now, patience. They would find him by and by. If not, then the end could not be far off, not very far. Patience. The stars flickered and faded. He saw a room, with pale pink walls, flowers, a work basket on the table—nothing escaped his notice. Eva was there, she had on a gray dress and a gold chain round her neck.

Were there tears in her eyes? There were tears in his. "I will pray for you."

That is what she said at parting, and he had pretended not to hear. He saw her again praying for the man who had not condescended to accept her good wishes.

In the old days he had often smiled at her earnestness, and called her a little Puritan; in later times he had raged at her as a hypocrite.

Do hypocrites look like that?

What did it matter what he called her? His one wish now was that she should know that he died blessing her. With infinite difficulty he found his pocketbook and wrote her name on the flyleaf. His hand trembled; before the pencil slipped from his grasp he scrawled feebly, "God bless you, Eva."

* * * *

The orderly brought a bundle of letters into the shed which had been hastily converted into a hospital. The men crowded eagerly round him; even Captain Humphrey, who was "dangerously" wounded, turned an anxious face toward the messenger.

The captain recognized the shape and color of the envelope that was brought to his bedside; the handwriting, too, was familiar. It was Eva Austin's.

"Now that I am happily married I must free my conscience and tell you our secret. Think as badly of me as as you can. Eva sacrificed herself for me. I told her that I cared for you, that is why she wrote that letter. Afterward, when she was ill, I sent back your letters without her knowledge."

The lines jumped up and down before the sick man's eyes; he read on:

"Eva wanted to put things right between you and me; that is why she sent for me before you left. Didn't you guess? She found out her mistake before you came and took all the blame on herself to shield me. You will never forgive me, I shouldn't, but I can't bear to think that you are still misjudging her."

* * * *

"Will he pull through, doctor?" asked a young officer that night. He it was who had found the captain and brought him into shelter.

"Pull through? Yes, now his mind's at rest."

"What's he been worrying about?"

"What do we all worry about, eh?"

The officer did not answer—he wasn't going to tell his secrets to the wily doctor.

"The first night he wanted to risk his life writing or dictating letters home. Now, I think he's satisfied with the news that today's mail brought him. Look at him."

"He's asleep," said the other in a whisper; "and say, doctor, he's got a letter tucked away under his pillow."—American Queen.

RIDING IN A MOTOR VEHICLE.

How It Feels to Gaze Through Goggles on a Landscape That Rushes at You.

Until the other day my experiences of motor riding had not been worth mentioning. I had been on a motor, of course, both here and over the way, and I had seen something of its capabilities of upsetting, not merely myself and other people, but the idea I had entertained of the relations of time and space. Still, the most I had seen a motor do in the vicinity of Paris had been done at the rate of two-something miles an hour, while, in London, where, as yet, its performances are viewed with a less indulgent eye, one-something per hour had been about its record. However, I had been offered the opportunity of seeing the veteran fairly "extended," as one used to say of a horse; and, as I am still fond of new experiences, I closed with the offer.

The first thing I learned was that you cannot ride a motor, when extension is contemplated, without a certain prescribed mode of habiliment; and thus, I presently found myself in goggles and a flapped cap, constructed to tie under the chin, and a waterproof jumper. In this guise I was pronounced ready for the road and we took it. It is unnecessary to recount what the particular road was that we took to. Suffice it that at that matutinal hour we had it pretty well to ourselves and that its condition was not unfavorable to free and easy locomotion. So, from one-something the motor got into two-something, and that process of extension was gradually continued, until, from the indication afforded by the milestones, I concluded she must be doing nearer four-something than three.

I have an idea that somebody else, who looked like a mounted county policeman, arrived at much the same conclusion, and was rather inclined to tell us so. However, he thought better of it, for we certainly left him, as who should say, standing still. We seemed to leave a good many people like that. And yet trees and houses rather rushed at us, and the landscape generally took to behaving in the way you will find recorded in the late laureate's "Amphion." The use of goggles, a cap, a waterproof jumper and apron were now quite satisfactorily explained to me. The use of tobacco had even earlier become first inadvisable, then impossible. Any exchange of remarks was attended with the inconvenience which arises from abnormal pressure on the respiratory organs; and there was present to a marked degree that titilation of the spinal cord which sometimes has the effect of making people seasick.

I observed my automedon cock his eye at me, inquiringly, now and again, but his expectations, if he had any, were not realized. Mine were. I had expected a certain amount of excitement, and when we reached our destination a few minutes before our scheduled time, I was free to confess that I had it. All the same, I doubt whether I am likely to find my ideal of motion in a motor, yet awhile.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Carving of Africa.

The partition of Africa, which has been in progress for 20 years, more or less, and in which most of the more important European powers have engaged, is not yet complete, but it has gone far enough to give interest to a brief summary of the results to date.

Including the great island of Madagascar, the continent of Africa has an area of eleven and a half million square miles. Of this great total about one and one-half million square miles is comprised within separate states, which have not been definitely dealt with. The largest of these, the Congo Free State, with an area of 900,000 square miles, sustains relations to Belgium which make its formal annexation only a question of time. The next largest state, Abyssinia, is the hardest nut of all to crack, as Italy can testify, and it is likely that it will be let alone, or perhaps coaxed into a treaty of amity with Russia.—Boston Journal.

The right side of a deal in stocks is always the inside.

SOME SAVAGE PASTIMES

SCENES AT A SERIES OF FESTIVITIES OF THE SIOUX.

How the Indians Amuse Themselves—Fond of Sports and Mimic Warfare With Traditional Foils—A Brave, Accidentally Killed in the Fray, is Scalped.

The sporting instinct, which exists to a greater or less extent in all human beings, has not neglected "the noble red man." As a rule he is pictured as morose and sullen, brooding eternally over the wrongs his race has suffered at the hands of the white man, writes a correspondent of the Chicago Chronicle, from Sioux Falls, S. D. In reality he finds as keen an enjoyment in the pastimes that delight the Caucasian as does any other mortal. The fact is the Indian is a social and sociable being, and at times is decidedly sportive in his inclinations and habits. To this those who have visited them on their reservations can attest, for on occasions they display a relish for athletic and other amusements in strange contrast with their usual slothfulness. At times the stolid and dignified Indian seen at the agencies by the casual visitor throws aside his natural reserve as easily as he would toss aside a blanket, and with the greatest zest enters into the sports peculiar to the Indians. The last one of these gatherings among the Sioux on the Rosebud reservation, called by them the season of sports, was notable for a number of interesting features.

The season of sports lasted three days. The morning of the first day opened in the usual way by a grand charge of Sioux at daybreak. This was participated in by about 200 Sioux warriors. All were on horseback and dressed strictly in war costume, consisting of a breech-clout, the usual bonnet made of eagle features, with a double row of feathers extending down the back to below the waist, while the horses had feathers in their tails and foretops and were painted in different colors. The warriors were also painted in all the colors of the rainbow.

The Indians who participated in the charge congregated about half a mile from camp in the deep ravine through which flows Ponca Creek, and were concealed from the view of the warriors left in camp. The latter were supposed to represent Pawnee Indians—the oldtime enemies of the Sioux. The camp consisted of 163 lodges, which were built in a ring shape, so as to encircle about 800 acres of ground on the big plateau. In the centre of the circle of tepees was a lodge known in Indian as Tip Jykihe. This was supplied with food by all the women in the camp and any one who felt so disposed could eat at any time he wished. Nearly all the old warriors, those too feeble to participate actively in the sports, spent most of their time at the refreshment lodge, eating and relating experiences of the past, when they were on the warpath against the whites or other Indian tribes. Just as the day dawned on the eastern horizon the 200 warriors, with blood-curdling warwhoops and horses at full speed, rode into camp and for fifteen minutes made pandemonium. The firing of guns and the constant war cry of the excited warriors mingling with the wailing of the women was sufficient to chill the blood of any one not accustomed to such scenes. After about fifteen minutes of fierce mock fighting, in which five of the Pawnees were supposed to be killed, the Sioux retired, driving before them about one hundred ponies belonging to the Pawnees.

The Sioux lost only one man killed. They left him on the field, and while retreating a Pawnee brave, with all the barbarity which was characteristic of that tribe in the old times, proceeded to scalp the victim. This was done by passing a sharp knife around the top of the victim's head. This was represented to show that, although at this time the Sioux were victorious, there was one Sioux scalp left in the possession of a Pawnee brave, who would at some future time avenge the death of his brother. This spectacle gave a true representation of how the Indians made war in years gone by. The dead Pawnees were buried with suitable ceremonies, in which the loud wailing of the squaws bore no small part.

Breakfast came next on the programme. After breakfast, which consisted chiefly of bread and strong coffee, Circle Foot, known throughout the Sioux nation as one of the bravest of old-time warriors, gave an exhibition of how he went on a horse-stealing expedition against the Omaha Indians early in the '60s. At this time the Sioux were encamped near old Fort Laramie and the Omahas near their present reservation on the Missouri River, a short distance north of the city of Omaha.

Circle Foot at that time was quite a young man and, wishing to make a name for himself by doing some brave deed, concluded that he would go on foot and alone to the land of the Omahas and steal some of their ponies. After spending two or three days in communion with the Great Spirit, during which time he refrained from eating, drinking or sleeping—as was the custom of the Sioux before taking a long journey—he started early one morning in the spring on his lonely and perilous journey of several hundred miles across the plains to the land of the Omahas.

He took with him nothing but his bow and arrows and a little dried buffalo meat, which he packed on his back, for he depended mostly for his food upon what game he could capture.

His mission was entirely successful, as one evening near sunset he returned to the Sioux camp riding a fine horse and driving before him several others which he had stolen from the Omahas despite their vigilance. The few clothes which he wore when he left were torn to shreds when he returned and his moccasins gave evidence of his long tramp, the soles being entirely gone.

As he came riding into camp he was a sight to behold and the Sioux nearly went wild with joy. His mission having terminated successfully he was now one of the warriors of the tribe. He was congratulated and feted by his brethren until his heart was content and a grand Omaha dance was participated in by all the band in honor of his triumphant return. The representation of this episode in the life of Circle Foot was not concluded until noon; when the assembled Indians retired for dinner. At 2 o'clock the sport was resumed.

The first exhibition was by a Brule Sioux, who gave a representation of how, when a mere boy, he killed and scalped a Pawnee brave near where the Geona Indian School is now situated in Nebraska. The reproduction, while rather hideous, was well acted. It is a rule among the Sioux that no warrior shall perform any deed like the ones referred to unless he actually had the personal experience. Any Indian who breaks this rule is considered disgraced and is jeered and scoffed at by all who know him. In addition to this, his disgrace is advertised throughout the whole Sioux Nation.

After the conclusion of the exhibitions of this character the remainder of the day was spent in horse racing, foot racing, baseball and other sports. At night the Omaha dance was the chief feature. The following days were nearly a repetition of the first day.

During the celebration the supply of food was, in part, as follows: Forty sacks of flour, 701 pounds of sugar, 150 pounds of coffee, ten head of beef steers, raisins, prunes, canned goods, bacon, etc. These occasions arouse the generosity of the participants. There were five Omaha Indians in attendance and these were presented with a total of forty-two head of ponies by their Sioux hosts. A total of over 150 ponies were given away during the celebration.

PARKS OF THE WORLD.

Should Be No Distinction of Rank in Public Breathing Places.

Delegates from the city of Washington have been studying the park systems of Europe with a view to bettering the aspects and conditions of the national capital. They are reported as especially charmed with London parks. Before reaching hasty conclusions certain fundamental differences are to be taken into account. The first is mode and means of acquisition of park grounds.

Under ancient law land in Europe belonged to no private owner. Everybody had the same right as everybody else to raise food by tillage or to pasture his cattle upon the common estate. Hence came the word "common," which survives in a limited way to preserve its once vast history. As taste developed "common" not needed for cultivation or cattle was ornamented in simple ways for recreation of all the people. On the continent of Europe private parks became a means of developing artificial landscape gardening as soon as wars and monarchies modified land tenure and instituted exclusive private ownership.

Inclosure of commons into private estates in England constitutes a long chapter in its constitutional growth. The crown appropriated confiscated lands or allotted them to favorites and aristocracy absorbed the public domain until all but rare and limited patches remained uninclosed only because rival claimants were unable to force their pretensions to a conclusion. The decorative treatment of inclosed areas was copied from the continent. The parks of London are spacious and attractive. "Rotton row," a vulgarization of "route de roi," the king's route, is a picturesque spectacle daily while fashion throngs its paths. Other public grounds are expensively maintained, but in no part of London is there a park to which the masses of the people go on equal terms. The London police would exclude squalor from Hyde Park as unflinchingly as from the sentried approach to Windsor Castle.

Continental parks are all more democratic than the parks of London, no matter what the form of government. The natural and charming park on the margin of Berlin combines in the highest degree all the best qualities of a public recreation ground. It is largely a grove of noble trees preserved in perfection. It is well watered also. It contains ample spaces for every species of sport. It is near enough the city for many to walk to its cooling retreats. For those who cannot walk traction is abundant and cheap. Paris comes next in the advantages of the Bois de Boulogne. It is beautiful by nature and has been judiciously adorned. It is thoroughly democratic and is near admirable attractions. There is no city of the continent of Europe which lacks public grounds, ample, beautiful and cheaply accessible.

Chicago's experience as to parks is to the credit of the city when taken in connection with its municipal youth, its unexampled growth and the duty imposed upon its industry to provide annually for a tide of immigration needing everything material and educational. The urban parks are monotonously flat and lack nature's embellishment of waters and groves. With a cheaper traction fare, which will come in time, the municipal park system would answer its limited purpose fairly well, but a rural park, largely designed by nature and within cheap and easy access of all the people, would be more to their delight, to their health and to their ideas of a real park than any of the parterres now in existence.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Drama in Oklahoma City.

One night the writer was in Oklahoma City and stepped into a theatre where "Trilby" was being played. The house was packed from top to bottom with tough characters, and the character of the actors and their acting was, if anything, tougher, so that even the audience became restless.

The play finally reached the point where Little Billee is supposed to clasp Trilby passionately in his arms, instead of which he held her at arm's length, with as much ardor as he would have shown to a bale of hay, and exclaimed: "Oh, Trilby, nothing can come between us"—whereat a six-foot cow-puncher in the gallery leaned over the railing and shouted in tones of supreme disgust, "Aw, git out! yer could t'row a cow between yer!"—Anecdotes.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Care of the Baby's Hair.

Every morning after baby's hair has been washed and well brushed do not leave it nice and smooth and tidy, but with the tips of the fingers rub the head all over very gently with a short circular motion from right to left. This causes the roots of the hair to twist, and curly hair will be the result.

Noble Alice Cary.

Alice Cary was born in 1820 and died in 1871. She was an American writer of prose and verse, the chaste and reverent quality of her work winning a wide circle of sincere admirers. It was Alice Cary who wrote:

"True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little godd—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For, whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness
And nothing so royal as truth."

Lotus Buckle.

In belt fastenings a new idea is the cincture of white heavy ribbed silk ribbon, rather narrow, clasped at the waist with our newest buckling, the lotus clasp. This pretty model is executed in "colored gold," the metal being slightly suffused with pink instead of with green. The same design, the lotus flower fully open, with buds, can be seen in oxidized silver. These exquisite ornaments are a relief to the eye after one is wearied with the profusion of metal belt clasps and buckles set with mock jewels, rhinestones and semi-precious jewels.

Without Gloss.

The dainty maiden who takes delight in manicuring her finger tips is advised against polishing her finger nails until they shine like mirrors. A little polish only is permissible. First, the long claw-ends of finger nails, suggestive of birds of prey, went out of fashion. Now, the experts declare, the "high glaze nail" is vanishing. A slight point in the middle of the finger nail is the prescribed fashion for cutting. The nail is cut either just a trifle longer than the finger at this tip, but often the nails are trimmed level with the end of the finger.

Autumnal Foliage.

The changeful colors of maple leaves in autumn, glowing reds and warm yellow, soft brown and unexpected patches of brilliant green, mingle in the trimming milliners charge you for, under the head of "autumnal velvet foliage." It is beautiful on a cloth hat of castor, pale yellow, brown, ecru or some shades of gray.

"Autumnal velvet foliage," then, to use its cumbersome title, adorns the modified scoop shape still called the poke bonnet, which is made of chenille straw braid of a delicate pearl gray. The inside of the poke's brim is faced with cream lace edged with a mere line of narrowest black velvet. This bonnet evokes much envy in the feminine bosom.

For the Dressing Table.

Ivory is again the fashionable thing in articles for my lady's toilet table. The handsomest brushes and mirrors bear the gold monogram on the back.

Silver in the antique or reproductions of the antique will be much seen this winter in the dressing room. Beautiful designs can be purchased at a reasonable rate.

Ebony and silver retain their popularity with men.

Dainty covers for the dressing table are of renaissance or in linen, with openwork and embroidery. These scarfs are very beautiful.

The perfume in vogue is pink carnation, and this recent manufacture is said to be the most delicate ever sold in London.—London Express.

Kneaded Bread For His Mother.

President Loubet once when he was Prime Minister, made a flying visit—it was between two stormy sessions of the Chamber of Deputies—to his old mother at the farm in Dauphiny. The old dame was in the kitchen kneading bread for the fortnightly baking, which is still a custom in the old families of the Midi. She put her floury arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Ah, mother, you should give over this heavy work," said the Prime Minister.

"And sit with folded hands on baking day!" the good old housewife cried indignantly. "No, no—but I must admit it is not so easy as it was."

"Well, to-day you shall fold your hands—sit down, mother, and talk to me," said the first Minister of France, and he took off his coat, rolled up his shirt sleeves and kneaded the bread. When he had finished and heard all the gossip of the farm he kissed the good old mother and went back to his more conspicuous duties of statesman.—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Occupations of Clever Women.

Woman having entered the business world is constantly looking for fresh worlds to conquer. Among the latest of odd occupations which a young woman has taken up is the repairing of bric-a-brac and she finds it quite remunerative, too. This clever girl has opened a modest place in the second story of a New York building, displaying her shingle from the window. Her success from the start has been very great, as she is an exceedingly smart and skillful patcher of broken vases, antique furniture and articles of virtu. It is told of her that she mended a vase, beautifully, that was broken in 700 pieces. In the case of slight chips where the decoration is marred she very cleverly covers with her own brush. She is reputed to make a most excellent living in this way.

Feminine interior decorators have been in the business for some time, but a bright Chicago woman has hit upon the clever plan of an added service that brings her much custom. This is to open or close the country house at the proper seasons, suggest the necessary renovations, select the articles necessary, rearrange and buy furniture, decorate, hang pictures artistically, etc.

Where she can procure what is desired from her own stock, of course, a double profit is made, but if the necessary articles are to be procured elsewhere she does the purchasing and receives a commission from the seller.

Her clientele is large, her business very remunerative.

Another woman who prepares several excellent home-made complexion lotions is beginning to find herself quite busy by going around from house to house, for really a very small fee, comparatively, and treating the hands and face of the summer girl, who has allowed the sun's rays to treat her too lovingly, but who upon the mere approach of the fall social season desires to get into condition again. It is such an inexpensive, convenient and comforatable plan, women have seized on it with avidity.

Boydoir Chat:

In the summer of 1900 the number of women students at the University of Berlin was 289. In the following winter it was 425.

Miss Braddon has published more than sixty novels since 1862. Previous to trying literature, however, Miss Braddon appeared on the stage.

The Prince General of Holland has delighted his wife, the Queen, by giving orders that bearing reins shall be entirely dispensed with in the royal stables.

Helen Gladstone, daughter of the great Liberal, has become warden of the Woman's University Settlement in Southtwark, London, and will soon leave Cambridge to live in that dreary slum.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first woman to receive a medical degree, is a charter member of the Alpha Chapter of Zeta Phi, the first Greek letter society for women formed in a medical school.

Signorina Teresa Laborioli is the first woman lawyer in Italy. She has passed her examination with honors, but, as she does not desire to advocate the "new woman," she has determined not to practice.

Mrs. Henry T. Gage, wife of the Governor of California, is descended, on her mother's side, from the earliest Spanish settlers in Los Angeles and her father, whose name was Raines, was one of the State's first settlers.

The example of Queen Alexandra in taking daily drives with one or more of her grandchildren is, it is said, working a revolution among fashionable grandmothers of the realm, and youngsters are receiving unwonted attention from their granddames.

The resourceful woman now keeps in her wrist bag a neat little card case filled with adhesive labels on which her name and address are printed or typewritten. When she makes a purchase she gives one of these to the clerk, who sticks it on the package, and there is no possibility of mistake about the address.

Pretty Things to Wear.

Little gunmetal buttons are attractive on dark waists.

Cut-out cloth will be used extensively as trimming, both on velvet and silk.

Knots of black chiffon, mousseline de sole or narrow velvets give a finishing touch to a gown.

Fichus and pointed bodices are expected to be conspicuous in the evening models for the autumn.

Silk dresses will be more fashionable than ever this winter, and taffeta will retain its popularity, vying with the softer silks.

The half and three quarter length coats, made in flowered silk, cloth and velvet, will be very much worn this season as outside garments.

Kilted flounces are to be worn during the winter. The flounces are quite old-fashionedly simple, and are arranged in three tiers around the skirt.

Black and white remains a favorite combination. It is seen to special advantage in a light weight cheviot having a grayish white background with raised dots in black.

A rough wool frieze in black and white is among the newest materials, and brightened with touches of coral pink or ochre-tinted plain cloth, it is exceedingly effective.

Painted flowers are used on everything, silks and velvets being made now, covered with these hand-painted blossoms, which give us a touch of summer amidst the bleakness of winter weather.

The pompadour designs are carried out in the painted flowers, large bunches of gorgeous colorings on pale grounds. Pompadour silks are to be used a great deal, especially in the Empire designs.

Twisted Proverbs.

Spoil the rod and spare the child.
When the wit's in the whine's out.
Two rites often make a wrong.
A woman's as bold as she looks; a man's as sold as he feels.
Suppression is nine points of the law.
God bless the man who first invented soap.
Misery loves trumpery.
A little spurning is a dangerous thing.
A rolling drone pleases no boss.
To the victor belong the foils.
Be happy and you will be good.
A fool and his money are soon started.
Circumstances alter bases.
Charity covers a multitude of skins.
A soft answer earneth a dry laugh.
Every dog has his bay.
Pound wise, penny foolish.—Philadelphia Record.

Kangaroo have been known to jump a height of eleven feet. A deer's best record is nine feet six inches.

JOKERS BUDGET

REST.

We laid our little one away—
So young, so frail, so fair—
And with hands fondly clasped we stood
Awhile above her, there.

We laid our little one to rest,
And sighed and turned, and then,
Three minutes later she awoke
And howled away again.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

NOT TO BE BALKED.

The Lawyer—The precedents are against you, Madam.

The Lady—Well, sue them, too, then.—*Indianapolis News.*

BEYOND RECALL.

"We never remember the faces of those we love most dearly."

"That's so. To save me I can't tell what a hundred-dollar bill looks like."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HIS ENJOYMENT LIMITED.

Mrs. Twaddle—Why, Dr. Jalap, it's ages since I saw you! How have you been? Do you enjoy good health?

Dr. Jalap—Not in others, Mrs. Twaddle—not in others.—*Boston Transcript.*

STRUCK HIM SO, TOO.

Mrs. Wederly (looking at hat in milliner's window—Oh, what a dear little hat!

Wederly (looking at the price tag)—Well, I should say it is.—*Chicago News.*

OBJECTED TO.

"How did Stringer get out of serving on the jury?"

"When the lawyer asked him if he had formed an opinion on the case he said no, but he expected to."—*Indianapolis News.*

A HEATED DISCUSSION.

"At this point," said the narrator, "she broke down and wept scalding tears."

"My goodness!" exclaimed the listener, "she must have been boiling over with rage."—*Chicago News.*

BETTER REASONS.

She—Love is like a potato.

He—Because why?

She—Because it shoots from the eye.

He—Oh, I thought perhaps it was because pairing makes it less.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

HOARDING HIS FUNDS.

Old Gentleman—My friend, what do you do with your wages every week—put part of them in the savings bank?

'Bus Driver—No, sir; after paying the grocer, butcher and the rent, I pack what's left away in barrels; I don't believe in savings banks.—*Tit-Bits.*

HIS LEISURE SEASON.

"Yes," said the loud guest at the seaside hotel; "I move in the best society in our town."

"Ah!" remarked the quiet man; "I suppose you are able to take your vacation now because the moving business is slack at present."—*Philadelphia Record.*

JUST LIKE HIS FATHER.

Mrs. Howells—Your baby resembles his father very much, don't you think?

Mrs. Growells—Yes, in both looks and actions. Why, he even makes a specialty of crying for the moon in the daytime instead of at night, just for the sake of being contrary.—*Chicago News.*

NON-COMMITTAL ABOUT HIS HEALTH.

Robert—Oh, I suppose Tom is all right, but he is so close-mouthed. For instance, when I saw him to-day I asked him, "How are you?" and he gave me an evasive answer.

Richard—And what was that?

Robert—He said, "How are you?"—*Boston Transcript.*

MAN'S SECRET POWER.

"In all my life," she said with a sigh, "I have seen only one man that I would care to marry."

"Did he look like me?" he carelessly asked.

Then she flung herself into his arms and wanted to know what secret power men possess that enables them to tell when they are loved.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

A THEORY THAT FAILED.

Relying upon the old saying that the shortest way to a man's heart was through his stomach, the fond wife, who wanted a new Worth gown, regaled her husband with costly viands for a month. Then she made her request.

But the heartless wretch replied:

"Can't stand it now. The grocery bill and meat bill was too heavy this month."—*Baltimore American.*

STUCK.

Penner—Say, give me a synonym for "psychic," will you?

Wright—Well, there's "psychological."

Penner—All right. How do you spell it?

Wright—Why—er—oh, I give it up. Why not use "phychic?"

Penner—I would, but I don't know how to spell that.—*Philadelphia Press.*

JUST LIKE A WOMAN—AND A MAN.

"Supposing," said Mr. Sirus Barker, during a pleasure trip on an excursion boat, "that I were to fall overboard. What would you do?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Barker, with a gasp, "I'd cry my eyes out."

"I knew it. That's just like a woman. Always looking for a way to make matters worse. Can't you see that crying wouldn't do the slightest good, and that it would only make the water that much deeper?"—*Washington Star.*

An International Postage Stamp.

I have reason to believe, says a writer in *The Sketch*, that there are negotiations on between French and English postal authorities with a view to issuing an international postage stamp. Such a stamp is absolutely a necessity. An international postage stamp must come.

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