



Yours Truly

A NICE QUESTION. Had I the right to kiss those lips I'd kiss...

Got There Too Late. A citizen yesterday stood on the steps of a Griswold street bank gazing at something across the street.

Being, you know, as I haven't had anything to eat for two days, I didn't pass up the opportunity...

Presume the cashier gave you all bills, but if you are broke for silver, I'll take a fine for you...

It is only my winning weights, said the grocer who was detected using twelve ounces for a pound...

"Dan," said a gentleman to his Irish servant, "I have a question for you."

"Faith, and did you never know before that O'm is the very same word?"

"Then," said the gentleman, "no doubt you can explain why the lions didn't devour you."

"The lions, Ah, don't say a word; this lion's Ah, was stuffed," Merchant Traveller.

Wife (anxiously)—I would like to know, Robert, what pleasure you find in smoking opium?

Robert—I won't tell you, dear, for you would want to learn to smoke yourself. See?—Texas Tidings.

From Tidd-Bits. Elsie—Why do you love Gus? Ada—He hates all my intimate friends—Lulu, Ella and Clara.

Visiting Quaker (in a New York book store)—The Bible: Has this it in parts? Clerk—Bible, Bible! Has it any other name?

Quaker—By no means! This has some read or heard of the Epistle of James? Clerk—To be sure! Everybody has. Do you think Blaine really means it?

Twenty suicides have taken place from Clifton suspension bridge, and not one of the operators had feeling enough for them to hang himself.

Visiting Quaker (to a woman who writes verses)—That poem of yours, old boy, "I Saw Myself in a Dreary Ward," is splendid. Just needs one word to complete it.

Gould—What is it? I'll be glad of any suggestion. Visiting Quaker—Basket. Customer (to Harlem barber)—See here, my friend, you are shaving slices off my face!

Harlem Barber—Yes, sir; but the slices are very thin. From London Punch. "The Sermon Question." Curate (Musical)—But why do you object to having a hymn during the collection?

Rector (Practical)—Well, you see, I preach a good sermon, which I calculate should move the people to an average of half a crown each; but I find, during a hymn, they seem to cool down, and it barely brings a shilling a head!

What Our Artist Has to Put Up With. Our Impressionist—Very sloppy, isn't it? Our Lady Critic—Well, I should never have dared to say so—since you mention it yourself, I honestly confess that I'm very sloppy myself.

Our Impressionist—I'm speaking of the weather! Our lady critic—The weather! Oh, the weather isn't sloppy! Brains, But Not the Right Quality. First Boy—Does your grandpa smoke a pipe?

Second Boy—Not now. Last week he went to sleep with a pipe in his mouth, and the fire reached his celluloid teeth, and they exploded, bursting his head open.

Friend—Was your uncle's will satisfactory to you, Brown? Brown—Perfectly so; I'm a lucky dog. He left his entire fortune to an insane asylum.

Friend—You mean that you are an unlucky dog. Brown—No, I don't; the other relations are going to contest the will, and I'm to be the attorney.

A Book That Helped Him. By falling asleep over Rider Haggard's "She," a sheriff's deputy allowed a prisoner to escape.

If he had not read the book about the fallen angel, the prisoner would have been no trouble—both would have slumbered. An Apt Pupil. Ambitious Manna—Edith, I noticed last night that Mr. De Rich paid you considerable attention; I hope you showed him a proper amount of civility.

Ingenious Debutante—Oh, yes, Madam, I did. He knows he can have me for the asking. Pa'erential Interference. Skillful Manna—I do hope the ceremony will go off without a hitch to-morrow.

Plater—Egad, I don't! Its Eleanor's last chance. The Way He Likes His Steak. Customer (at restaurant)—Here, waiter, beefsteak, please.

Waiter—Yes, sah—yes, sah! Shall I bring anything else, sah? Customer—Yes, bring it with haste. THE POMPADOUR'S FAN. Chicken-skin, delicate white, Painted by Condo Varlo, Loves in a riot of light, Blossoms in rainbow blue; Hark to the dainty front!

Picture above if you can. Eyes that could gaze at the dew—This was the Pompadour's fan! See how they rise at the sign, Thronging the Old De Dear through, With their eyes on the waxed hair, Beauties that frequent the superlative of our sex to the other; in truth, each has what the other has not. One completes the other, and they are in nature the most perfect of companions.

Concerning women and men as equals, Ruskin says: "We are foolish and ignorant in the estimating the superiority of our sex to the other; in truth, each has what the other has not. One completes the other, and they are in nature the most perfect of companions." "Woman," said another writer, "must be regarded as woman, not as a man's property, but as a being with greater or less capacity for assimilation to man." Dr. Clark says again: "Ettitude a man for manhood, a woman for womanhood, and not for womanly."

Roger Williams said: "Woman is predestined, is called, is justified, is glorified, and wears that crown which is the wisest and strongest of mankind." A PORTRAIT. Madame, at saint of Gaius's tramp, Would you rise up in the night, But slowly rise with tranquil grace, Lay all her plumes in place, Make do then with a few feet pins, Accord to brave, for her sins, And take the paralytic road, A clicking of her heels, and fancy straw hats will wear out.

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I now am rather old and gray, But still the lover's role I play, In spite of years, I love a maid Just turned sixteen; Alack, between us intervene Some forty years!

From Everywhere. "Now, I know where we are," said a rustic youth, who had been engaged to act as guide by an Austin sportsman, as they plodded with difficulty through a dense thicket of brush.

"Well, where are we?" asked the sportsman. "We are bogged,"—"The Colonel. Forgive me, but I'm a time-leap year. Scene—tete-a-tete; Lady Angela—What can you tell me, are these 'trunks' one reads so much about in the newspapers?"

"A 'trunk' is a combination of the trunk and the trunk, a combination for mutual advantage, so to speak. Angela (confused)—Adolphus—er—that is—Mr.—Adolphus—Yes, Angela is a 'trunk'—Lowell Citizen.

Robert Louis Stevenson has come out of the Adirondack woods not much improved in health. It is believed he'll take to the woods again, feeling worse than ever, when he sees the Century's portrait of himself in the Herald.

Another boarding house in New York?—See the daily paper. Well, we suppose a fire in a New York boarding house is rather rare.—Boston Bulletin.

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"If a maiden of sixteen wears childlike clothes, and they become her, then she is what I mean by a girly girl. You can see at a glance that."

Is very pretty indeed, when the faces are properly young. Put any one of the three coiffures on a matron and you would see that it wouldn't do. The styles are too trying for anything else than young heads, and it may be added that blithesome, guileless young hearts are quite as essential to matrimony as the breaking of the art of simplicity, the one supreme difficulty hitherto encountered in lingerie de luxe has been the total impossibility of bringing out the rich, soft silk in any other color except white. This silk cloth is made with a lady has a distinct objection to wearing next their skin anything which is not of the purest white. But this spring season, white is not the only color. Pure white, which looks lovely, feels delicious, and will simply wash and wear and wash again, like any ordinary piece of linen or cotton. This silk cloth is a brilliant and beautiful white. For exquisite lingerie it will be an ideal fabric. Nightdresses ornamented with row upon row of tiny laces, lovely in this silk fabric, ornamented with cascades of fine white Valenciennes lace. A novel design in nightdresses, also carried out in this silk cloth, is made with a front like a man's shirt, innumerable tucks on either side, and cuffs and collar formed entirely of tiny tucks. There are also chemises and combinations in the same lovely material, together with slip-bodices and dressing jackets, matinee and tea gowns, with every possible variety of neck and collar made plainly or with profuse trimmings of lace for smarter occasions. A summer tea gown of silk cloth looks beautiful in white, and is especially desirable for small snook frocks and smart dresses for young ladies and girls, as well as for summer sun hats. The fact that this silk cloth will wash like cotton makes it especially suitable for children's wear. It is made in many factories, so that I am not boasting an exclusive production.

Let us turn from beautifully unobtrusive to more conspicuous. A well-dressed woman—her bonnet. Neapolitan braid bonnets are among the simplest and most stylish of the summer toiles. White muslin with fine dots, or else with large spots, will be new with a roomy waist and light skirt, and worn with pink or other colored ribbons. There are very finely-woven tulle laces that are used by French modistes at these dresses. The preference here is given to edgings of Valenciennes, or the pretty flower and leaf patterns of Oriental laces.

THE LOVER'S ROLE.

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GIRLY-GIRLS SWEET.

Clara Bell Finds Them the Most Lovable to Her Taste.

Spring Hats and Dresses Part of Her List of Sunday Topics.

A Queer Story of the Vanderbilts and Their Foreign Home.

Incensed Bavarians Cause Them to See America's Shores Again.

Above all other beautiful objects on earth, writes Clara Belle, I do admire a girly sort of girl. What I mean to define by that expression is a juvenile who is unconscious of her innocence, who is utterly untried in her purity of thought and action, and who is in appearance as I have tried to sketch her in this picture.

There is a sweet charm about a young girl who is thoroughly honest in her ingenuousness, yet palpably as a simplicity which she does not possess. I can give you a test. If a maiden of sixteen wears childlike clothes, and they become her, then she is what I mean by a girly girl. You can see at a glance that."

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"Well, where are we?" asked the sportsman. "We are bogged,"—"The Colonel. Forgive me, but I'm a time-leap year. Scene—tete-a-tete; Lady Angela—What can you tell me, are these 'trunks' one reads so much about in the newspapers?"

"A 'trunk' is a combination of the trunk and the trunk, a combination for mutual advantage, so to speak. Angela (confused)—Adolphus—er—that is—Mr.—Adolphus—Yes, Angela is a 'trunk'—Lowell Citizen.

Robert Louis Stevenson has come out of the Adirondack woods not much improved in health. It is believed he'll take to the woods again, feeling worse than ever, when he sees the Century's portrait of himself in the Herald...

Another boarding house in New York?—See the daily paper. Well, we suppose a fire in a New York boarding house is rather rare.—Boston Bulletin.

"Contentment" was the article on "Wild Cat Insurance Companies," who, for mercy's sake, wants to insure wild cats.—Boston Courier.

"If a maiden of sixteen wears childlike clothes, and they become her, then she is what I mean by a girly girl. You can see at a glance that."

Is very pretty indeed, when the faces are properly young. Put any one of the three coiffures on a matron and you would see that it wouldn't do. The styles are too trying for anything else than young heads, and it may be added that blithesome, guileless young hearts are quite as essential to matrimony as the breaking of the art of simplicity, the one supreme difficulty hitherto encountered in lingerie de luxe has been the total impossibility of bringing out the rich, soft silk in any other color except white. This silk cloth is made with a lady has a distinct objection to wearing next their skin anything which is not of the purest white. But this spring season, white is not the only color. Pure white, which looks lovely, feels