

SOME TYPES OF GIRLS

THE UPRIGHT GIRL.

Dear Belle was honest as the day,
No contribution she'd mislay;
Nor would this maiden ever miss
Returning a rejected kiss!

THE TOBOGGAN GIRL.

The maiden with the rounded form
And cheeks with health aglow
Rejoices greatly when she sees
The first good fall of snow.
She knows the season is at hand
When she and he will glide,
With both his arms around her waist,
Down the toboggan slide.

THE BICYCLE GIRL.

'Twas called a "safety," and when Belle
Rode forth to conquer hearts upon it
He was enchanted by her spell.
She looked a poet's dream—a sonnet.
She proudly showed him how to turn
A figure eight, and wrote her name;
He walked beside, but naught could learn—
Her sparkling eyes deserved the blame.
Quite overcome, he had to tell
A tale he scarce found words to say;
And poor distracted, blushing Belle
Twisted the handle the wrong way.

They gathered up each gory part
Of him who'd vowed his heart was cracked;
But the doctors said that selfsame heart
Was his only fragment left intact!

—Boston Courier.

THE WOLF'S FANGS.

A Wild Russian Tale.

St. James's Gazette.

Paul and I were twin brothers, gentlemen by birth, since our father was a Polish count, who had been deprived of his estates in connection with events of 1863, and Englishmen by breeding; after the death of our father, when we were quite children, we two had been brought up out of charity by a countryman, who taught dancing and lived in a shabby London street.

As time went on I earned my four guineas a week as a violinist; but my brother, Paul Bolekoi, became the darling of society—first, perhaps, because he had the most beautiful voice in all the world; next, because he was the very handsomest man I ever saw.

"I've seen her at last, Louis," said my brother one night to me; "the woman I've been longing for and dreaming of all my life; and I'm about to become a teacher of singing," he added, with a laugh. "You wouldn't wonder, Louis, if you saw my pupil," and he took from his pocket-book a photograph. It was the portrait of a beautiful woman—a fair woman, with a hard mouth and cruel eyes. "She thanked me for singing for her, and then she said: 'Monsieur I want you to do me a favor. I want you to give me a few lessons in singing.' I stared at her in astonishment. 'Ah,' she said, 'Monsieur Bolekoi, the singing-lessons are only a pretext. I know your story; I know that you are of noble blood; I know that your father's property and estates were confiscated long ago, and I would help you to regain them. Perhaps I'm not altogether disinterested,' she said, and she gave me one look from those soft, languid eyes of hers—a look, Louis, which sent the blood coursing through my veins. For I love her, Louis!" he cried.

The love of the princess for my brother Paul had become a matter of common talk among our friends by the time that Prince Vlastoff had obtained leave to visit his estate in Southern Russia. My brother Paul was to travel in his suite, and it was arranged that in the winter, when he proceeded to the capital, the prince should present him to the Czar and use his influence in his favor. They had been gone a month before I heard from my brother Paul. At length he wrote as follows:

I have returned to the barbaric life, and I enjoy it. The prince keeps almost real state in his great Castle of Samarof. I enjoy the free, wild life, the riding, the drinking, and the hunting, and I am happy for I am with the woman I love. The prince is already moving in our matter, and has no doubt, so he tells me, of his ultimate success.

Here the letter was continued in a shaky, hurried writing totally unlike the commencement, which was written in my brother's beautifully clear hand:

Louis, a terrible misfortune has happened. The princess and I were wandering in the park a week ago, the very day when I commenced this letter to you, when we heard loud shouts and cries. Suddenly from a thicket close to us appeared a wolf. There is nothing very terrible here in a solitary wolf in summer time; but this was no ordinary wolf. The brute was mad; it had been hunted and badly wounded by the huntsmen and torn by dogs; its tongue hung from its mouth, and as it came toward us it uttered little yelping barks. "Save me!" cried the princess; "save me!" Paul, who shrieked as she clutched my arm. Her voice attracted the attention of the infuriated beast, and it made for us at once. Nadia fell fainting to the ground. As the brute made its spring I clutched it by the throat and we fell to the ground together. I got my knee upon its chest, and I tried to choke the life out of it. I felt its hot breath on my face, and I stared with terror at its red eyes, and I wondered whether my strength would hold out. "Fly!" I shrieked to the woman I loved; "fly, Nadia, for the love of Heaven!" But she never moved, for she lay upon the turf in a dead faint. The struggles of the wretched animal grew weaker and weaker, but I never relaxed my grip upon its throat, and slowly—ah, how slowly—I strangled the beast, choking it to death.

I turned to Nadia, and I raised her from the ground, and, pressing impassioned kisses on her lips, I cried in her ear, "There is no cause for fear, my darling!" She seemed to wake as from a dream; the great blue eyes opened and looked at me with unutterable love, and my kisses were returned. "You do love me, Nadia?" I cried, and her head still lay on my chest.

"Love you, Paul?" she answered; "of course I love you. Need I tell you so in words, Paul?" she said, and she looked around her wildly. "Let us make the most of our time, Paul," and again she kissed me. "For the man I am betrothed to will come to claim my hand in one short month." "Nadia!" I cried, "and you talk of loving me?" "My marriage with the Prince Bakouline," she said, "is one of policy; but I shall always love you," she added, and then she looked at me in sudden fear. "Paul, Paul Bolekoi," she said, "why do you look like that?" "Princess Nadia," I answered, "I never loved you; I loved the woman I thought you were." "Paul Bolekoi," she said, calmly, "you must be mad; the Prince Bakouline owes you a deep debt of gratitude," and then she rose and turned her back on me. "But let me thank you, M. Bolekoi," she said, formally—"let me thank you in his name for saving my life," and then she turned as pale as death and seized my hand. "Paul," she shrieked, as she fell upon her knees at my feet, "Paul, my love, my life, you are wounded, and for my worthless sake!" And then I saw three little blessing points upon the back of my hand. "Madam," I said, coldly, "sympathy for one below you in degree

is surely misplaced." I turned away, Louis, and I walked alone to the castle.

The French doctor from Warsaw gives me every hope; but, Louis, something tells me that I shall die, and I shall have died in saving the life of a woman who is worthless.

Louis, there is great news for you, my brother; the Czar is willing to let by-gones be by-gones; our rank and our property are to be restored. Prince Vlastoff only to-day handed me the rescript from his imperial master, ex-Count Bolekoi," he said, as he pressed my hand, "don't speak to me of gratitude; I shall ever be your debtor."

The French doctor has come again. My brother, there is no hope, and I must die. It may be a question of days or hours only. Already I swallow with the greatest difficulty.

Pray, Louis, pray for the soul of one who longs for death.

Your unhappy brother, PAUL.

There were two other letters—one from Prince Vlastoff, another from the French doctor; they gave me the dreadful details of my brother's death. He died, as he had predicted, after fearful suffering from the mania of hydrophobia.

I have visited my brother's grave. I have seen the place where my brother's life was sacrificed for the Princess Bakouline—for she became the Princess Bakouline, of course—and then I went to St. Petersburg to thank my imperial master for his clemency, and stayed with Prince Vlastoff. One night, as I was talking with my host, he said to me: "You've never been in this room before, I think; the very rug your feet are resting on is the skin of the wolf that killed your brother. The head is wonderfully life-like," he said.

Yes, there was the head, with glaring eyes of glass, the mouth wide open, the lips retracted, showing a double range of fierce and cruel fangs.

"It makes me shudder when I look upon it," said Prince Vlastoff; "but it's a work of art all the same," he added, with a little laugh. Presently he left me, and I sat by the fire in a half doze, and thought of my brother and his miserable death. It was close on midnight.

The door was suddenly thrown open, and a tall woman in evening dress, muffled in an opera cloak, rushed into the room, locked the door behind her, and flung the cloak from her shoulders. On her pale cheek there was a great red mark. When she saw me she fell upon her knees.

"Paul!"—she cried in horrified accents—"Paul Bolekoi, have you come back from the grave to haunt me?"

As I stared at her in astonishment I recognized my brother's evil genius in the beautiful creature who knelt before me, looking into my face with frightened eyes.

"Madam," I said, coldly, "I am Louis Bolekoi."

And then she rose. "You are very like him," she said, mechanically; and she sat down in the chair opposite me, and stared at the ghastly grinning mask of the dead wolf, and as she looked she shuddered.

"Your brother saved my life, Count Bolekoi," she said, with a groan.

I bowed, but I did not answer her.

"Your brother's was a dreadful death," she went on, "and I sat by his bedside and listened to his last ravings. He prayed, in his wild delirium, that I might never know happiness in this world. I sacrificed your brother's love to vain ambition, and sold myself to Prince Bakouline. To-night he struck me—you see the mark upon my face—and I leave him forever. Just before your brother's death, when his falling voice sunk to a whisper, he opened his eyes and seemed to recognize me. 'Nadia,' he said, 'you will repent, and when you have repented you will see me once again, and I shall summon you to meet your God.' He never spoke again, Count Bolekoi. I have repented, God knows how bitterly; and when I saw you sitting there I thought that Paul had come from the land beyond the grave to drag me to the judgment-seat of heaven. Count Bolekoi," she said, bitterly, "I long for death."

She never looked at me, but stared at the wolf's face upon the floor, and mechanically she placed her tiny foot between the double row of white and glistening teeth.

There was a furious knock at the door. The Princess Nadia started to her feet, and as she did so she gave a little scream of pain, and I saw a small spot of blood on her satin foot-covering. The door was shaken furiously, the lock gave way, and a man broke in and hurled furious words at the beautiful woman, who stood confronting him, pale and silent. He spoke in Russian, and then he turned to me.

"You are Count Bolekoi, sir," he said; "why do I find you here closeted with my wife?" he cried, and he glared at me with furious eyes inflamed with drink and jealousy. "I am the Prince Bakouline, sir," he said, more calmly, "the husband of this—this woman."

"And I am her father's guest," I said; "and I do not bandy words with drunken men at midnight. But, Prince Bakouline, you are a coward. Have the goodness to leave this house."

And then he turned and left the room without a word. Next day we met, some dozen versts from Petersburg. Prince Vlastoff was my second, and I shot the Princess Nadia's husband dead, and crossed the frontier within a dozen hours. And within the month, the woman, who had wronged my brother Paul, died, as my poor brother had died, a raving maniac. The wolf-skin rug was the instrument of heaven's vengeance; the fangs of the dead beast had still retained their venom.

A Remarkable Literary Coincidence.

January Book Buyer.

Those who delight in puzzling over curious coincidences will find an interesting subject in three of the December magazines. For the Christmas number of Scribner, Harper, and the Century contain each a story in which a person with the unusual name of Spurlock figures. In George A. Hibbard's story, "As the Sparks Fly Upward," in Scribner, this person is a man, while in James A. Allen's "Flute and Violin," in Harper, and in "Copyright Christmas," by Joel Chandler Harris, in the Century, the name is given to a woman. The little pen-and-ink portrait sketches of the Widow Spurlock and of Mrs. Spurlock in the two latter magazines the faces bear no resemblance to each other, but this fact does not make it any the less odd that three authors in widely separated parts of the country should have applied this unfamiliar name to characters in their stories.

High and Tight Collars.

"The scrawny necks of American women," said a man dressmaker of New York, "are due as much to the high and tight collars which they have been wearing during the past six years as to anything else. The fashion was started by the Princess of Wales, who has a scar on her neck, and was eagerly taken up here. Street gowns and jackets were fitted with tight velvet, cloth, or braided collars, and these pressed the neck so closely that when women took them off after having been in a hot room they not infrequently found them saturated with perspiration. There is no better way of reducing the flesh than this. A man can put a worsted or flannel band around his waist, take violent exercise, and reduce his girth under the band rapidly and surely. The high collars which women wore had precisely this effect. Now that they have become distinctly unfashionable I look for an improvement in the necks of women."

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