

HIS NEW PURCHASE.

For ten years Hugh Markleman had been a wanderer upon the face of the earth. Financially speaking he had been successful, but for all that period of time he had been literally homeless. Now he was proceeding to a home of his own.

"The first road to the left beyond the bridge," passed Mr. Markleman to himself, "and the first house you come to is the one. The directions are plain enough, I am sure."

He paused half hesitatingly in front of a low wicket gate, hanging by one hinge, from which a shrub-grown path wound up through untrimmed woods to a one-story dwelling.

"Nonsense!" he muttered to himself; "it can't be that shed of a place. A desirable cottage," was what Gibbs said, "situated in the midst of charming grounds." And, by Jupiter, this is the spot."

He swung open the gilded iron gate of a pretty little enclosure, where the gravelled paths shone in the twilight, and evergreens skirted the path like tall old monks wrapped in green serge cloaks. The cottage beyond—a low-eaved, picturesque affair, with verandas on every side—exactly met his preconceived ideas of the "desirable country residence" painted in such glowing terms by "Moses Gibbs, Esq., real estate and insurance agent."

His countenance expanded into broad smiles as he pushed open the door and entered a pretty room on the left of the main entrance hall, while a glowing fire cast ruddy reflections through the whole room, and a cushioned armchair stood close to the velvet rug.

"Gibbs told me there was some furniture in the house, and an old woman left in charge," thought Markleman, sitting down in the easy chair and expanding his chilled fingers to the cheery blaze; "but I hadn't any idea of such snug quarters as this."

As Mr. Markleman sat there, basking in the warmth and coziness of the scene, the door of the adjoining room opened and two ladies came in, their faces glowing with the frosty air.

"Why, Lizzie!" cried the shorter one, stopping suddenly in the act of

Poor fellow, he is rather handsome, I think."

And the two girls bustled about with skillet, gridiron, and coffee strainer, while Mr. Markleman sat viewing the fire and wondering what Gibbs could possibly have meant by talking about "an old woman!"

"Why, she has got cheeks like peaches, and hair as thick and brown and glossy as my own!" he told himself. "Old, indeed! It won't be such bad fun to have a servant girl like that flitting about the house. She ought to have extra wages on account of her good looks."

Afterward he found himself seated before a table whereupon was spread a rich repast.

And he straightaway proceeded to do the best of practical justice to it. Lizzie Wyman composedly watched him the while.

"A nice supper, Lizzie!" said Mr. Markleman, refolding his napkin, and placing it on the table ere he drew out a cigar from his pocket case. "I'm glad you liked it, sir," said Lizzie, smiling, "and I hope that when you become my neighbor at Laurel cottage you will often drop in to such another."

"Oh!" cried Mr. Markleman, starting back. "Ain't this Laurel cottage? Am I not in my own house?"

"No, sir," Miss Wyman answered, demurely. "You are in my house, and I am Elizabeth Wyman, your future neighbor; happy to make your acquaintance, even after this rather unusual fashion."

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Wyman," he gasped, turning scarlet and pale in a breath. "I don't see how I ever came to make such a ridiculous mistake! What a donkey you must have taken me for!"

"I'll go," he uttered, making a dive toward his hat, and dropping the unsmoked cigar on the floor, with a countenance of such misery that Lizzie's womanly pity came to the rescue.

"You will do no such thing, Mr. Markleman," she said. "My brother will be here presently, and you shall stay and spend the evening at your own mistake."

So Mr. Markleman staid until Tom Wyman came home from the city on the evening train; and, as he afterward said, he "never spent a pleasanter evening in his life!"—New York Daily News.

Money in Abyssinia.

The few travelers who have taken the time and trouble to look into Menelik's queer kingdom of Abyssinia tell strange tales of it. Besides the Maria Theresa, 1780 dollars, the people of Abyssinia, for small change, use a bar of hard, crystallized salt, about ten inches long and two inches and a half broad and thick, slightly tapering toward the end, five of which go to the dollar at the capital. People are very particular about the standard fineness of the currency. If it does not ring like metal, or if it is at all chipped, nothing will induce them to take it. Then, it is a token of affection among the natives, when friends meet, to give each other a lick of their respective smolks, and in this way the material value of the bar is also decreased. For still smaller change cartridges are used, of which three go to one salt. It does not matter what sort they are. Some sharpeners use their cartridges in the ordinary way, and then put in some dust and a dummy bullet to make up the difference, or else they take out the powder and put the bullet in again so that possibly in the next action the unhappy seller will find that he has only salt-fires in his belt; but this is such a common fraud that no one takes any notice of it, and a bad cartridge seems to serve as readily as a good one.—Philadelphia Press.

About an Even Thing.

A well-known member of the Detroit bar tells the Free Press this story: "Some years ago I attended a session of the circuit court up in the state. A pro confesso divorce case was called, and it so happened that the judge was very much opposed to divorces, especially those which were unopposed. After the attorney for the complainant in this case announced himself as ready to proceed, the judge asked if anyone appeared for the defendant. There was silence for a moment, and the judge repeated the question. At one end of the lawyer's table sat an attorney who had acquired the liquor habit and who was, at the time, considerably under the influence of stimulants. He was noticed struggling to get on his feet, and, on observing him, the judge seized the opportunity and asked: 'Do you appear for the defendant, Mr. Blank?' 'No, your honor, I merely rose to remark as 'friend of the court' that with Brother Double-blank as attorney for the complainant and no one on the other side, it was about an even thing.' Then Blank resumed his seat, while the whole court roared with laughter."

He Felled It.

Because of an inquisitive turn of mind, Sub-Policeman John Atkinson, of the twenty-second district, yesterday had his new summer uniform thoroughly drenched. Atkinson was stationed near the Undine boathouse, along the Schuylkill river. Prior to the arrival of the parade he became very much interested in the boats and fixtures in the clubhouse. Finally he came to a sign posted on the wall which read: "Pull the rope and see the monkey jump." Atkinson gave the rope a jerk and then proceeded to do the jumping. He had pulled the rope attached to the shower bath.—Philadelphia Record.

It is estimated that England's stock of coal will last 200 years longer, and North America's 600 years.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Some Current Notes of the Modes—The Spun Silk Chemise—A Waist in Pearl Blue—Summer Golfing Costume—The American Girl as a Cook.

Phantasies.

Whence do they come? What may their import be—
The fitting, fashing phantasms of the mind—
That half awake and half in dream we see;
That never can be captured or defined?

They hint at something lost, something desired,
Something whose ownership would make us glad—
Perhaps at thoughts with subtle meaning freed,
Or truths unrecognized because unaid.

They may be glints of half-forgotten dreams,
They may be memories long buried deep,
That from their ashes give out fitful gleams
Before they sink to their long final sleep.

Perhaps electric lines from the brain,
Are tapped and flashed by crossing with our own,
Perhaps some floating shreds or bits remain
Of former life that we somewhere have known.

Perhaps they are the signals loved ones send
Who wait our coming on the other shore,
Too spirit-full with earthly sense to blend,
Too finely soft to fully pierce life's roar.

Perhaps! Perhaps! Conjectures cannot teach!
We clutch at shadows and we grasp the air!
The mystery is aye beyond our reach—
An ignis fatuus no art can share.

—Laura G. Carr, in Boston Transcript.

The Spun Silk Chemise.

Many cruel blows have been struck at the influence of the chemise, but after diverse false substitutes have been put forth and had their day, this chosen undergarment of our foremothers retains its hold on feminine affections, and a woven silk chemise bids fair to put the silk undervest out of sight and mind.

The new silk chemise is as pretty, cool and as graceful a little article of underwear as manufacturing genius can turn out, and the stout woman can adopt it without a quail. Its weave is as fine and flexible as the most delicate silk stocking, and down to the waist it fits the body like a glove. Below this point it is sloped out, without any superfluous fullness, and falls to the knees. The prettiest of them are edged about the shoulders and armholes with a line of silken lace, and over the bust open work silk forms flights of butterflies and knots of flowers. Chemises of washed linen, that is almost as flexible as the silk, are made on these same lines, and are durable and comfortable beyond words.

Toilet Jackets.

There is a very charming air of great simplicity about the new summer dressing gowns, combing jackets, morning wrappers, etc., due to the fact that the majority are made of dotted swiss and filmy cross-barred muslin. It is true that many of them are loaded with lace and threaded with ribbons, but for all that, with dotted muslin and the pretty, inexpensive point de Paris lace, the sweetest sort of a breakfast negligee for a hot morning can be dished up at no price at all. The point to keep in mind, when making up these summer peignoirs, is to get a cape-like effect over the shoulders with floating sash ends falling from the bust to the feet. The model for this graceful pattern is the Curzon jacket that a Parisian lingere evolved for the vicereine to wear in torrid India. Women who are in mourning have their Curzon jackets made of white dotted swiss, with inset edgings of black lace, and the frills that fall from the shoulders leave the arms coolly bare.

The American Girl as a Cook.

"Should an American girl learn to cook?" This is the subject that continues to disturb everybody but the American girl. Writing on it, Walter Besant lately quotes Chauncey Depew as saying "Greek not Gravy." Sir Walter adds, however, that considering that so many American girls have to cook, he would alter the cry to "Gravy, not Greek."

It is doubtful if this question will be settled on the wholesale plan. Why not classify the American girls and then say: "Those that will in any way be mixed up with cooking, either as cooks or mistresses of cooks, ought to study the subject as hard as they would study Greek."

Fads in Embroidery.

Hand decorations will play a dainty part in the wardrobe this year. A pretty fad in handkerchiefs is to buy them with colored borders, then trace the name in pencil, and etch it in linen or silk to match the edge. A more striking whim of fashion, though, is the embroidering of monograms on gloves. The best way is to have the gloves made to order, with the back stitching left off; the monogram is then placed in the center at the back of the hand.

A Pretty Neck Dress.

One of the most difficult problems that many women have to deal with, is that of keeping themselves as looking well in the morning. The trouble with many house gowns and dressing jackets of the non-pretentious kind is that they are not becoming around the neck. To remedy this a new and pretty idea is to cut a piece of muslin about the

A SUMMER GOLFING SUIT.



size of a bandana handkerchief, and finish it at the edge with a narrow ruffle. Fold it diagonally, tie around the neck, leaving a little V-shaped open front, and then tie again. This will leave a knot, and the ends sticking out, which makes a simple but dainty finish.

A Symphony in Blue.

The prettiest new colors this season are brick red, pearl blue and olive white. They come in cashmere, henrietta and velvet, but are seldom seen in other materials. Brick red looks precisely like what it is intended to represent—brick. It is a steady, modest red and the nearest idea that your correspondent can suggest, beside a brick, is the color of cayenne pepper. Pearl blue is also a pretty shade, rather changeable in velvet. It is a



little darker than electric light blue, but lighter than turquoise. Olive white is a dull, greenish white, resembling closely the sediments which gather in sulphur water.

At an afternoon reception a few days ago there was worn a toilet of pearl blue henrietta made very tastefully.

The skirt, made with the usual close fitting hips and flare around the foot, was quite out of the ordinary in trimming. At the side front seam there was a band of black satin headed by an applique trimming also of black.

The waist fitted faultlessly and buttoned at the side. White embroidered silk was used for the yoke, which was made over a shirred vest of cashmere. An outline of black satin and the applique design finished the yoke and extended down the front. The sleeves

were small and the collar a high one. A jabot of blue silk concealed the opening of the bodice.—Helen Grey-Page.

A New Decoration.

A new feature of decoration is lacing with fine silk cord over a contrasting color. Narrow openings up and down the bodice are laced across with cord either matching the gown in color or in some paler shade of the same color. One pretty model in pale gray nun's veiling has a cream lace yoke laced to the lower portion of the bodice with pink silk, and over a deeper shade of pink silk. The opening forms the straight yoke into a point in front, and the effect is very pretty. Lacings trim the sleeves very effectively, too, and some of the overdresses have lacing around the hips.

Indulged by English Women.

Just now, long walks are a fad in England, and the Princess of Wales is one of its devotees, which, of course, insures its popularity. It is an excellent idea, for no one exercise is considered so beneficial to the entire body as walking. Of course, the head should be held erect, the shoulders thrown back, and the breathing unrestrained. The "rest cure" is another craze with London society women. This consists in going away for a fortnight to some quiet place where there is plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and then simply vegetating.

A Tea Gown.

Here is a charming tea gown made of cream lace over yellow silk. The front is a partially fitted empire, covered with lace and edged at the foot with plissés of silk over which the lace falls in graceful points. The gown is plain in the back, sweeping the ground in a long train. A black velvet girdle circles the waist behind and is brought high on the bust in front and finished with a large flat bow. The sleeves open from shoulder to elbow, and are caught together with straps of black velvet. There is a high gored collar of lace.

Maria Bashkirtseff.

An interesting phase of the character of Maria Bashkirtseff was her incapacity to fall in love, even though she was a very lively young woman. It is said that at one time, when two young and wealthy suitors presented themselves, she wrote to her father for advice, saying that both were the same to her. Doubtless her great intellectuality, as in the cases of many other famous women, kept her heart so far in the background that it was unavailable to attacks. This may be diagnosed as one kind of heart failure.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Glibes and Ironies Original and Selected—Fits and Jestum from the Tide of Humour—Witty Sayings.

A Juvenile Strategist.

"Got an awful lickin' last night, didn't yer?" said little Sammy Brown to his playmate, Johnnie Smith.

"Naw!" was the scornful reply. "Didn't git no lickin' 't all. My paw never licks me."

"Mebbe it was yer maw that done it, but I know yer got a lickin', cos I heard ye holler. Sounded like killin' pigs."

"That was me hollerin' all right, but I didn't git no lickin'. I always holler like that when paw gits ready to lick me. Then he gits scared fer fear the neighbors 'll think how cruel he is, an' he lets me go. It's a bully scheme. Try it some time."

A False Impression.



Mr. Henpeck—Don't scream so loud, Maria. The neighbors might think I was beating you.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

His Opinion of It.

"Jay Green seems to think he's considerable smart," remarked Josh Modders; "but I don't know so much about it myself. Dever tell ye about how he gave himself away the time he went up to the city with me an' seen the first street sprinkler he'd ever set eyes on?"

"No," returned Abner Appledry. "What did he do?"

"Aw! He jabbed me in the ribs an' says he, good an' loud, 'Great gimmy, Josh! there's one o' them rain-makin' machines we've been readin' about.'"

From a Late Novel.

"You do not love me!" he cried, hoarsely.

"I do, I do!" she sobbed. "How can you doubt it?"

"Then prove it," he answered.

"Yes, but how?" she asked, eagerly.

"Lend me \$10 until next Saturday." The young girl drew herself up proudly.

"Coward!" she hissed. "Would you strike a woman? Leave me and never return."

And bowing his head in shame, the young man slunk away.

The Fox and the Grapes.

Once upon a time a Fox espied some grapes growing upon a tall tree or a telegraph pole; it does not matter which.

The Fox tried to borrow a stepladder of a neighboring farmer, but failed.

"I don't want your old grapes, anyway," the Fox now declared. "Appendicitis isn't anything like as swagger as it used to be!"

Then he bestowed the laugh upon the bystanders, who had looked for him to say the grapes were sour.

Highly Probable.



Sunday School Teacher—What was the song of the three children while they were in the fiery furnace?

Tommy Smart—I 'spose, mum, it was "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

She Was in Error.

"This is very bad taste in you," remarked Mrs. De Tanque, when her better half returned in an intoxicated condition. "Your makin' mistakes m' dear. Bad taste won't show up 'fore (hic) mornin'."

No Chance to Talk.

McFingle—Poor Broome! He's gone over to the silent majority.

McFingle—Why—I—when did he—be dead?

McFingle—No—married!



"I SUPPOSE YOU'RE MARY ANN."

laying her hood on the table, "there is some one in the parlor!"

"Nonsense!" said Lizzie, who, although she had been eight or nine and 20, was exceedingly fair to look upon. "The cat and the crickets may be there, but who on earth besides?"

"But I tell you I saw him," said Sue, gripping her cousin's arm with a sort of nervous terror. "A great, big, tall man in your easy chair, sitting staring at the fire."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Lizzie. And she marched courageously into the room where sat our hero.

Mr. Markleman stared equally hard at her. Mr. Moses Gibbs, real estate and insurance agent, had mentioned an old woman. His ideas of old age must have been singular in the extreme. But he recovered his self-possession almost immediately.

"No sir," said Miss Wyman, still sorely puzzled. "I'm Lizzie."

"O, Lizzie, eh? Well, it's just the same. I dare say you didn't expect me just yet!"

"No, sir, I certainly did not," said Lizzie, beginning to wonder whether or not she was dreaming.

"Things look nice and comfortable here, Lizzie, my girl, and now the best thing you can do will be to toss me a little bit of supper—sausages or broiled ham, or something of that sort, and be quick about it, for I'm half-finished. And, Lizzie, you might send the other girl out for any little trifle you want in the culinary department. Of course, though," he added, as he drew out a bill and extended, grand seigneur fashion, toward the astonished damsel, "I shan't expect to keep two girls as a regular thing, although I must hunt up a man to take care of the horses. Now run along and make haste."

Lizzie Wyman retreated back upon Sue Haring with the money in her hand, scarlet with suppressed mirth.

"Sue," she cried, the instant the door was safely closed, "I see it all!"

"The man is an escaped lunatic, isn't he? Dear, dear, we shall all be murdered," cried Sue, growing hysterical.

"Nothing of the sort!" said Lizzie, energetically. "He has only made a dreadful blunder. Can't you see, Sue, it's the old bachelor who has taken the place next door?"

"O," aspirated Sue, with the sparkles of amusement beginning to come into her eyes.

"But, Lizzie, what are you going to do?"

"To cook him the best supper I can and afterward explain to him his mistake in the politest manner possible.