Specimen Copy

DENTON JOURNAL.

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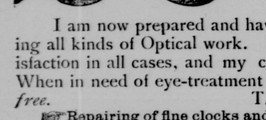

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I. T. SAULSBURY, Ridgely.

For Rent.

The Brick Hotel, Denton, is for rent for the year 1894. Possession will be given before if desired. J. H. VANGESEL.

THE STORM WIND.

O storm wind of the mountain, speeding fleet
From cloud washed peak to cloud washed peak,
How free
And strong and terrible thou art! The sea
Bred thee in her vast womb, the offspring meet
Of her supreme espousals with the heat
And passion of the sky. Thy sire to thee
Gave as thy dower all power, that thou shouldst be
Monarch and lord where'er thy fierce wings beat.

The forests at thy feet fall down in fear;
The fair frail mist shapes cower in awful dread,
Or clamoring flee thy trumpet tones to hear.

But thou goest on unstaid, as God's voice sped
Down chaos at the first, and sphere on sphere
The rolling worlds to ordered being led.

O wind implacable and stern as fate,
Thou art the messenger of God, to cry
His coming through the heavens high
And to proclaim it sure, though it be late.

Rush on thy course like his consuming hate!
Be like his flame omnipotent and fly
To make earth ready for his drawing nigh
In glory measureless and uncreate!

Speed on thy way ineffable and grand!
Be as the breath of God himself to purge
From all uncleanness. Let no foul thing stand,

Affronting day! Sweep with resistless surge
And with thy mighty besom cleanse the land
Till thy triumphant cry is evil's dirge!
—Arlo Bates in Harper's.

GOOD LUCK.

These things befell at the Hotel de la Grande Concorde at Nice. They tend to show on what a slender thread of chance is sometimes suspended the mysterious barrier which to poor humanity makes "all the difference"—even the difference between life and death.

The table d'hote breakfast in the great salle was nearly over. The guests had mostly risen, some to saunter in the pleasant grounds, others to go to their rooms to make preparations for expeditions farther afield, all alike more or less bent on draining to the dregs the cup of pleasure which in Nice is always bubbling to the brim. But at the end of the long table two groups, sitting near each other and similarly composed, yet having no connection, still lingered over the grapes and peaches.

The tall, dark man deep in conversation with Mrs. Vanhuysen, the pretty American widow, was Prince Demetrius Spanboff, a Russian official high in favor with the czar, who, having worked hard for 11 months of the year at swelling the chain gangs to Siberia, was spending the twelfth as a holiday in the sunny south. At home in St. Petersburg the prince was a silent enigma, carrying dread in his frown and his smile alike. Here in the Riviera he was a chattering schoolboy, dividing his time pretty equally between the Casino at Monte Carlo and the offering of perfectly harmless homage to the fair American.

It was the last day of his holiday, and the chance acquaintance which had been so pleasant for the last few weeks was to come to an end that afternoon with the prince's departure northward by the rapide. The lady must have been persuading him to prolong his stay despite the call of duty, for as she rose and swept gracefully toward one of the open French windows she said in a voice loud enough to reach the other group:

"Only a week; it is such a short time. You have been so kind and good I am sure you could spare me that."

The prince rose also, and following with his hand on his heart made answer:

"Madame, you ask what is impossible and what gives me pain the most exquisite to refuse. Would that I could remain, but my time is up, and his majesty has need of me."

"I want you a good deal more than the czar does," said Mrs. Vanhuysen. "Come into the garden, prince. I must see if I can't upset your determination."

The moment she had stepped through the window with Spandoff in attendance the other pair of lingerers raised their eyes to each other. Of this couple the man was also tall and distinguished, but he was very fair, and his accent suggested a German origin. The lady's ancestry may have been Austro-Polish, but she lived in the present, and for the present she was entirely cosmopolitan. She was of singularly pale complexion and had large, quietly contemplative eyes.

When Mrs. Vanhuysen was not present, the men staying in the hotel voted her attractive, but the women shrugged their shoulders. The man was known as Baron Kolnitz, the lady as Mme. Mosenthal, and they were supposed to be brother and sister. As a matter of fact they were not related, and their names were quite different, but that has nothing to do with the story.

They gazed long and earnestly. The man was the first to break silence.

"It will upset all our plans if she does prevail on him to stay," he said in the guttural accents of his race. "Who can say what a woman will do? She may put her soul into the job, now at the last moment, and disorganize everything. Our mission would then have to be attempted in this crowded hotel if we are to give him his quietus by the 15th."

"The date matters little, I fancy, so long as he never sees St. Petersburg again," said Mme. Mosenthal.

The baron shrugged his shoulders.

"You make no allowance for my feelings," he replied. "I have planned everything to a nicety; I have spent 500 francs in squaring the guard of the rapide, Francois Petre, to do our bidding; our own escape is arranged with certainty, and yet you ask to view the overthrow of our plans with complaisance."

"It will be time enough to grumble when cause arises," returned the lady. "For myself, I do not anticipate any change in the programme. Would it not be well to recapitulate the chief points in it, now that we have the opportunity?" she added, glancing round the room, which was deserted save for the presence of the head-waiter, busy at a distant buffet and well out of earshot.

Kolnitz satisfied himself with a stealthy glance in the same direction and proceeded to enumerate his points with the gusto of an artist well pleased with his own design.

"The train by which the prince is to travel," he whispered, "leaves here at 3:30 this afternoon. We also travel by that train, but at first not together. We arrive early at the station and take our tickets to Paris, but we do not know each other—you and I. When the train comes in, I proceed to any apartment I may select—full or empty, all the same, it does not matter which. But on you at this stage everything depends. Till the moment of departure you remain in the waiting room. Then, as if distracted at the thought of losing your train, you rush on to the platform.

"Francois Petre, the guard, already squared with my 500 francs, is on the look out. He bundles you with many apologies into the coupe reserved for our good friend, the prince. Spandoff will recognize you as a fellow guest at his hotel, and as you are pretty when—pardon me—Mme. Vanhuysen is not by for comparison, he will be civil. You also are civil, though very sad at first at the absense of your brother, who, you suppose, has through his foolishness lost the train. The prince consoles you; you are consoled, and by the time Marseilles is reached you are sufficiently friendly to ask favor. The train is just about to start again. I present myself at the door of the coupe, and a great scene of happiness ensues. I have been in the train all the while, but missed you somehow at Nice station.

"There is no time for explanation—may I jump in? You appeal to the prince—he cannot refuse—and I jump. The train goes on. It is dark now, and presently a something which was once a too zealous Russian official is flung out on to the line at a desolate place. At Lyons two wearied travelers, not a bit like you and I, leave the train and cut across country to Geneva. By the time that thing in the desolate place is discovered we are lost in the crowd and gone on our several ways."

Kolnitz checked himself at a muttered "Hush!" from his companion, and Mrs. Vanhuysen entered the salle—this time by the door, presumably to go to her own apartments.

The effect upon the two conspirators was simultaneous and decided. Kolnitz muttered a gutteral German oath and stared blankly at madame, in whose wide, open eyes a look of trouble was gathering.

"Did you hear that?" hissed the baron. "It is as I feared. The whole pretty fabric falls. The prince is to stay for a week."

"Control yourself," whispered the woman. "Yes; I heard plainly enough. She told the waiter to inform the maitre d'hotel that the apartments of M. le Prince are retained for a week certain. That walk in the grounds has done it evidently."

They sat quite still, pondering deeply for some moments. At length the baron rose.

"I feel," he said, "like a playwright who on the eve of the production of his masterpiece is told to change his plot, his scenery and some of his characters, retaining the stars of the piece, and yet to be ready at the appointed hour. No matter. We shall kill somehow before the 15th. But for myself, I feel no longer like work for today. I shall seek distraction at the tables at Monte Carlo and not return till midnight. Will you accompany me?"

"I will join you later in the day," she replied. "I cannot dismiss our purpose from my mind so easily. I shall go to my room to rest and think. I must study Mme. Vanhuysen and the prince, and perhaps I shall be able to hit upon some new idea. I will meet you at the Casino in time for dinner, and we can return together."

It was not till 4 o'clock that Mme. Mosenthal emerged from her room, ready dressed for her trip to join the baron at Monte Carlo. She had some little time to spare before the train to the gambling resort was due to start, and she decided to employ the interim in prospecting the movements of the intended victim. To this end, however, it was necessary that she should scrape acquaintance with Mrs. Vanhuysen and study her relations with Spandoff more closely.

Madame proceeded to the garden at the rear of the hotel. Here there was a fountain, and chairs were set out under the trees for the use of the visitors. The Russian was nowhere to be seen, but there was Mrs. Vanhuysen, seated quite alone and pensively watching the play of the spiral jets.

It was an opportunity too good to be lost. The adventuress approached and, seating herself in the chair near by, remarked on the beauty of the scene. Mrs. Vanhuysen's reply was as brief as was consistent with politeness.

"I hear that the prince is to stay here for a week. That will be very charming for you," proceeded madame, nothing daunted. "Pardon me, but we have noticed that he seems greatly smitten."

Mrs. Vanhuysen stared at her with unfeigned astonishment. "You—you must have been real smart to do that," she blurted out at length, surprised into the language of the States.

She who called herself Mosenthal nodded and smiled. "It is too plain for error, madame," she simpered. "Will he spend much of his time at the tables think you?"

The intrusion was being pushed too far to please even American free-and-easiness.

"I cannot say," replied Mrs. Vanhuysen; "neither can I see that it concerns you. But," she added, and rose joyfully from her chair, "here he comes himself. You had better ask him."

The adventuress rose also and looked around. A well dressed, dapper looking man with a traveling bag in his hand and a railway rug over his shoulder was advancing from the hotel.

"That" said Mme. Mosenthal, "that is not Prince Spandoff."

"Who said it was?" snapped Mrs. Vanhuysen. "But it is the prince I am mostly concerned in, and the one you have been talking about, I guess, seeing you knew he was to be here for a week—my affianced husband, John C. Prince of Denver, U. S. A., very much at your service. Spandoff left by the rapide an hour ago. He is well on his way to Russia by this. How are you, Johnnie?"

And while a pale faced woman with mad eyes and twitching fingers walked slowly away, the pretty widow was telling her lover how chummy she had been with a real live prince, and how she had tried and failed to make him stay for their wedding.

At which John C. Prince of Denver smiled content.—Million.

The Maxims of a Sage.

He who foresees never acts.

The greatest things are done by the greatest fools.

Wise men never attempt anything.

When you lose a leg, begin at once to practice with a wooden one.

Men's motives are mercifully hidden by their shirt fronts.

Observe moderation in all things, especially in virtues.

The best way to make a man honest is to make him ashamed of being found out.

There may be pride even in confessing mistakes.

Everybody says that gentle birth is an accident, and everybody treats it as an achievement.

The most charming attribute of friendship is the right of candor.

Cheerfulness may be an admirable cloak.

Nothing more saddens us than a friend's success.

United States Mints.

According to Thorne, the first building erected in any portion of the United States by authority of the federal government was the United States mint in Philadelphia. This building was of brick and stood on the east side of Seventh street, above what is now called Filbert street. The corner-stone was laid July 31, 1792, by David Rittenhouse, the director of the mint. About the year 1831-2 the mint was removed to the building at Juniper and Chestnut streets. In 1835 branch mints were established at New Orleans, Charlotte, N. C., and at Dahlonega, Ga.; in 1854 at San Francisco and in 1870 at Carson City, Nev., and later at other points.

Fancy Names For the Pansy.

Though there are lovelier and more magnificent flowers than it, yet the pansy may be regarded as a general favorite. It is for this reason, perhaps, that it has so many popular names. By some it has been called heartsease; but, says Meehan's Monthly, this title rightfully belongs to the wallflower, because of its supposed virtues as a cordial. There is no doubt, however, that in various times and places the pansy has been styled by the following curious budget of epithets: Herb trinity (from its three colors), Love-and-idle, Kiss-me-ere-I-rise, Jump-up-and-kiss-me and Three-faces-under-a-hood.

How to Widen a Narrow Dress Skirt.

A putty colored brocade evening dress, covered with flowers, has a skirt arranged in a style which will certainly be of assistance in suggesting changes in evening gowns which are not wide enough. It opens on one side the entire length, and under it is inserted a single box plait of pink satin, which reveals itself as the wearer moves. The same treatment has been introduced on the other side, but only from the foot half way up the dress.

CARVER ON SHOOTING

WHY A MARKSMAN CAN SOMETIMES HIT AND SOMETIMES CAN'T.

If a Man Gets Nervous, He May Not Be Able to Hit a Balloon, and Again He May Make a Bullseye at Two Hundred Yards if He Is Feeling All Right.

Dr. Carver, the champion rifle shot of the world, so widely known by the Indians of the great west as the "Spirit Gun," explained to a reporter yesterday why it was that dead shots, cowboys and other western and southern characters, accustomed from childhood to the use of revolvers and rifles, would make remarkably bad scores when laboring under the slightest excitement.

"Why," said the doctor, "I have known men who could snuff a candle at 40 paces with a 6-shooter go out into the middle of the street and empty a gun at some fellow who was blazing away at them a short distance off and never touch their man. It makes a heap of difference to most men when they are squinting along the barrel of a winchester or over the sight of a 6-shooter whether they are cutting loose at an inanimate target or looking into the muzzle of a gun. I don't mean to say that they become frightened, as I have seen many men who didn't know the sensation of fear and who take pride in their marksmanship get wrought up to such a frenzy by being opposed to any one that they get into a state of nervous excitement that renders it almost an impossibility to hit anything. There was a shooting match between two 'bad men' at Plum Creek across a billiard table. Neither flinched, and both emptied their guns, and both men were hit but once, and that exactly in the same place. They had each thrown their arm forward over the heart to protect it, and both were hit in the arm near the elbow, the other shots flying wide of the mark, causing a stampede and wrecking some of the glassware.

"The same thing applies to big game shooting. When you take a quail or snipe shooter—a man who rarely misses in the field, and let him be ever so good a wing shot—lead him out into the timber or on the prairie and show him a moose, bear or elk, it is a hundred to one that he will miss the animal altogether. Good shots have been known to empty the magazine of a winchester at the first big animal they ever fired at, and then become mortified to see the animal trot off uninjured. Of course this is not fear; it is excitement. It is known to all hunters as 'buck ague,' and few indeed there are who have not experienced it some time in their lives.

"There are men, however, who never shoot except to kill their man. They are invariably cold blooded, iron nerved, desperate men, who have devoted their lives to hunting men or protecting themselves and who experience as little excitement while being shot at and shooting at a man as the old hunter does while pursuing his favorite game. These men carry the best revolvers obtainable, their pistols always being of the largest caliber and single action, for a cowboy or an Indian will have nothing to do with a selfcocker. Such men wear their guns in such a manner as to be able to drop their hand upon them without any false motion or awkward gestures and wear them where it is impossible for them to get caught in the clothing in the act of drawing.

"One of the coolest things I ever saw was a man who had terrorized western Missouri for a long time after the close of the war, and who had emptied his 6-shooter at a party of men opposed to him and his side during one of those factional fights that still occur in that section. After emptying his gun, instead of attempting to seek shelter, he rode boldly out into the town and sat upright in the saddle coolly reloading his pistol while under fire, and having satisfied himself that he was ready for battle again, he whirled around and did some very effective work until the opposition made it so hot for his party that they retreated, fighting down a side street, and escaped across the broad creek that ran through the edge of the town. It is the same with the shooter as it is with the billiard, baseball, racquet or tennis player. he must be in good form to do his best."

Dr. Carver is an old buffalo hunter and tells how, in the early days when buffalo shooting, he stayed in one locality until game got rather scarce. Then he met some Indians who spoke of a big herd further up the river and said that in this herd was a white buffalo.

"Now," said the doctor, "ever since I began shooting and roping buffalo I had heard about white buffalo and was pretty anxious to see one. I moved camp and got up in the vicinity of the big herd. I located them and did one or two days' shooting without discovering the white buffalo. I had really not expected to see one, as I did not believe there was such a thing in existence. One afternoon, however, I came upon a small herd near the mouth of a canyon, and to my surprise and delight I saw right in the middle of the bunch, feeding with the rest, the white buffalo himself.

"I immediately determined to have this animal, if I was obliged to kill a horse to get him, and I nearly did kill Red Dips, one of the best horses I ever owned, for I drove up this canyon, dropping a buffalo here and there, and after a hard ride, when my poor horse was nearly fagged out, I was in despair, as the white buffalo remained right in the middle of the herd, where it was impossible for me to drop him. However, a lucky shot dropped a cow in the center and well in advance of the herd. Then the bunch split, one-half turning sharp to the right, and the other half keeping right on.

"Among those turning to the right was the white buffalo. As the animal swung around I got a good look at what I had been spoiling my best horse for and wearing myself out to kill, and what do you suppose it was?—a big white Texas steer, that had evidently been brought up in some herd and strayed away and joined this band of buffalo. It is needless to say that I checked my horse and rode slowly back to camp without an effort to even get revenge for the long ride or to spoil the Indians' pet white buffalo story by killing the closest resemblance to one that I think ever existed on the plains."—Indianapolis Journal.

Pane of Glass With a History.

The old Nypano depot at Meadville is being torn down. It was on a pane of glass in this depot that John Wilkes Booth cut with a diamond the date of Abraham Lincoln's assassination several months before the president was shot. The date of the glass and the date of the shooting did not correspond, but it showed the deed was in contemplation. The pane of glass is now in the national museum at Washington.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

News and Notes.

Electric railroads along country roads are sure to be a reality ere long. A body of Kansas farmers are said to be developing a plan for building such a road 500 miles long. In Connecticut dozens of schemes are on foot for connecting towns and villages with electric lines.

The wet, cold weather is reported to have killed off many young pigs, thus decreasing the future hog crop.

Damage to wheat from the Hessian fly in Michigan, Indiana and Ohio is reported and from the chinchbug in Kansas.

The export of agriculture implements from the United States is increasing, and the Argentine Republic is one of our best customers.

An unusually large acreage of potatoes has been planted.

The Boiling Point.

By the boiling point is meant that temperature at which any particular liquid will boil, boiling being a passing into vapor with ebullition. It varies for different substances, but is always the same for a given substance if the pressure and other conditions are unchanged. The ordinary pressure is that of the atmosphere at the sea level—viz, about 15 pounds to the square inch. If the pressure is reduced, as by going up on a high mountain or by experimenting in a partial vacuum, the boiling point will be much lowered. And, on the other hand, increased pressure will raise it. In every case it indicates that amount of heat energy which is necessary in order to overcome the cohesive force of the liquid and the pressure on its surface in order that the molecules may pass off as vapor. While a liquid is boiling the temperature remains constant, the heat which is continually supplied being used up in converting new particles of the liquid into vapor, doing internal work by overcoming the cohesion of the molecules. The presence of salt in water raises its boiling point, and when it passes off in vapor the salt is left behind. The material of the containing vessel also has an effect upon the boiling point. Under fixed conditions sulphurous acid boils at 13.10 degrees; ether, 96.3; carbon bisulphide, 118.5; wood spirit, 151.3; ethylic (ordinary) alcohol, 173; water, 212; sulphuric acid, 620; mercury, 662.

Seal of the United States.

The first device for a seal of the United States was prepared under the direction of Benjamin Franklin, John Quincy Adams and Thomas Jefferson, who had been appointed a committee for that purpose July 14, 1776. On one side of the design offered were the Goddesses of Liberty and Justice, and around them were grouped the arms of all the European nations; on the other were—above, the pillar of fire and below, Pharaoh and his chariots overthrown in the Red sea. This design, however, was not approved, and it was not until 1782 that a final decision in regard to the matter was reached. In that year a committee who had been appointed by congress submitted a design drawn by William Barton of Philadelphia, which on June 20 was approved and finally adopted as the great seal of the United States. The obverse of this was the device, familiar to all, of an eagle bearing on his breast the national escutcheon, holding in his right talon an olive branch and in his left a bunch of 13 arrows. Above his head were 13 stars surrounded by a halo or glory and a scroll bearing the legend, "E Pluribus Unum."

Animals as Weather Clerks.

It is the old world saying that "the pigs can see the wind," their behavior long before any disturbance of the atmospheric status quo has reached our senses implying that they are in possession of faculties we know not of. Precisely as the cat can hear and the dog can smell things that escape our organs, so does the vulture see objects that elude our sight and the domestic fowl possess capacities of divination denied to her superiors. To him who has watched the fields it is no unusual thing to have seen the cattle take precautions against a shower before any premonition of its coming had otherwise reached him, and the sheep seek the shelter of the wood or of a hillside in preparation for disturbances of the atmosphere that to us have made no sign.

Letter Boxes on Street Cars.

A novel postal experiment has been tried in Huddersfield and apparently with complete success. It consists in attaching letter boxes to the tramcars in which letters can be posted as these vehicles are traversing the suburbs, the boxes being cleared by the postoffice officials on the arrival of the cars in town. As an example of the convenience to the residents in the outside districts it is noted that the boxes cleared at 8:30 p. m. include letters posted at Lindley, Bradley, Almondbury and Crosland Moor after 8 o'clock, all in time for the London, Midland, Scotch and Irish mails, for which the box at the central office closes at 8:45. If a person desires to stop a car for the purpose of posting a letter, a penny has to be paid, which is placed by the conductor in the farebox. The public, however, seem to have eagerly availed themselves of the privilege. On the opening day the number of letters dropped into these traveling boxes exceed 500.—London News.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's Rare Jewels.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has some splendid jewels. One of the ornaments which she values very much is a decoration given her by the sultan of Turkey. It is of diamonds and rubies. A very splendid diamond was recently purchased by Mr. Reid for his wife, and is now being cut in Antwerp by one of the most skilled lapidaries in the world.—New York Recorder.

With a Grain of Salt.

Mrs. Hicks—I saw it stated in a paper that mosquitoes have 22 teeth.

Hicks—Then they probably have 11.

Mrs. Hicks—Why 11?

Hicks—It isn't safe to believe over half you see in the papers.—Truth.

"Punch In the Presence of the Passenjare."

The stanza so familiar to New Yorkers a few years ago, beginning, "Punch, brothers, punch with care," is attributed to Mark Twain and runs as follows:

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

Punch, brothers; punch with care,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

The Plumed Knight.

The title of the "Plumed Knight" was conferred upon James G. Blaine by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll in a speech made at the national Republican convention at Cincinnati in 1876. Colonel Ingersoll said: "Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every defamer of this country and maligner of its honor."

Headquarters.

"My headquarters are in the saddle" is a phrase attributed to General Pope during the war when asked by the government where he proposed to make his headquarters. The phrase caught on and soon became synonymous with close attention to duty and unvarying vigilance.

Flag and Sword.

Numbered with notable objects in the Venezuelan exhibit at the World's fair is the flag carried by Pizarro and his followers during the conquest of Peru. The sword of Cortez is included in the exhibit from Mexico.

Almost on Time.

In a country town not 20 miles from this, there used to be a bus driver who very often forgot his customers. A lady and her daughter anxious to connect with a train for New York gave strict injunctions for him to come for them in good season. He was leisurely stopping at the door and positively assured his passengers that he could easily get them there, but half a mile from the depot they were enraged to see the train go away without them. "Waal," said the driver, "I got ye most there, anyhow."—Springfield Homestead.

A Fair Exchange.

Angry Poet (rushing into the office)—See here, sir! That check you sent me for my poem is no good!

Editor (coldly)—Neither was the poem. Shut the door, please.—Life.

DETAILS OF DRESS.

A Word as to Skirt Trimmings—Favorite Bodice For Washing Materials.

Remember to grasp your nettle as regards fashion. Half measures will not do. The bands that go round the skirt will diminish your height if you do not bring them up far enough. When they reach to the hips, they lose this effect, and the newest style of trimming is three bands—one at the foot, one about the knee and one at the hip. A single deep flounce from the knee is well worn, but it should be gored. Nearly all the flounces are now straight, and whether many or few the very newest edging for them in Paris is a narrow white lace about half an inch wide. But in choosing a skirt you must also have a proper petticoat, cut in the new style, to go with it.

Many silks will be covered either with whole skirts of guipure or fancy net or with some sort of grenadine, and the newest of this class of goods has thick spots in-

CROSSOVER BLOUSE FOR COTTON DRESS.

terwoven at intervals, shot throughout and then scattered over with snowflakes. Another novelty is a check grenadine with a raised spot at each intersection and of distinct color, such as gray on gold, black on pink.

So important have sleeves become and so much room do they take up that hostesses are beginning to complain that with the new styles their tables will not accommodate as many guests at dinner as heretofore.

Elbow sleeves are generally composed of one gigantic puff caught up in the center. One of the newest Parisian sleeves for day wear describes three large graduated puffs to the elbow, the largest at the top, divided by satin rouleaux, a class of trimming which seems essential to every gown. From elbow to wrist the sleeve is tight and plain.

This is to be a season of cotton goods, and simple designs for gowns that must be done up in the home laundry meet with great favor. Perhaps as popular and practical as any is the crossover blouse here depicted. In this case there is a vest of embroidery with very high folded collar, the sleeves are quite plain, and the fronts of the bodice consist of two scarf pieces plaited into the shoulder. They cross to the back and there tie in a bow.

How the Watch Is Worn.

Fashions change from year to year with respect to watches, and the bracelet set with a minature timepiece is as out of date as the chatelaine hooked on the waist. There are only two really fashionable ways of wearing a watch—either concealed in the bosom of the dress, the short chain with its weighted ball alone visible, or suspended to a brooch, more or less in the form of a bow, fastened to the side of the bodice like a decoration. In this form, when the brooch and watch case are set with diamonds, it is admissible as an evening ornament. Of course the watch is small. The long, fine gold chains, with pearls introduced at intervals, and the chains composed of small diamonds strung together by fine silver wire are reserved for the eyeglass.

Very Dainty Accessories.

A novelty which is, in fact, like most of our novelties, only an old fashion revived, is this charming small cape of black satin with a frill of cream colored lace above. It

CAPE AND PARASOL.

is fastened round the throat with a ruche of black satin and tied across the bust with bands of black satin ribbon, which pass under the arms and tie into a bow in the center of the waist at the back. The parasol is mostly a thing of lace and satin, befitting the artistic garments with which it is carried.

Fashion Echoes.

The dark girl is to the fore again. Deep chestnut hair is the color of the moment.

Little children are wearing quaint Dutch bonnets.

Four buttons will be the rule this year for kid gloves in all the fashionable colors.

Mousquetaire gloves without buttons have always a following for afternoon.

The newest thing in a sailor hat is made of white kid decorated with a bunch of spring flowers.

Antelope leather has found great favor for all kinds of fashionable knickknacks in the way of writing cases, cardcases, bags, etc.

The veils have pretty designs in jet, and some of the shaped veils are burdered with baby ribbon.

The Growth of the Finger Nails.

The philosophy of the finger nails is a most interesting study, simple though it may appear at first sight.

It has been computed that the average growth of the finger nails is one-thirty-second of an inch per week, or a little more than an inch and a half per year. The growth, however, depends to a great extent upon the rate of nutrition, and during periods of sickness it is undoubtedly retarded.

It is understood to grow faster in summer than in winter and differs for different fingers, being most rapid in the middle finger and slowest in the thumb and little finger.—Philadelphia Times.

In wood ashes is furnished one of the most serviceable manurial substances for peat or muck soils.