

**A Suggestion.**  
"Air—'Something That Nobody Knows.'  
For the topical questions one hears every day,  
Or else on the shelf let us put them away,  
And no longer the torture endure,  
We have heard of the mother-in-law till we're  
tired,  
The stay-at-the-club man is dead;  
Don't you think they'd enjoy it if they could be  
dead?  
When our late friend reproves his head?  
"Ask McGinty."  
Put along with the rest the old ice-cream joke  
stale,  
This weather has melted it quite,  
And the baby that makes a pedestrian pale  
And the tack on the door at night  
Chuck in that old stove pipe and poems on  
spring.  
Along with the "beautiful snow,"  
And if you should wish to find out anything  
As to how they are doing below—  
"Ask McGinty."  
The festive front gate and the coal bill so steep,  
The dog and the stern parent's boot,  
Let us gather them in for a long solemn sleep,  
And let them all rustle down in chute,  
And after this funeral the curious man  
That wants to these things a reply,  
We smile a faint smile that is child-like and  
bland  
And to say—"If you want to know why  
Ask McGinty."  
McGINTY'S WIFE.  
Buffalo, Jan. 6th, 1900.

**The International Band.**  
Mamma's got a headache pain,  
And had to go to bed again,  
And Mary's gone after doctor's stuff,  
As if poor mamma hadn't enough!  
And we must be the best of boys,  
And never make a bit of noise;  
And we will be just terrible good,  
I promised Mary that I would;  
So come on boys and lead a band;  
And we will play at German Band.  
I know 'twon't hurt dear mamma's head,  
'Cause you can't hear nuthin' when you're in  
bed.  
Now, Ted, you take the big tin pan,  
And bang it hard as ever you can,  
And Jack will take the shovel and tongs  
And beat the time to all our songs;  
The dinner horn will just suit me,  
And how I'll blow it you shall see;  
And I will be the leader, too,  
Now we are ready to begin.  
Ted, here's a spoon to strike the tin,  
Now, bootee-toe! and a him, him, bang!  
And a too-who-who! and a rum, bum, clang!  
And a cling-a-ling! and with foot and hand,  
Ho-rah! for the American German band.  
"Why, mamma, we didn't never know  
Our music could have hurt you so!  
We fought—you know you said so, Fred—  
'Zat you can't hear nuthin' when you're in bed.  
And we were the best of boys—  
And nobody calls music noise!"  
—Oliver Harper in Sunny Hour.

**How Women Should Walk.**  
Have you noticed how few women walk  
gracefully nowadays? It is unusual to see  
a woman carry her head and shoulders well  
and step out freely with a poetical grace of  
movement. The majority waddle, strut or  
bounce. The school girl trips or hurries  
along head forward. The loitering shopper  
goes on her way with a lolling step. The  
young woman studying art, music, or for  
the drama lets her flapping, esthetic cloak  
hang loosely open as she saunters among a  
crowd, her step as preoccupied as her  
dreamy gaze. The tailor-made girl, severely  
buttoned to the chin, has a stride exactly  
like her brother's. Observe, if you please,  
the swaying, side-long, wish-awash of that  
overdressed girl wearing a satin gown on a  
wet day. Though you cannot see her shoes,  
you know from the way she rests, first on  
one foot and then on the other, that they are  
too tight. We meet at every turn the girl  
who runs out her chin, who sways her  
arms and who carries one shoulder  
higher than the other. The undulating  
movement which should be natural to  
women seems to have disappeared.  
Modjeska is one of the few women in New  
York who walk well. She has the gait of  
a goddess. To see her move is satisfying in  
one way and tantalizing in another—you  
wonder so how she does it.  
You have doubtless watched a panther  
pacing backward and forward in his cage.  
How like velvet is his step! How regular,  
how easy, yet full of repressed strength!  
Men who have devoted many years to the  
study of physical culture say a panther and  
a woman should get over the ground in the  
same easy, dignified way. If you would  
walk well, girls, study the panther in  
the park, then go and do likewise. A good  
way to practice is to start on a fine, bracing  
morning for a straight three-mile stretch  
and cover it at an even pace. Wear warm  
wraps, but leave your corset at home. Cor-  
duroy makes an excellent walking suit. A  
few days since I met a party of three girls  
in the upper part of Central Park, each one  
a symphony in brown corduroy made with  
skirts of ankle length and Norfolk jackets.  
Fore and aft caps of shaggy tweed and bear-  
skin capes completed the costume, which  
seemed by right to belong to the heroine of  
one of Wm. Black's highland tales.—New  
York Herald.

**Drinking a Matter of Habit.**  
I will show, I think, by a single illustration,  
that drinking is a mere matter of  
habit. Without the slightest fear of con-  
tradiction, I assert that there are at least  
200,000 men in this city who drink every  
day in the week spirituous liquors and  
never think of touching a drop on Sunday.  
Now run through your own acquaintances  
and you will without trouble find scores  
and scores who never touch a drop of liquor  
in their own homes, but who on the floor  
of the Exchange, on the street, in the  
restaurant, in the cafe, at the stand-up bar  
are good fellows along that line of  
entertainment, spending their money  
freely—not because they or those  
whom they entertain care especially  
for the drink, but that they may have a  
social interchange of courtesy and personal  
regard. This is their habit during six  
working days of the week. On Sundays  
they rarely leave their homes save to go to  
church, possibly to take a drive, now and  
then for a stroll, but thousands upon  
thousands, and scores of thousands of men  
content themselves on Sunday with their  
reading, their writing, playing with the  
children, receiving friends, literally resting  
from the labor of the rest of the week.  
Sometimes they drink at home, but in a  
vast majority of cases not a drop on Sun-  
day. Because it is Sunday? Not at all,  
but because being out of the ordinary day  
work-day week, away from the opportuni-  
ties, they never think of it.—Joe Howard in  
Chicago News.

**Beasily Escaped.**  
"I hear you were rescued from the  
clutches of a grizzly last summer. Narrow  
escape, that?"  
"Yes; it was a pretty tight squeeze."

**MUST LAUGH HIS LIFE AWAY.**  
Story of a Georgia Man's Singular Paralytic  
Affliction.  
Joseph Oscar Johnson was sent to Ross  
home a few days ago, and his case is prob-  
ably one of the most remarkable that ever  
went to that or any other hospital, says the  
Macon (Ga.) Telegraph. He is a paralytic,  
and one side is entirely useless. The stroke  
came on him some two months ago. He is  
a locomotive engineer, and was able to  
make a good living. He had seen a good  
deal of the world, and generally saw the  
bright side of it. It was in the town of  
Clinton, S. C., that the stroke came on him.  
He was on a run that carried him into that  
town. He was one day doing some work  
on his engine and talking to some one  
standing near. At the moment he received  
the blow he was in the act of laughing, and  
strange to say the muscles and nerves of the  
face that are brought most into play in the  
act of laughing are the ones that are most  
affected, and over these he has no control  
whatever. He feels, of course, like there is  
little left for him to live for, being utterly  
helpless, and it is necessarily a sad thought  
to him. But he cannot think of it nor tell  
his troubles, and the doubts and fears that  
torment him without laughing. He  
has a wife and five children, and when his  
affliction came upon him he  
went to his father-in-law, who lived in  
Wilmington, N. C., and told him of his  
condition and of his inability to care fur-  
ther for his family, and telling him at the  
same time that for himself he did not wish  
to be a burden upon any one, but would go  
somewhere and seek seclusion and calmly  
await the closing of what was henceforth  
to be a useless life. The recital of his part-  
ing with his wife was most pathetic and  
heartrending, yet with tears in his eyes  
and a heart full of agony he was forced to  
laugh as though he was telling the most  
ludicrous incident.  
He has wandered from one county to  
another, and has frequently gone several  
days without a morsel to eat. Recently he  
spent a night in the woods in a violent rain  
storm. His crippled leg refused to serve  
him longer, and he was compelled, without  
shelter, to take the violence of the storm.  
His thin clothing was wet to the skin, he  
suffered the pangs of hunger, and the  
recital of it made him shudder all over, yet  
he laughed all the time he was telling it.  
He was a most pitiful sight. He says he  
dare not go to church lest he be accused of  
making sport of the services and be re-  
quested to leave the church. And as for a  
funeral it would be out of the question for  
him to attend one.  
His case is a most pitiable one, and is  
the more so because he is only waiting the  
only relief possible for him, and that one  
he would hail with pleasure, and almost  
prays for.

**WHAT IT MEANS.**  
Some Startling Figures Concerning the  
Publishing Business.  
The cloud of paper flying daily from the  
printing presses is amazing to contem-  
plate. Many of the Sunday editions of  
from twelve to forty pages would carpet the  
cities where they are printed. A short time  
ago on a gala occasion the Atlanta Con-  
stitution turned out a fifty-six page edition.  
The San Francisco Examiner, at the christen-  
ing of its two monster Hoe perfecting  
presses, "Monarch" and "Jumbo," threw  
out upon a startled community forty pages  
of portraits and illustrations, and the St.  
Paul Pioneer Press came out with a sixty  
page edition describing the largest  
newspaper building in the world. For the  
600,000 edition of its pre-  
mium number The Youth's Companion,  
a Boston publication, used 125 tons  
of paper, and to illustrate the  
startling fact printed a picture of the  
Eiffel tower—1,000 feet high, and by its  
side the stack of paper piled ream on ream  
3,400 feet—three times over the height  
of the famous column. For the white  
paper of "Harper's Magazine" and "The  
Century" it costs at least \$600,000 in a  
year. Many of the presses of the metro-  
politan dailies eat up \$1,000 worth of  
blank paper in a day. Add to the morn-  
ing and evening output of these whirling  
monsters the tons upon tons of weeklies,  
monthlies and trade publications, and at  
from 4 to 10 cents per pound, one gets  
financially bewildered over the unprinted  
sheet alone. Type setting runs into the  
millions; think of the field of flying  
fingers all skilled and generously paid!  
Then the toll of the telegraph; the  
thousands of dollars for messages by  
cable under the sea; the millions  
licked through the nervous keys on  
cloud. Nothing in the way of ex-  
pense, as every reader knows, stands  
between the newspaper and its news.  
Lest the brain and brawn! An army!  
chiefs and subalterns, rank and file, day  
and night editors, correspondents and  
reporters, experts and specialists, artists  
and detectives, prize-fighters and pre-  
achers; everywhere, at all times, the pick  
of alert intelligence, the essence of quick  
thought and instant action, giving the best  
fibers of their lives for all sorts of pay (the  
ambitious hope just beyond), from the New  
York editor-in-chief at an honorarium of  
\$20,000 to the amateur "editor, sole pro-  
priator and publisher" of the Sitka Pea-  
nut, putting in his out-of-school time and  
superior intellect for real love and glory. Out  
of it all do you realize what your one-cent  
paper means and what it represents? Do  
you fully appreciate the developing marvel  
of your day and generation—the daily  
printed budget of a world?—Current Lit-  
erature.

**THE UTTERLY CORRECT YOUNG WOMAN.**  
The young woman utterly correct in  
winter garb is a strikingly picturesque  
object these days. From crown to toe she  
wears only what is chic and what at first  
sight carries the evidence of fashion's latest  
 whim. Beginning with her hat, it is a  
patent leather sailor, trimmed with a plain  
band of ribbon and reflects in the glissem-  
ing crown the upper windows of the houses she  
passes. She wears it just back of the  
waved fringe on her brow and above the  
knot of softly rolled hair. Of course she  
wears a coat of Russian sable, with a Med-  
icis collar, into which she will sink her chin  
whenever the weather is cold, but which  
during these bright, brisk days falls open,  
showing a cream silk kerchief fastened  
high at the neck with little silver pins. Her  
hands are thrust in a good-sized muff, not  
far enough to hide the thick, soft,  
dog skin gloves and the edges of  
white cuffs held together by silver  
links as thick as little ropes. As much  
of her gown as shows below her hips  
is Scotch tweed, blanket-like in its thick-  
ness, but soft and woolly. It falls in un-  
trimmed, slightly draped folds, and as she  
steps out sans dress supporter, sans steel,  
sans bustle, it clings to her limbs and its  
edges ripple and sway about her feet in a  
delightful way. Her boots have patent  
leather vamp, but tan gaiters leave only a  
little of their polish visible. If it is a gray  
day with a suggestion of coming rain in the  
air she has only one hand thrust in her  
muff, and in the other carries horizontally  
a slender, tightly rolled gold-headed  
umbrella. Do you see her in your mind's  
eye, this bright-eyed, faintly dished young  
woman, making her light, independent way  
along with a comfortable consciousness that  
she is the very pink of fashion? And do  
you think a prettier specimen of radiant  
girlhood could be found among the much-  
talked-of but flat-chested English women or  
the overdressed, tightly-laced Parisiennes?  
—New York Herald.

**A Bridge Over the Behring Straits.**  
In an age which has seen a Forth bridge  
an accomplished fact, and a bridge from  
England to France discussed and designed,  
there is nothing novel or extraordinary in  
the project which is receiving serious atten-  
tion in Russia of bridging over the Behring  
Straits. The narrowest part of the gulf  
which separates Siberia from Alaska is  
only 96 kilometers (little more than 60  
miles), and it so happens that there are  
islands in a straight line which would serve  
as points of division in the bridge and  
reduce each portion to a length consid-  
erably less than that of the proposed channel  
bridge. The compensating advantage to be  
gained by a work of such huge expense is  
not obvious, though there needs must be  
something attractive in a scheme which, if  
carried out, would seem to bring nearer  
the day when it may be possible to make  
the circuit of the globe on foot. But if, as  
we are told, the supremacy of the world in  
years hereafter is to be divided between  
Russia and America, it might be better for  
general peace if the sea remains unbridged.  
—St. James Gazette.

**Sisterly Sweetness.**  
Minnie—Mr. Binx actually proposed to  
me last night. I never was so surprised in  
all my life.  
Mamie—You needn't have been. His  
sole ambition is to be thought eccentric.

**A Frigid Reply.**  
Landlady—Was your room cold last  
night?  
Boarder—Cold? I should say it was!  
Why, I saw the paper frizzle on the wall!

**Little Dogs Bark the Most, Because that  
is all they can do.**

**A TIME LOCK SAFE.**  
A Wonderful Invention that was not Fully  
Understood by Burglars.  
When I entered the employ of Aytnie &  
Caret, the jewellers, I was shown their  
wonderful strong room. It was a wonder-  
ful piece of mechanism. Each tray of goods  
as it was lifted from the window was  
placed on a tiny tramway, which slid the  
cases into the strong room, a dial register-  
ing the number that passed in and out.  
At 7 p.m. the door closed automatically,  
and it opened at 9 in the morning, except  
on Sundays, Good Fridays and holidays,  
by means of the clock-lock.  
"But," I said, "Good Friday and  
Easter Monday are not fixed dates, so how  
is that done?"  
I was told that the works of the clock  
had a calendar barrel which arranged all  
these dates for a year, and was altered  
every 1st of January by the inventor of the  
apparatus, the foreman, a Swiss, named  
Schwarz. The room itself was built of  
cast iron bricks locked together by spring  
dove-tails. It had no windows, but was  
ventilated by holes pierced through in zig-  
zag directions, and a lamp burned there day  
and night. The clock which opened and  
shut the doors was not visible; it was built  
up in the iron wall and how it was got at  
to wind or alter it was only known to the  
inventor and the head of the firm. It kept  
absolute time, and they said it could never  
stop without warning, even if the main-  
spring snapped, but I don't know how that  
was managed. The door of the safe opened  
outward, and during the day was opened  
and shut and locked with an ordinary lock  
like any other door, and during the night no  
force save artillery or a steam ram could  
move it.  
AN ATTEMPTED BURGLARY.  
My informant then told me of an attempt  
made on the safe: "Our old housekeeper  
went away on Christmas and on December  
31 (a Friday) the firm received a letter  
(forged) from a well-known customer beg-  
ging them to take charge of a safe contain-  
ing some jewelry and a quantity of papers.  
Some vague excuse was made for not pur-  
suing the obvious course of sending such  
things to their bankers rather than their  
jewellers. A note of acquiescence was re-  
turned, per bearer, and in the evening  
little before closing time the safe arrived in  
a van. Though large, it was not heavy,  
being of wood, not iron, therefore not  
worthy of its name. It was duly deposited  
in a corner of the strong room and no one  
thought any more about it. Now inside  
that wooden box were no papers or jewelry,  
but only our old hag of a housekeeper.  
They would have made her lay hands on  
such goods only as would not be likely to  
be missed at once, and then, calling for the  
safe the next day, have got clear off with  
the plunder and left no clue. But their  
plan was too ambitious.  
HOW THE PLAN WORKED.  
"On Saturday morning Mr. Caret and  
Schwarz went into the strong room to alter  
the calendar-barrel of the clock, according  
to annual custom. They locked themselves  
in—their usual practice—but did not sus-  
pect that the old woman in the box was  
eagerly peeping from her concealment to  
see how the clock was opened. I don't envy  
her her long confinement in that box,  
though of course she was provided with  
catables and drinkables. Anyhow she  
stuck to her post, and when at 5 o'clock  
for that was our Saturday closing hour in  
those days—she heard the alarm go off and  
the door bang, I warrant she was glad to  
come out and stretch her old back. A  
little before I on Sunday morning, the time  
agreed on for the robbery, she got with her  
tools and breaks open the hidden clock  
machinery. None of her skeleton keys  
would tackle it, but a crowbar managed  
the job, for Herr Schwarz didn't expect to  
have this point attacked. She then found  
some connection with three bar-bolts which  
shot from the door of the room. She un-  
screwed these and removed the bars just  
as her husband, who was impatiently  
waiting outside, tapped at the door with  
his knuckles. She opened the door, doubt-  
less  
WITH A FEELING OF TRIUMPH,  
but as she looked up to see what made it  
move, so still, she uttered a yell of fear  
and dismay. With a noise which sounded  
on the guilty couple's ears like a clap of  
thunder, a second heavy door of solid iron,  
an armor plate four inches thick, descended  
in the groove in the lintel of the door. Be-  
fore the husband could move out of the  
way he was caught and crushed by the  
middle, lying half in and half out of the  
room.  
"On Monday morning I was the first to  
arrive, and found a policeman standing  
sentry before the shop. He said the patrol  
had reported suspicious characters loiter-  
ing around several times during the night,  
and the inspector had posted him there to  
look out. I thanked him and he entered  
with me. What was our horror at seeing  
the legs of a man protruding from under  
the door of the safe, on which appeared for  
the first time in large letters the words:  
'Stop thief!'  
THE INVENTOR'S TRAP.  
"We sent hastily for Mr. Caret, but he  
could do nothing. Schwarz alone could  
explain the mystery and release the hap-  
less wretch, who was just dead. The  
touch of a secret button caused the ponder-  
ous shield to raise again, and in the room  
we found the old woman staring and shiv-  
ering and laughing to herself in a corner;  
she was quite idiotic with the horror of  
those awful hours alone with her crushed  
husband, and died of the shock a week  
afterward."  
The explanation was simple. This  
second door acted on by an electro-magnet  
and a second set of machinery, was an  
extra precaution invented by Schwarz—a  
burglar-trap, which should come into  
operation only if the safe were opened in  
any way after being closed for the night.  
He had kept it a secret even from the head  
of the firm, and his precaution had been  
more successful than he could ever have  
anticipated. The burglars who vainly  
waited so long outside to receive the ex-  
pected plunder were never caught, but  
Messrs. Aytnie & Caret's safe has never  
since been attempted.—New York Journal.

**TO SHAVE FORTY BOILERS.**  
The Tallest Smokestack in America and  
Its Erection.  
The tallest smokestack in the United  
States and, in fact, the tallest in the  
world, designed solely for the purpose of  
providing a draught for boilers, is now  
being its final erection in Fall River, Mass.  
It is intended to meet the requirements of  
the entire steam plant of the four new  
mills of the Fall River Iron Company.  
Some idea of its size can be had from the  
following figures, furnished by the con-  
tractor. From the top of the granite  
foundation to the cap is 350 feet, the di-  
ameter at the base is 30 feet, at the top 21  
feet; the flue is 11 feet throughout, and the  
entire structure rests on a solid granite  
foundation 55x30, 16 feet deep.  
In its construction there were used  
1,700,000 bricks, 2,000 tons of stone, 2,000  
barrels of mortar, 1,000 loads of sand, 1,000  
casks of Portland cement, and the esti-  
mated cost is \$40,000. It is arranged for  
two flues 6 feet 6 inches by 6 feet, con-  
necting with forty boilers, which are to be  
run in connection with four triple-expansion  
engines of 1,350 horse power each. In  
erecting this immense shaft no outside  
staging has been used, but as the work pro-  
gressed cross pieces were set into the inner  
wall, and on these a platform laid for the  
time being. All material was carried up  
on an elevator, and self-closing hatches  
precluded the danger of either workmen or  
material falling from above.—Boston Globe.

**Twins, Triplets and Quadruplets.**  
Twins do not happen more than 300 times  
a year in a population of 1,000,000, and  
seldom hit the same family twice. Tri-  
plets are rare enough to be curiosities. It is  
estimated that not one woman in 100,000  
has given birth to three children at one  
time, and although there is on record in  
the old medical works the case of a German  
peasant woman who had twelve children at  
four births—three each time—and a Michi-  
gan woman who is given the credit of hav-  
ing produced a dozen children at five  
births in one occasion. Such in-  
stances of fecundity are rarer than new  
planets, and the lady entitled to the cake  
for having had four children at a birth is  
not to be found once in a crowd of 300,000  
married women. The woman who has  
given birth to five children at once is alone  
among 2,000,000 of her kind.—St. Louis  
Republic.  
"Like sunshine in a shady place,"  
The poet called a woman's face.  
That gladdened all who saw its beauty.  
A face, no doubt, that beamed with health,  
That beaming with it more than wealth.  
And lightens every daily duty.  
O how can woman, whose hard life  
With many a wearing pain is rife,  
Escape the grasp of such affliction,  
And be a power to bless and cheer?  
The answer comes both swift and clear—  
Take Pierce's Favorite Prescription.  
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the  
only medicine for woman's peculiar weak-  
nesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under  
a positive guarantee from the manufac-  
turers, of satisfaction being given in every  
case, or money refunded. See guarantee  
printed on bottle-wrapper.

**A Strong Man.**  
Young Hopeful—Say, pa, you must be  
pretty strong man.  
Father—Tolerably so, my son; tolerably  
so. What makes you think so?  
Young Hopeful—'Cause Uncle John said  
he went out with you the other night and  
you could carry the biggest load of any man  
he ever saw without showing it.

**An English Medical Authority**  
Affirms that the best regimen for preserving  
health may be summed up in the maxim,  
"keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the  
bowels active." There is a world of wisdom  
in the observation. Obstinate constipation,  
or costiveness, is an exciting cause of other  
diseases; and, with many persons of seden-  
tary habit, or occupations, this action of  
the bowels is a source of constant annoy-  
ance, producing piles, prolapse of the  
rectum, fistula, and various dyspeptic  
symptoms. All these are warded off, and  
health is maintained by the use of Dr.  
Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.

**Wanted to Sell Out.**  
"You are the manager of the British  
syndicate?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Well, I represent the Associated Tramps  
of New Jersey. What'll you give us for  
our cordwood sawing industry?"—New  
York Sun.

**Don't disgust everybody by hawking,  
blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's  
Catarrh Remedy and be cured.**  
**How He Got Rid of the Bore.**  
A very pious clerical friend, who had  
consumed half an hour of his valuable time  
in small talk, said to James Harper, "I am  
curious to know how you four men distribute  
the duties of the establishment between you."  
"John," said Mr. Harper, good humoredly,  
"atends to the finances, Wesley to the  
correspondence, Fletcher to the general  
bargaining with authors and others, and—  
don't you tell anybody," he said, drawing  
his chair still closer and lowering the tone  
of his voice—"I entertain the bore."  
Exchange.

**The End of It.**  
Brightfellow—Make any calls New Year's  
Day, old boy?  
Stoopid—Yes, called on Miss Goldberg.  
"Did she say it was a go?"  
"No, but her father said I might."

**DRESSES TO DANCE IN.**  
Extremes Low Necks on Young Ladies Are  
Not Approved.  
The dancing dress of to-day is a thing of  
gauze and other sheer materials. Glim-  
mer of satin and sheen of silk are for the  
time veiled by materials like the filmy  
gauzes of Indian weave, "floating air"  
and "woven mist," but made in the land  
of France and called by the less poetic  
name of chiffonnes. A few dresses for  
married ladies are made of brocades and  
satin, but for young women the embroi-  
dered lisses and tulles, or the spangled  
gauze, which look as if they might have  
belonged to the wardrobe of an Oriental  
Princess, are made up into graceful dan-  
cing gowns called "Josephine dresses,"  
with simple, straight, full skirts of gauze  
over satin and low square-necked bodices,  
which might have been modeled after the  
familiar portraits of the beautiful Em-  
press.  
The severe style of this dress, with its  
high sheen of soft surah is considered  
especially suitable for a debutante, though  
in such a case the square neck is veiled  
with lace. There is a decided objection  
among mothers to the adoption of the ex-  
treme decolete styles worn by the older  
women of society, by girls in their first or  
second season. In many cases the evening  
bodice for young ladies is merely pointed and  
filled in with lace, while the sleeve is  
entirely omitted or is an elbow sleeve.  
Other dresses for young ladies are draped  
with figured net or gauze and caught up  
with rosettes and garlands of ribbons in the  
flat effect now universally seen. Dainty  
point d'esprit, dotted in the most delicate  
manner, embroidered lisses wrought with  
tiny rosettes or some fine blossoms in pale  
green, delicate rose or yellow over satin  
make beautiful dresses.—New York Tribune.

**A Large Bed.**  
Down in one of the rooms of the Tre-  
mont House is a bedstead which strikes  
terror to the heart of every man who is  
assigned to that room. The strange feature  
about it is its immense proportions. It is  
a bed fit for, or a bed that would fit a giant,  
in the old days of a history. Years ago,  
John Wentworth used to board there, and  
this bed was constructed especially for him.  
He stopped at this hotel for a long time,  
and left there only when colored  
help was introduced. Mr. Wentworth  
did not like colored men, and he  
went over to the Sherman House to board.  
There he remained until he died. But col-  
ored men did not like Mr. Wentworth, so it  
was a sort of stand off. The big bed is still  
reserved for extra tall men. Once in a while  
a mistake will be made, and a small man  
will be assigned to the room. In such  
cases a search warrant is usually sworn out  
to find the man in the morning. This  
happened once when Frank Daniels, the  
sawed-off comedian, was given the bed, but  
he was discovered before the evening per-  
formance. They found him in one of the  
side pockets, and the next night they drew  
a fourteen-inch balk line around the bed.  
Chicago Herald.

**Major Pond says Richard A. Proctor,  
the astronomer, cleared \$31,000 in one let-  
ter season in Australia, and John B.  
Gough, Thomas Nest and others have made  
as high or higher amounts in this country.  
The Major thinks that Bill Nye is increas-  
ing his bank account by about \$1,000  
week from his writings and entertain-  
ment.**

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