

WHITHER THOU GOEST.

O Love, I cried, Thon saidst thy path was strewn
With roses, and behold my naked feet
Have trodden in crimson all thy stony street,
And faintness cometh swift upon me. Soon
Shall I fall prostrate in thy cruel way,
With eyes that seek not better night and day—
Nor any joy of all thou toldest, is won.
"Wouldest thou turn back?" said Love,
"Nay, nay, I cried, lead on!"
O Love, I cried, Thon saidst thine air was
filled
With unimagined melody; the lays
That poets whisper in their hearts; thy praise
Tumultuous, of the happy birds that build.
I hear a burden of all grief and pain—
Of harsh discords of reproach—the broken strain
Of one that by a ruined nest maketh a moan.
"Wouldest thou turn back?" said Love,
"Nay, nay, I cried, lead on!"
O Love, I cried, These be thy flowers that
spring,
Glorious with crimson stain beneath my feet;
And mine own heart makes melody more
sweet,
For memories of sorrows, than thy glad birds
sing.
Pain would I carry in this happy place,
But thou wilt hidest thine unlovely part
Toward the dark vale beyond the setting
sun.
"Wouldest thou turn back?" said Love,
"Nay, nay, I cried, lead on!"
—[Solomon Solis-Leah in 8-ribner.

A TROUBLESOME TOOTH.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

"I declare, Josi," if your head keeps
on getting bigger you'll have to
wear a peck measure 'stead of a hat!"
Mrs. Tottenham turned from the sink,
where she was peeling potatoes, and
looked pityingly at her husband. Josiah
sat near the kitchen stove, holding his
head sideways to the heat, with a most
dolorous expression on his swollen face.
"Why don't you go and get it hauled?"
continued Mrs. Tottenham, as Josiah sat
groaning and swaying in the old calico-
cushioned rocking chair. "Seems to me
'I was man I wouldn't set and suffer
as you be 'I there was a pair of pinchers
and a doctor anywhere within ten miles.
Sakes alive how you be a squirm!"
Hev it out, I say. Hain't y' got the
curry?"

Josiah Tottenham looked up pitifully,
twisting his long, lank body in the
rocking-chair until his stiff and swollen
face squarely fronted his wife. "I
daren't!" he groaned. "Lord! it jumps
w'n a grasshopper ev'ry time I think
on't. I couldn't bear to have no pinchers
scrupled into them tender gums. Oh,
Lord! Oh, Lord! Ugh-h-h-h!"
With a long, sighing groan Josiah
Tottenham drooped over the stove and
stared blankly at the teakettle before
him. Mrs. Tottenham stood in perplexed
thought for a moment. Then a definite
line of argument seemed to suggest itself
to her, and she broke out, with apparent
irrelevance:

"Josi," do you remember the time you
cut the Durham bull's tail?"
Josiah groaned affirmatively.
"How he started off on the jump 'n'
snaked 'n' all round the barnyard, 'n'
slewed y' 'n' the fence 'n' dragged y' on
yer back, but y' never let go—just hung
on like a plaster—'n' finally got y' own
knife to the right spot 'n' sliced the critter's
tail just where y' wanted to?"

For a moment Josiah forgot his trouble-
some tooth under the spell of his wife's
vivid narration of a well-remembered
triumph. He even attempted to smile,
but the twinge of pain that shot through
his nerves brought him back to the
dolorous present and he groaned aloud.
"I sez to myself that day," continued
Mrs. Tottenham, diplomatically, "there's
mighty few men 'n' compare with Josi
Tottenham for pure grit." She turned to
the pan of potatoes and worked in silence
for a minute, then resumed:

"Member the time y' kitched a tramp
asleep in the lower barn last spring 'n'
hauled him by the coat an' ducked
him in the trough?"
Josiah nodded. It was pleasant to be
entertained with reminiscences of one's
personal prowess, even though the pleas-
ure was punctuated with twinges of
toothache. "Y' know I sez to you then,"
continued Mrs. Tottenham, "that I
reckoned you wuz cut out fr a soldier 'r
some outdoor employment requirin' bravery."

Mr. Tottenham grinned complacently.
"But the best of all," exclaimed his
wife, with triumphant climacteric fervor,
"wuz when the old mare kicked y' in the
stall and broke yer leg, an' y' jest
hopped around and hitched her up an' an'
drov fr yer own doctor without sayin' a
word to nobody. I call that genoine
hee-roism, now!"

Josiah's eyes glowed. He began to
realize that he really was a man of un-
common fortitude, and he was not
unexpectantly rejoiced in the thought.
Being neither logician nor diplomat,
he did not see the point at
which the wife was driving; and when she
finally turned upon him, exclaiming,
"Josi, if I wuz such a man as you be
I'd feel ashamed to knuckle down to a
teeth-sul of a tooth," he was too as-
tonished and bewildered to reply. The
situation did seem ridiculous, he was
obliged to admit that. But, oh! those
fendish, cold, cruel, crumpling "pinch-
ers!" Suddenly a compromise occurred
to him. "Why couldn't you pull it,
Marthy?" he asked. "I seen you pull
one of Eben's teeth, once, with a string."
"Praps I could!" cried Mrs. Totten-
ham, whirling with readiness that made
Josiah start. "I guess hev a look in
your mouth, Josi."

The oddly assorted couple went to the
window—Josiah six feet four in his
stockings, and Martha four feet six in
hers. Martha Tottenham was the small-
est woman in Willowtown and Josiah
Tottenham was the largest man. Josiah
sat down in a chair facing the window
and opened his mouth as widely as he
could under the circumstances. His wife
looked into the dark cavity with the
compressed lips and frowning brow of
one whose attention is taxed to the ut-
most. "There's two or three angry
lookin' ones, Josi," she said. "Which
o' em do you s'pose 'tis?"
"The for'ard one o' the lot, I callate,"
replied Josiah. "The pain seems to
kinder creep that way."

"Wal, now you jest set right where
you be till I get a string," said Mrs.
Tottenham, moving away briskly to-
ward the pantry. Josiah's hands, grip-
ping the chair-back, as he sat facing it,
were bloodless with the intensity of his
grasp. Eben, the eldest boy, had come
in from the barn and stood stupidly star-
ing at his father.

"Goin' to have it hauled?" he asked in
an awestruck tone. His father nodded
convulsively, looking straight out of the
window up into the sky, his head tilted
back and his mouth open in anticipatory
agonies. Mrs. Tottenham came out of the
pantry with a piece of fine braided silk

ball in her hand. It was small, but
exceedingly strong and elastic. She
stood over Josiah and made a "slip-
nose" at the end of the string with the
deft thumb and finger of a practical
needlewoman. As she twisted the knot
into shape Josiah winced.
"Open your mouth wider, Josi," said
his wife, firmly. Josiah made a painful
attempt to comply. The muscles of his
lips twitched and his eyes bulged out as
if he were being choked. A horrible fasci-
nation drew Eben closer to the chair of
torture. There Mrs. Tottenham was
as keenly as his father, yet he could not
go away. Mrs. Tottenham coolly
dropped the silk loop around Josiah's
head, and drew it tight. Josiah's
groan would have melted a March
iceberg, but it did not unnerve the deter-
mined little woman at his side. Bracing
herself with one foot on the round of
the chair, she gave a sudden, swift and
steady pull. For a moment Josiah's big
frame seemed about to rise and float
away through the open window. Then
the tooth came flying out. Mrs. Totten-
ham staggered backward and Josiah set-
tled down into his chair, a limp, bewil-
dered, groaning, tortured mass of out-
raged nerves. With a frightened cry,
like that of a bird released from the
spell of a serpent's eye, the boy who had
been watching the operation fled from
the room.

A few minutes later Mrs. Tottenham
came out into the barn with the tooth in
her hand. "I want you to get rid of it,
Eben," she said, with scornful agitation;
"anyhow so's I shan't know what you
done with it. I don't want yer father
to ever see it. It's a perfectly sound
tooth—the only sound tooth he had in
his head, I reckon! But don't you ever
say a word about that—mind, now."

It was a wonderful relief to the little
woman that evening to see her husband's
face gradually shrinking to its normal
proportions, and to hear his grateful ac-
knowledgments of her skill and nerve as a
dentist.
"Is the pain entirely gone, Josi?" she
asked, as they were going to bed.
"Every speck!" responded Mr. Totten-
ham, gleefully.
"Goodness me!" mused the little wo-
man smilingly, as she crawled under the
blankets. "I've hearn tell a good
deal 'bout the power of the imagination,
but I never s'posed it could straighten
out the kind o' mistake I made today!"
"What you laughin' 'bout, Marthy?"
demanded Josiah, sleepily.
"Oh, nothin'," replied his wife. "I
was jest wonderin' what makes tooth-
ache, anyway."—[Once a Week.

A Baby's Influence.

Who can resist a baby? Perhaps some
old bachelor will reply that he can not
only resist one, but that he would like-
wise consider it a good plan to drown
them all as soon as they were born, in
kitten fashion. Well, the man of this
type is left out of the category alto-
gether, and in asking who can resist one
of these dear little helpless bits of hu-
manity we mean who, with a heart, can
turn away from the dimpled, clinging
hands, or not be won over by the inno-
cent baby smile. No matter where the
baby appears its influence is felt, says
the Home Magazine.

Let a mother and child enter a car,
and five out of every six people will do
nothing for the rest of the way but watch
the baby, and the old gentleman with
glasses, who has been absorbed in the re-
ports of the stock market, will look
pleased and smile down on the little mite
who has taken such a fancy to his gold-
headed cane, and will even unbend so
far as to beam upon the mother and to
say in his deep bass voice: "Very fine
child, madam," and if by chance the
little creature should smile up into his
face or evince any desire to be more
friendly, the old fellow that frightens his
clerks almost out of their wits, and keeps
them continually toying the mark, will
vanish entirely, and in its place will
come an air of conscious superiority, as
though the honor conferred upon him by
the tiny morsel of humanity at his elbow
had made him a trifle superior to those
other of his fellow beings who had not
received any such mark of distinguished
consideration.

Women, old and young unless they are
dwarfed in their true nature, always love
babies. The maternal instinct is the
strongest and best point in the feminine
character, and from the time of doll
dressing up to the day when their lives
are saddened by the advent of a little
stranger, they adore the winsome, help-
less human beings that are dependent
upon them for love and support.

The thought of a curly head, a rosy
mouth, or a little lisping voice joyously
calling "papa" or "mamma," has kept
many a man and woman from despair
and the many dangers of life that are
worse than death.

Fate of the Old Navy.

The Navy Department is gradually
doing away with the old men-of-war of
historical and romantic memory, and a
hum of changes affecting them are to
be made in the near future. The train-
ing ship Richmond at Newport is to be
sent to Philadelphia to take the place of
the St. Louis, which is in so decrepit a
condition that she will probably be
broken up and sold for the material in
her. The Lancaster, now in China as the
flagship of the Asiatic station, is under
orders to sail for the United States
before the end of the cruise. Baltimore
leaves her, and her active service as a
war vessel will end on her arrival at
Newport to take the place of the Rich-
mond.

The Lancaster will return from China
via the Cape of Good Hope, and she is
not expected home until March next.
In the interim the old Constellation,
now on special service, will remain at
Newport in place of the Richmond. The
Lancaster will be fitted out as a gunnery
instruction ship. New gun-carriages
and guns will be mounted on her and
tested at sea in order to allow officers
and men to become familiar with their
workings.

The Essex, the successor to the ship
which made so gallant resistance to two
British vessels, the Phoebe and the
Cherub, in the cruise of 1814, and
while commanded by Capt. David Porter,
has been thoroughly repaired at the
Norfolk navy yard and is now attached
to the Naval Academy as part of the
instruction fleet, and she is also used for
seamanship and gunnery practice by the
cadets. The Swatara and the Pensacola
are now laid up in ordinary at the Mare
Island navy yard, and it has been prac-
tically decided that they shall not be re-
fitted, and sale and destruction will fol-
low ultimately.

HONESTY.

"So you want employment in my
store?"
"Yes, sir," replied the young man.
"Do you keep books?"
"I never borrow them."
And the merchant hired him on the
strength of his honesty.—[Washington
Star.

CLOAKS AND WRAPS.

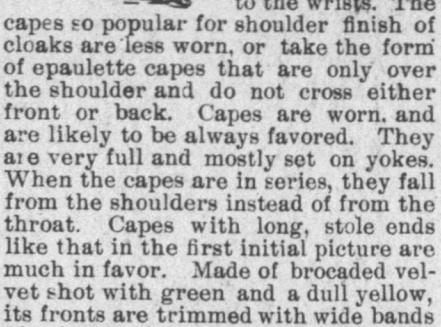
PRESENT STYLES WILL PREVAIL NEXT WINTER.

Some of the Popular Designs that Are
Shown—Capes with Long Stole Ends
Are Much in Favor—High Collars Are
Worn.

Fashion's Follies.

New York correspondence.

ABOUT the same
styles in cloaks and
wraps as those
now worn will pre-
vail next winter,
so the woman with
a few dollars to in-
vest is not likely to
be disappointed by
the number of
bargains offered.
The display in
cloaks is simply
appalling, and, of
course, you take
risks from moths
and storing over
summer. A popu-
lar design is that
with very full
skirts, sleeves very
large and droop-
ing at the shoul-
ders and narrowing
to the wrists. The
capes so popular for
shoulder finish of
cloaks are less worn,
or take the form of
epaulettes that are
only over the
shoulder and do not
cross either front
or back. Capes are
worn, and are like-
ly to be always fa-
vored. They are
very full and mostly
set on yokes. When
the capes are in
series, they fall from
the shoulders instead
of from the throat.
Capes with long
stole ends like that
in the first illustration
are much in favor.
Made of broad
velvet shot with
green and a dull
yellow, its fringes
are trimmed with
wide bands of
velvet ribbon, which
are ornamented
with three rows of
narrow jet passe-
menterie and are
held down at regu-
lar intervals with
bunches of jet
leaves. The cape is
lined with pale-
green silk and is
finished with an
epaulette collar
and the standing
collar are trimmed
with dark fur, pre-
ferably sable.
For theater wear
are shown some
cloaks that recall
rather too forcibly
those worn by the
gentlemen in Venice
in the time of
Shylock, or of the
sort displayed by
Paulo, the handsome
brother of the hunch-
back made fa-



NOT A GOWN TO BE HUGGED IN.

inches from its edge, while about the
foot came a cord of the tails twisted
together. Perish the thought that
the tails can be imitated, but can one
bear to think that any woman would
allow herself to be the stalking horse
for so many poor little dead creatures?
Whyever, they are not cultivated fur
bearing animals that shall have two or
three tails, or that shall be all causal
extremity. Sable tails are much used
to edge cloaks and capes and winter
hats are close and of velvet, two tails
standing out at the side. It is so
natural of tails to do that.

Very rich velvet is used in skirts for
street wear over cloth. The velvet is
fitted closely over the hips, the gores
spreading to the full width of the vel-
vet, and the breathers are then allowed
in charming contrast. In the street
dress pictured, dark-green velvet is
used for the zig-zag stripes about the
skirt, for the yoke, belt and cuffs, and
a band of it edges the shoulder frills.
In each instance, except the yoke, there
comes just above the velvet a zig-zag
pattern of dark green. The velvet goods
are a grayish-green woolen stuff.

The final pictured model is an exam-
ple of the draped overskirt, of un-
pleasant memory, which promises to
be fashionable by spring. Elaborate
creases among actresses display cos-
tumes which include the overskirt, and
already an occasional one is seen upon
the street. The material of the cos-
tume shown is silver-gray silk trimmed
with dark grayish-red velvet. The
foundation skirt of taffeta silk is cov-
ered with velvet at the waist, exposed
by the opening of the front. The
edges of the panel front are finished
with gray silk passementerie, which is
seen in three rows at the bottom of
the skirt. The overskirt is cut longer
than the skirt, and is caught up as in-
dicated. It parts behind to show a
velvet strip, similar to those in front.
The bodice has a velvet jacket fin-
ished at the top with a serpentine ruf-
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EMPIRE MODELS OUTDOORS AGAIN.

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ing, and they are sufficiently dainty and
cost enough to have a more established
position in the economy, or to put it in
another way, in the extravagance of
woman's dress. If they are clever enough
to make one of these at home, you may
use upholstery or curtain goods, and the
finer kinds and expend about half what
dress goods would require. Some
kinds of upholstery velvet are all cot-
ton at the back, but for all that present
a most beautiful right side surface, and
come in rich and exclusive designs and
colorings. To be sure, there is not much
wear of the kind dress goods get in
it, but for sleeves or a cape it is most
suitable, being of splendid width and
very cheap compared with the dress
material it replaces.

The Empire styles have for some
time been relegated to house wear, and
of late the tendency has been toward
discarding them even for indoor gowns.
But now a newly stylish cut of coat is
offered, wherein the loose fronts and
back are sewn to a yoke, the seam be-
ing hidden by a wide strip of braid,
which recalls the Empire belts. The
sleeves are very full, as shown in the
accompanying sketch of this garment,
and the collar is composed of a double
ruching made of braid. The white is
lined with satin and thinly wadded,
and is well suited for middle-aged
wearers.

Very high collars are generally worn
and add to the length of the neck,
which is good luck for the average
woman who is in danger of being
swamped in the detail of stylish cov-
ering. Sealskin and velvet are combined
in a unique design. The former fits
like the little jackets worn by pages
in fashionable modistes' establish-
ments; the latter is cut closely, fasten-
ing right up the middle of the front, is
very short on the hips, and curves to a
little Eton point front and back. To
this sort of bodice very full satinated
skirts of velvet are added. A slight
modification of this fashion



COMFORT THE FIRST CONSIDERATION.

makes the bodice part double-breasted
and employs very handsome bronze
buttons.
To turn from such studied elegance
to two garments which are so simple
as to seem to be made with a view to
comfort first of all is quite a change.
But such things are sometimes lent a
simple touch or two which, without
display of great expense, or necessitat-
ing the outlay itself, publish clearly to

the feminine half at least of the world,
that the wearer is in touch with Dan-
te Fashion's requirements. A jacket and
a three-quarter cape appear in the
third picture which are entirely un-
conventional and comparatively inex-
pensive, yet which are stylish, gar-
ments. The cape is gray armure
trimmed with passementerie and black
astrakhan, and the jacket is cut from
seal-brown beaver and set off tastefully
with Persian lamb. The rule now is
put on it and have the fur in nar-
row strips and small pieces. In obey-
ing this law many extravagant notions
are developed, but perhaps the most
extravagant one is that which makes
fringes of "sable." A remarkable ball
wrap of steel-gray velvet was magnifi-
cently ornamented with a deep and
close fringe of ermine tails, about six



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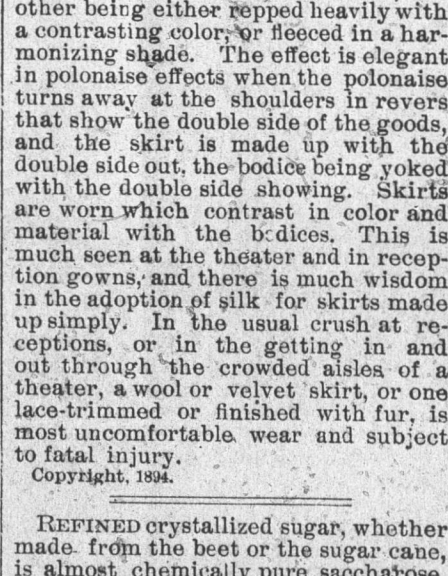
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A DIAMOND IN HIS FLESH.

Mystery of a Valuable Gem Out From a Man's Arm by a Physician.

"Like the rain that favors none, but
falls on the unjust as well as the just,
a physician has to minister to the vicious
as conscientiously as to the righteous
and to keep as scrupulously for the
former secrets as he learns in a doctor
to a Philadelphia Times reporter. "I
was a much younger man last winter
now, when one night my bell rang after
I had retired. I got up and let in a man
who seemed to shrink from observation
until my door was fairly closed on him.
Then he took off his coat and rolled up
the sleeve of his shirt, exposing the
whole of his left arm. He then directed
my attention to a hard knot on the
ulnar side of the arm.

"I felt this and was at a loss to
diagnose its character, but the man, who
seemed to be amused at my perplexity,
finally said: 'I might as well tell you,
doctor, what it is. It is that that has
brought me to you to-night. That is an
artificial substance inserted in the flesh
of my arm by myself. And I want you
to cut it out.'"

"I stared and at first refused, when he
said: 'If you don't let the doctor next
door will, and from what I've heard of
you I think you'll act the straightest with
me about this matter.'"

"I was not influenced by his threat to
go to some other physician nor by his
compliment, but I was curious myself to
know what that imbedded substance could
be. So I got out my knife and asked
the fellow if he would take either or
chloroform, but he declared that he had
opened the arm in the first place with an
instrument except a dull dinner knife. The
thing, whatever it was, had been in the
arm some time, as it was covered with
flesh and skin that had grown since it
had been there, but a few gashes with
my lancet brought it to the surface, but
it was so bloody that I could not make
out its nature. The fellow was ghastly
pale, but had set his teeth and borne
without a murmur the pain, and now
laughed.

"Drop it in your basin of water
there, Doc., and see what you'll see," he
said.
"I did so, and saw as fine an uncut
diamond as was ever brought to this
country. I am not lapidary enough to
have a very correct idea of its value, but
it must have been many thousands of
dollars."

"I involuntarily exclaimed, 'Why,
where did you get such a stone?' but
the man's eyes hardened in a moment,
and he said: 'If you're the sharp fellow
I take you to be, you know from the
pains with which it was hidden that I
ain't giving away. But I'm willing to
pay you well for your trouble, and I
know from what I heard of you that you
ain't peaching of what takes place here.'"

"I dressed the cut and he left me \$300
for the job, though I only asked him \$20,
and then I let him out, and that was the
last I ever saw or heard of him, though
I have often speculated how and where
he came into possession of the stone, for
that he was a common smuggler I do not
believe."

The final pictured model is an exam-
ple of the draped overskirt, of un-
pleasant memory, which promises to
be fashionable by spring. Elaborate
creases among actresses display cos-
tumes which include the overskirt, and
already an occasional one is seen upon
the street. The material of the cos-
tume shown is silver-gray silk trimmed
with dark grayish-red velvet. The
foundation skirt of taffeta silk is cov-
ered with velvet at the waist, exposed
by the opening of the front. The
edges of the panel front are finished
with gray silk passementerie, which is
seen in three rows at the bottom of
the skirt. The overskirt is cut longer
than the skirt, and is caught up as in-
dicated. It parts behind to show a
velvet strip, similar to those in front.
The bodice has a velvet jacket fin-
ished at the top with a serpentine ruf-
le, and the narrow circular basque is

Do not attempt to stanch bleeding by
the use of cloths, which are naturally
dirty and full of impure germs, but use
a little lint and a clean cotton or linen
cloth. These should be always kept in
the houses for use in case of such acci-
dents. A trustworthy druggist will
always supply some preparation of car-
bolic acid, properly weakened, for house-
hold use. Even household ammonia,
though it is painful at first, is recom-
mended as a mild way of exterminating
simple wounds. Thick paste of equal
parts of common baking soda and flour,
wet to a paste with cold water, is the
best remedy for a burn.

It is better than lime water, because
lime water is liable to become incrust-
ed, while the paste of soda and flour is cool-
ing to the surface and can easily be re-
moved. The object of treating a burn
is to cover the extremities of the nerves
which have been injured and give them
opportunity to heal. While such a paste
is being prepared cover the wound for
the moment with common flour and wrap
it up in clean cotton.

A simple healing plaster, which may
be prepared in the household, calls for
half a pound of rosin, an ounce each of
mutton tallow, camphor gum and beea-
wax, half an ounce each of British oil,
cedar oil, gum myrrh and lavender oil.
Melt the rosin, mutton tallow, camphor
gum, beewax and gum myrrh together,
and add the oils. This plaster should
be spread on cotton when needed and ap-
plied to the wound.—[New York Tri-
bune.

Ivy Within Doors.
The Germans cultivate ivy in their
houses with great success. Placing a
root in a large pot by one side of the
window, they will train it as it grows
until it forms a pretty frame for the en-
tire window. The English ivy growing
over the walls of a building, instead of
promoting dampness, as most persons
suppose, is said to be a remedy for
it, and it is used as a fact that in
a room where dampness had prevailed
for a length of time the affected parts
inside had become dry when ivy had grown
up to cover the opposite exterior side.
The close, overhanging pendant leaves
prevent the rain or moisture from pene-
trating the wall. In order to train ivy
over a door buy a couple of brackets,
such as lamps for the burning of kero-
sene are sometimes used, and screw
them to the sides of the door. Put
in each a plant of English ivy, the
longer the better, then train the plants
over the top against the sides—any way
your fancy dictates. The common un-
glazed pots will answer every purpose
in placing in each two or three sprays of
Coleus ivy. In a month's time no
vestige of the pot itself can be discerned
through the thick screens.—[New
York Recorder.

A LIBERAL FAKIR.

He Takes Pleasure in Giving His Goods Away.

A game of "throwing a sprat to catch
a mackerel" was played in a court off
Green street the other day, and the fakir
who played it was the centre of a crowd
which seemed perfectly dazed. He was
actually giving money away. The peo-
ple could not understand it; neverthe-
less, they did not miss the opportunity
of getting a little wealth easily.
"There you are, gentlemen," he said,
"Here a quarter." "Who gives me
twenty cents for it? Come on, now,
good money, don't be afraid! I'm the
man that sold guineas on London bridge
for a penny and couldn't sell one. Who
takes it?"

Nobody seemed at first to understand,
but presently one man handed up twenty
cents and got the quarter.
Before the crowd could complete an
examination, to see if it was genuine,
the fakir shouted:
"Here's the twenty. Who gives fifteen
for it?"

This was another surprise, but it was
not long before a man made the trade.
Then fifteen were sold for ten, and so on