

ARROW COLLARS

The buttonholes are too strong to pull out, wear out, wash out or iron out.

15c. each—*as for size.*
Cleott, Peabody & Co., Makers
Arrow Collars are just as good as Arrow Collars—*as for size.* a pair



WOMEN IN TROUSERS.

Some Whose Work Compels Them to Dispense With Draperies.

The idea of a woman in trousers seems to be the most horrible that the modern civilized mind can conjure up, but there are parts of the world where women wear these garments as a matter of course, and the heavens have not yet fallen. They even contrive to look charming in them, too, as in one of the cantons of Switzerland, where the bifurcated garment is worn on dress occasions as well as for work. Not even at the altar are the trousers discarded. The bride wears white ones, with a white bodice and white flowers in her hair, and many a bride in a court train is less shy and sweet. In spite of their trousers, which are necessitated by the work they do in the fields, these women do not ride astride, but use a sidesaddle just like the woman who is trammeled by skirts.

The trousers of Switzerland are loose, baggy affairs, sometimes almost as cumbersome as skirts, but the peasant maidens of the Austrian Tyrol wear short, close fitting small clothes, which cannot impede their movements in any way and which are not particularly becoming. The socks do not meet the trousers and the knee is left bare, like a highlander's. The upper part of the costume has some feminine touches, and over the trousers is a short drapery, which may be the remains of a skirt. These women work in the fields and stables and are compelled by their life to dispense with superfluous draperies.

French and Belgian fisherwomen wear trousers. They wade through the water, pushing their nets before them, and the heavy waves would soon sweep them off their feet if they

Appointment Clerk Pindell Explains Census positions

(American News Service)

Washington, D. C., Sept. 16.—Appointment Clerk Pindell of the U. S. Census bureau, states on the subject of the census examination, October 23, that the distinction between the permanent census force and the additional temporary employees provided by the thirteenth census act is quite important and should be remembered. As vacancies occur on the permanent census roll they will be filled, as heretofore, by transfers from elsewhere in the service, or by selections from the existing registers of the civil service commission. These will be five in number. The first will carry the names of all persons 18 years of age or over who pass the examination. The second will list those on the first register, who have had previous experience in operating card-punching, card tabulating or card sorting machines in census work. The placing of a person's name on this register will not affect his eligibility on the first, third and fourth registers. The third register will contain the names of all those on the first register who make an average of 70 on the test in typewriter tabulation. Persons who pass this test will, by so doing, improve their chances of appointment. Nor does entry on this affect the eligibility on the first, second or fourth register. The fourth register will comprise the names of all the male eligibles on the first register who have expressed a willingness to accept employment in sub-clerical class D. Entry on this register will not affect eligibility on the first, second or third registers.

The fifth register will be for the boys of 16 and less than 18 years of age who pass the examination and become eligible for appointment as messenger boys. Only one kind of examination will be given all applicants.

wore skirts. Even without them they are obliged to go out in little parties for mutual protection.

In China, where they do most things differently from the rest of the world, the women wear trousers and the men do not don skirts. The women also smoke. In Turkey, before Paris fashions invaded the harem, trousers were worn by the women, while the cigarette is an indispensable part of their lives.—New York Tribune.

George IV's Hoardings.

One of the most invertebrate hoarders on record was George IV. Not only was he averse to destroying books and papers, but he preserved everything that could possibly be kept. When he died all the suits of clothes he had worn for twenty years were discovered and sold by public auction. His executors also found secreted in various desks, drawers and cupboards numerous purses and pocketbooks crammed full of money to the extent, it is said, of £20,000, together with more sentimental treasures in the form of locks of hair from the tresses of forgotten beauties of the court.—London Graphic.

Disappointment.

Head Waiter—What's the matter with that dyspeptic looking old chap over there at the fourth table?

Assistant—He's got a grouch. He was getting all ready to make a kick about that cantaloupe, and he found it was a good one.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Painters.

Highbrow (boastfully)—I get 20 cents a word for my stuff. I'm a word painter. Lowbrow (scornfully)—That's nothing. I get \$2 a word for mine. I'm a sign painter.—Exchange.

Indelible Ink Tree.

An indelible ink tree, known to botanists as *Semicarpus anacardium*, is chiefly found in India, but grows also in North Australia and the West Indies. Its nut supplies the natural marking fluid. When dried for commerce the nut is heart-shaped and nearly black and contains a black viscid juice. For marking lines or cotton this juice is mixed with quicklime. It can be made into marking ink by treating the nut with a mixture of alcohol and sulphuric ether and is also used for black varnish.

Didn't Dare to Before.

"So Mrs. Jorkins is dead?" "I hadn't heard of it. How did you know?"

"I didn't hear positively, but I overheard Jorkins say in a street car that he intended to dispose of her will."—Baltimore American.

E had been invited and had expected to stay through the Fall and early Winter, but after scarce two weeks, this sunny September morn found him packing up.

Three trunks and as many valises yawned on chairs and lounges, half of them intended for his little traveling library and instruments. For he was going back to India to stay for at least a decade.

As he was about to deposit an armful of small volumes, printed on onion skin paper, a door opened and the lady of the manor walked in.

Surprise made him drop the books in a heap. After a word or two of welcome his eyes sought the door. Naturally so, for the sun stood behind Irma, emphasizing the golden sheen of her fair hair and the light, transparent-blue eyes.

"I did knock. Hubert, indeed I knocked twice," she said half apologetically.

"I beg your pardon, Irma. I was so absorbed sorting my library and then, honest, I did not expect you here."

Irma let herself drop in an armchair furthest away from the row of windows. It was quite dark in her corner. "To tell the truth—like yourself," she added with a smile. "I did not knock very hard. No use alarming the whole house, you know."

She rose and took two little steps toward Hubert. "Ah, what is the use of trying to keep anything from you? Hubert, I sneaked up here unbeknown to anybody."

Then perceiving the cloud gathering on the man's forehead, she reddened and tried to soften the edges of her confession.

The Word Unspoken

By
Heloise, Countess D'Alemcourt.

"Woman can't get along without little secrets," she said, "or a big secret for many."

Hubert motioned her to be seated and drew up a chair.

"My best friend's wife has no little secrets, dare have no little secrets. As to a big secret—it is out of the question."

"And my husband's best friend has assumed a tone not at all suited to the occasion."

"Understand me well, Hubert. I did not come to baffle you."

"I sought this interview to burden my soul. Oh, let me tell you once, just once, what I feel, what I think, what quickens what stops, my pulses; hear me for the first and, in all probability, the last time."

And as Hubert, half frightened half indignant, attempted to get up she laid a restraining hand on his knee. "Listen," he whispered. "You are about to leave me. No, I am not holding you back even though our separation is to last ten years."

"When you return your blood will run cold—I will be without beauty, youth. Believe me, there is nothing in heaven or on earth that agrees a woman so fast and so surely as what I will have to put up with."

"Ten years—after ten years it will matter little whether or not there are witnesses when we meet face to face."

"It matters not even to-day," interrupted the man falteringly.

"That is an untruth, and you know it. I want no witness here, neither do you. Be honest, Hubert."

"It remained for you to doubt my honesty."

"I doubt it not, Hubert, yet maintain that what you said was not the truth."

You lied to me because you desire to remain an honest man."

"Paradoxes, Irma."

"Because you are the soul of honesty, you allow your tongue, but that only, to prevaricate."

"And yours to talk like a magician in a fairy play. I confess I cannot follow you."

"You say this with a smile.—Ah, Hubert, your merriment is a sham even as your words are misleading and your heart aches even as mine does. As a matter of fact, your position is not a whit better than my own."

"There is no alternative for both of us, either to lie or deceive."

"And the truth, Irma; the truth."

"If you spoke the truth, man—deceiver, a trusting husband and friend's deceiver! You do not want to be that—hence, you lie; lie even to me. Ah, these words."

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"You are not the woman to do anything undignified, Irma."

"And you not the man to esteem me less

because I, the wife of another, take you to myself to that I love you. Hubert; love you from the bottom of my heart, and that I will think of you with love and longing until death terminates my earthly miseries."

"Irma!"

"You leave behind an unhappy woman, yet one unspeakably happy."

"Don't cry, dear, believe me, I will never forget you."

"I know you won't; you couldn't if you wanted to, for our love is of the kind that endures as long as there is breath in the body. Thus it is written in the book of fate. You, this from me."

"I want to do the honest thing, Irma—at the same time, I am no coward."

"Yes, you are; but it is better so. If I made bold to tell upon your neck, though, and beg and pray: 'Do not leave me, remain; do not forsake Irma, perhaps perhaps—I am not sure—there might be a chance for your staying. But I shall not do so demean myself. The barriers of honor and duty that render you stone, I too, salute them. Neither of us has talent for dishonesty."

"Yet I feel," said Hubert darkly, "you would be the greater crime. This your husband, the man whom I have been a burden to, am more indebted. He practically paid for my education. My career, my fame in the literary and scientific world, all are of me, making."

"He is a generous man."

"He gave me money as well as friendship. My financial obligations to him are nearly discharged by this time, but the unselfish love he bore me I can never repay."

"I am the wife of another, take you to myself to that I love you. Hubert; love you from the bottom of my heart, and that I will think of you with love and longing until death terminates my earthly miseries."

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