And where cotton-fields are whitening.

Down the gold-touched autumn lands.

I will sing thy songs, dear Erin!

Captive held in captive bands.

And I think of rights in shackles, Flung behind dark prison bars— Of thy lovely lakes, Killarney, Silver tears dropped from the stars.

Oh, mayourneen! from thy harp strings I would wring a happier cho or I cannot fight thy battles-Oh! I cannot wield a sword.

I can only pluck the shamrock, And its tiny leaves entwine With the Southern rose and Hly With the yucca and the pine;

Only tell thy wrongs in story.
Only chant thy anthems sweet.
If I cannot bring thee glory,
I can lay love at thy feet.

So in songland, and in dreamland, Erin, oft I think of thee. Like a radiant emerald flashing Erin, oft I think of thee Like a radiant emerald fi In a zone of purple sea. ANDERSON, S. C.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission

A Remarkable Romance.

BY EMILY THORNTON.

HAPTER XXVIII—Continued. leginald, for Heaven's sale, tell-me-you thus deal with me? Have I

ever harmed you?"

"You have) being in my way. Set aside your title, estates: yes, even, he laughed horribly, when, after a pause, he added, your future bride are minel All minel. To-night I announce to you, all think you dead, and virtually you are so?"

'Reginald! Reginald! shricked. as he disappeared from view: 'hear me, take all, but leave me liberty and Con-

mocking laugh was my only reply.

"A mocking laugh was my only reply.
"From that hour I have seen no human fare, heard no human voice!
"These walls. I know, are several feet thick, built so that no sound can issue from them. Not a movement can be heard unless the panels are open, and then but faintly.
"So at once I knew, that to the world, what he had said was true. I was dead." "Sometimes, even yet, I dream that this is but an idle fancy, and once agair I wake to feel my chain, to loathe my prison.

prison.

"Then I seem to see my own love? Constance near me I call upon her but as I stretch out my hand to find her own the vision fades, and I know that I was an illusion of the brain. Yet the memory of these fearful words ever re mains: 'Your Inture bride is mine, al' mine!'

mine!"

"Can this have become a truth?

"Has my darling for otten me; does abo, too, doem me dead?"

"Oh, Constance! Constance!.

"So I start from my bed with her name upon my fevered lips; I open my arms to class her to my bosom.

"In vain! I am alone! Horribly. The start alone!

ruly alone!
"Often have I prayed to die!
"Life has become a weary burden, bur
my prayers are not heard. For some
purpose of his own, flod wishes me te
live.

"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good

In Thy sight!

"For months, with a pencil which! have found in my pocket, have I, or scraps of paper torn from books, writter and placed on the plate a wild prayer for at: least pens, ink, and paper tamuse my lonely hours.

"Books were at hand, a wells-tore library being in my rom, but I wanted writing materials—something bosides this endless reading.

library being in my room. Out I wanter writing materials—something bosider this endless reading.

"At last, at last, my prayer is granted and I have a new way to give vent to my feelings.

"Thank God for the privilege of writ-

ing.
"Here, now, have I written the cause of my strange captivity and manner of my strange captivity.

For no crime committed, no offense giver to court or neighbor. I am yet a victim to a brother's jealous envy of my position and my funds. I am a close prisoner.

"One thing I have expected at his hands which as yet has not taken place:

hands which as yet has not taken place: I mean starcation.

"I have thought that so selfish a being as he has proved himself to be would some day demur at the confinement consequent upon attending to my wants! I was sure he would wish to travel, or visit, away-from Gendenning Hall.

"But I know his movements, I know his peculiar jerk, as he slides open the panels, and now, after eighteen years! I sm certain that no hand but his has opened them and given me my food.

"Such food!"

"Allegt up into monthfuls (as they feet."

"Alleut up into mouthfuls (as they fear ving me a knife) mixed together upon the wooden plate.

e wooden plate.
"Sometimes I loathe the sight of this

strange jumble, but whether I eat it or not, I always take it. fearing if I do not return the plate, even this nightly visit will case, this meazer food be stopped "I know now that he has married Con-

"As I prayed for pens, ink, and paper, throughouthdood, Stell me, oh., tell, me

of Constance.'

I grant this one prayer. Neve sgain dare send another line to me. It you do disobey in this, your food will stop, and you be left to starve. Once for all, I say, the world thinks you dead, and thinks [Planey rour murdore. He was tried, and as your agad body was

not found, acquitted, but call the

guilty. Under this suspicion, he left the country and no one knows whither guilty. Under this suspicion in the country said as one knows whither went. I am Sir Reginald Glendenning, and your constant Constance has been my wife just staten years. This is the last communication you will ever receive from me. Beware how you send another line upon the shelves.

"After reading this note I must have fainted, for when I next refollected anything I was Iving on the floor in a pool

must have ollected any-or in a pool thing I was lying on the of blood.

of blood.

"In failing I had hit by head against the iron chain, and gashed open my forehead under my hair.

"Would to God that I had died then and there"

"Would to God that I had died then and there!
"I did not die; I lived, and crawled to bed, where I lay until the rays of the mispenetrated through the one window in the ceiling.
"I lived, but my head whirls, by brain is diazy, I fear I shall go mad!
"Oh, innocent, ruined brother!
"Oh, forgetful Constance!
"When shall I cease to think of those two?

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXIX.
THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Carle Elfonstein paused when he reached these last words, and large tears of sympathy still rolled over his cheeks, as they had often done during the reading, while every one of his intent listeners was similarly affected.

Conquering his emotion by an effort, he again read on:
"May 24, 18—Nearly seven years since I last wrote on these pages. Not once during that time has there been a change in my lot until to-night.

"To-night a different hand opened the panels.

panels.
"I knew instantly that it was not Reg-

inald's.

"Something, certainly, must have happened to him.

"The jerk was wanting.

"A soft, uncertain way of pushing them apart attracted my attention.

"There was a longer pause, a seeming study of the modus operandi of the revolving shelves, and a slighter push made them turn more slowly.

"Yes; I am sure a stranger has been let into the secret of my confinement, and that stranger, I think, must be a timid woman.

and that stranger, I think, must be a timid woman.

"My God! perhaps it is Constance!

"Can it be? Can she have the heart, even under compulsion, to keep me here a prisoner? Can she know that it is I, her former devoted lover, to whom she now offers this revolting food?

"Anything but that!

"I cannot eat this stuff, fearing that

thing but that!
"I cannot cat this stuff, fearing that
my once loved darling deals it out to me
"But she is afraid!
"I know it by her want of strength, by
her feeble pushes. Sometimes she can whirl the shelves, so I softly creep hards while the shelves, so I sold yet of to her assistance, and with my own hands help them around. For the world I would not alarm her by the slightest

"My poor Constance! "I have been thinking so much, lately that my head constantly aches. Indeed it always aches since I cut myself so bad by in falling on my chain, seven year

*But, as I said, I have been thinking.

"I have been studying the manner in which those iron shelves are fastened, and to-day I again examined the screws.

"Only screws keep them in their places, and a knife would surely aid me to unsorew them; then I could push them over, and as I know the workings of the pagels. I could some he free.

over, and as I show the workings of the panels, I could soon be free.

"To be sure I am chained!
"But a knife would also unloose this chain, sever these bonds.
"A knife! A knife! God grant me a

nch is now my daily wish, my cry.
knife! A knife!

"Such is now my uany new ..."
"A knife! A knife!
"June 6, 18—Something terrible has happened to my brain. I am wild! I am undone!. I can remember nothing!
"Who am I? Where am I?
"Ah, yes! I have it! I was a peer; I am so no longer.

am so no longer.

"I am a poor minister of the gospel, confined here for the sake of religion.

"I am, in short, Rev. Edwin C. Stiles.
"How strange that I am here! I can remember nothing.
"But I have a Bible, and I read and preach long sermons, and pray continually.

ally.

"Yes; some day I shall, I think, be re-

"Yes; some day I shall. I think, be released, by God's power, and then I shall devote myself to his cause.
"I shall preach the gospel.
"How strange my head feels! Sometimes I think I am going mad!
"I pray that I may not be mad.
"Will my prayers be granted? Shall I ever cut my way out of this weary prison, out, to liberty, and preaching God's holy word?
"Heaveniy Father, set me free, and my whole life shall be given to Thy work, Thy cause.
"July 19.—Glory be to God! Hallelujah! Amen!

lujahi Amen!

"My prayer is heard! A knife came to me with my food; sent me, I presume, by accident. It was forgotten, and now it is mine!

"Accident did I say? No, no; it was sent by God in answer to my prayer.
"I shall write no more. I shall instantly get to work; I shall soon be a free man.

free man.

"But these pages, written as it were, with my heart's blood. I shall never once leave out of the reach of my hands.

"I am Rev. Edwin, C. Stiles, a minister of the gospol, and these lines are my diplomas, my badze of office.

"Ha, ha; a kulfe is infine; my own! And now I shall work myself free!"

Effection paused and passed his hand

now isl ow I shall work myself free."
Eilenstein prused and passed his hand
ver his forchead in deep thought. A
adden-likes had selzed him, it was this.
Ethel Nevergall and he must have ture escaped!

ture escaped!

Yes, post creature! These lest lines;
told that he must have been insane, or'
nearly so, at least, when he escaped.

But he had no time to think; a few
nore words remained to be read and his
abiliance were engagerly waiting. These
were written in pencii and the letters.

oked and feeble, as though done

in great weakness.

August 18, —— I am sick, dying perhaps!

O, joy if this should prove to be "I am wears, tired; worn out, but I haps! death!

"I am wear, thred won outs determined thank God I am again myself.
"Now I know I am Sir Arthur Glendenning. Lately I have been confused and thought myself a minister.
"My brain, my poor brain, was unstrum. At last I am myself.
"A knife came to me and I took out.

"My brain, my poor brain, was arrestrung. At last I am myself.

"A knife came to me and I took out the screws from the shelves, opened the panels after pushing the shelves aside and escaped from my prison.

"In the corridor I came upon a young girl and a man.
"Strangers: I knew that at once. Both were strangers. Yet I feared recapture.

"I rushed forward, dashed the light from them and then another frenzy seized me and my poor head nearly burst with pain.

with pain.

"I uttered a cry in my agony. Then another, as I rushed through the well-

known ruins.
"My God! had those cries betrayed "My God! had those cries betrayed me?
"Would Reginald pursue and drag me back? I vowed not I would be ware. I would utter no more cries, even If J died in suppressing them.
"The night air revived me.
"Blessed sir. I had not felt its choering inducer, drawn a fresh mouthfat of outside air, in twenty-five years.
"I opened my mouth, I expanded my effect, I drank it all in.
"What cared I for the storm, the howling wind, the falling rain.
"It was delight, it was rapture! I was free! I was free! was free!

"It was animat, it was rapided."
Free I was free!
I knew not where to go, but sped
away, away, and rested not, until I was
hidden in the cave in Demon's wood.
FThere I stept and restel. There I
quieted my overwrought nerves, and
thanked God for the blessed knife that

, and He alone had sent me. Morning came, and again I tried to

think.
"My brain seemed heavy, and I could scarcely remember my own name.
"But it came to me after a while. Rev. Edwin C. Stiles, a minister of the gospel. But how c ald I preach in these threadinter clothes? I must get suitable gar-ments. I had money: Falways had had-money. I had it in my pocketbook when cast into prison. My persecutors did not

rob me.

"So I took the cars and went to Liverpool, where I bought a suit of clerical
clothes, and books and papers, to sell for

rist.
I also bought a little wallet, in which "I also bought a little wanet, in worth to lock up these pages. Something tells me I must never part with these papers. "Yes: I have them safe. Now, lying here, the wallet is safe in my hands. "I returned to the village then, and must have wandered around, selling my books, as Rev. Edwin C. Stiles.

But now I am sane. My senses have turned. I am sir Arthur Glendenning.

"But how I am sane. My senses have returned. I am sir Arthur Glendenning, and I am dying:
"I know I must have been insune, or partly so, for the last few weeks; but, thank God, my mind is clear, perfectly clear te-night.
"It came back to me in such a strange, unlooked-for way!
"It came back and I found myself

unlooked-for way!
"It came back, and I found mysell standing at the foot of Reginald's bed in my own old room, at Glendenning

"I stood there, I say, gazing into his eyes, and he seemed very ill.
"Horrible! How he giared when he saw me silently looking down at him!

"Horrible! How he giared when he saw me silently looking down at him!

"He half raised himself, as if to push me off, and shrieked out:

"Great God! Mercy! Mercy!" then fell back senseless upon his pillow.

"Froblid endure no more.

"Horrified at finding myself in his presence; and fearing another imprisonment. I turned and fled.

"Fled! Yes, fled! Fled from my own you, house, my own brother.

room, my own house, my own brother, back to this cave, where I immediately was taken ill, and could scarcely move for days. for days.

"I had food to last for a week or more and I crawled out, once in a while, for

water.
"But now food has gone. I am too
weak to drag myself to the spring. I
thirst I am burning with fever. I think
I shall die!

snair die:
"But if I do. what of it?
"God knows best.
"But supposing I do not die. What

"Shall I make myself known, and so expose my brother, and reclaim the title and estate he has wrested from me? "Never! Never!" "Never! Never!"
"He is my brother, child of the sparents, and—the husband of my love!

love!

"Poor Constance! She shall never be made sad by acts of mine. She shall not shed a tear over the loss of wealth, title, or reputation. If I can help it.

"But, blessed be the name of the Lord, I shall never sigh for my lost home, for I

house not made with hands eternal in the

house for the heavens.

"I know by my waning breath, my fading sight, that this is death!

"Farewell earth! I shall write no more; but with my latest sigh, I thank God that I die a free man."

"To BE CONTINUED.]

He's a Hightlier. "Say, Cashem," said honest old Hezekiah Plowshare to the cashier of the Jaytown National Bank, "I want to send \$500 to my boy over in Paris."
"Titian?" asked Cashem. "He's getting to be a great painter, isn't he?

He's been studying art now a long

time."
"Gosh, 'res." replied Hezekiah.
"He's climbing way up to the top.
Wrote me the other day he had painted the hull of Paris an 'wanted to, begin on Rome. Says he'll make them Romans how! when he shows 'em what lie kin do. That's why 'I'm sendin' him the stuff. I'm mighty proud of that boy of mine, I kin tell you."—Chicago Times.

"Scientists say now that handshal ing conveys disease." ys disease." "Of course way the grip got started."= Louisville Courier-Journal.

AMERICAN NERVOUSNESS.

NO MORE OF THE DISEASE HERE THAN ELSEWHERE.

Statistics Show that the Stamina of the Race in America Has Shown No Deterioration-Vigor of Our People.

The belief in the greater nervous The bener in the greater nervous-ness of the American, writes Dr. Philip C. Knapp, in the Century Magazine, seems very widespread. The late Dr. Beard, of New York, was one of the first to describe, progress, proceedings to describe nervous prostration, and to give to it its medical name of and to give to it its medical name of neurasthenia, so that it has often been spoken of as "the American disease." In his work on "American Nerrous-ness" he treats chiefly of the causes ness ne treats chieff of the canals of the nervousnes, and its symptoms, accepting almost as an axiom the state-ment that Americans are more nervous than any other race, and that there is a vastly greater amount of nervous disease in this country than in Europe. the severer He admits, however, that admits, however, that the such as locomotor ataxia and apoplexy, as incomotor ataxia and apoptes; are probably less frequent, the increase be-ing in the so-called functional condiing in the so-called functional containing the second like. It is probable that the majority of educated people not physicians in this country would admit without a number that as a people we are people liarly subject to nervous disease. Although as I have said, the statistics liarly subject to nervous disease. Although, as I have said, the statistics are not conclusive, nevertheless such statistics as we have, and the conclusions drawn from various general impressions, absolutely contradict this belief. It is only since the war of 1812 that the American has acquired his reputation for restless foregy; before that he was denounced as indocent and sluggish. To to the period of the Civil War he was also denounced as physically degenerate, inferior in Givil War he was also denounced as physically degenerate, inferior in bulk, strength and endurance to his English consin. The Civil War put an end to such talk. No armies endured more than ours in the field; no people endured more than those who stayed behind waiting and helping.

The record of the first Kentucky bristians of the property along the physical property and the property and the property along the physical property along the property and property along the property and the property along th

The record of the first Kentucky or-gade in the Confederate, agmy, almost continuously in action or off the march for a hundred days in 1884; retreating from their homes, with the hope of suc-cess steady fading away; 1,140 strong at the beginning, suffering1,860 fata or hospital wounds, with only 50 left or nospital womas, with only involved on vet mustering 240 at the end, with less than 10 desertions—such a record has never—been—surpassed.
There area were of the purest Ameri-

shout the same time Dr. Browninevitably fatal to the European, and our surgeons found a surprising per- of cakes, cut with mathematic centage of recovery from severy gun-shot wounds, greater probably than had ever been observed in Europe. Dr. B. A. Gould found that the American soldier was physically as w veloped as the European, and Dr. H. P. Bowditch found that the American school-boy was the equal in measure ment of the boys of Eton and Rugby American life-insurance underwriters too, have found that the longevity in this country is as great as it is in Euthis country is as great as it is in Large-rope, or greater. The rise of the South since the Civil War, and the prompt recovery of individual communities, such as Chicago, Boston, and Port-land, after great conflagrations, are further instances of the great recuper-

ative power of our people.

Since the Civil War our physical condition has greatly improved. The greater interest in afhletics, and better cooking, have probably had some thing to do with this improvement. We have held the America's cup for nearly fifty years. In shooting, cricket, rowing and tennis we have not been inferior in international contests. In track athletics Yale has shown her superiority to Cambridge and the New York athletes have no cords in more than one event. In the famous ride a_few_years ago between Barlin and Vienna the nicked riders and horses of the Justrian and German armies were used up, yet our cavalrymen and express messengers on the plains, with ordinary mounts, have made better records both for time and distance, without the slightest injur-to horses or men.

MOOSE TRAINED TO HARNESS. He Runs Races and Has Been Taught to

Trot Like a Thoroughbred. A big brown mose, 'ained to go in harness, trot and run races—that was the unprecedented achievement of a citizen of the State of Tom Reed. His name is M. H. Kenniston, and he for himself in a state merly kept a hotel in Phillip's Lower Village, where his eccentricities as a host made him famous even beyond the houndaries of Maine. His polities may be guessed at from the mosto which he endeavored to attract guests to his hostelry. It was: "No niggers

business, or it had abandoned him, Kenniston adopted the interesting pursuit of a showman; in other scarted a menageric. That was the be ginning of the curser of the moore as a him, and in many trotter. Kenniston bought the animal of the whole of his house

ted by its mother.

animal by means of a child's encart. The harness was of rope and epiece of tough leather series and a piece of the course served bit. At first Kenniston, who are remarkable for his course, very dently led the beast with his cart tachment by the head. This arm ment appeared to suit the moose the abit, and it and its instructor got a very amicably. very amicably.

rery amicably.

By and by Kenniston got tired of walking act and resolved to have an in the cart. This appears to have a sea of a sea imposition by his me regarded as an imposition by his n ship, who immediately marked be sentment of it by running away or main avenue of Phillips. The spec-was the most novel and excitue in show the villagers of the little te ever beheld. The wagon was wret show the vinners of the fittle te-ever beheld. The wagon was wrei-kenniston, of course, was "spilled obit managed to escape from the tastrophe without much serious in-the persisted, however, in his com-moose education and gradually the mal became more tractable and to

ciled to its fate.

Keuniston, as may be supposed as missed attendance at country fairst were at all within reasonable disas The moose in harness on the trotte tracks was one of the great attrac of these gatherings. Those who member the exhibitions say that performance was not very impressible moose was not much on some file used, it is said, to slouch desactly along the track between rathests, his wobbly legs slobbering in four directions at once, while becausionally raised his great nose and lowed like a built.

The crowds links the links the links and the control of the performance was not very impre

The crowds lining the track used The crowds immg the trace use, yell at Kenniston. "Let him of "Brad him up!" but Kenniston was prudent to compily with the request the command. The fact is, he afraid, for the moose, once star could not be stopped by anything at the decomptive. ment for Kenniston. It attracted tention to him and his show, and

STOLE AN ELEPHANT. Queer Notions Which Sometimes Bu

made money. He is now in Callion hunting a gold mine.

Thieves.

Now and then it happens, say 'Amusing Journal," that a genin crime who considers the ordinary bery unworthy of his abilities therefore he goes in for remoranticals of an extraordinary set For example, take the man whose coffee stall, replete with coffee stall, replete with urns cust saucers, plates, knives and force spoons, and a good supply of the spoons. tibles, ranging from shop eggs to be

The stall stood before its on home, and behind some old not of iron and wood. The full and of the robbery will be realized on a ing that the thief did not take dom railings or even wait for a suitable He just selected a moment when proprietor was out of the way, and took out the stall at 6 o'clock is cvening, just as its owner was habit of doing when about bost his travelling coffee shop near signs factory a mile or two off. The petrator of this extraordinary man was detected through the agen

took of refreshments Quite recently there have been Quite recently there have been three cases recorded in the paper cab stealing; this we can quite little property, wherewith one can a decent living. But what shall of a man who stole an elephant! same elephant escaped from a coprocession that was wending is through the streets of a suburb decimal mander. erpool. The great animal wand erpool. The great animal wands many miles and eventually says a farm, the proprietor whereof p ly annexed the valuable mute so foolish enough to sell it to the of eus proprietor that chanced to be vicinity. The farmer's reason for ing reason for vicinity. The farmer's reason ing rid of the elephant was the ious quantity of food the admiwhole silly proceedings ended conviction of the farmer, though off with three month's implies There are at least two cases.

cord of a man stealing a house these was a portabl structure, which ran on wheels structure, which ran on wheels longed to a great contractor manager used it as a pay box somid defiance. the real owner at defiance long and most exasperating collaw proceedings the real owner ered his house and the claim distodged.

Horses and vans have been o ms nostelry. It was: "No niggers course; so have whole louse and no naptime."

After he had abandoned the hotel distress, or it had abandoned him way. A householder going the language of the hotel distress. way: A householder going about perhaps warehouse his furn perhaps warehouse his fur-some well-known repositor, thieves will containe to in thieves will containe to in SSIP FOR

FASHIONS.

in Calling Cards-The Secret of Art.-Fads of Some Women he New Hats.

HE OSTRICH FEATHER FAN.

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The empire fan is still the favorite, sough it is rivaled by those very large recomposed of fifteen er twenty recomposed. The fan at is carried by the swellest people is double one; that is there are sticks to be hedy of the fan making a sort double one, that is there are sticks Mrs. in a r togram abroa open work strip through the middle.

NGLISH COLLEGE OF HOUSE

There is a college for housewives at There is a contege for money and althaustan. England, where young omen may learn all the branches of mestic work including cookery, needmostic handrywork and household-work. handrywork and household-operintendence. The name of the col-ges a appropriately St. Martha's, his ten pupils are received at a time, y ten publis are received her turn order that each may serve her turn housekeeper, chambermaid, laun-ess, etc. As the course of instruc-m includes every household function, on haliding fires and cleaning lamps or parties, the graduate equally fitted for a house maid or a

FASHION IN CALLING-CARDS.

The Roman or block letter is becomfor visiting card plates, while the hably thin card of two-sheet that is eminently proper. Cards for n and women are considerably the and the script engraving is in consequence, following morely the English style than the Pau I, which is large and with flourishes Block or Roman letter plate is very e block of holidan by tending Lon-nesyles it finds great favor. The common than doubles that of script graving. Ladies use the block style catheir cards for teas and recepas it admits of the necessary en ring of days within a smaller space on the script, and enables a smaller rd being used.

COMPLEXION HINTS.

frequent washing of the face be avoided. Some physicians the face should be washed washed area day, and then in tepid water, ectain amount of exercise is indis-able. Brisk morning walks, regutaken and persistently adhered to. er a healthy glow that defies ar

are sweets, it may be suggested they are complexion destroyers, that the fewer one eats the fairer skin is likely to be.

assigo is recommended by many have made a special study of the art of complexion-preserving. A de kneading of the face at night a the morning makes the skin sof amous heauties nearly all unite in ing testimony that a thorough steam the face at night is wonderfully

er a bowl of hot water.

THE SECRET OF ART. elix says American dressmakers ke better dresses than the French smakers, put better material into a, fit them just as well, sew them ther, and then, he says, spoil them by much sewing—too much of what 1 b't translate better than by-calling it and driedness." The French study cets, and let the details take care of smaller than the details take care of the details of the details of the details of the details of the set if the set is attention to details of one sort, if not se of another. The Frenchwoman shot care whether the stuff is cheese there satin, side-plaited or gathered, long as it makes her lead and long as long as it makes her look well, but e dotes on having her lingerie, her res, her shoes, her veils, her entire nt, perfectly au fait.

French mind adores elegancies. 30es into raptures over its own de-rs in garnitures. French workwoalike to do decorative work in dress-king, but they hate to finish the in-of a bodice as our American dresser feel that they must finish their k. Anyone who has ever tried to he trial arrangement, and spoils it when sewing is done by making it issiff and ugly. The several much sewing, and by escale as theh of it as they can, they get airy effects that are quite

FADS OF SOME WOMEN. lelen Gould has a fad for charities. ary Anderson than a

son has an especial elia toaxter had a taste fo and made a "fad" of raising pop

derful You

arah Bernhardt prides bernett a

crown. an esp rulle h shades lutely : black s

of light hat like do is t cover i two to left side the brin of the nose h

back, bi tive in producing a clear complex-This is done by holding the face ped up, ers and den **sil**l aigrette

Small church ervice ing high

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