

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Smart Jackets and Model Costumes That Will Find Favor During Coming Season.

The new embroidered India mulla are wrought in designs as fine and delicate as real lace.

Cape de Paris will form one of the very fashionable textiles for the making of empire and other picturesque evening toilets for the summer, says the New York Post.

The smartest of the new bolero jackets for "dress" uses are formed of guipure lace cut low and rounding in the neck, curving up slightly on the back, above the corselet or girdle, and also under the arms, enough to show a little of the silk or satin blouse beneath, and reaching below the waist in a point on the front.

Mercerized satens, which very closely resemble satin foulards, and soft silk and linen mixtures in dainty colorings, striped, dotted, and plain of surface, are among the favored materials for shirt-waists for morning wear this spring.

A pretty way to transform a gown that has been used for demi-dress into one suitable for house wear, and also to diversify its appearance, is to cut away the top of the bodice portion in a square, rounding, or V-shape, and insert a yoke of panne, satin foulard, shepherd's check silk, tucked peau de soie, etc.

Cut away the sleeve nearly to the elbow, flare it slightly in bell-shape by inserting a small gore, which is hidden by trimming; and add full-gathered undersleeves of fabric matching the yoke.

The tucked or plaited skirts as now worn, and as designed for summer dresses, are a very satisfactory compromise between the kilted styles of other days and the very flat habit effect so extremely trying to every figure.

SICK ROOM SUGGESTIONS.

Directions for the Proper Ventilation, Renovation and General Conduct of the Apartment.

In scarlet fever cases the sick-room should be swept twice a day and the sweepings immediately burned or placed in a box or paper bag. After sweeping, the woodwork, furniture, etc., in the room should be wiped off thoroughly with a damp cloth wrung out of bichloride of mercury one to five thousand, or carbolic acid one to forty, says a health authority.

Escalloped Fish. White fish or trout is nice for this. Wrap a large fish in cheese-cloth and plunge it into boiling water; let it cook about 30 minutes.

They Don't Speak Now. Ida—I want to have some pictures taken. Can you recommend a photographer?

Ada—Flashem! I've heard that he has a way of making the homeliest people look absolutely handsome.—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

PITH AND POINT.

Over-confidence has wrecked many a career.—Chicago Journal.

When one gets too jealous he begins to see things that don't happen.—Indianapolis News.

If a woman takes the trouble to hate you, you've always got a fighting chance.—N. Y. Herald.

Some men have such unfortunate dispositions that they work against their own business.—Atchison Globe.

When a man tells a woman that he understands her thoroughly, he is either just falling in love with her or just falling out.—Town Topics.

The Justice—"I don't remember ever seeing you before." The Accused—"No, your honor; you see, you don't belong to our set."—Boston Transcript.

"It's bad to have too much confidence in yourself," said the janitor philosopher, "but it's worse to have too much in other people."—Chicago Daily News.

Chaser—"What did I hear you order Belgian hare?" Spacer—"Yes, the editor told me to write up the subject thoroughly, so I'm trying to get full of it."—Chicago Daily News.

"I would give you my seat, sir," said the fair young girl to the pale young man who was hanging to a strap in the street car, "but I'm very tired. I have sat through a matinee performance of Rantem, the actor." "Never mind, madam," said the pale man, taking a fresh grip on the strap. "I am Rantem, the actor."—Baltimore American.

SAILORS HAVE PIANOS NOW.

Musical Performances Frequently Heard on Coasting Steamers on the Atlantic.

What struck the visitor as odd was that an upright piano stood along the port side of the cabin. He could not suppress a short whistle of astonishment which the skipper was quick to notice, says the New York Sun.

"Sit down and I'll play you a tune." First it was Brahms, then came Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann. Then all was still. The master of the schooner was the first to break the silence as he said:

"After all, I like Brahms best. Schubert seems to—"

The visitor could not contain himself any longer, and stammered: "I never knew that sailorsmen went in for this sort of thing. Are there many instruments aboard ship?"

"Few pianos like that, I warrant you. I picked that one up in the Pacific. It came out of the wreck of an English bark that struck near Valparaiso. Got it for a song from the underwriters. Better now than when first launched into the sea of music."

"But you do not understand me. I mean it is not strange to find a piano on board a sailing vessel like this?" "Not at all, not at all," replied the master mariner. "It is all the fashion these days. There was a time when the cabin of the average coasting schooner looked as desolate as the rear end of a Maine barn. They are now got up with some idea of comfort. I know at least 25 schooners in the trade between south of Hatteras and east of Sandy Hook that have fine pianos in their cabins. One of them, the new six-master, George W. Wells, has a grand, but then she has plenty of beam."

"I do not know how the idea of placing pianos aboard vessels in the coastwise trade originated, but I imagine that some skipper who had taken his family to sea with him decided to lug along the pet dog and maybe the piano. Anyhow, there is nothing strange about the sound of a piano aboard the schooner type of craft these days. The big lines can't have a monopoly, you know."

"I remember passing Winter Quarters shoal lightship one calm evening last August in the company of 11 schooners all bound north. It was just after supper, and the crew had gathered about the forecabin to smoke their turning-pipe of tobacco, when somebody on the nearest schooner to us began to pound away on an organ that was in the cabin. He was mutilating one of the comic operas, and I just turned to and gave him a piece of my mind over the keyboard. That was the signal for a general row, and in less time than it takes to tell it seven of the 11 schooners were battering away at naturals, sharps and flats. Those who hadn't any pianos came up into the quiet of the evening with banjos, harmonicas or concertinas, and it was the grandest vaudeville performance that old Neptune ever heard."

"There is nothing really surprising about seeing a piano on board a vessel of good tonnage these days, if she happens to have a good owner. I was down in the Erie basin the other day and heard the chords of a tip-top piano coming from a canal boat lying up there for the winter."

Men Pretty Decent After All. Men are pretty decent, after all. A man walked into this office to-day and said he wanted to pay a bill 12 years old. The bookkeeper could not find the account. "Never mind," the man said; "I remember the amount; it is \$16, and here is the money. I would have paid it long ago, but have not been able." Did you ever have a thing like that happen to you?—Atchison Globe.

Suspicious. Some men think nearly everybody is lying awake nights trying to invent ways to wrinkle them.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

CUESTAS OF URUGUAY.

The President of the South American Republic Reviews his Labors in Office.

"I like the Americans who have come among us," said President Cuestas when I inquired about Uruguay's Yankee colony, writes Douglas White, in Ainslee's. "They form a portion of our best and most reliable citizens. They are welcome, and we want more of them. Their energy serves to stir our people to greater exertion, and their presence in this republic is beneficial to our advancement."

"I have labored since coming into office to give Uruguay and her people a commercial position to which she is entitled. This is far from an easy matter so long as our principal port is handicapped by the quality of its harbor. This defect cannot be overcome in one presidential term or in two or three even, but I believe that I shall see its beginning while still in office. This has, in fact, been one of the principal aims of my administration, and if no further setbacks occur, another year will see the work commenced that will render Montevideo one of the best harbors on the Atlantic. I have caused a fund to be established for the construction of the necessary breakwater and piers. At present there is coin on hand with which to begin the work, and the reservation of gold to be made annually until the harbor is finished will be ample to carry it to a successful completion. I have always realized that it was the beginning of this work which would call for the most time and energy, but now that this beginning is provided for I look upon the end as a certainty. Of course, I have not accomplished this alone, for without the support of my ministers and the principal financiers of the republic it would have been impossible. I feel a pride in having been a factor in the organization of this vast improvement, which means so much to Montevideo and the whole of Uruguay, for the republic's future depends upon her commercial relations. The more extensive her relations are with other nations, the faster she will advance. Right among our neighbors we have examples of this fact. But until commerce gets a fitting terminal for means of transportation the era of full prosperity will not arrive. We wish a closer contact with the whole world, and particularly with the United States. As long as I am president you can be assured that I shall use every endeavor to maintain the ties of friendship between our nations."

These are the expressions of a man who is certainly an anomaly among South American presidents.

MARK TWAIN INSTRUCTS.

The Famous Humorist Tells How to Make an After-Dinner Speech.

Mark Twain said sadly not long ago: "The funniest thing in the world is the truth. Tell the plain truth and the people will always laugh at it. If I get up at a dinner and refer to a man as an insincere galoot—I mean a man who is present at the dinner—he as well as everyone else will laugh."

When Mark Twain returned to New York last fall after his long stay abroad, says George B. Mallon in Ainslee's, it was particularly appropriate that his first formal welcome home should come, as it did, from the Lotus club, and on that occasion joy was unconfined. Mr. Clemens told some truths that evening which proved the correctness of his theory. In fact, most of the humor of the after-dinner speeches which he has made this past winter has been in his presentation of truths. Mr. Clemens speaks with a slow, playful drawl, and occasionally his eyes almost close. When laughter interrupts him he opens his eyes, nods, and, looking along the line of faces opposite him, he sometimes smiles in enjoyment of the joke with them.

Mr. Clemens, in speaking at his first dinner of the things that had happened since he had been away, said, reflectively: "The Daughters of the Royal Crown—there is an American idol for you! God knows what specialized form of insanity it represents. It isn't softening of the brain; you can't soften a thing that does not exist. There are no eligibles, but the American descendants of Charles II. How the fancy product of that old harem holds up!"

As he concluded this reference his manner was almost savage. Mr. Clemens is a prudent man, though he says he knows nothing of business, and he does not squander much of his high-grade marketable humor on his after-dinner speeches. He very evidently makes no preparation for them, and he talks about whatever the occasion may suggest.

Rough on the Bride. At a small country church a newly married couple were just receiving some advice from the elderly vicar as to how they were to conduct themselves and so always live happily.

"You must never get cross at once; it is the husband's duty to protect his wife whenever an occasion arises, and a wife must love, honor and obey her husband, and follow him wherever he goes."

"But, sir," pleaded the young bride. "I haven't yet finished," remarked the clergyman, annoyed at the interruption.

"She must—" "But, please, sir" (in desperation), "can't you alter that last part? My husband is going to be a postman."—The King.

THE VANISHING CAYUSE.

The Mustang of the Southwestern Plains Disappearing Like the Buffalo.

Twenty years ago, or even ten or five years since, the mustang and the jack rabbit were two of the commonest pests in the west. On every plain and mesa, in each spot where a particle of green feed found a livelihood, beneath the shelter of a dusty sagebrush or a thorned mesquite, the little, hardy, shaggy cayuse and the long-eared, alert and rapid jack rabbit browsed in peace and quietude. A rider across the arid wilds of the great southwest could count, if he desired, hundreds and thousands of the wiry, wild horses, and from every bush a jack hurried away from the path of the traveler, a gray streak, scurrying over the sand and gracefully sailing over obstructing brush—the kangaroo of America, says the Arizona Republican.

Now not a mustang can be found in a day's travel, or a week's, and only an infrequent jack breaks in on the monotony of a desert ride. Ten years ago 200,000 mustangs were scattered over the ranges in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. As the bicycle grew in favor the horse decreased in value, and the mustang became an outcast and an outlaw. He intruded on the cattle ranges and was shot for his pains, the cowmen intent on the saving of feed for their stock. He ventured amid the sheep flocks and the coyotes feasted on his carcass. Everywhere he was a worthless reprobate, an interloper, and valuable only as a target for the revolver of the ranchero. By inbreeding the species grew smaller, and the mustang's finish was perceivable. The extremely low price of high grade eastern horses put the cayuse out of service, and his only haven of refuge was among the Indians. The red men harbored him, fed him and tamed him, and to-day on the reservations can be found the last of his race, disappearing as did the buffalo, but from a different cause. His extermination was rapid and somewhat of a mystery. Many stockmen attribute it merely to degeneration, but closer observers assert that many thousands of the ponies of the desert were surreptitiously converted into canned beef, and are even now being served over eastern tables and army messes as a select product of the cattle range. Be that as it may, the mustang is no more, and has been replaced by a higher and finer breed of the equine species. Over plains where once roamed the vast herds of mustangs—which, by the way, were doubtless the offspring of horses brought over soon after the Spanish invasion—now feed as fine horseflesh can be found anywhere in the world. Several years ago a great importation of Oregon mares, the sturdy stock of the rough northwest, was sent south. At the same time a number of fine stallions from Kentucky and Indiana were shipped to the southwest. The outgrowth has been that Texas and Arizona are rapidly becoming known as important factors in the horse trade. The offspring has been a well-proportioned, strong and extremely hardy horse. Over the rocky hills and the gravelly plains the horse of the southwest has had his traveling, and developed his strength and capability for rough work. The dry, blithful climate has developed his lung power, and in the South African war English officers found the American horse of the southwest the strongest, hardiest and fastest in the rough work of the Boer campaign. In such esteem, indeed, is he held that eastern buyers are scouring the horse ranges and paying the highest prices for him, while British and German army buyers give the preference to him. In many localities cattlemen are evolving into horsemen, and the steady demand and high prices promise well for a business that five years ago was undreamed of.

A NATURAL BORN GAMBLER.

The Numbers Were Significant of a Game He Frequently Indulged In.

To the lonely bachelor and others that seldom have occasion to visit the big dry goods stores it may be news that the old system of crying "Cash" has been supplanted by other methods besides the operation of the mechanical carrier. In many places where the human cash conveyance is still retained the juveniles have been supplied with numbers, and when a clerk wants his "cash boy" or "cash girl" he sings out a certain number. This system has given rise to numerous amusing incidents, one of which caused a whole store full of employes to lose their dignity, from the grave floorwalker to the elevator boy.

Two very dark colored men were at the music counter pricing the latest ragtime songs, and the continual shouting of the cash numbers seemed to affect them curiously, says the Detroit Free Press.

"No. 11!" yelled a thin-voiced clerk in another part of the store. The eyes of one of the colored men rolled eagerly at the sound.

"Dat's ma fav'right policy number," he confided to his friend.

Then above the din of business came in clear, strong tones the words: "No. 7—come?"

The excitement of the colored men could no longer be restrained. Advancing to a clerk, one of them, in tones loud enough to be heard in all parts of that floor, eagerly exclaimed: "Mistah, will yo' kindly info'm me whar dat crap game is gwine on hyar?"

The Brag. A man who started out with nothing hardly ever gets over talking about it.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

OUR CHANGING TRAFFIC.

How Some of the Larger Cities Adjust Themselves to New Conditions.

It is not to be understood, of course, that the changes in trade relations signify that the older communities come to a standstill, or go backward, or are even relatively less important because of the sectional traffic that is taken away from them. When New York lost to Cincinnati the raw product trade with the south, compensating gains were made in other directions, says Arthur I. Street, in Ainslee's. American communities are not like those of Italy, where, when the grape and wine business declines year after year, the people are at the end of their wits, and poverty seems the only availing employment. On the contrary, when Philadelphia lost the raw product business which New York captured by the building of the Erie ditch, her people settled themselves to the making of locomotives and steamships. So, when Toledo lost the grain of the west she went into manufacturing agricultural implements. When the far west put its short lines into Chicago, Duluth and Memphis and deprived the Ohio states of their advantage in the south, the hauling of grain and pigs and cattle was given up for the making of clothes and tools.

Indeed, one of the vital aspects of the law that is taking away from New York the lines of trade to retain which its merchants are contending, probably in vain, is that it implies the building up of the country into groups of sectional specialties. As the years of experiment and of temporary leadership pass, the several principal localities discover the items of trade in which their resources are the greatest, and adhere to these tenaciously and successfully. Some manufacture locomotives, and others, like Kalamazoo, in Michigan, do nothing so famously as the growing of celery. Some, like South Bend, in Indiana, make wagons, and others, like Philadelphia, build war vessels. Some, like Bellingham Bay, in the state of Washington, can salmon, and others, like Fresno, in California, dry raisins.

IRISH-AMERICAN DIALECT.

There is No Such Thing as Real Life, Says This English Authority.

These comic philosophers mostly live in America. There only is the idea cultivated in literature. In England authors write only fact or fiction. But across the Atlantic there are hosts of clever men who are not ashamed to set down what whimsical ideas come into their heads. We call them, somewhat contemptuously, humorists; but a little of their light philosophy would be a very welcome addition to the heavy fact and foolish fiction which make our illustrated magazines such serious publications. Well, these light-hearted philosophers nearly always write in dialect. Their favorite dialect is the Irish-American, but they make much use of the negro, Yankee and western.

The Irish-American dialect is entirely a paper one; it is absolutely unpronounceable, says a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine. It has the usual Irish idioms, and to make them lively, American pens have added scores of strange words. It is wholly comic, never being used for serious writing, though perhaps, now Mr. Dooley is fast making it classical, it may doff its holiday garb and do more workaday clothes. Its present resort is, however, the comic paper, and in it a large percentage of the jokes given to the English-speaking world is cast. But in the case of jokes of the question and answer description, perhaps the negro dialect is most used. Massa Jonsing and Dinah have a number of funny things to say to each other in their quaint speech, which undoubtedly has influenced—or, at least, been influenced—by the American Irish. Both speeches overlie the highest of spirits, whether a quip be written in the one or the other seems to be a matter decided by the caprice of the moment. Both are employed to convey from writer to reader the most innocent mirth in the world. The cleanliness of the two dialects is, indeed, most praiseworthy, and makes their popularity with readers on both sides of the Atlantic a matter for congratulation.

CAMERAS IN THE HAREM.

The Introduction of New Diversions Among Turkish Women and Some of Its Effects.

The camera has won another victory. It has invaded the Turkish harem. The queen of the harem, who, according to contemporary artists, spends her time reclining languidly upon gorgeous cushions, fanned by picturesque slaves, will be shown in her habit as she lives, and one more Arabian Nights' illusion will be shattered, says the New York Sun.

Of course it is expressly forbidden that the photographs of the women shall be circulated outside of the family, but presumably feminine vanity flourishes as well in Turkey as in any other country, and the chances that pictures will not pass beyond the harems are hardly worth the risk of a white chip.

The most famous photographer of Constantinople is the only one to whom the sultan has granted the privilege of photographing the Turkish women, and it is safe to suppose that he is an object of envy to his less fortunate fellow citizens. The photographer is a recent convert to Islam, and the sultan may have decided to show him what could be done in the line of hours by way of clinching his zeal.

The amateur photography craze which is spreading in Turkish households opens up possibilities more amusing than the favored professional does. It is said that the women, whose enforced seclusion makes them seize upon any diversion with enthusiasm, have taken to the pastime, and are photographing everything in sight.

One of the Turkish correspondents of a French paper tells an entertaining bit of gossip in regard to one Turkish household which has been undergoing most violent disturbances, all because the other women saw their chance of getting back as the favorite of their lord and master. They got snap shots of her in her bad temper and her unbecoming clothes, and part of the collection having chanced to fall into the hands of the sultan's beauty, there were storms that rent a happy home sunder and made one haughty Turk wish he had never been born.

French Peasant Workmen. The striking fact to the American mind is the large preponderance of the class of women employed as farm laborers in France—2,700,000 women engaged in farm labor! The sight of a woman, generally in combination with a dog, usurping the place of the horse as motive power—a frequent one in certain portions of la belle France—causes all properly constituted American hair to stand on end with horror, so repugnant is it to the Anglo-Saxon idea of woman-kind. This deeply-rooted prejudice against the employment of women in rough out-of-door work does not exist in France, and the peasant, pure and simple, constitutes one of the strongest types of French womanhood—the backbone of the nation.—N. Y. Post.