FOR FEMININE WEARERS.

Various Adjuncts of Dress Which Lend Tone to the Costumes of the Season.

An extreme effect in millinery garniture is the use of radishes of velvet, as well as fruits, berries and flowers of the same material, reports the Brooklyn Eagle.

Beautiful buttons and buckles adorn the soft ceintures which, to a considerable extent are superseding the stiff waistband.

Flat buttons about the size of a nickel are much in evidence for trimming purposes. They are of ordinary pearl and the smoked variety, and of silk and velvet, plain or embroidered in pompadour design.

Triple or double shoulder capes appear on the largest gowns for indoor wear.

Narrow cords and tassels, sometimes in a darker tone than the gown, again presenting an artistic contrast, or in gold or silver thread are the decorations most frequently seen on autumn costumes.

Ribbons that shade from a bright green to deep blue make up admirably into rosettes that may be used for the ornamentation of dark-toned gowns or hats.

Flat rosettes resembling a coachman's cockade trim some of the newest turbans. In the center of these rosettes is placed a fancy paste button or other ornament.

Gimp ornaments and trimmings are much used in combination with astrachan and other furs.

Toques and large hats of royal blue velvet are trimmed with baby lamb and Persian lamb, while ermine tails and bands decorate hats of black velvet, moire and white lace.

Swiss embroidery in self color represents the newest trimming for silk underskirts.

Nasturtium tints, the glowing orange, red and yellow tones, are designated that are so conspicuous in modish millinery and dress garniture.

A novelty for the ping-pong girl is a chatelaine watch in the form of a ping-pong racquet of sterling silver.

Card cases of canvas embroidered with silk floss in colors harmonizing with the gown are said to be very popular in England.

The prettiest designs in neckwear are all adorned with French knots.

Gowns of chenille draped over black chiffon and fine black lace are among the original models of the season. As accompaniments are wraps composed entirely of chenille fringe.

In the newest of embroidered hose the flowers are not distributed carelessly over the surface, but form some particular design such as bow-knot, heart or monogram, placed over the instep.

USES OF TURPENTINE.

A Valuable Household Article When Its Use Is Properly Understood.

Turpentine, either in resinous form or in spirits, has a household value. A child suffering with the croup or any throat or lung difficulty will be quickly relieved by inhaling the vapor and having the chest rubbed until the skin is red, and then being wrapped about with flannel moistened with fiery spirits. Afterward sweet-oil will save the skin from irritation. In the case of burns and scalds turpentine has no equal, says Woman's Home Companion. It is the best dressing for patent-leather, it will remove paint from artists' clothes and workmen's garments; it will drive away moths if a few drops are put into closets and chests; it will persuade mice to find other quarters if a little is poured into the mouse-holes; one tablespoonful added to the water in which linens are boiled will make the goods wonderfully white; a few drops will prevent starch from sticking; mixed with beeswax it makes the best floor-polish, and mixed with sweet oil it is unrivaled as a polish for furniture — the latter mixture should be two parts of sweet oil to one part of turpentine. Some physicians recommend spirits of turpentine, applied externally, for lumbago and rheumatism. It is also prescribed for neuralgia of the face.

White Oranges.

In a few years white oranges may grace the American dinner table or the Italian fruit wagon. One of the explorers of the agricultural department discovered this freak of nature along the shores of the Mediterranean some months ago, and brought some cuttings from the tree to the United States. These were carefully grafted on an ordinary stock at the department grounds, and are now three feet high. A cutting of this plant was sent to Santa Ana, Cal., to be tried in that climate. A couple of years will see the first fruit. If it proves of fine flavor cuttings will be widely scattered, and in time the white orange may be as plentiful as the seedless orange.—Washington Star.

Orange Bouillon

The juice from enough fresh ripe oranges to make one quart of solid juice. Heat to boiling point, then add one tablespoonful of dissolved cornstarch, and cook to a velvety cream. Add small dash of salt. Cool, then add one tablespoonful of orange flower water and one teaspoonful of orange curacoa. Serve in crystal soup bowls in finely cracked ice with a garniture of a few orange flowers and imported French wafers.—Good Housekeeping.

The magnolia has a more powerful perfume than any other flower.

CIGARETTE ROLLING.

A Habit That Is Growing More Common Among Smokers.

Fewer of the Ready-Made Article Sold, But the Number of Hand-Made Ones Is on the Increase.

Without entering into the question of the propriety of smoking cigarettes, the fact remains that less of them are being sold and more of them are smoked every day. The ready-made cigarette is fast passing away from popularity with smokers, and the hand-made affair is growing under the encouragement of the tobacco manufacturer and the smoker himself. There is not a brand of granulated tobacco that does not carry with it a package of cigarette paper. Every purchaser of tobacco is asked when buying a bag of tobacco if he wants the papers or not. There is no extra charge for the papers. They are given away with the tobacco.

In Chicago, states the Tribune of that city, there is a special "smoker" on every elevated railway train, and a special place for smokers on every surface car. There a fair census may be taken of the cigarette smoker. It is safe to say that not one in ten of those using cigarettes use the ready-made article. As the men and boys enter the cars they dig down for paper and tobacco, and go to rolling their cigarettes. The tobacco varies little in these cases. Likewise, the papers. Most of the papers used are those given away with the tobacco. Most of them are bad, but, like the cheap cigars, their users become accustomed to them, and actually grow to like them and are unhappy unless they can get that particular brand.

There is a sort of freemasonry among cigarette smokers, too, that is in a large measure to blame for the spread of the rolling habit. One cigarette user has not the slightest hesitation about borrowing either paper or tobacco, or both, if his own supply happens to be exhausted. And it is safe to say that no such request has ever been refused. Cigarette paper and tobacco seem to be common property, and are always considered as such by their users.

The growth of the rolling habit can be traced to several sources. The first impulse was given to it in the cities and the college towns by those who sought to crush out the habit by stopping the sale of the ready-made cigarettes. They had the license for selling them put up so high that few dealers would sell them or handle them. The profit was knocked out of the business, and cigarette smoking was checked for a time. But it was not long before the dealer and the tobacco man got together on the proposition and found a way around the difficulty. They simply began to sell the papers, and when they could not sell them they gave them away.

The habit took hold immediately, and to be eradicated the work will need to be done on the rising generation, and that will be a hard task.

There is no use trying to disguise the fact that boys look upon the art of rolling cigarettes as one of the accomplishments to be desired, and unless they are watched with the utmost care, they will learn it and learn to smoke the cigarettes they learn to roll.

The cigarette habit is not a new one by any means, but the extensive spread of it is one of the modern developments of the great trade combines. The trusts can be blamed for the growth of the cigarette habit as much as any other single cause.

The beginning of the cigarette in America is the result of circumstances as much as the enterprise of the makers. It was smoked mostly by the cowboys in the beginning, and they learned the trick from the Mexicans.

The average ranchman could not lay in a supply of ready-made cigarettes for many reasons. They would not keep, in the first place, and he could not carry enough to last him, in the second.

So it came that the cowboy would buy a few pounds of granulated tobacco, and a bale of paper, and be supplied for several months. To them cigarette rolling became an art; always in the open and in a country where the wind never dies, they can roll a cigarette under difficulties that would seem insurmountable to the messenger boy of the city.

On "round up" in the spring or on the "beef hunt" in the fall, every man carries his three months' supply of paper and tobacco. He may be galloping in the face of the prairie breeze when the cigarette appetite seizes him. He slips to one side in his saddle, riding on one foot, and clamping the other to the horse, so as to ride more evenly than ever. A piece of crumpled paper is smoothed, just enough tobacco is dropped into it, and a motion or two of the fingers, a scratching of a match, and the cowboy is bending far over catching a light. The cowpuncher seldom dampens the paper; the ends are crimped only, and the little roll is firm enough for his use. In a prairie wind there is no toying with the cigarette, as on the stage in a society play. It's five or six puffs and the end, and the horse has not changed his gait from the first.

An Embarrassing Moment.

Archibald Penelope Griggs is going to be married.

Arthur—Gracious! Who's going to marry her?

"I am."—Detroit Free Press.

Somewhat Different.

Nell—Would you marry a man just because he happened to be rich?

Bess—Of course not. But then I would try awfully hard to get him to marry me.—Chicago Daily News.

RIBBON FLOWERS.

A Pretty Fancy of the Time Which Lends Life and Color to a Costume.

Satin and Louisine ribbon sets, which were fashionable during the summer, have lost none of their popularity. When dressy results are desired nothing is more effective with delicate evening frocks than touches of ribbon that harmonize in coloring. The fancy for dangling decorations in knotted ribbons, sash ends and breast knots has been very marked. This same idea may be carried out in sprays of ribbon flowers for dress and hair ornament. All sorts of flowers are being made of ribbon to be worn in this way, and there are wonderful possibilities for deft fingers in fashioning these dainty things, says the New York Herald.

Clusters of tiny pink and red rosebuds are made of folded satin ribbon. The green calix and stem of the artificial flower and the sheen of the satin all lending themselves to an excellent imitation of the natural flower. These sprays of tiny flowers are charming for the hair, especially the wreath and tiara effects in rosebuds and forget-me-nots.

Larger roses and buds with long green stems hang from a cluster or ribbon knot at the breast. Draped over the dress skirt these clusters give a graceful touch to an entire costume. Violets are made of narrow ribbon gathered into knots and made of single violets. Chrysanthemums are strikingly natural, made of tiny fluted baby ribbon. Sprays of fish geraniums are in vivid reds, with their own foliage.

To make a rose take green wrapped wire seven or eight inches long. The wire must be thin and can be unwrapped if desired. Cut a piece of satin for a half-open rose, about the size of the palm of your hand. It does not matter whether you cut the end of the ribbon off square, round or ragged. Wrap this, after folding it on the bias, so that the center forms a point, with the folds of satin about it. Hold the rough ends around the doubled up wire, the doubled end of which comes up into the point, and wrap a thin piece of plain wire tightly around it.

The bud is thus formed and ready for its little green cup. Clip off most of the rough ends of the satin and shove the cup over the doubled wire, making it fit over the little bunch of tied ends. Between the bud and its cup is placed a circle of green cloth cut in points, with a hole in the middle. The cup pushes this into place around the satin bud and the complete rosebud is formed. The same rule applies to the tiny buds, the only difference being the size of the bit of satin. Some persons run a hollow artificial stem over the wire. One or two pieces of hollow stem are enough. This can be bought in long pieces and cut up into any desired lengths. A bow or open rose can hide the stems at the beginning of the bunch. In making the full blown roses a cluster of little yellow tipped stamens are tied to the end of the doubled wire before the pieces of satin are folded and tied in place. Each bud, half blown and full blown flower is made separately, and then the maker can twist them together in any desired style.

The little green holders can be made at home, but the cups, which are of paper, are bought; so is the wire. One woman suggested taking the little cups of acorns, piercing a hole in the bottom and painting them green. It is a novel idea and would serve the purpose perfectly. Stamens and cups, however, are exceedingly cheap, and liberty satin can be bought for less than a dollar a yard for the piece, and a small portion of a yard would be sufficient; or the ribbon, in different widths, ranges from 15 to 19 cents a yard. Heavier satin costs little more. Velvet is expensive, and is used for geraniums, which are easy to make. Just a small bit of velvet or satin, crushed and tied in small points and round, crinkled objects, which, when fastened in a bunch, look just like the blossoms themselves. Artificial leaves are used with geranium bunches.

Violets are made of little crushed, crinkled bits of satin tied on the end of a wire and then bunched together with the appearance of a corsage bouquet of Parma violets.

Lemon Tartlets.

To make lemon tartlets line some patty pans with nice pastry and fill them with this mixture: Mix 1½ ounces of corn flour into a smooth paste and pour over it half a pint of boiling water. Sweeten to taste and boil for five minutes until the corn flour tastes thoroughly cooked. Take the pan from the fire and add the grated rind and juice of a lemon. When cool, add the yolks of two eggs and stir well; lastly, the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Fill the patty pans with this mixture and bake in a quick oven.—Detroit Free Press.

Pure Water.

To purify large quantities of water in case a filter is not obtainable it is a good plan to use alum, for this will cause all impurities to sink to the bottom, when the clear water at the top may be poured off and will be fit for use. One tablespoonful of alum will be required for four gallons of water. It must be stirred in thoroughly and then allowed to settle.—Washington Star.

Cottage Cake.

One quart of flour, three eggs, a teacupful of milk, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, one-third of a cupful of butter, a half-teaspoonful of soda, one of cream of tartar and the rind of a lemon and half its juice are used in making this modestly-named by exceedingly delicious cake.—N. Y. Herald.

SCARCITY OF GEMS.

The More Precious Stones Are Growing Higher in Price.

Mines Are Worked-Out and the Producers Are More Grasping Than Ever—An Interesting Chapter on Gems.

Every year sees the price of emeralds and rubies rise higher, owing to the working out of some of the few mines where these gems are found. There are diamonds aplenty, but the De Beers syndicate manages to hold the price to its present height, and it is not likely that the great diamond trust will ever be broken, states the Washington Star. What, then, is the world of ordinary folk to do for gems?

Eventually, jewelers say, the public must come to a proper appreciation of the worth of the so-called inferior stones. These are much prized in other countries. If there is one part of the world which might justly be said to have a right to decide matters where precious stones are concerned, it should be the orient, their first home, where they are loved and understood as they never can be in the western world. The verdict of the east is in favor of a number of jewels which rarely find their way to the windows of a first-class dealer in this country.

Chief among the neglected stones, the day of which in the orient seems to be in a fair way of dawning at last, are alexandrites, white and pink cat's eyes, carbuncles and Ceylon rubies. Of these gems few really fine specimens find their way to the American market, and such as are seen are generally in crude or inappropriate settings. The result is that these stones do not appear to the best advantage, and so have met with less public favor than they deserve.

Take, for instance, the alexandrite, which possesses the remarkable quality of changing its color from a greenish yellow in the daytime to a glowing red at night. When encircled with diamonds it forms a beautiful ornament, and can be set effectively in gypsy rings, with emeralds or sapphires.

To the superstitiously inclined the alexandrite should appeal strongly. Orientals hold that it not only protects the wearer from footpads, but that those troubled with insomnia can obtain a good night's rest by gazing intently upon the stone after it has changed color. The pink and white sapphires are more highly prized in eastern countries than the familiar blue variety, because they preserve better their luster and color at night. In fact, the white sapphire sheds such brilliancy by artificial light that it requires an expert to distinguish it from a diamond. Yet both pink and white sapphires are seldom offered for sale out of the orient.

The carbuncle is another gem which oriental jewelers set artistically, together with moonstones, in bracelets and girdles of gold filigree work. It does not usually require the pocketbook of a millionaire to become the possessor of one of these ornaments, but when the stones are of the purest quality they may be costly. A girdle of carbuncles and moonstones in the possession of Queen Alexandra is valued at $15,000.

To many people the carbuncle has one serious defect. The superstitious say that this stone occasionally develops black spots, which are infallible signs of impending misfortune. When a black spot appears in a carbuncle owned by a Hindoo, he loses no time in presenting it to some one for whom he cherishes a secret aversion. He thus passes the stone with its unlucky spot on to where he thinks it will do the most good or evil.

As to the cat's eye, so potent a charm against sickness is this gem considered by orientals that the loss or compulsory parting with one is viewed as little short of personal calamity. More than this, the cat's eye is supposed to endow its possessor with second sight, so that he can perceive and checkmate the evils of his enemies. Be this as it may, a fine cat's eye, when surrounded by brilliants, is a magnificent ornament, and the only reason one can assign to its meeting with less favor in the west than the east is that it is too often confused with the worthless Chinese pebble sold under the same name.

For $25,000 you can purchase a fairly large perfect diamond, and for the same sum even rubies and emeralds at their present high value are within your reach. And $25,000 was the price paid by the nizam of Hyderabad a few years ago for the cat's eye which adorns his state turban. True, it is a matchless specimen and as large as a pigeon's egg, but it serves to show that cat's eyes have some right to be classed as among gems of the first order.

Left-Handed Ping-Pong.

A southern girl gave a left-handed ping-pong party which proved the jolliest sort of extravaganza. The game was, of course, ping-pong but played with the left hand instead of the right. What a difference it made! The crack ping-pongers were reduced to the level of the veriest tyros and one's most strenuous efforts resulted in absurdly low scores. It so fell out that the town champion in ping-pong received the booby prize. The prizes were little silver pins in the shape of racquettes, with a box of ping-pong candy as booby. Supper was served upon a table decorated in Japanese style, the favors being Japanese dolls filled with sweets. Ice cream took the form of the balls used in the popular game. Sandwiches were cut with a sharp tin cake cutter the form of a racquette, with small olives pressed down into the break to give the effect of balls.—N. Y. Sun.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

His Idea.—"Up at Yellesley you can't call on a girl after 9:30." "Gee! They must be a lot of curfew belles."—Harvard Lampoon.

May Be "Near" Also.—Jaggles—"Are these relatives of yours near or distant?" Waggles—"The ones who have any money are very distant."—N. Y. Times.

The wise husband remembers that his wife would rather have kind words and some new clothes now than silver handles on her coffin a few years hence.—Chicago Daily News.

The pessimist and the optimist were walking in the garden. "What a lovely rose!" said the optimist. "What nasty, long, sharp thorns!" said the pessimist.—Baltimore American.

Granger—"I understand you have an interest in the Sweatman mine?" Lamb—"I have an investment there; but I have seen no interest on it to the present moment."—Boston Transcript.

It Was Tragedy.—"I met a man who saw you in comedy once." "Comedy!" exclaimed the heavy tragedian. "I never played comedy in my life. It must have been tragedy." "Well, he said that it was billed as tragedy, but that it was comedy just the same."—Chicago Post.

Here and There.—Policeman (to inebriated gent at his front door trying to open it at midnight)—"Hey, what are you doing there?" Gent—"I ain't there; I'm here." Policeman—"Well, don't be sassy or I'll run you in." Gent—"Come on and run me in. I can't get in any other way, I guess."—Comfort.

"His retirement from the board was due entirely to his poor health." "Sure there wasn't a squabble of some sort?" "Positive. If there had been a row the papers would have been full of interviews with other members expressing their 'cordial appreciation of his services and their regret, etc.'"—Philadelphia Press.

MEERSCHAUM AND BABY.

Both Were New, and the Owner and Father Gave a Neighbor Lady a Fit.

Mr. Lucius Gowanus had owned a meerschaum pipe for two weeks before the new baby—and it was his first baby—came.

Any person who has ever owned a meerschaum pipe knows that it requires more fostering care and thought than anything else on earth from orchids to race-horses. Consequently, the baby arrived at the wrong time to secure its proper share of Mr. Gowanus's solicitude. Not that he didn't like the baby—but then he had the pipe, and he had reached that stage of anxiety which two weeks of meerschaum coddling involves, writes W. D. Nesbit, in Judge.

When the baby was two days old, Mr. Gowanus was walking down street, wrapped in thought.

"Thinking about your new pet, aren't you?" asked Mrs. Fodoogan, the next door neighbor.

"Yes," answered Mr. Gowanus.

"How is it?" she asked.

"It's a peach," he said. "It is just beginning to turn darker now, and you ought to see what a pretty color it is going to be."

"Why, I didn't know they changed color so soon."

"Oh, they will, all right, if you use enough tobacco in them and be sure it is the right sort."

"The right sort?" stammered Mrs. Fodoogan.

"Yes," went on Mr. Gowanus. "When I had experimented with it for a day I concluded that it wouldn't stand very strong tobacco for a while, and so"—

"Well, I should think not!"

"And so I got a milder kind, and now it is changing in hue in a beautiful manner. It is a sort of a tan color now, except right around the edges, and there it is some darker, but a month or so of steady work with it is going to do wonders. I am going to have it wrapped in chamois, so that my fingers won't spoil its tints."

"Why, I never heard of the like."

"Of course you didn't. You never used one, did you? Ha! Ha!"

"Used one? Mr. Gowanus, I have four, as you know, and I never yet heard of one turning color, as you say."

"What? Why, mine is going to be as black as a coal inside of six months, and maybe I'll not be proud of it then!"

"Well, of a-l-l t-h-i-n-g-s!"

"Gee! but it gave me a scare this morning. I was filling it with tobacco and it slipped out of my hands and almost struck the floor when I caught it. It would have broken me all up to have lost it at this stage of the game."

"I should think it would!"

"I've got it in my pocket now, and I'm going to have a new mouth-piece fitted to it to-day"—

"What in this world are you talking about, man?"

"Why, this new pipe. What do you think?"

And Mr. Gowanus held the pipe out for inspection, but she flounced angrily into her house and slammed the door.

Could Believe Some of Them.

An amusing story is told of a New England minister who often speaks in behalf of a certain charity in which he is greatly interested. He has a fine voice and a graphic way of telling incidents both humorous and pathetic, so that his hearers are often "moved to laughter or to tears."

At the close of one meeting at which he had spoken with great effect, and a large gain for the charity had been the direct result, a little old lady approached the minister.

"Oh," she said, earnestly, "I've been so interested in hearing about those poor, dear children! And I suppose a great many of those stories you told are really true, aren't they?"—Youth's Companion.

FIRELIGHT HUNTING.

A Form of Deer-Shooting Still Permitted in the South.

Much Like "Jacking," Which Is Unlawful in Northern States—How the Hunters Detect the Game and Shoot.

Jacking deer, or killing them at night by shining their eyes with a light, is against the law in all the northern states, though in those states the practice has been brought to a high state of refined butchery by the use of aluminum head-lanterns, fed with carbide and carrying an acetylene flame. In the south fire-hunting is not against the law, is more primitive, but is just as successful, says the New York Sun.

In the great forests of the southern Atlantic seaboard it takes two men to fire-hunt deer, one to carry the shotgun and the other to carry the light. The light apparatus consists merely of a pine pole an inch in diameter and five feet long.

On one end is fastened a brazier made of cotton-hoop bands, not unlike a basket in shape, and if it were a basket it would hold a peck of grain. In this pine knots are placed and set in a blaze.

They burn for a long time and cast a ruddy glare all around the hunters. The man with the gun walks in front, or to one side of the brazier-bearer, and both of them look keenly for shine.

It is not known whether the deer will stand and gaze at the approaching flame because it is curious, because it is frightened or because it is dazzled. The question is not of much importance to the hunters. They know that stillness under such circumstances is a fatal habit of the animal and are content.

It is not often that a pair have to walk far before they get the coveted shine. Deer are exceedingly plentiful in those woods, more plentiful there probably than in any other part of the union.

The ordinary range of a ten-gauge shotgun, loaded with four drams of black powder behind 12 blue-whistler buckshot, is 75 yards. It will kill at a hundred, but uncertainly. Therefore the hunters attempt to approach within 75 yards of the animal—they would like to get to 60 if they could—and in judging correctly the distance in the dark lies one of the chief merits of the accomplished fire-hunter.

The distance is judged altogether by the deer's eyes, which is to say, that it is judged by their size, by the width between them and in some measure by their appearance. The eyes of a deer when shined at 150 yards or a greater distance, show only as one round disk and that not larger than a silver quarter of a dollar.

As the hunters advance the disk grows larger until it becomes as big as a dollar. The men are then about 125 yards away. Between 125 and 100 yards the eyes will begin to separate, showing at the latter distance as two disks with their inner edges touching.

When they are distinct and half an inch apart the hunters will judge that about 80 yards intervenes. When they are two inches apart the men will stop and the shot will be instantly made.

The man with the gun asks only that the light be so cast that he may see the end of his barrels. It is not often that he will fire directly at the eyes. They would be small marks for a shotgun even in daylight. He will aim instead about a foot below them and on a line with them.

The deer may be standing with its side toward him, it may be quartering from him or it may be even standing tail on and looking back over its shoulder. In any case the shot aimed a foot below the eyes should catch the animal in the neck or body, particularly as a smooth-bore gun—and buckshots are not fired from any other kind—will pattern in a circle three feet in diameter at 60 yards.

The slaying of deer in this manner, while not sanctioned by the most rigid canons of sport, still requires some knowledge of the character and habits of the game as well as coolness, quickness and judgment, and to that extent is defensible. It is, at least, as much like genuine sport as sitting hidden near a runway with a modern rifle and plugging an animal larger than a calf which walks leisurely down the path 50 yards away.

Strange Medicines.

In New England cobweb pills are supposed to cure the ague, and in the south a certain knuckle bone in a pig's foot is a sure cure for rheumatism if it be carried in the pocket or worn suspended from a string around the neck. Tracing the spider web pill, it originated in China, where all species of insects have certain positive or negative values in medicine. In Peking it is customary to give two or three scorpions or spiders to a patient ill of fever. In Ireland the peasantry swallow small spiders alive to effect cures. From these the cobweb pill of the New England native was easy. In Flanders the live spider is fastened into the empty shell of a walnut and worn around the neck of the patient. As the creature dies the fever decreases until it is gone entirely.—Detroit Free Press.

Double Illumination.

Knippe—Does your wife keep a light burning for you when you are out late at night?

Tueque—Oh, yes! and language, too.—Syracuse Herald.

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