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Winkle or Pierrot in the partomime. Then he leaves you for three hours for this to collect the dust and grease. A tremendous brushing does the rest, and as a final touch the hair is lifted strand by strand that the wind from the flying fans may blow out the last vestige of powder.

"The result is most glorifying," concludes the dame who has enjoyed this somewhat tedious but sweetly scented experience. The hair is soft as silk, to say nothing of its smelling like a bouquet for days afterward.

French ladies, who own the luxury, have their maids apply the powder at night and brush it out the next morning. This obviates the wearisome stop at the coiffeur's, for the orris powder process takes time to be effective and cannot be hurried over. "New mahogany," a fresh, lightish red, is said to be the latest hair tint in Paris.—Kansas City Star.

Very large sheets are the newest vogue in note paper, with enormous envelopes to match them, plenty of space being necessary if the modern damsel is to splash her soul upon paper. The latest thing in note paper is about the size of sermon paper.

DOAKS AND DUKES.

Mrs. Ambrose Doak and her two marriageable daughters took the large life insurance and sailed away to Europe shortly after Mr. Ambrose Doak had folded his hands over his peaceful breast at the close of a useful life as the proprietor of a cut-rate grocery. Tearful friends waved farewells to them from the dock, and the three dowdy little women, in their home-made traveling gowns, polished their noses on their neatly folded pocket handkerchiefs, sobbing in each other's arms as the ship moved slowly from the pier.

"And you'll write me just how the church fair comes out," were Mrs. Doak's last words to Mrs. George Washington Gowdy, who had the best shirt-waist pattern in the neighborhood.

"If you find out who the girl is that is visiting the Smiths, you'll write us right away, won't you?" pleaded one of the girls; and the bosom friend of the marriageable daughters promised to write faithfully three times a week.

Six months later a carriage rolled up to the brick house which had so long sheltered the Doak family, while close behind came a truck loaded with a dozen labeled trunks of a size that made expressmen swear pardonably. The Doaks had got back. The news traveled like wildfire in the neighborhood. The bosom friends of the Doak girls threw golf capes around their shoulders, ran up the street, and hastily rang the Doak's bell. Mrs. Doak, in a high pompadour and trailing house-gown, opened the door.

"Oh, please don't be so boisterous," she exclaimed, as she turned a cold cheek to the girls who had attempted to kiss her impulsively. "Boisterousness is such a common fault with American girls," she added as she led the way into the parlor.

"My loves!" she called from the foot of the stairs, "the Misses Catherine and Elizabeth Meekins are here!"

The crestfallen Katie and Lizzie looked at each other blankly. The stately tread of feet came slowly down the stairs, the portieres were dramatically pulled aside, the picture remained framed in the doorway a moment, and Miss Doak and Miss Eleanor Doak, nee Aggie and Ella Doak, extended two limp hands and offered two cold cheeks. Then they sank down on a divan and carefully arranged trailing gowns about their feet.

"It's so stupid not to have a fem-

de-chambre engaged in advance," said Agatha languishingly.

"And just fancy," murmured Eleanor, "the coacher did not know this street."

"Quite as stupid as the Italian coachers, I think," gurgled Mrs. Doak in a throaty contralto.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Agatha, with a Parisian shrug; "you know the coachers of Paris are the worst in the world."

"My dear, don't shriek like that when you speak. It's so American," admonished Mrs. Doak.

"Well, the Duke liked my voice," simpered Agatha. Mrs. Doak beamed on her daughter with maternal pride.

"Your very faults were virtues to the dear Duke," she said. "I'm sure I don't know how we're going to accustom ourselves to these vulgar American men after associating with such perfect gentlemen as the Duke and the Honorable Lieutenant Percival."

"Ain't you glad to get home?" ventured Katie Meekins, who had been staring in silent amazement at her old friends. Mrs. Doak toyed with the wedding ring which the lamented Doak had given her when he led her from the silk mill to the altar.

"One finds so many parvenues in society here, so many impossible persons," she said with dignity. "One never encounters that in social life abroad. Trades-people keep to themselves over there and never attempt to mingle."

Lizzie Meekins slyly pinched herself to make sure she was not dreaming. Just then Eleanor looked out the window and gasped.

"Is some one rudely staring at you, my love?" Mrs. Doak asked in alarm.

"No, mamma," cried the daughter, "but there's a person coming up the steps who looks as if he might be a reporter. I am so afraid the newspapers will get hold of the fact that I rejected the Duke and will want my picture! I should die if I should see my picture in the papers!"

"I know you would, my love," declared Mrs. Doak virtuously, "and I shall never permit such an outrage. Vulgar notoriety is so objectionable to us all."

The Meekins girls remembered that the Doaks had once bought three dozen copies of a paper that had contained the name of Doak among other contributors to a fund.

"We must be going now," said the Misses Meekins, rising stiffly.

"Come again," murmured Mrs. Doak. "Thank you," came coldly from the visitors as they marched down the hall with heads erect.

At the breakfast table the next morning Mr. Meekins folded over the "society page" of the Daily Blast and tossed it to Lizzie. It contained a blurred half-tone of Miss Agatha Doak in evening gown.—Caroline Lockhart (Suzette), in Cosmopolitan.

A Preacher with a Great Congregation.

One of the most widely known of the popular preachers of the day is Reverend George H. Hepworth, whose parish embraces the great constituencies of the Sunday Chicago Record-Herald and the Sunday New York Herald. A simple religion is that of this eminent clerical writer who preaches every Sunday to a congregation vastly greater than any ever accommodated in any temple of worship. Downright earnestness and sincerity, and a spirit of the broadest tolerance characterizes this famous newspaper preacher. Read his editorial sermons in the Sunday issues of The Chicago Record-Herald and judge for yourself.

After a girl is married she stops claiming that she is cooler when all dressed up than when she has on an old wrapper.—Aitchison Globe.