

APPLAUSE IN CHURCH.

A CHICAGO DIVINE ON THE VENEZUELAN CASE.

Rev. Myron W. Haynes Says that Christianity Demands that England Shall Be Rebuked for Oppressing a Weak Power—A Strong Sermon.

APPLAUSE seldom breaks out in church. When it does the pulse of a nation is felt. That is what happened in a Chicago church during the heat of the Venezuelan excitement. Rev. Myron W. Haynes of the Englewood Baptist congregation stirred his auditors to applause when he said: "When weak humanity is wronged we have a right to resent it, and I believe with the force of arms." Much applause followed.

Mr. Haynes preached from the text: "Think not I am come to send peace on earth; I come not to send peace, but a sword." Luke, II, 1-32. He said, among other things:

"Why do ministers who mistake weakness for piety, say that war can never be justifiable among civilized nations? To say that a Christian should never engage in warfare, except that moral warfare which is waged in his own bosom, is to say that a man whom God has equipped with muscles, brain, skill and a prophetic vision of consequences should rest in supine quiescence and allow wrong to trample upon right; atheism and paganism to supplant Christianity. It is the most pusillanimous twaddle, and is unworthy the utterance of an intelligent man.

"I assume that wars are sometimes justifiable, and that a Christian may bear arms and do no violence to the Christian character. We are now in the midst of wars and rumors of wars. The crash of cannon breaks in upon Christmas cantatas. The echo of Christmas bells is drowned by the bugle's war clarion. The cries of the dying and outraged come leaping over the sea and choke our Christmas melody. In the midst of our peace anthems we are forced to face the awful realities of war. Thousands of hunted, trembling Armenians send up piteous appeals for protection. The white faces of the outraged dead look reproachfully from the shallow graves which scarcely cover their shame, and trouble the conscience of every decent man. Hunted, oppressed, outraged, butchered at the very altar of their God, they turn their blood-stained faces toward Christendom and ask: 'Is it Christian to allow us thus to be murdered like so many beasts in a pen? As the waves of the sea ripple over the reefs at Key West they bring the echo of the strife in Cuba, where a band of patriots are striving to throw off the yoke of a nation whose whole history has been one of oppression, bigotry and shame, whose annals are stained by the names of such monsters as Pizarro, Cortez, Phillip II., and the infamous Duke of Alva. What inherent right, what divine right, Spain has to demand revenue from Cuba to support her indolence and profligacy, I am unable to tell. Is it wrong for men to fight under these circumstances?"

"I read in the daily papers that the pastors of New York last Sunday indulged in wholesale denunciation of the president's war message. They declare it would be a crime for two Christian nations like England and America to go to war. Perhaps these gentlemen think the war of 1776 was a crime. Perhaps they think our French friends aided and abetted a crime when they extended to the distracted colonies a helping hand. If all this be true we ought to tear down the stately pile at Bunker Hill, if it stands only to perpetuate the memory of infamy. Will the Gotham preachers tell me whether our ancestors did right or wrong at Concord, Lexington and Yorktown? They may assume that we were fighting for liberty while the present Venezuelan dispute is over a boundary line. That makes no difference. Human rights are involved in the Venezuelan dispute, and whenever human rights are ignored liberty is assailed. Human rights are human rights whether in America, Armenia, Cuba or Venezuela. I want no war with any nation, but I believe we might do meaner, baser, more unchristian things than to go to war. What? Do a more unchristian thing than kill a man? What can it be? To stand by, as the Christian world is to-day, and let the barbarous Turk murder men and outrage women by the thousands. It is a blot on Christian civilization that we allow such atrocities to continue. I believe Almighty God is on the side of right. I do not care a fig for the Monroe doctrine only as it becomes the expression of a great principle what ought to prevail. If the Monroe doctrine says that England shall not be allowed to trample upon the rights of the Venezuelan republic, then I say hurrah for the Monroe doctrine. If, on the other hand, it says we must not interfere in Cuban matters, but permit the Spaniards to trample upon Cuban rights, then I say avant, Monroe doctrine. Let us enunciate a doctrine that will support the rights of the children of men everywhere on the face of God's earth. I have no undue longings for a fight with England. She is a good fighter. Her people have many sterling qualities for which I have profound respect; but there are some reflections which arise before me as we stand face to face with this mighty people. When I call to mind the fact that she forced opium into China at the mouth of a cannon against the protests of the

wisest and best of the Chinese citizens, thus debauching a nation for trade; when I remember that she sacrificed General Gordon, one of God's noblemen, rather than sacrifice her own aggrandizement; when I reflect that she has power to at once put an end to Armenian atrocities, but dilly dallies on account of Turkish trade and the 500,000,000 Turkish bonds held by English subjects; when I see her rapacity in seeking to rob a little South American province of her rightful territory, I am led to believe that this country might bring far more reproach upon itself than by resisting with arms such gold-worshipping, trade-monopolizing, justice-denying people.

"I cannot be forced into the belief that God expected no Christian to take part in wars. When personal insult is offered it is Christian to be pacific, tranquil, forgiving; when weak, helpless humanity is wronged we have a right to resist it, and, I believe, with force of arms. Only by this course shall evil doers be made to shrink and bestial natures be conquered. How ardently we all desire peace; not a shameful peace, but a glorious peace!"

THE WOMEN OF ARMENIA.

Bright and Hard-Working—Many Will Become Doctors.

Mdile Beglarion, the young Armenian lady doctor of whose history our Vienna correspondent lately gave an account, delivered a lecture in that city last night before an audience composed chiefly of persons interested in the question of woman's higher education, says the London Daily News. Her subject was "The Women of Armenia and Their Mohammedan Sisters." Our correspondent telegraphs: "Mdile. Margarit Beglarion did not hesitate to oppose Prof. Albert's assertions as to the inferiority of women, as far as the Armenians are concerned. She said that when an Armenian looks around him he can certainly not say that all he sees is man's handiwork, for it is rather woman's.

The products of industry which have made the country famous—silks and wools, carpets and embroideries—are all made by women in Armenia and the designs to the final processes of manufacture. No male Armenian claims to have had a part in this work, nor does he dream of looking down upon woman as an inferior being. There is not a single proverb in all the dialects of the country that ridicule woman, though there are innumerable ones in her praise. Armenians say: "Let women learn all they can—they will be so much more useful, and we will marry them all the more willingly." Dr. Beglarion mentioned that women were now to be admitted to the Petersburg university, and promised herself great results from this liberal concession, as hundreds of families, whose girls had passed through the grammar schools and seminaries in Tiflis, declared they should send them to study medicine, and so obtain relief from the terrible death of doctors in Armenia.

No Trimmings Needed.

Pat Clancy was intertemperate to a marked degree. In vain did Pat's friends tell him he was killing himself; he continued his downward course until the grim enemy brought him up with a round turn.

For the widow Clancy, who was inconsolable, the only comfort was to see that the final ceremony was as elaborate and costly as possible. To this end Mr. Muldoon, the funeral director, waited upon her to carry out her wishes as profitably as possible. His deferential manner was only surpassed by his business-like questions.

"An' how many carriages would ye be havin', mum?" he inquired.

"Arrah, they can't be too many fur Pat," was the answer.

"A splendid casket, O'ish'pose?"

"The finest money can buy."

"What kind uv trimmin's, mum?"

"Uv what?" Mrs. Clancy turned a shade paler.

"Trimmin's, mum."

"Trimmin's, is it? Divil a wan will O' have! divil a wan! Shure, wasn't it trimmin' what kill poor Pat, the delirium kind?"—Boston Budget.

The Opera Hat in Paris.

The attempt of the director of the Comedie Francaise to forbid the wearing of hats by the ladies in the orchestra stalls is extending itself to the other Paris theaters. The Opera Comique and one or two other houses have made similar regulations. But the ladies are up in arms. They threaten to boycott all the theaters which impose restrictions on their attire. As a result of their ire their hats and sleeves are larger than ever. At the opening night of a new play at the Porte St. Martin lately the hats and sleeves were so enormous that a leading critic began his article next day by saying that he had seen nothing of the piece, of the scenery, of the actors, or of the costumes, and had seen nothing but hats and sleeves.

Convicted of Being a Scold.

That some of the laws framed by the old New England farmers may be made to apply at the present day, was fittingly illustrated in Judge Finletter's court of Philadelphia recently, when a Mrs. Mary West was held in bail to keep the peace for two years and ordered to pay the costs of the suit, on the charge of being a common scold. The woman had previously been sentenced to undergo an imprisonment of one month, but the judge reconsidered this, and rendered the judgment above stated.

A White Crow.

A pure white crow was caught on Toxada island, British Columbia, a few days ago. It was taken from a nest in which were several black crows.

LOCKED UP BY WOODPECKERS.

Fate of a Ground Owl That Had Taken Possession of Their Home.

Although the woodpecker is industrious, provident and peaceful he is not to be trifled with or tyrannized over with impunity, as the following incident will show, says the Portland Press: A companion and I on an August day not long since pitched our camp at a spring on the table lands of the ridge dividing Ojai from Santa Clara valley. About the spring stands a large grove of live oaks. In one of these not far from the tent door a pair of woodpeckers had, for years, no doubt, made their dwelling place. Somewhat shy of us at first, the birds in a few days paid little attention to our presence. It has frequently amused us of a sultry afternoon as we lounged upon the buffalo robes laid on the shaded grass to observe the birds, with whose labors the warmth appeared to have little to do. We had camped there a week or ten days when before daylight one morning we heard a commotion about the home of our staid neighbors. Our attention was attracted by their shrill outcries and the whirl of their wings among the branches overhead. It had no sooner grown light enough to see than we pushed back the flap of the tent door and peered out to ascertain the cause of disturbance. It soon became apparent that a little tealote, or ground owl, at the approach of day had taken lodging in the hollow occupied by the woodpeckers, to their consternation. But the return of day brought courage to the rightful owners and they resolutely set about finding means to eject the invaders. They tried bluffing awhile about the only aperture to the hollow tree but to little purpose other than to cause the tealote to peck at them when they appeared to be about to thrust themselves in.

At last, finding that neither threats nor entreaties were likely to be effective and resolved that if they were to be deprived of their home it would be the last of that tyrannical owl, the woodpecker brought presently from another part of the grove an oak ball of the size of the aperture and, driving it tightly into the hole, withdrew to another hollow tree, leaving the bird of prey hermetically sealed up. After several days, when we started to return to San Buenaventura, the ball was still in the hole and the woodpeckers, settled in their new home, were going about their business as if there had never been a tealote.

A Bear's Nose.

A sportsman's life was once saved by his knowledge of one of the physical peculiarities of the bear. Gen. Hamilton, who tells the story in his "Sport in Southern India," was out on a bear-shooting expedition with a brother officer. The bearers drove the bear from his hiding-place and a shot from the officer threw him on the ground; but he got up, with a grunt, and made off.

As the bear passed an open bit of ground Gen. Hamilton again fired but missed and the bear turned on him. When he was within a few yards the general gave him the other barrel. As this did not stop him Hamilton started to run but tripped over a rock and fell flat on his face.

The bear was upon him instantly and the sportsman, looking over his shoulder, saw into the bear's mouth as the brute made a grab at him. The animal caught him by the thigh and pinned him. Knowing the bear's nose is very sensitive, Hamilton hit him several hard blows on the nose. The bear, unable to endure the pain, let go, and before he could get hold again, Hamilton was up the hill.

His companions ran up and killed the bear by a ball through his heart. But the bear's claws had laid open Hamilton's thigh to the bone and he was in bed for a month.

SOME POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

After all, love does not appeal to a woman's heart like cut glass.—Athenian Globe.

It takes a young man many years to distinguish himself from a genius.—Adams Freeman.

It must be that bicycle bloomers are cold on there—are very few of them to be seen these bracing days.—Denver Post.

Mincemeat isn't made right unless you have a headache within two hours after eating the pie.—North East (Pa.) Breeze.

The woman who is not afraid of a man would have been a hard citizen if she had happened to be a boy.—Milwaukee Journal.

That ambition costs heavily is evidenced in the fact that there is to-day but one living ex-president and vice-president.—Boston Globe.

Li Hung Chang wants more missionaries sent over to China, but they haven't finished killing those they already have yet.—Rocheater Times.

The sting of a bee, according to a scientific journal, is only one-thirty-second of an inch long. Your imagination does the rest.—Philadelphia Record.

The first gun in the battle between Great Britain and the United States has been fired. A Jersey poet has tried to make a rhyme of Venezuela and influenza.—Yonkers Statesman.

The man who is always cheerful under the greatest stress of adversity gets along pretty well himself, no doubt, but he is a great trial to his pessimistic neighbors.—Somerville Journal.

Why is it that "lines" always cause so much trouble? There was Mason and Dixon's and now our friend Schomburgk's, and then there's the clothes line which always makes a man mad, and "a few lines" that people send in the newspapers under the impression, heaven alone knows how they get it, that it is poetry.—Minneapolis Journal.

BEAUTY AND TALENT.

STAGE WOMEN CONSPICUOUS FOR BOTH CHARMS.

Bertha Creighton Foremost Among Them—Maxime Elliot Has Charmed London and Boston and New York—Fosco Rose Norreys and Her Sad Affliction.

(Boston Letter.)
HOSE WHO HAVE seen Olga Nethersole since she arrived in America this fall, notice one thing especially, and that is, that while more beautiful than she was a year ago she is more the beauty of the theater. This evolution takes place in every pretty woman who adopts the theater as a profession. It is as unavoidable as that her face should grow in mobility, her figure in flexibility. Is it always an improvement? Aye, there's the rub! In Miss Nethersole's case the change is very marked. It is almost like growing a domestic flower in a hot-house. She is far more striking. She even has acquired an air of youth that she lacked before in a marked degree.

Miss Nethersole's roles this year will be even more exacting than they were last. "Camille," "Denise," "Carmen!" Could any actress be more unstrung by any line of parts?
"Denise" is to America a novelty, for



BERTHA CREIGHTON, although it has twice been tried here, it was neither time a success, a result that may easily be put down to the attempts made to fix it over.

It was Jan. 19, 1885, that "Denise" was produced at the Comedie Francaise, where it was given one hundred and seven times that season, making a great success, with a cast in which Mile. Barret played the title role, with the charming Reichenberg as Juvenile, and Worms, Coquelin aine, Coquelin cadet, Got, Blanche Pierson, and Pauline Grainger all in the cast.

Two American actresses have tried "Denise," both hampered by poor versions. There was the production at Daly's theater, New York, ten years ago, when Clara Morris played "Denise," supported by Joseph Haworth, and a later production at Palmer's, when a version by Will Stuart ("Walshingham") was called "Fair Fame," and Linda Dietz played "Denise." Still less in New York even remember either version, and until Miss Nethersole's, none has been seen outside New York, and as the play is in Dumas' best style, intensely interesting and brilliant in conversation, it ought to be a great success.

As a matter of history, it may be noted that Miss Nethersole gave her first performance of the part Aug. 25, at Birmingham, England, and also that Signor Ventura once read the play—in French—at Chickering hall, in Boston.

Boston has had at one time this season the opportunity to admire several young, pretty actresses. In November, there were in town Amy Busby, the pretty girl who once played with Crane, and has lately been the heroine of "The Fatal Card," enjoying the long run which closed November 16, at the historic old Museum; Bertha Creighton, who first came into notice as resembling Mary Anderson, and Maxime Elliot, who was the most picturesque American actress in London last summer; for that matter no player of the year was more pictured than she was, several illustrations of her appearing in one issue of one of the weeklies.

In these days, when actresses are few,

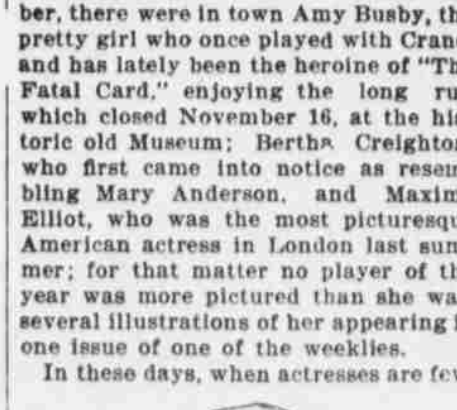
ror of a night in the streets, shelterless; and even now is in some retreat provided by the charity of fellow-workers, in hope that the doctor's verdict of "probably incurable" may be reversed.

A French Statue in Newion.
The French seem to be ahead of every nation in the honor which they pay to great men, especially great men of science, and this honor is not confined to their own countrymen. A number of streets in Paris are called after eminent foreign savants, English and other, and monuments are even erected to illustrious foreigners. For instance, the municipal council of Paris has decided to erect a statue to Sir Isaac Newton, and in doing so it honors itself. With so many of our own famous men of science, dead or alive, waiting in vain for public recognition in this noble manner, it is hopeless to expect the lord mayor or the county council to reciprocate the compliment and honor the great investigators of France in this way.—London Globe.

Vanderbilt Is Stingy.
A lady in London sent Frederick W. Vanderbilt last Christmas a green enamelled snuff box with a medallion on the lid. It was appraised in the New York custom house to be worth \$33.75 and the duty was \$7.75. Mr. Vanderbilt did not pay the duty and the box was sold last week as unclaimed customs packages for \$27.50.

Portrait of Pocahontas.
Henry S. Wellcome, the well known American merchant in London, has presented to the senate of the United States the portrait of Pocahontas, which was in the woman's building of the world's fair. It was painted in England after her conversion to Christianity and her marriage to John Rolfe.

Jefferson's Reply.
To a boarding school miss who met Joseph Jefferson at a tea table and began to talk to him about Sabbath breaking, the actor said: "If I were a fisherman I should never fish on Sunday, but being an actor, I can rest both soul and body by fishing."



MAXIME ELLIOT, and the ranks of really promising ones very thin, anything as supremely pretty as Amy Busby cannot pass without hopeful notice. Indeed, one becomes indulgent as well as hopeful, for it can hardly be said that Miss Busby has yet shown any special aptitude for real acting; but she certainly has shown the ability to become, so far as the sale of her pictures are concerned, a very popular little lady. Yet there has been good reason to be hopeful about Miss Busby, for the actress who can make Constance Neville, in "She Stoops to Conquer," interesting, and she did that two years ago, certainly has just claims

to the possession of an actresses' most delightful characteristic, personal charm, the quality that is the very foundation of the success of actresses like Ellen Terry, Julia Marlowe, and even Sarah Bernhardt.

Miss Creighton is not very generally known, and the resemblance she is said to bear to Mary Anderson is not so striking as at one time appeared to be in pictures of her. Aside from her pictures, it can hardly be said to exist at all.

Miss Creighton became conspicuous lately in the dramatization of "A Social Highwayman" that the Holland brothers produced, in which she played Elinor Burnham, the girl whose purity proved fatal to Courtney Jaffrey's enjoyment of his daring and rather vulgar career.

But the third of November's beauties was the most dazzling of all. It does not seem as if it was as long ago as May 4, 1891, that, as Miss Fleetwood, the Kentucky heiress of "John Needham's Double," Miss Elliot first appeared in Boston, in support of E.S. Willard, at the Tremont theater, and that same season we saw her also as Felicia Unfraville, in "The Middleman."

Miss Elliot is a Rockland (Maine) girl. She traces her descent back to a mixture of Irish and Spanish settlers, a fact that accounts for her beauty and temperament.

Miss Elliot remained with Willard two seasons; during the second she played the trying role of Sophia Jopp in "Judah," Beatrice Selwyn in "A Fool's Paradise," and Lady Gilding in "The Professor's Love Story."

She was then engaged for the big production of "A Prodigal Daughter," and played Kate Malcolm in "Sister Mary," with Julia Arthur and Leonard Boyne. In September, 1894, she joined Daly's forces, making her debut as "Heart of Ruby," in the adaptation of Judith Gautier's tale of old Japan, one of the most exquisite productions ever given in this country.

Among the best work she has done with Daly is Sylvia in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and Hermia, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." In the latter part her beauty, in Boston and London, created a real excitement. She is a stately brunette with great repose of manner and lends an acceptable dignity to many a part she can hardly be said to play well.

There has not been for many a day so sad a case in the annals of things theatrical, as that of Rose Norreys, whose pretty face is the last of the list. Poor Genie Norreys—for only on the stage did the name Rose stick to her, a name derived first from a part in which she was a success. When a young woman is afflicted by a disaster like hers, from which it seems almost impossible for any one to rescue her, the very fact that the victim is still young and pretty and has been as dainty as the daintiest of her kind, serves to emphasize the case pitifully.

The bright face has lost its expression; the pretty girl has known the ter-



ROSE NORREYS, of a night in the streets, shelterless; and even now is in some retreat provided by the charity of fellow-workers, in hope that the doctor's verdict of "probably incurable" may be reversed.

A French Statue in Newion.
The French seem to be ahead of every nation in the honor which they pay to great men, especially great men of science, and this honor is not confined to their own countrymen. A number of streets in Paris are called after eminent foreign savants, English and other, and monuments are even erected to illustrious foreigners. For instance, the municipal council of Paris has decided to erect a statue to Sir Isaac Newton, and in doing so it honors itself. With so many of our own famous men of science, dead or alive, waiting in vain for public recognition in this noble manner, it is hopeless to expect the lord mayor or the county council to reciprocate the compliment and honor the great investigators of France in this way.—London Globe.

Vanderbilt Is Stingy.
A lady in London sent Frederick W. Vanderbilt last Christmas a green enamelled snuff box with a medallion on the lid. It was appraised in the New York custom house to be worth \$33.75 and the duty was \$7.75. Mr. Vanderbilt did not pay the duty and the box was sold last week as unclaimed customs packages for \$27.50.

Portrait of Pocahontas.
Henry S. Wellcome, the well known American merchant in London, has presented to the senate of the United States the portrait of Pocahontas, which was in the woman's building of the world's fair. It was painted in England after her conversion to Christianity and her marriage to John Rolfe.

Jefferson's Reply.
To a boarding school miss who met Joseph Jefferson at a tea table and began to talk to him about Sabbath breaking, the actor said: "If I were a fisherman I should never fish on Sunday, but being an actor, I can rest both soul and body by fishing."

PRISONERS ON THEIR HONOR.

Easy to Manage if the Officer Has Their Good Will.

Jasper Ramey, one of the moonshiners now in jail here, walked twenty miles to give himself up to the revenue officers, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. This is not uncommon in the mountain counties. A number of the deputies who make periodical visits to the counties of Pike, Knott, Magoffin, etc., have little trouble in arresting the men they are after, while other officers have to fight for their lives.

It is told of one of the deputy marshals that whenever he wants a man he simply writes a letter to him informing him that an indictment has been returned against him and that he wants to meet him on a certain day at a neighboring town. Some of the letters wind up like this: "I also have warrants for several of the other boys (naming them), and I wish you would see them and tell them that I will be in — on — and for them to be there." It is said that many of the men make their appearance at the place and time designated.

Several deputy marshals who go to the top of the Cumberland for prisoners occasionally let the men "tend their crops" while they are under arrest. The officer goes through the country, meets the man and says:

"Tom, I've a warrant for your arrest."

"All right; I've been 'spectin' it." "I know you've a big crop, though, and as court don't meet before October, you can 'tend your crop, and come up to Louisville just before court opens."

Then the man would return to his work and at the appointed time he would be in this city ready to answer to the charge against him when his case was called.

Several months ago one of the oldest of the deputy United States marshals in Kentucky walked up to the door of the county jail and asked for the jailer. He was introduced to Mr. Watts and said:

"I have three 'shiners' that I brought from Magoffin county. As we came on the train I left my 'mittuses' in my saddle bags and when we came out of the coach I forgot my saddle bags. I want to know if you will let me put up these prisoners in jail here without the papers? I will get the 'mittuses' in a few days and it will be all right and proper."

Jailer Watts told the man he would accommodate him because of his bad luck. "But where are the prisoners?" said the jailer.

"Oh, them! Well, they're out in town some place. We came in yesterday and I told them they might knock about the city until I arranged it with you for them to go in here. I'll go and look them up and bring them in."

In about an hour he returned with three typical mountaineers, who said they had enjoyed looking at the sights of the city very much. They had never been in Louisville before and thought it a great treat to be able to "ride thar free," as though they came as prisoners.

Human Pedigree.
The effect of pedigree is a great puzzle, because careful attention to it seems to refine some families without in the least refining other—a dozen castes in India are equally old and careful of descent, yet only the Brahmins and Kahetreyas are clearly aristocrats—but if there is any truth in heredity the descendants of the reigning houses, once compelled to exert themselves, should be men and women of special force. Those houses have kept at the top of the world for nearly a thousand years.

The objection that they have intermarried too much, even if it is true, which is doubtful, except where some taint has entered the blood, would disappear in two generations of plebeian marriages and the consciousness of ancestry does not of necessity weaken character. We doubt if the popes have as a body been abler men than the Hohenzollerns and the popes have been the picked men of a priesthood counting thousands and have had as many opportunities of action and of displaying themselves as any line of kings.—The Spectator.

FOR WOMEN ONLY.

The theater notice grows more elaborate.

Green roses are much seen in big black velvet hats.

Seal and monogram fans are a fad among very young women. They are made by decorating a plain white or light colored fan with the monograms and seals used by different friends.

The newest fancy laces for trimming dainty evening toilets and separate waists for silk and satin, for the winter, vie in delicacy and dainty beauty with the costly hand-wrought designs.

New empire cloaks of cloth or black mace moire hang straight and loose from yoke to skirt hem. The yoke collar and full sleeves are of black velvet, richly spangled and jetted, and edged with narrow fur.

In mending a tear in delicate fabrics, if one's hair is of the right color, it is much better to use it in the place of thread. It will make stitches that are almost invisible and the darn will scarcely show at all.

A Parisian fancy in the way of a flourish to the neck of a gown was of black and white striped ribbon, made first into a draped collar with a large bow in the back. Then on the other side of the front were sewed little ruffles of the ribbon edged with lace—that is to say, cut your ribbon, such as the collar is made of, in half, sew on a narrow Valenciennes around the two points, fill it and sew it inside your collar so that the two points in front will come a little back of the chin on each side and stand up on either side of the face.