LADIES

Fine Shoes

AND SLIPPERS.

MEN'S

Fine Shoes

AND SLIPPERS.

CHILDREN'S

Fine Shoes

AND SLIPPERS.

—AT—

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Notwithstanding the fact that Photographs have been reduced to about half the former price we have engaged the services of one of the best finishers in New York to take charge of that department of the studio. Our efforts shall be untiring to give each customer entire satisfaction and to produce superior work to any we have done before.

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WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

DRESS AND FASHION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Boots and Shoes for Many Occasions. Styles for Wearing with Full Dress Toilettes—Novelties in Bedroom Slippers—New Models in Tennis Shoes.

Bronze boots and shoes will be more or less worn this season. Abroad the young princesses of Wales are setting the fashion with boots high in the ankle and having buttons and heels to match in color. Shoes for evening wear have an ornamentation of bronze, gold, and clear, dark amber beads on the toe in various designs; while a few have the toe of the slipper cut in a deep point, and filled in with five graduated bars of beaded leather, the upper and longest one resting high up on the instep, and the last being a mere button, fixed into the point of the cut kid. Others, called "Queen Anne," have ankle straps like a child's shoe, covered with beads. Steel on black is to be seen in the same styles, also pearls and crystal beads on the white slippers, or delicate colored beads, specially ordered to wear with particular costumes. Black satin slippers are also beaded on the toes in Chinese style, as many as six and seven colors being blended.

ANTOINETTE SHOE—WASHINGTON SHOE.

The Antoinette shoe, illustrated in the cut, has the high Louis XVI heel and pointed toe. It can be made of patent or glace kid, with a piece of colored morocco appliqued to the top all round, except across the toe piece, where it becomes distinct and forms a band above the instep. By means of a cunningly inserted elastic, this exactly fits the foot, and even where the instep is not high, it gives the appearance of height by a dip in the last, it is peculiarly comfortable, and shows off the foot to the best advantage. The band is hidden by a large bow of shaded, striped and shot ribbon, two and a half inches wide, matching the kid band, and capable of endless variety to suit any dress. The remaining figure in the same cut shows a graceful form of shoe known to some as the Washington.

Some delicate slippers of striped white Suede and galon had Suede heels and a cut steel button. On dit, these slippers may be cleaned by powdered chalk; otherwise they would be costly wear. Pale gray Suede is also used, and gray and pale fawn in ordinary glove kid, with some ornamental button. Paste ornaments adorn many of the full dress slippers. Some uncommon bedroom slippers are of Chinese brocade and embroidery, corresponding but not exactly matching.

The tennis shoes of the season are of soft, good wearing leather, with ankle straps. But for those who do not fancy the straps there are the laced ones. There are two special styles of shoes, which are adapted for both outdoor and indoor wear. One is the "Langtry," which is pointed a la Raleigh, has a flap on the instep and a particularly well tied bow of wide ribbon, which gives a smart look and is becoming to a neat foot. The heels are the Louis XV—high and rather small. This shape is carried out for wearing with light dresses at fetes, etc., in a cream colored morocco, with a fancy "wafer" surface, tied with ribbon exactly matching; also in a darker shade called "Russet," which is more serviceable. The other style is the "Cromwell," a modified reproduction of the tan colored leather that was affected by Cromwell's followers in the commonwealth days, and also a modified copy of the style. It is neat looking, and the side pieces, which come up over the high flap, meet on the instep in a handsome buckle of old oxidized silver. This fashion is also carried out in a novel embossed leather, such as dark brown on a pale ground, or dark blue on a light one. The "Leander" is an Oxford shoe in patent leather, perforated in an effective way to show a red or pale blue leather which forms the top of the shoe, and shows all round and on the toe cap through the perforation.

A Silk Petticoat.

Silk petticoats are numbered with popular garments, and there are an innumerable variety of patterns. In the cut is shown an attractive style of petticoat.

SILK UNDERSKIRT.

The model illustrated is of turquois blue surah silk, enhanced with flounces consisting alternately of sets of silk plaiting with lace insertions or pompadour ribbon. The three flounces are edged with colored lace.

Flower Jewelry.

Elsie Bee, of The Jewelers' Circular, writing recently on the subject of flower jewelry, says: Much of the flower jewelry is silver, enameled to exactly simulate nature's production as regards color. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the designers and manufacturers of this enamel flower jewelry, which represents, in everything but fragrance, the blooms imitated. The primrose, cowslip, morning glory and the dandelion are favorite models in jewelry. Perhaps the most popular of all the flower jewelry is that which represents apple blossoms, the wild rose, the field daisy and sweet peas.

Primrose day, which was kept with due honor in London, was the occasion not only of an immense quantity of perishable primroses in the florists' shop, but gold and silver primrose brooches and bracelets in the jewelers' showcases. At the several "primrose weddings" that marked the day, the bridegroom's present to the attending bridesmaids was either a primrose brooch, bracelet or pendant to wear along with a primrose colored costume. These precious posies en suite are designed as souvenirs of the all important occasion on which they were originally worn and afford an effective ornament for summer dresses.

A COLD DAY.

The poet in front of the editor stood
And said, with a little cough:
"I thought I would bring you a little thing—
A thing I have just dashed off."

The editor rose from his ivory chair,
With passion his features wrought:
"I want no things that are 'just dashed off,'
I want the results of thought."

He closed with a snap his ebony desk,
The poet he rudely gripped,
And bearing his load, to the street below
The editor blithely tripped.

He staggered beneath the weight he bore,
But bravely kept his feet;
He carried the bard to the lower floor
And dashed him into the street.

A stranger passing, the act observed;
"Why, what is the row?" said he;
The editor said, "'Tis a little thing
I have just dashed off, you see."

—Exchange.

The New Third Reader.

"Do we see?"

"Yes, we see."

"What do we see?"

"A snow drift a mile long and twenty feet high."

"What else?"

"A photographer taking views of the same."

"Are they to be hung up with the works of the old masters?"

"Oh, no. They are to be engraved and hung up in the newspapers to boom the town this spring."

"Isn't that rather odd?"

"Yes, and rather cold, too."

"Do we see the man?"

"Yes, we see him."

"Has he a bundle?"

"He has."

"But why does he ring the door bell of the house?"

"That he may call the lady."

"Does the lady know him?"

"Oh, no; she never saw him before."

"Why does he hand her the card?"

"Because he is deaf and dumb, and the card explains the fact and asks for assistance."

"And why does the lady whistle?"

"She is whistling for the family bull dog."

"And is that the reason the deaf and dumb man skips the gutter?"

"It is. His desire is to be far away before the dog gets around the corner."

"How sad it is to be afflicted!"

"Yes, it is—occasionally—when the woman won't scare and the dog is a big one."—Detroit Free Press.

A Wage Worker's Trust.

Employer—Ah, hem! By the way, Mr. Smallwage, you remember I said I would not need your valuable and highly appreciated services after this week?

Secretary—Yes, sir; you said you had found by advertising that you could get a female secretary just as competent for less wages.

"True. I found a young lady so highly recommended that I engaged her, but this morning I received a note from her declining the place."

"Yes. I know about it. She and I have formed a trust to lessen the supply of labor and keep up wages."

"Eh?"

"I have married her."—Omaha World.

Highly Colored Testimony.

"You say you heard both shots fired?" asked an Austin lawyer, who was cross-examing a witness in a murder case.

"Yes, sah—heard bofe shots. Dey was fired simontaneously, sah."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, sah; bofe ob 'em was fired simontaneously. I wasn't more than forty feet off at de time."

"But on the direct examination you swore the shots were fired one after the other, and now you say they were fired simultaneously."

"Jes what I said, sah. Bofe shots were fired simontaneous like, one after anudder."—Texas Siftings.

Innocence Imposed Upon.

Caller (to Bobby, in his first trousers)—Those are nice trousers, Bobby, for a little boy.

Bobby (proudly)—They ain't boy's trousers. Ma says they are regular men's trousers.

Caller—Are they?

Bobby—Yes, indeed; they're made over from an old pair of pa's.—New York Sun.

Nothing Doing at All.

Brown—How is business with you, Dumley?

Dumley—Slow, very slow; nothing doing at all.

Brown—How about that little bill I sent you three months ago?

Dumley—Well, to tell the truth, I haven't had time to look it over.—Epoch.

Fond and Foolish.

Edwin (suddenly, after a long pause)—Darling!

Angelica—Yes, Darling?

Edwin—Nothing Darling. Only darling, darling! (Bilious old gentleman feels quite sick.)—London Punch.

A Mother's Anxiety.

They were sleigh riding.

"Can you drive with one hand, Mr. Sampson?" she asked, and she asked it very sweetly.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but I think it looks better to drive with both."

"Perhaps it does," she said, in a cold, convinced tone of voice, and then added:

"We mustn't be gone too long, Mr. Sampson; mamma will be anxious."—New York Sun.

A Wife's Sharp Eyes.

First Dame—How is your husband's business prospering?

Second Dame—He doesn't like me to ask him questions about his affairs, but I know he's getting awfully rich.

"Think so?"

"Yes indeed. He's got so now that he wears one suit of clothes all the year 'round."—Omaha World.

He Will See It Later.

Clerk—I worked off some of that packed butter to-day.

Grocer—Indeed! Whom did you send it to.

Clerk—Mrs. Blank, around on Dash street.

Grocer—Great guns! Why I board with her.—Detroit Free Press.

FRESH MUMMIES FOR ALL.

BILL NYE REGRETS THE DECADENCE OF REAL OLD RELICS.

Some of the Mummy Mines of Egypt Are Nearly Exhausted—Mummies of American Manufacture Not Up to the Standard—Embalming Injurious.

Among the many letters of inquiry received during the past week is the following: "Last year I made a trip abroad, and among other trophies of my visit to the Old World I secured a fine specimen of a mummy, for which I paid seventy-five scudi. While showing it to a friend last week I discovered that the air of Illinois is detrimental to it and that disintegration is taking place. Can you tell me what is the cause and what I had better do in order to preserve the specimen intact?"

You have no doubt paid at least seventy-four scudi too much for your mummy, as mummies go. Nothing is more disheartening than the discovery that one's mummy is not standing our harsh American climate. But the chances are that you have the modern style of mummy, made especially for Americans by the trade. He is not an antique, and before August you will have to decide whether to cast him aside or let him run the house. The genuine mummy has been ground up for fertilizing purposes during the past twenty years to such an extent that we are running short, and spurious mummies made of coarse people who have died recently are flooding the market. A friend of mine purchased a varnished king, supposed to be over 2,000 years old, for which he gave 150 scudi and a silk umbrella. In May of last year he began to assert himself—the king did—and to enter more and more into the home life of his owner till it was decided to have a coat of shellac put on him. A house, sign and carriage painter came up to the house, and while refitting and refurnishing the royal relics discovered on the forearm a dark blue Goddess of Liberty in India ink and the legend, "Richard Maginnis, Valparaiso, Ind., 1853." A mummy that has to be kept in the refrigerator is a bitter, bitter disappointment, and no doubt yours is of that class. The modern methods of preserving people do not in all cases prove satisfactory, and I do not know of anything more pitiful or more humiliating than while explaining your mummy to a coterie of friends in the library to have him explode on your hands and reveal his true identity. Should disintegration continue in the case of your own mummy, a private funeral is the best thing I could suggest. Let it be a plain affair, opening with a select reading or recitation, followed by a vocal solo and a set-to between some good artist and the piano. You could charge a small admission fee, perhaps, which would go toward defraying expenses, and close with a parade and torrent of grief at the grave.

The wanton destruction of mummies and and their wholesale importation to this country where they have been ground up and used as fertilizers, is going to make good mummies scarce and high. When a nation becomes so haughty and exacting that it demands rhubarb pies, stimulated by the gentleman who furnished corn to Joseph during the dry spell, and expects to promote its asparagus by means of dead monarchs and the dust of heirs presumptuous to the throne of Egypt, you can safely predict that mummies will be mummies before snow flies again. You can't eat your cake and keep it, too. Neither can you turn out a mummy in Connecticut in two days which will take the place of the real thing. A judge of those things will tell you at once that the bouquet is different. There is not the same nut brown flavor and odor of poorly ventilated lineage about the Connecticut made mummy that there is about the Egyptian job. The Egyptians had a way of curing their people a good deal the same as our physicians have now, viz.: by filling them with high priced drugs. Our physicians, however, begin on a man before he dies, while the Egyptians, instead of printing bulletins about thin people, showing what their respiration and temperature were, and a large amount of sick room gossip, which a man hates to read after he has recovered, just waited around until the gentleman had been permitted to die quietly in his own way, surrounded by his family, and then they came in and cured him, so that on the morning of the resurrection a tooth brush and a Turkish bath would make him look like a new man.

A SPURIOUS MUMMY.

The American bison and the Egyptian mummy are fading away. The day will soon come when those who have slaughtered whole herds of buffalo for their tongues and fertilized their timothy sod with the dust of dynasties will go hungry. We may think that an Egyptian cemetery has no bottom to it and that a true fissure vein of these people is practically inexhaustible, but some day the foreman working on the lower level will come to the surface and state in hoarse accents that the pay streak has pinched out. The difference between a gas well, for instance, and a deposit of emperors, is that the latter is not self-sustaining. A gas well may continue to give down or give up, as the case may be, for hundreds of years, but you cannot dig up kings and queens forever. Some day you are certain to dig below their set and strike another strata of society.

Embalming is a process worthy of the dark ages. It is expensive, foolish, useless and highly injurious to the complexion. I am bitterly opposed to it. My own notion about it is that the man who embalms me will have to climb over my dead body to do so.—Bill Nye in New York World.

At the Club.

"Baby, how do you keep your eyeglass in so well?"

"You must clip your eyelashes, Dolly."—Life.

A Wrong Title.

"Ask Her! Man! Ask Her!" is the title of a new novel written by a New Yorker. Some one should tell the author that this is leap year, and the title of his novel, to be opportune, should have been "Ask Him! Woman! Ask Him!"—Norristown Herald.

—AT—

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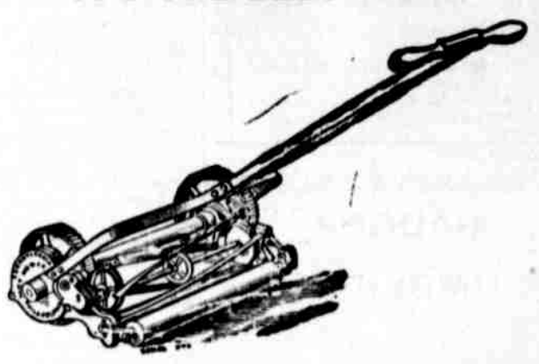

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