THEY ARE DEAD.

ht fish when he had'nt sught one d ha'd done something that he had no dean recorded his wife and never got mad, realt int believe that the word was so bad, pestor of men, a defender of woman, bel eved the civine, and in that which was

busish; he rever was inderstood, and the poor man filed of being too good.

And the s d ad.

There was a woman who never had governed a

Min's gerd 100;
he ha eight samed nor latened to it;
element in minimal to A same effect and
says traces a desirear to this very or that;
et replaces he bush not she re a limb one;
and was the limb of the latened and the limb
into

or me.

Or if of the feathers that open ould put on it;

Never sat with the choir, nor same the wrong

Figure al no desire to le ture re tote; Figure poor soul wa desi as a post-al o

You hight a eagled lorever and she wouldn't aw ul presence. has ever a He found eleg-

An i che a dend.

The bank clerk's whist coterie was holding its weekly meeting at the rooms of ts president, Thaddeus Butts. This title, by the way, was more respectable than accurate; for whist was never played nor ena ted. B t the hour was late, and the game, whatever its nature, had been aban- the grave butler. doned. Easy chairs were easily occupied and through clou's of tobacco don't hire you to think, replied the smoke disjo uted remarks were grad- master. ually consolidating into a conversation

.. Why, there's old Mainwar ng," Butts was saying. . He's worth sou, -000,000 if he's got a cent, yet he doesn't have half the fun I do. Now, if I were in his place I would show you that money can be an oasis in the desert of life, bringing comfort to all within its view."

'Humph'" interrupte i Markham. "What could you do? It would take all your time to count your loose

"Yes, if I clung to it, but 1 wouldn't I'm not blessed with many relations but such as I have, I would so fix that the name of Butts would be a synonym for prope ty. As for you fellows, I would send for you one at a time, and we would have a bird and a bot, and a Jim Hickey cigar, by Jove, and then just at parting 1 would say, "Slip this envelope into your pocket, old boy, until you go home: no, thanks, you know you would do as much for me.' And then you would dust along lively, and wouldn't your eyes stick out when you saw a check for 250 thou, eh?"

" sy, Butts," cried John on, "if you can let me have my share now, I'll stand a liberal discount for cash." 'I don't believe in fairies," added Butts meditatively. "nut I just do wish that one would give me the

chance to take old Mainwaring's



"NOW, THERE'S OLD MAINWARING."

na e for a single day. I'd set an example for millionaires that might ring about the millennium. Wouldn't the old curmudgeon be surprised to tave the poor rise up and call him

Mr. Butts was all aglow with satisfaction as he crept into bed. Peace on earth and good will to men." he muttered, as he closed his eyes.

It was an hour later that Mr. Butte awoke with a stat : omething had touched him on the shoulder. The room was radi at with a silvery light, and that light came not fr m the fireplace, but emanated from a fantastic little creature eated on one of the lower bedposts and gently waving a wand to and

"You see, Futta," she said as he seped and blinked in amazement ad dread, "there are such things as s race after all. Now, since you souted and boasted, I shall show you our power and your fra lty. Inat you can discover these for your-You shall have your wish: tomorrow you will be Manwaring.
Your relatives, friends and acquaintances shall he e due notice of the
change; but, never fear, they'll not
give you away. They'll look to you
to do the giving, ha, ha! And so to

so ment Mr. Butte awoke be s conscious of two unusual sensa-se, his bed was luxurious, his body s uncomfortable. The depression the mattress was deep, but so, too, all was the depression of his mind. Itmbs felt atiff, his frame heavy,

d his mind moddled.
"It must be that confounded sed," he grouned. "I put too much me in it."

The sunlight suddenly flashed on wall. Mr. Butts turned his head sked, and the more he looked

most his head seemed turned, most respectable appearing man drawing the damask curtains the lofty windows of the stately tenest. Where was his third to back? Mr. Butte ground

Mr. Mainwaring was and to die before the day was over and then where devil!" grunted Mr. butts, parely would be be?

Your bath is ready, r'r," said the That will or you may go." re-

his own gruffness. Mr. Futts raised himself awkwardhimself. He looked at his shoes and

tried to look at h s knees " onfound such a corporation," he grumbled. But as he completed h s toilet and pa-sed through the broad friend corridors and down the grand stairway to the breakfast room the sense ham." his new identity embrailed him, mean? Was he dreaming? He quite forgot his cierical existence. He quite ignor d his ephemeral future. He was Mainwaring-the modern Cr sus, the multi-millionaire, and port and waddle promitted his presently."

He found elegance and profusion tered the reception room. Its occuawaiting his pleasure. Yet some- pants sprang forward eagerly, and how that appetite which used to rise POVERTY OF RICHES, superior to loarding-house deliciencies now deserted h m. And the steaming urns and chaffng d shes had no allorement in their song.

"Take 'em away, take 'em away." motioned Mr. butts, cand bring me some oatmeal and a glass of milk and lime water."

"As usual, sir. (I thought so, I have them ready sir," replied

"Never mind what you thought. I

Here the door opened and a so dierly appearing man whose garb had an official touch entered and salute l.

"At your service, sir," he said. . The night watchman reports that they were at the butlery windows again last night. And the more by the conservatory must have exploded. for I've just found a leg under the century plant, s.r; but then you must have slept sound after your escape of yesterday. How will you be going down town, sir-the landau and the grays?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Hutts. "It looks like rain, and I can't risk them.

I'll walk." "very good, sir: I've my revolver handy, you see. There's a mob of hoodlums on the lower corner. I've turned a half dozen cranks away from the door already, sir. And I'm sure I've seen thee ruined brokers lurking in the areas across the way. Begging your pardon, sir, but if walking is to be a pe manency, I'll be ask-ing for a raise."

"Nonsense! You'll belucky if you escape the cut in expenses I'm about to institute. Can't we go through the stable and catch a horse car?"

Mr. Butts settled himself in a corner of the car and bought a paper. On examining the change he discovered a dubious-looking coin, which acumen assu ed him was a hammered

He swore a little under his doublechin, for the spry newsboy had escaped, and then with some latent purpose retained the piece, as he

thought, in his pudgy palm. Of ourse, the unancial page was the page to which he turned, and in its predictions for the first time this trousers pocket and d ew out a handmorning Mr. Butts found comfort. ful of coin, which he me bant ally Yes, it did seem probable that cer- assirted Suddenly his law dropped, tain of his stocks-ah, what pride and f.om his eyes glared descair. He there was in the personal pronoun!were in for a rise, Well, if any one needed such luck, he did.

· It's about time," he thought, with a sigh of relief. But why do the tiny eyes protrude, the thin lips twitch? What gossip is this?

"On dit that Ebenezer tubbs. through his recent cornering of Olive Oil Trust has landed a cool 10,000, 000. Brother Mainwaring should better look to his laurels, or he'll lose not only the 'fa lle' but the 'princeps,' also."

Mr. Butts folded his pajer. His square jaws closed grimly. His chin settled on his chest. He was th nking-thinking the thoughts of restless nights, of troublous days, how

much money might be made more The car reached his cross street and Mr. Butts descended with the alert detective by his side. On the curb stood a blind man, with hat extended. Into it Mr. Butts dropped the coin, "for luck's sake," he expla ned al-

most apologetically to his attendant. "God b.ess you." said the mendicant, thus showing that his a hietion

had its recompenses. And now the bustle of the street stirred Mr. Butte like a trumpet all. He pressed on eagerly, putting, perspiring, groaning, yet superior to his physical infirmities. He brushed through the counting room of his establishment with a gruff "Morning!" in response to the reverential salutations of the clerks.

Through room after room Mr. Sutte hurried: through winding ball-ways and furtive doors. At length his private office, that holy of holies, was reached. The detectve took a seat without, but the magnate entered, and in an instant was at his desk with coat off, waistcoat unbuttoned, arms deep in a mass of pa-

"Jenkina." snapped Mr. Butts, 'our expenses are one-third too high. Cut them down at once, I don't are how: but mark this, if the service

suffers, off goes your head."

Then followed nervous, impass oned, incoment toll. Mr. Butta, his tenographer, his typewriter, his telegrapher, were all as closely engaged as if millions were nations and deliars drops of blood. The details of an immense fortune were acrupuleasly examined, as an incane builder might examine the bricks of another tower of babel; its increase was belittled, its dearth enlarged.

Then came a diversion. There was a rap, and the detective entered, frowning against the anapteson of a grie. er, were all as closely en-

raising his eves from his rul ulations The man hesitated, withirew, but soon returned again.

"They won't go, sir." he explained plied Mr. Butts, rather astonished at "They say you made the engagement yourself. And they sent these cards," Mr. Butts snatched the missives and sat on the edge of the bed. He and read their contents in amaze felt a singular aversion to dressing ment. "Uncle dim utis and Aunt himself. He looked at his shoes and Maria!" "Cousin Susie." "We're on deck, old man. Yours to command, Markham and Flakesley!" "Bring on the scade," . Your old Coheson " Government bonds are good enough for-Gra-What could such enigmas

"Where are these people" Mr. Butts asked in quavering tones. In the director's room, sir."

"Well, tell them I will see them With mass ve dignity Mr. Butts en-



"WELL, WHAT IS IT? I'M A DUST MAN."

then hastily retreated. Mr. Butts looked from one to the other with cold displeasure.

"Well what is it?" he asked. "I am a busy man. What do you mean | by disturbing me with your uninteltigible notes."

Uncle Jim looked foolish and Corsin : usie simpered and sucked her thumb, but Aunt Maria flaunted to the front.

"Begging your parding," she said. but we were led to believe you were our long lost relation. It's all the fault of this old dreaming husband of mine. "Same here, sir," said Markham

promptly. "It is all a mistake. We were out with the boys last night, you know-" O. Thad!" cried Johnson desper

"Don't you know us? it true?" nut even as he spoke he dodged behind Graham. "Git out." commanded Mr. Butts

impressively. 'Git out, and consider yourself lucky that I don't give you in charge." That night Mr. Butts sat alone in the magnificent Mainwaring library.

His thoughts were still busy with the

work of the day, and although they could not point out any mistakes he was dissatisfied and dejected. He had been frugal and untiring. yet the goal of his ambition was still far distant, and the much money of reality seemed contemptible in comparison with the more money of imagination. Life was a failure, ex-

istence a burden, and he was the Mr. Butts thrust his hand in his

had come upon the war token Horrors! What a mistake! Then he had given a sum of money, of his hard-earne , leloved money, to that miserali e. blind beggar

A straw may break a camel's back, but this error seemed no straw to Mr. Butts He dashed the pie e on the floor; he staggered to his feet and feit his way to a cabinet against the wall:the opened a secret drawer and took out a revolver.

He-when something touched him on the shoulder. It was the fairy's wand, and there stood the fairy, smiting pitifully upon him

"No not that;" she said waving the potent rod to and fro. "Go to sleep and awake the poor, careless, happy Thad butte again."

The Engaged Girl. The engaged girl. with her brilliantly new ring and little airs of importance, is another easily recognized type. Out of the bevy of maidens who swarm on the pia zas or make bright the lawn and beach she is at once distingui hable by her indiffer-ence to that which absorbs those about her. This is the old-fashioned engaged girl, of course—not the up to date maiden who thinks nothing of accepting two or three separate and di-tinct piedges of affection, hav-ing given for each one a promise of parriage that she never means to fulfil, but which to her commercial soul appears a very nice, easy way of getting a really fine collection of jewelry. No, the engaged girl that the writer means is genuinely in love with the man whose ring she wears and with the lavish sweetness of woms ly affection she doesn't care who knows it either. To her all the men are bores and she much prefers swinging in the bammock or strolling off for solitary rambles accompanied only by a book of poetry or a sentimental novel, to entering into any of the galeties that were wont to delight her soul before the only man on earth made his appearance on the scene One all absorbing diversion, however, remains to her. The cierk at the desk and the ruler of the postal des-tiny of the place that she is visiting rece ve much attention from the young woman She is constantly receiving and sending long letters which can be boiled down to one sentence. "I love you"

An effectual way of cleaning russet shoes is to rub with a piece of lemon, after dusting well, and when dry polishing with a soft cloth. This treatment will keep the shoes neat and tone down the light tax to a soft Havana brown.

WOMEN GIVE MUCH ATTENTION TO WHAT THEY WEAR.

Brief Glances at Fancies Femiums, Frivo loos, Mayhap, and Yet Offered to the Hope that the Reading May Prove Restful to Wearied Womankind

Gossip from Gay Gotham



O tomp or tumn go many of the feshions of summer, in fact downeight toe new thinys so far developed in the fal fashions are very few. for the upper part of you. The garm nt which now bidding for acceptance is a decided nov lty and is called the Polish blouse, it being so very odd

name is the en for it. It is really no more nor less than a sweater. It is made of heavy woo with a little silk thread here and there. It slips over the head as did the long ago jersey, which it resemble, except in buldiness. The color is high and double like the sweater of the the te; it rolls up about the hips in a careles, fashion, and does not float all about the waist lise, where a heavy weakle marks each hip. It seems to have no darts, begging under the bust line, which it fits as closely and exactly as did the old-t me jersey. Over the shoulders and down the arms it fits like the paper on the wall. Most of them, however, are without seeves. This gar-ment takes on a sensational aspet as worn by some of its early adopters, who permit it to follow the contour o the figure, and to merely indicate the waist line. Enthusiasts declare that never has a fashi n given to a magnificently molecul wom in such a chance for display.

wear over this garment comes the Polish cape, the like of which never saw Poland. It, too, is an odd affair, that reaches to the hip line in the



back and hangs in fan-like fashion from the high collar from behind from the shoulder-seams in front hang fan-pleated pieces which oin the back "fan" under the arms and which do not cover the front, thus not interfering with the display of the blouse beneath. The cape is lined with silk to exact; match itself, and contrasts strongly with the color of the blouse. The latter is usually a dark red, or a strong myrt e green, in some cases being a dull yellow. With the red is worn dull gray, brown or black; with the green, a brilliant emerald green, but lick, stone color or brown will more popular with the yellow. Brown is the best, though black looks well. It is said by the very advanced designers who are launching the garment that it will be much subject to elaboration if it take." one of white silk was overlaid with silver, for use having dragers from the shoulders of silver and silver gauze, and hanging in the back in Greek fashion. It seems hardly possible that the Polish blouse will adapt itself to evening use, though

A DAINTY MAID AND GOWN.

it undoubtedly has attractive points for street wear. Less like innovations are the garments which the artist sketches here ments which the artist sketches here-with, though each possesses points of noveity, as new styles must to gain searcal favor. The pictured models will be more likely to become estab-lished fashions than will garmente like those first descrited, for the former's new features are but part of the whole, and in the remainder can easily be recognized fashions which already pre-vail. The item of unusualness in the first illustration's bod on is that, in



"You know I'm not; go to the GOWNS AND GOWNING, which b thous down the center and to firshed by a rolling to la faced with white. The jacket 1 at are lined with white cloth, which are faced bes

the large revers-collar.

For more dainty is the second costume shown. Like the first, its skirt day I ever witnessed in my 1 (c, " relian and slightly -til enco, and its marked a gentleman on the streets a is claim and slight!—till enco, and its marked a gentleman on the streets a material, a sketched, is a deve-colored few days since "Not long are a big ratiesnake was caught near my shade of ribbon and white guipare, rathermake was caught beat though there is no end of stuffs and house. It was the father of all the garniture which are available. The rattlesnakes it that section and had bedies comes inside the skirt and is twelve rattles and a button. A day



ENTIRELY NOVEL

is quite plain, and the bodic is oddly draped fronts a e plain in the waist where they are laid in pleats. The The standing collar, bretelles and belt are of green velvet garnished with lace, and the ample slee es are draped at the top; but are otherwise plain

There is no need to point out the features of newness in the bodice next shown, for it is of quaint share throughout with the exception of the plain sleeves. The maker of this one was determined that its uncommon cut should be apparent, for she chose scarlet cashmere for it and trimmed with black lace. The garment fastens invisibly in the center and has a plain yoke finished with bretelles headed and edged with lace.

Frilled epaniettes are to be added to the many accessories of the modern gown, and they go charmingly with gowns made on the yoke plan. They are slightly half-moon in shape and stiffened prettily, the foundation being covered with little frills of taffets net or lace. The horns" of the moon rest back and front on the edge of the bodice where it meets the yoke. Here a great rosette, a metimes with a stole-like scarf pendant, finishes the effect. In black net, each rulle edged with a tiny thread of gold, they are very effective with any kind of dress. A woman may, with a clear conscience, cut up her old black net dress and use the good parts to concect a pair of amoltious young men will be led to these epaulettes.

Such devices of floffery are excellent assiduously as famous men have pracfor the slender figure, whose angu- ticed oratory. Henry Clay in his larity they disguise, and if skillfully managed, entirely conceal. With that end in view the blouse waist of the final sketch is constructed. Its material is maize colored foulard, which is tiring either to a cornfield or a barn



The lining of the blouse fastens in the center, but the blouse proper closes at the side. It has a shirred yoke fin-ished with a belt of wide white satin ribbon tying in full loops on the left side. A similar bow is placed in the

side. A similar bow is placed in the center of the yoke in front, and the sleuves are draped into a series of puffs tacked to the lining.

Women who feel kindly disposed toward dress elaborations which act as concealment for defects in the physical make-up need not avoid them because of the approach of winter, with its fashions turning largely to garments which are e sentially protective. It is almost always the rule as summer cleases—and the one just past is no exception—to have a genuine outburst of frivolity in styles. If there have been frills before, there suddenly come frills before and behind. Resides, the sesson is longer now than it used to be, and ruffles may be indulged in for some weeks yet.

One of the fanciful notions of the One of the fanciful notions of the changing sea-on is the demand for gowns of their materials inside than out. Thus, gingham freezes are seen which are actually lined with slik. The plaid gingham so much in vogue is lined with heavy wash slik of the most brilliant shade in the plaid. Dreasmakers declare that the "hang" of the gown is much improved, and that every dreas should have the restle of silk. every dress should have the restle of silk about it to be entirely feminine. On the other hand, there are many who insist that the rustle of cotton is the right sort of rustle for cotton to have. Luckily, the patient s metimes gets well when the doctors disagree.

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THE first city built was, according to Hebrew tradition, in R. C. 3769, by

RAT VS. HATTLESNAKE

The Placky Resient Insposes of the Repulle mr Leant.

ratilesnake was caught near me bedies come, inside the skirt and is let in a deep box pleat in the coaler of the front and ba k. The guipare trimming forms draped epadettes and revers as da ban of it e tents down the outer seam of the parts. Standing collar and enfs show lace greatures and a dove-colored ribbon with leg loops and ends coming ab at the waist. A trick of draping gives a tonch of a velty is the next dress shown little. The rat was not account for the fighting means a contract of the fighting means a contrac m segreen watered silk dotted and gave a pinintive little squeak with white is trimined with white gui-jure and mess-green v lvet. The skirt ran o into one corner and sat down. The snake was mad and hungry, and no sconer spied it than his eyes fairly bla ed with anger. He coiled himself into a whi ring, rattling, hising mass and in a moment is unched himself through the air like a thunderbott. But the rat had been watching things himself, and when the snake jum; ed he umped, too. The snake was a perfect picture of demoniacal rage, and his rattling was territic as he missed his prey and ngain colled. The same ta ties were repeated several times, and the snake was evidently wear og himself out with his own rage. Suddenly the rat took the offersive, and whenever the snake s; rang at him would sump to one side and then, quick as lightning, would spring at the snake and bite it be ore it could call. (A rattlesnake, you know, cannot bite un ess coiled.) Then the rat would dart off to one side of the box and wait for his enemy to come again, which it always did, only to be again bitten. At last the snake made a tremendous lunge at the rat, which again successfully executed its tactics of lumping to one side Then, almost quicker than the eye could follow it, it rushed directly at the snake, as it lay extended on the floor, and fastened itself right on the back of its neck, and never iet go till it had bitten the head nearly off the body. That ended the fight then an there. The snake died almost instantly and the rat trotted off to the other side of the box unharmed. I tell you, it was a great fight "

Humor in Washington.

"A talent for story-telling," remarked one of the veterans of Washington, "is as valuable as oratory as an equipment for public life. A new member entering Congress with an idea that his eloquence will be immediately appreciated is speedily undeceived. Not more than ten members will listen to his first speech, and he will be laughed down when he rises a second time. If he can tell an amusing story the first time be gets on his feet, his reputation as a bright and promising young man is

made." cultivate the art of story-telling as youth made a practice of reading every day a passage from some volume of e-says or history, and of retrimmed with white satin and white ace. and repeating as much of it as he

could remember. In this way he acquired facility in speaking, wealth of diction, and the power of making direct use of superficial information. This training, with the aid of a voice of singular flexibility, resonance and sweetness, enabled him to become a popular orator.

Bit humor cannot be learned in that labori us way. Lincoln never practiced story-telling in the solitude of the backwoods as Clay acquired eloquence and command of language. No other man ever make a larger use of quaint anecdote and homely stories, but it was merely with him a natural method of popularizing political argument.

Not every story-teller who enters public life in Washington makes a good impression. It is an art which depends to a large degree upon spontaneity and naturalness.

The story-telling that entertains a group of Congressmen or an afterdinner company is a species of improvisation, with few changes of key. one story must hang upon another, and bear unmistakable signs of having been momentarily suggested by

There are professional humorists in Congress who invariably entertain their audiences when they take part in debate, but they are seldom in uential. Surcusm, a trenchant style. and humor, are powerful resources there as they are on every platform, but sustained power of argument and quickness of mind are indispensable to success in public life.

Sir Andrew Agnew, of Lucknow, a well known Scotch baronet, was long pestered by an impudent sort of person, who insisted on being constantly "underfoot." Finally, however, he dropped off, and Sir Andrew was asked how he got rid of him.

"Oh," said he, "I gave him a broad bint." "A broad hint" repeated the inquirer. "I thought he was one of those who never could be indu ed to

take one."

"By ma saul." said Sir Andrew, 'he was obleeged to tak' it! For as the chief widna gangloot at the door, 1 just threw him oot of the w adow

as naturally as men drift into a

Women drift into a dry goods store

As soon as you permit a man to owe you, you stir up the devil in