# $83,300 TO WIN AN AMERICAN BRIDE

Prince Leopold Isenburg, whose father is a first cousin to the emperor of Austria, borrowed 350,000 marks ($83,300) from three German banks for the express purpose of capturing an American heiress. Anna Gould and Florence Pullman were especially named by his creditors as the most desirable. Either of them would do. The young man did open negotiations with the late George M. Pullman for the hand of his daughter, and a match might have been arranged, only for the dictatorial manner of the young sprig of royalty. Old "Duke" Pullman showed him the door. Failing to capture even a plebian heiress, the prince returned home.

Now three banks are suing him. They are the Bergische bank, the Wurtemberg Vereinsbank and the German Vereinsbank.

The American brides' hunt came off in 1894, according to program, but it was a rank failure.

Prince Isenberg does not deny that he borrowed the money under the circumstances and on the conditions named ,but will not or cannot make restitution.

In order to evade his creditors he repudiated, upon his father's death in April, his hereditary rights in the principality whose name he bears, allowing an infant nephew to succeed. As for himself, the Almanac de Gotha shall know him hereafter only as a cadet of an impoverished semi-royal house, and his official income will be exempt from levies by sheriffs and other officers of the law, namely, between $30 and $35 per month, the pay of a first lieutenant of infantry in Prussia.

The Isenburgs, though right cousins to the emperor of Austria, have been not only bankrupts for 12 years or more, but have actually lived off other people's money.

In 1887 the reigning Prince Carl, husband of Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria and princess of Tuscany, issued a loan of $1,600,000 at the Frankfort Bourse, just as other potentates, big and small, do occasionally. This loan was taken up by so-called "small people" in South Germany, and with its proceeds Prince Carl then and there paid his enormous floating indebtedness.

As soon as old Isenburg had secured the big loan he ordered Leopold to quit the military and go upon a tour of the courts of Europe to seek a wife that combined a great name with a fortune of equal size. Of course, the bride-elect must be a Catholic. The archduchess-mother made that condition. But there are few Catholic princesses of wealth outside of the reigning families and Leopold wasn't quite big enough a man to catch one of the latter sort. Though he spent four years looking for a bride he was, upon his return, as little married as on the day of his birth.

In this extremity old Isenburg and the imperial and royal highness, his wife, resolved upon heroic measures. They decided to pocket their pride and let their son and heir marry any woman that would bring the necessary cash into their coffers. The sum demanded was 4,000,000 marks down and a like amount to be set aside for the living expenses of the young couple. After Prince Carl's death the second million dollars was to be merged with the Isenburg family fortune, while with the first an immediate effort was to be made to wipe out the loan of 1887.

This plan the chief of the house of Isenburg submitted to his financial agents, and though these gentlemen, who had already begun to regard their investment with the house of Isenburg as a risk, say now that they had little faith in Prince Leopold's abilities as a lovemaker; they though him sufficiently attractive to catch some plebian heiress.

Having read so much of American women's craze for titles they calculated that Yankee millionairesses would jump at the opportunity of marrying an archduchess' son, even if he be a bankrupt and a pauper.

For the purpose of "dazzling American society and securing an American heiress in marriage," the financiers, viz., the three banks named, advanced the Isenburgs toward the end of the year 1893, 350,000 marks without security, accepting the joint paper of Prince Carl as head of the house, and of Prince Leopold as his legal successor, in exchange. Aside from the general contract with the principals covering the points mentioned, Leopold agreed, in a special undertaking to regard the 350,000 marks as a personal loan for which he, his heirs and successors, should be liable.

To forestall suspicions of a mercenary sort the tournee was to be styled an educational one, and it was to be given out that the high-minded prince had entered upon this trip with the idea of informing himself thoroughly on American industrial conditions and before he entered upon "the government" Leopold was to visit factories, study farming and the management of large bodies of laborers. It was also to be announced that upon returning to Germany he would write a book on his experiences in the United States.

"But with all this, the main object of the enterprise must always be uppermost in your mind," were the banks' instructions. "The prince is not to go upon wild goose chase. He will have to concentrate his efforts upon catching one of certain American girls whose financial standing we investigated—Anna Gould and Miss Florence Pullman shall be first choice."

While he was in this country it was [illegible] that Prince Leopold [illegible] both young women, [illegible] he had decided upon Miss Pullman as the better looking. At the beginning of September (1894) the three banks learned to their eminent satisfaction that the prince was engaged to marry Miss Pullman. The engagement was said to have taken place in Chicago, August 22. This piece of intelligence, cabled to Germany, not only filled the banks with extravagant hopes of financial returns, the numerous other creditors of Prince Carl likewise rejoiced and promised to be more lenient with him in the future, particularly when Leopold wrote that his prospective father-in-law had no objections to parting with the cash, namely, $1,000,000 down and $800,000 more "to be invested in a manner yet to be decided upon."

Then, it appears from the bank's statement, Prince Carl thought that the time had come for him to put on airs.

"Duke" Pullman had cut down the demands of Prince Leopold $200,000, and it looked as if he meant to keep a string on the $800,000 promised.

"Such presumption is not to be tolerated by a prince of the Holy Empire!" declared the old bankrupt, Prince Carl.

As a consequence, young Leopold, backed by his father, smothered Papa Pullman's enthusiasm by springing new and additional demands upon him. Above all he gave him to understand that the apportioning of the marriage settlement must be left entirely to the house of Isenburg, then that Miss Pullman must marry under the name and title of Countess of Marchioness, which the pope had conferred upon the car builder. Thirdly, the marriage would have to be a left-handed affair, of course, and its issue was not entitled to the name any style of Princes and Princesses of Isenburg.

The German creditors claim that this latter clause was the hair that broke the camel's back. The Pullmans broke off the negotiations, and for Leopold "who had no personal influence over his betrothed," there was nothing left to do but to return to Europe without a wife and with a sadly reduced treasury.

"He has lived in the paternal castle, Birstein, Hesse, since," say the banks, "spending the rest of our 350,000 marks and making no further effort to improve his finances by a rich marriage."

### The Manufacture of Wall Paper.

While various kinds of printed fabrics were known to the people of most remote antiquity, it was not till the eighteenth century that wallpaper in anything like its present form came into common use in Europe, though it appears to have been used much earlier in China. A few rare examples which may be as early as the sixteenth century exist in England, but these are imitations, generally in "flock," of the old Florentine and Genoese cut velvets, and hence the style of the design in no way shows the date of the wallpaper, the same traditional patterns being reproduced with little or no change for many years. It was not till the end of the last century that the machinery to make paper in long strips was invented. Up to that time wallpapers were printed on small square pieces of hand-made paper and were very expensive. On this account wallpaper was slow in superseding the older mural decorations, such as tapestry, stamped leather and paper cloth.

A work printed in London in 1744 throws some light on the use of wallpapers at that time: "The method of printing wallpapers of the better sort is probably the same now that it has ever been: Wooden blocks with the design cut in relief, one for each color, are aplied by hand, after being dipped in an elastic cloth sieve charged with wet tempera pigment, great care being taken to lay each block on the right place so that the various colors may 'register' or fit together. In order to suit the productions of the paper mills these blocks are made in England 21 inches wide, and in France 18 inches wide. The length of the block is limited to what the workman can easly lift with one hand—two feet being about the limit, as the blocks are necessarily thick, and in many cases made heavier by being inlaid with copper, especially the thin outlines, which, if made of wood, would not stand the wear and tear of printing.

"In 'flock' and gold or silver printing the design is first printed in strong size, the flock (finely cut wood of the required color), or metallic powder, is then sprinkled by hand all over the paper; it adheres only to the wet size and is easily shaken off the ground or unsized part. If the pattern is required to stand out in some relief, the process is repeated several times, and the whole paper then roleld to compress the flock. Cheaper sorts of paper are printed by machinery, the design being cut on surface of wooden rollers under which the paper passes. The chief drawback to this process is that all the colors are aplied rapidly one after the other without allowing each to dry separately, as is done in hand printing. A somewhat blurred appearance is usually the result."

### The Empress and Her Stable.

The empress of Germany takes a keen interest in her private stables and in the riding lessons of her sons. Her majesty makes a point of having a daily ride, and when the weather is unfavorable she takes it in the riding school. The empress always likes to be there when her younger sons are having their riding lesson, and often she will herself show them how to do what is being taught them. At reviews the empress rides a very tall horse; on ordinary occasions her mount is a black horse, and for hunting she prefers a handsome chestnut, which is very quiet and a good jumper. Generally she is accompanied in her drives by the emperor, for she rarely drives out alone. Her especial carriage is painted blue and black, but all the others belonging to the court are red and black.

# SOME QUEER FISH STORIES

"I have had some remarkable adventures with big game in Africa," said a returned traveler, "but the experience which impressed me most was a fishing trip. I had an old college mate on one of the rivers branching from the Niger and hearing that I was in the country he sent some of his people for me. A week later I was in his plantation in the very heart of the game region. One evening my old friend said to me:

"'John, the larder is pretty low. How would you like a day's fishing?'

"'Nothing better,' I replied. 'It's a long time since I've whipped a stream with a rod.'

"'Oh, said my friend, 'we don't use rods here, especially at this time of the year. There are tools,' and he pointed to a number of natives armed with picks and shovels.

"I said nothing, as I supposed it was a joke, and joined the procession that wound away through the woods. Finally we came to an open country, covered here and there with low brush, and the men halted on the edge of a peculiar and irregular saucer like depression about 100 yards across. It looked like the dry bed of a lake, and such it was, an odd place to go fishing, but it was the place selected by my friend, and presently the men were hard at work with pick and shovel.

"The earth was baked very dry, and the dust flew in clouds. Finally one of the men gave a shout and threw something out that he had struck about two feet down. It looked like a brick with the edges worn off. I broke the brick-like object into pieces, when out rolled a fish almost a foot long, alive and opening its gills as though it had been awakened from a ten years' sleep. The fish had been packed away in a case as deftly as though made by some skilled worker. The inside was as smooth as glass and the color of mahogany, and so far as I could see, air-tight: in this the fish had been hermetically sealed.

"The men were now tossing out fish every few minutes. Some of the cases broke as they fell and the fishes soon died in the hot sun, but in most cases they were kept intact and piled in a heap until twenty or more had been found. They lay at a depth of from one to two and a half feet, and it was not accidental. The fish at the approach of the dry season left the surface and wriggled its way down through the mud, then, by the aid of the mucus on its scales, formed a smooth, hard case, in which it lay until the rain came again.

"These dy lakes I learned had been the cause of reputed miracles. People had been camping in them possibly when the first rain came, and where an hour or two before the earth was baked to a brick-like consistence, was now a small pond alive with fish. The moment the water penetrated to them the soil melted away and the fishes worked their way up through the soft mud. When the natives had dug enough fish we returned to camp, where they were piled up like cordwood. When one was required for the table the cook simply put the case in water, as he would a potato, soaked out the fish, and there it was, alive and ready for the broiler. The fish was a long eel-shaped creature with a head like a snake and four fins placed as though they were legs. It was very good to the taste despite the fact that it was preserved fish.

"In India I saw another remarkable fish hunt. One day we were walking through the jungle when we came upon a crowd of native men, women and children, provided with baskets of various kinds. They were walking rapidly and in reply to a question one of the men said that there was a great run of fish near a little branch of the Boolu river not a mile away, and they were going for the fishing.

"We followed the shouting, laughing crowd, who soon turned into the bush and finally came to what was during the rainy season a fairly well filled stream, but now rapidly running dry. They kept down the bank until the water grew deeper, all peering carefully at the muddy banks as though watching for something. Suddenly a small boy uttered a shout and dashed into the bush, the others following.

"On examining the soft mud I could distinctly see a singular maze of marks, as though something had been dragged along. The shouts of the natives grew louder and louder, like the baying of hounds on a fresh trail, and when we overtook them they were picking up little perch-like fishes from among the dry leaves of the forest as you would fruit or nuts. The ground was covered with them, all moving apparently in one direction by a wriggling motion, and their sharp fins. In a word they were migrating overland just as a bird would, using their fins as feet or legs and making remarkable time for fish. I timed several and found that they could move a foot in two minutes, not very rapid time, it must be confessed, but still fast for a fish. We passed on to where the procession was entering the stream, where they at once swam away, entirely unaffected by their walk across country.

"How fishes can live on dry land was for a long time a mystery. At first it was believed that they carried about with them a supply of water which they used as occasion required. Some of the fishes had cavities in their gills that were supposed to be water reservoirs upon which they draw in their migrations, but it is now known that they breathe air entirely and are as truly amphibious as a frog. The African and South American lung fishes found underground at time breathe when out of water by the air bladder, which now acts as a lung, its surface being covered with blood vessels which take up the oxygen. When the fish return to the water the gills become the lungs—a remarkable provision of nature."—New York Sun.

### Terrible African Insect.

We were plowing against the current in the Mozambique channel on a steamer. Every mile brought us nearer the equator, and, in spite of a fair breeze, the motley complement of passengers fairly gasped for breath.

Capt. Haan, my traveling companion, and I stood leaning over a temporary railing, which had been erected amidships on the port side to divide the second-class from the third-class deck room. The latter was occupied by 500 Mahometans traveling from Cape Town to Mecca.

All day the Moslems were either preparing their daily repast of meallies, attempting to get some sleep with their robes drawn over their eyes, or listening to a priest who used the fo'cas'le deck for a pulpit.

We had just completed the purchase of two pair of sandals from a Muezzin on board, and declared our intention of wearing them, when we landed at Beira, in Mozamique.

"Don't dare to," continued the skipper, who had been in the East African trade twenty years. "For goodness sake, have you never heard of the matachio? Well, I'll tell you about it."

But the captain never did. The low, black coast of Mozambique was sighted at that moment ,and the best of navigation had to be used in entering the shallow bay, into which empties the Pungwee river at Beira. So the skipper hurried to the bridge and left us wondering what the matachio could be.

We found out later on, and so did others, some to their horror. In fact, the mactahhio got chummy with the passengers immediately upon their landing.

Not even the huge scorpions and deadly spiders which infest East Africa along the Mozambique coast are dreaded so much as this insect, which resembles, in some ways, the American tick.

The matachino, however, is a much more serious proposition. It lives in the sand and is so small that it is difficult to see with the naked eye. In a twinkling it fastens to one's foot, bores beneath the skin and hides itself.

There is an itching feeling, but with the other sensations of this sort in a hot climate one is likely to overlook the matachino bite. In thirty-six hours this insect has deposited eggs, which hatch almost immediately. You then have several hundred matachinos in your ankle or foot, and you are in a "jolly bad way," as the English resident will calmly tell you.

The streets of Beira are of sand, into which your foot sinks up to the ankle. Though four big steamship lines do business there, not a horse or ox can be seen. Neither would be of service in such roads. All traffic is done with little trucks run on narrow gauge tracks and pushed by native Africans.

Every one, therefore, must wade through the sand, fine ladies with pretty hose and Parisian boots, just as well as a naked Zulu, whose feet are often so callous as to faze the most vicious matachino.

The matachino is not to be trifled with, and you soon learn to squat down down in the sand and look at your foot, when there is a suspicious biting sensation. Those who have strong nerves carry a sharp knife and cut out the insect themselves. The Africans do this, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a boy drop a load of lumber, sit down and perform a surgical operation and continue his labor.

As far as I could learn, the matachino is indigenous only to Northern Mozambique, for in Delago bay they do not seem to be troubled with it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Sulphur Flies.

An extraordinary insect is described by a correspondent of the Scientific American under the above title. The name was coined by the employes of the Mountain Copper company, Limited, because of the remarkable habits of the fly. The company, whose furnaces are about six miles west of Redding, Colo., mine and roast between ten and twelve hundred tons of ore a day. Iron and copper sulphides are the main constituents of the ore, and the sulphur is forced to part from the metals by means of heat. To accomplish this, the ore is brought from the mines and piled in great heaps upon sufficient wood to kindle it. The huge heaps—approximately two hundred feet long, fourteen feet wide and six feet high—ignited burn for about thirty days.

When the roasting process is well under way clouds of sulphurous fumes arise from the heaps, rendering respiration impossible in their immediate vicinity. Then may be seen, darting in and out of the suffocating vapors, peculiar gray flies, about the size of a horse fly, that apparently live and breed in the smoking ore. They seem to thrive in the densest fumes, the lower portion of the heaps fairly swarming with them. At night the workmen are compelled to cover their faces with netting and their hands with gloves, to resist their attacks, for their bites are very poisonous. The flies were unknown until the smelting operations began, some years ago.

The sensation of taste produced by an electric current passing through the tongue is found by Zeynek, a German electrician, to depend on voltage. Sudden changes of current and voltage produced changes of taste sensation, seeming to prove that the phenomenon of electric taste is an electrolytic one.

# STORYETTES.

### HAD JUST LANDED.

Among the occupants of a crowded Third avenue elevated train going uptown yesterday afternoon were two men in one of the cross seats in the forward car. One was reading a paper and the other was looking out of the window. From all appearances they were strangers to each other. Finally the man who was reading the paper turned to the other, and in tones loud enough to be heard all over the car, said:

"Well, I see Jeffries won the other night."

"Aw, did? H'im very glad."

"He's a pretty good man, I guess. Don't you think so?"

"Hi don't 'appen to know 'im."

"Don't you know him? Why, I mean Jeffries, who won the fight the other night."

"Hi repeat, sir, Hi never 'eard of 'im."

"I mean Jeffries, who whipped Fitz."

"Oo's 'e? Fitz? Fitz? Fitz? Hi never 'eard of 'im before."

The crowd on the car was tittering by this time, but they roared when the man who had never heard of Jeffries or Fitzsimmons asked:

"O'o are these fellows, Jeffries and Fitz?"

"Why, the best fighters in the world," snappily retorted the man with the newspaper.

"Hit's strange Hi never 'eard of them. Tell me, can heither of them whip the Henglish champion, 'Cholly' Mitchell, or the big chap, Jemmie Smith?"

"Oh, no," answered the other man, with a look of supreme disgust on his face, "you're away off. I'm not talking of dead ones. But tell me, how long have you been here?"

"Hi just arrived last Wednesday."

"Here, read up a bit," said the other man, thrusting the paper into the Englishman's hands. "Read that fight story and try and forget about 'Cholly' Mitchell and Jemmie Smith."—New York Sun.

### THE PARROT AND THE WITNESS.

Across the street from the court house there lives a parrot. In the days of its youth it accidentally overheard a man using language which would not look well in print, says the Topeka State Capital. The language has clung to the parrot ever since, and despite the owner's efforts the parrot has become very proficient in the use of profanity. It can swear almost as well as a politician. It might be termed an expert. It certainly is a professional.

A few days ago an interesting case was on trial in the district court. The room was very warm, and all the windows were open. A gentle breeze wafted in from the south, bearing in the sounds from the street below.

An especially interesting place in the testimony had been reached and the court room was very still. Every one was listening intently to the witness. The witness made a statement, and then—

"You're a blankety-blank liar," said a small, still voice.

The witness wriggled, Judge Hazen glanced around to see where the sound came from, and Bailiff John Coyne tapped with his lead pencil and scowled around the room to quell the disturbance.

The witness began again.

"Shut up, you —— —— —— horse thief," said the voice again.

Judge Hazen frowned. Some disrespectful persons near the window tittered. Bailiff Coyne edged over in that direction and stood by the window.

"Get out, ——— you," suggested the parrot.

The bailiff saw the bird and shook his fist at it.

"—— ——!! ! ! !!" remarked the parrot again.

This was too much for the bailiff. He pulled the window down to shut out the profane sounds and went out. In a few minutes he came back and said:

"I'll bet that blamed parrot don't swear at this court any more. I've got a muzzle on 'im."

### STORY ABOUT SCHLEY.

One of the veteran sea dogs of the navy who has been on the retired list for a generation, tells a characteristic anecdote of Admiral Schley, when the latter was a madshipman and assigned as executive officer to a little gunboat called the Owasco in Admiral Porter's gulf squadron. His commanding officer was a volunteer for the war, notorious for incompetency and intemperance, which was exceedingly irritating to an ambitious young fellow like Schley,who had just escaped from the discipline of the naval academy, and had an exalted opinion of the dignity and honor of the service. The Owasco was stationed off Mobile and was one of a small squadron of which Captain James Alden of the Richmond was senior officer. One day a quartermaster of the Richmond reported to Captain Alden that the captain's gig of the Owasco was approaching, the captain's pennant flying. Supposing his visitor to be the captain of the Owasco, Alden put on his uniform coat, the side boys were ordered and the boatswain's mate made ready for his three pipes at the gangway. When the Owasco's gig came alongside, the man who sprang up the ladder was Midshipman Schley.

"I expected to see the captain of the Owasco," said Alden, with slight sarcasm.

"I am commander of the Owasco, sir,' said Schley.

"Since when?" asked Alden.

"An hour ago, sir," said Schley.

"Where is Captain ——?"

"Locked up in the cabin sir, drunk?"

"Who locked him in?" asked Alden.

"I did. I first put him under arrest and then shut him up in his cabin. Then I took command of the ship, and here I am for orders."

Alden was fond of a joke, and was at first disposed to laugh at the young man's summary action, but he said:

"Well, the first order I'll give you is for you to lower that pennant in the gig, go back to your ship, sir, unlock that cabin door and restore Captain —— to duty. Then report to me in writing if the captain's illness still incapacitates him and I will know what to do."

### AFRICAN'S PREDICTIONS.

Here is a yarn that has been picked up by the Society for Psychical Research. Dr. R. W. Felkin, who had accompanied Emin Pasha on a tour through Uganda and adjacent teritory, is responsible for it. He says that some time last year his party had got back to Lado, about 1,000 miles south of Khartoum, and that he had been without letters from Europe for a year. Naturally he was impatient for tidings. In that part of Africa he had often come across wizards who pretended to transform themselves into lions or other animals at night and to trael immense distances in this guise. They also assert that they acquire information at such times about stolen cattle and other lost property. Dr. Felkin says that, although he has no explanation to offer in regard to these alleged fets,he had a chance to verify one of their stories.

One morning after his trial at Lado a man came to his tent, evidently in great excitement, and said that the local wizard, or "m'logo," had been roaming about the country the night before in the form of a jackal. During his rambles the "m'logo" had visited Meschera-el-Rek, fully 560 miles away, between Lado and Khartoum. The wizard declared that two steamers had just arrived at this point and had brought mails. He also described minutely the appearance of an English officer accompanying the boats.

Dr. Felkin ridiculed the story. But Emin Pasha took the thing more seriously. He directed that the wizard be brought before him and questioned the fellow.

"Where did you go last night?"

"I was at Meschera-el-Rek."

"What were you doing there?"

"I went to see some friends."

"What did you see?"

"I saw two steamers arriving from Khartoum."

"Oh, this is nonsense. You could not possibly have been at Meschera-el-Rek."

"I was there," the wizard replied emphatically. "And with the steamers was an Englishman, a short man with a big beard."

"Well, what was his mission?"

"He says that the great pasha at Khartoum had sent him and he has some papers for you. He is starting overland tomorrow, bringing the papers with him, and he will be here about thirty days from now."

Dr. Felkin says that thirty-two days later the Englishman did arrive at Lado, and that he brought letters for the party. The newcomer was Lupton Bey. Of the wizard Dr. Felkin says that he is satisfied that the man was never outside his native village in his life.

### MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S GOWN

This curious idea of using wheat as a dress trimming was introduced to smart society by no less a personage than the beautiful Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

When Mrs. Astor was abroad in the spring she spent much time with the most celebrated couturieres of Paris planning a great number of wonderful gowns for the coming Newport season. They are all marvelous gowns and cost thousands of good American dollars.

Her wheat ball costume is perhaps the most curious of them all. It is a Worth creation, and is as artistic as it is novel. The dress itself is of faint corn color embroidered chiffon and silky net the same shade. In effect the gown is a princess robe. The decollete bodice is outlined with wheat mingled with exquisite velvet autumn leaves in rich shades of deep yellow and reddish brown. Just below the shoulder the wheat is twisted about the arm, forming a substitute for the sleeve. Wheat and autumn leaves also trim the front of the gown a little toward the left, covering the opening. So skillfully is the wheat used that it seems almost to be growing upon the gauzy chiffon. The effect is beatuiful, and each sheaf of wheat is absolutely true to nature.

The lower part of this remarkable gown is made of a series of graduated flounces of fine silk net. The net is the same shade of yellow as the chiffon, and each flounce is headed with a narrow band of gold passementerie. The train is entirely of these transparent flounces. The foundation of the costume is soft liberty silk, matching the wheat exactly in color. When Mrs. Astor appears in this imported gown she will wear in her dark hair a small cluster of wheat in place of the conventional aigrette or gold ornaments.

Wheat is also seen woven with silk to form a passementerie. Some of the most effective of the imported black silk grenadine gowns are trimmed with bands of of wheat passementerie. The wheat looks as if it were appliqued to a band of woven silk. The new phosphorescent blue, an artistic leaf green used for the silk foundation of the and Indian pink are the shades most passementerie.

Miss Prism—Don't let your dog bite me, little boy.

Boy—He won't bite, ma'am.

Miss Prism—But he is showing his teeth.

Boy (with pride)—Certainly he is, ma'am; and if you had good teeth as he has you'd show 'em, too.—Chicago News.