

BANNERS.

Emerson. Grace, Beauty and Caprice Build this golden portal: Graceful women, chosen and Dazzle every mortal's eyes...

MRS. DOBBS' "WHIM."

From the Arroyo.

Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs lived at Clapham. They were a very worthy couple, their friends said. That is about the best people will say of an elderly pair if they are not intellectual or troublesome.

Mrs. Dobbs was stout and commonplace in appearance, and did not flirt with his neighbor's wife, or gamble in stocks, or live beyond his income.

Mrs. Dobbs was reputed a respectable and virtuous matron for other reasons. Imprints, she had no taste in dress; neither did she paint her face or excite the envy and spite of her female friends by beautifying her house.

Mr. Dobbs was "something in the city" and his big office and many clerks brought in something more than a comfortable income. Yet he made no parade of wealth and kept household accounts strictly.

Mrs. Dobbs did not, however, view such matters with equanimity. Seeing the undue and unwelcome number of olive branches thrust about other people's tables, she resented them as a slur to herself.

Mrs. Dobbs was slowly hatching a scheme which she felt sure would run counter to Josiah's wishes. This lent an additional zest to her plan. She considered it a retributive scheme.

Mrs. Dobbs tossed her head capriciously. Every inch of lace in her cap seemed suddenly to have acquired starch, while the gilt ornaments thereon scintillated fiercely.

"When I say a thing I mean it, as you know, Josiah. I have considered that you indulge your hobbies without restraint. It is high time my benevolence found something to occupy it."

Josiah drank up his wine slowly. When he spoke again it was in a subdued tone. "Dorothy, my dear, how often have I reminded you in the past three years that your poor sister—left a child as I have said before, it is your clear duty."

"Mr. Dobbs!" The lady rose, and swept her black satin skirts to the door. Here she paused to add: "I repeat, I remember no sister. A disgraceful marriage severed all connection of birth. I beg that you will never allude to that shameful matter again."

Perhaps the episode alluded to was well remembered by Josiah, for he sighed several times in his after-dinner solitude. He knew the mad-cap girl he had sheltered for many years beneath his roof was dead, but he knew, too, that her child lived, and he would fain have cherished it for the mother's sake.

In the course of the evening Mrs. Dobbs resumed the question of adoption. Josiah was a peaceable man, and he loved his wife; but this last whim was a serious one, and would inevitably entangle her in difficulties.

"I'm going to advertise at once," she said. "I should advise you to try some other plan that would give less publicity to the matter," he said mildly. "That would bring any amount of beggars and impostors about you."

Mrs. Dobbs looked over her cruel work in an injured way. "There you are again, Josiah; always trying to oppose me and make my life miserable. I declare you contradict me every morning and evening about everything. Haven't I told you before what a lonely life I lead? It's all very well for you, who go away to the city every day to make money. You are just like all men—you are selfish to the core."

Of course in the end the lady prevailed, and Josiah passively countenanced the adoption. Matters were soon set in order for the fulfillment of the latest whim. Yet verily her heart failed her during the week following her advertisement. Her lonely condition had never been so apparent to her before as when she was beset by a crew of parents and guardians bearing some puny or blighted infant for her adoption.

"Why, now, Tinker, what is the matter? I'm sure you've a very comfortable place, with a boy to do all your dirty work."

Tinker coughed and stammered a few words before coming to the point. "Well, now, sir, to speak plain it's along of that wild crowd of vagabonds, adrift in the streets, that's a-swinging every day. Babies by the score, they're brought by impudent rascals such as I ain't been accustomed to. One of 'em she wouldn't go out of the gate till I called the police. It aint respectable in a gentleman's house, I do assure you, sir."

Somehow or other Mr. Dobbs managed to subvert the outrageous feelings of his servant, and prevailed upon him to put up awhile longer with the inconvenience of the situation. The worthy Josiah was concerned for the protection of his wife.

"How are you getting on with your business, my love?" inquired Mr. Dobbs that evening. "Oh, pretty well," said the lady cheerfully. "I'm persistently avoiding her husband's eyes. I find it very difficult to make up my mind; and I want a pretty little boy, not quite a baby, with no disgraceful connections to hang about him. No doubt I shall see one to suit me in a few days."

The few days passed without further allusion to the subject, and the following curious advertisement appeared in all the daily papers: WANTED.—For immediate adoption, a little boy between 2 and 4 years old. Must be healthy and pretty and sound in body and mind. The parents or relatives must be known all round him for ever. He will be comfortably provided for in the future. Apply daily to Messrs. Griffith and Grabham, Solicitors, 201 Parliament street, Westminster.

After the appearance of this advertisement the persecution of Clarence Villa died away, and only now and again a respectable man or woman, leading a little boy, was heard inquiring for Mrs. Dobbs' residence of a local policeman. But the lady was obdurate to all claims made on her pity. She had hardened her heart to destitute children, and penurious and miserly and consumptive fathers met with scant ceremony at her hands if their offspring were not desirable. After this had gone for a fortnight or more, Mrs. Dobbs one day visited Messrs. Griffith and Grabham during business hours.

elder your quest at an end. Good morning. I'm sorry of her undertaking. Mrs. Dobbs had almost resolved to abandon her whim. She chewed the cud of bitter thoughts on her homeward way that day. Providence or fortune was against her success. That evening Mr. Dobbs came home in an unusual degree of haste, and of a cheerful mien.

"Love," said he, tripping over the dining-room mat, "I've found a child for you."

Mrs. Dobbs looked up coldly. "It's impossible I shall like it," said she perversely. "No one wants to part with a child unless there's something the matter with it."

Mrs. Dobbs beamed yet more brightly. He was not to be snubbed by any wet blanket. "It's a little boy, and he is 3 years old, fair, pretty, and most intelligent. His father is just dead."

"What about his mother?" queried Mrs. Dobbs cautiously. "Josiah reddened, stammering a little. 'She—ah, poor soul—is dead too. This is no beggar's brat. He is well born, Dorothy, on one side. I can give you every proof.'"

The next day the child was brought to Clapham and left a Clarence Villa by a clerk from M. Dobbs' office. He was poorly dressed, but a handsome little lad, lively and spirited. He was not at all shy, and addressed himself freely to the pug and parrot. The piping treble voice and shrill, childish laughter touched the maternal chord in Dorothy's heart. She went a little sadly that day while her eyes followed the child. He stroked her velvet gown and fingered her rings while he sat upon her knee, chatting about the things around him.

"What is your name?" questioned the lady. "Harry," answered the boy readily. But nothing more could be elicited from him. He did not seem to understand that he could have a second name. He was but a baby boy, scarcely three.

Afternoon Mrs. Dobbs telegraphed to her husband that he must make arrangements for her to keep the child a day or two. It would not be necessary to send any one to fetch him that evening. The day passed quickly, with little feet pattering beside her, exploring the wonders of garden and greenhouse. Towards 7 o'clock Mrs. Dobbs began to look anxiously for her spouse's return. She had quite decided that she would keep the child, but still there were questions to be asked—preliminaries to be settled. The boy must be hers entirely. None must ever claim him, or interfere with his welfare. Mr. Dobbs came leisurely up the garden at his usual hour, carrying his fish-bag. His stolid face changed a little when he looked through the window and saw the child on his wife's knee.

"He is a pretty boy, Dorothy," he said nervously, when he came near. "A darling little boy; I mean to keep him, Josiah," she said, gently disengaging the chubby hands from her chair. "Will you stay with me, Harry?"

The child laughed gleefully, tossing back his curls. "Stay with oo; pity, pity flowers," he said, clapping his hands. "Tell me all you know about him, Josiah. What is his parentage, and will his nearest relatives surrender all claim upon him?"

Josiah shifted uneasily in his seat. He had the appearance of a man oppressed with guilt. "He is an orphan," said he looking speculatively at his own broad toes. "So much the better for me," said Mrs. Dobbs. But I will have no distant relatives hanging about. He must belong exclusively to me."

Mr. Dobbs drew nearer to his wife. "Dorothy, he ought to belong to you if to anyone."

The lady put down the child from her knee. His large blue eyes gazed in wonder at this sudden rejection. "What is the boy's name?" said Mrs. Dobbs, breathlessly. "Henry," he rejoined, slowly. "But Henry what?" she asked, more sharply.

"Henry Morrison. He is your sister's child—a friendless orphan now. God help him if you don't."

Mrs. Dobbs fell back on the sofa cushion, and covered her face with her hands. The tears were falling through them when little fingers essayed to move them.

"Has oo been naughty? no! ky." Perhaps the lady was very conscious of her own naughtiness, for she cried still more at this appeal, drawing the child into her embrace. There was never any more doubt about the adoption. Henry Morrison called Mrs. Dobbs mother to this day, and Josiah is a little less generous toward asylums and hospitals. There will be a very pretty penny by and by for his adopted son.

HER LIFE. She wept and labored midst the lowest things. Walked at my side and talked, and oft did she nestle close and sleep upon her knee.

The gracious hours that friendly twilight brings With toil, soft questioning if good or ill Were hers; soft lullabies she crooned at foot. On infant poppies' breath falling down tenderly On infant eyelids that gay sports would leave To nestle close and sleep upon her knee.

The Wanderer's Return. A Thanksgiving Story. Every Christmas, or New Year's, or Thanksgiving day, Mrs. Forrest placed a chair at the table for their only son and child, David, who had left his home fifteen years before, at the age of nineteen. Since he left, no word from him had reached them.

The faithful heart of the mother refused to think of the lad as dead, and so she laid his plate at his old place, and by it placed a little bouquet of his favorite flowers.

"You see, he may come back at any time, father, and he'd understand that we've been thinking of him all the time."

The old man shook his head. "Boys like David don't come back, Sarah. Vice drove him away, and vice will probably keep him away. If its any gratification for you to keep a place at the table for him, you know 'at I don't object; but I wish you could make up your mind that he will never come back. These yearly reminders only bring the old pain back, and if I could, I should like to forget him altogether."

"No, you wouldn't. James. He was wild and disobedient, and brought shame and sorrow over this threshold; but for all that, he's our only child, and I'm sure we can neither of us forget that."

It was just fifteen years since the young man came home one night in a beastly state of intoxication. It was not the first time, but it was the first time his father had seen him in that condition. He was a clerk in a dry good store, and when he came home late at night, his father supposed he had been detained by his business, and went contentedly to bed. The poor wife, who sat up for the wayward boy, knew better; but like many a gentle but unwise mother, she concealed her son's vice from his father, hoping he might reform. Her husband was a very stern man, and was unsparring in his denunciations of the special vice of intemperance. The truth is, she was actually afraid to tell him.

The night I have spoken of, Mr. Forrest had a letter to write, which kept him in the sitting room long after his usual bedtime. When the slobbering, idiotic young drunkard reeled into the room, his father sprang from his chair as if he had been shot. He looked at his son, but did not say a word. Then he sat deliberately down in a chair and watched him, with such a look on his white set face that his terrified wife laid her trembling hand on his arm. He shook it off. In a few moments he turned to her, and said, in a hard, merciless voice:

"How long has this been going on, Sarah?" "Oh, I don't know, James!" she sobbed. "I've seen him two or three times under the influence of liquor, but never so bad as this, James. I didn't tell you because he promised to reform. Oh, don't be too hard on him, father! Pray, don't be too hard upon him!"

"Too hard!" he repeated, looking with angry disgust at the young man, who had muddled in a heap in a large arm chair, trying vainly to sit erect, with a silly drunken grin on his face. "Too hard! Why, if I turned him out of the house this very night, and disowned him as my son, I should be doing right! And you have kept this from me? How could you, how dare you, do it, and thus become responsible for this disgrace? I might have checked it. Now it's too late. Look at that idiotic face; the stamp of the drunkard who is past recovery is upon it. It's too late!"

"Oh, don't, don't, James!" his wife cried, kneeling beside him. "I did it for the best. Don't say it's too late! He's but little more than a child yet, and bad company has led him astray."

The drunken boy laughed idiotically. "Don't try and get him away," Mr. Forrest said, sternly. "He shall stay there all night, and I shall sit up with him. You heard what he said!" With a bitter laugh. "Our son is not only a drunkard, but a thief. Let him stay there; I want to get accustomed to the disgrace which has come upon me, and a night with that object before me will help me to realize it. Do you go to bed. I must take his management out of your weak hands."

"You won't drive him away, James? You'll give him a chance? You'll give him one opportunity to try to reform? Don't turn him out into the wicked world, to be lost forever!" she pleaded, with sobs. Her husband did not immediately answer her but at last he said: "I will not drive him away yet. He shall have one chance more—a single one. I'll make him understand that, when he can understand anything. Now leave me with him."

The peer mother crept weeping to her bed. She left the door partly open between the rooms, that she might watch both husband and son. Mr. Forrest sat rigid and motionless, as if he was carved in stone, toward the boy slept on heavily. Towards morning he began to move uneasily in his seat, then raised his head from the table and straightened himself up. The mother, whose eyes had not closed through the whole of that long night, could almost see the terrified expression in his eyes when they fell on his father's grim figure opposite. He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Stop, sir!" said the father, walking to him. "I have a few words to say to you."

What was said was in too low a voice for Mrs. Forrest to hear. There were a few brief questions, and when David answered one of them, he hung his head like a convicted criminal. Then she heard her husband's stern voice for a few minutes longer, and David half staggered to the back door, opened it and passed out.

Mrs. Forrest did not dare ask her husband any questions, but did not feel uneasy when David did not appear at breakfast. She concluded he had gone to the store, not wishing to meet his father so soon again. But when dinner-time came, and he was still absent, her fears were awakened, and she noticed her husband cast uneasy glances towards the door whenever it was opened. She put on her bonnet after dinner, and went directly to the store. Mr. Rapp was standing at the door.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Forrest!" he said. "Where on earth is David today?" "Isn't he in the store?" she asked, with her heart beating like a sledge-hammer.

"Indeed, he isn't. He came in for a minute early this morning, and handed me a ten-dollar bill, and mumbled out something about having forgotten to put it in the till. I couldn't make out what he did say. He looked pale and sick, and I'm sure ought to have been in bed."

Without a word Mrs. Forrest hurried home. "What did you say to him?" she cried, passionately, to her husband. "You've been harsh and cruel to him, I know, and now he's gone away, and I shall never, never see my boy again!"

"I told him what I said I would," he answered coldly. "One more chance I gave him for amendment. Yes, I told him he was a disgrace, a clinging disgrace, for I didn't believe he would reform. I gave him some money to replace what he stole, and that was all. I don't regret a word I said. Reproach your own weakness. It isn't just to reproach me. Since he has chosen to leave us, it is perhaps the best thing he could do."

But though Mr. Forrest spoke in this manner, he spared neither money nor labor to gain some tidings of his son. They traced him to a seaport town, and then lost all traces as utterly as if the earth had closed over him. As months and years rolled by, Mr. Forrest gave up expectation of ever seeing him again, but the mother hoped still. The father grew more silent and sad. Time as it passed had taught him that he had erred in the harshness and bitterness with which he had treated his son, and he would have liked to retract some of his words. Misfortunes, too, had pressed upon him. His crops had failed three years in succession, he had mortgaged his farm in order that he might live; and in a few years there was to be a foreclosure of the mortgage, and the old place must pass out of his hands.

"It's no use striving any longer, Sarah," he said, drearily: "I do not know where to look for help, we must submit and leave the old homestead. Father was born here, as well as myself, and I hoped to die in the house which he died. We'll barely have a roof over us at Myron Cottage, but at least, it will be our own. We didn't think much of it when your aunt left it to you, and now it is our last refuge."

"It will outlast our time, James," she said, sadly. "There's no one to come after us unless David comes home."

Mr. Forrest shook his head. He had long ceased to combat what he said was his wife's monomania about the return of his son. She always insisted that in the family devotion he should be prayed for as still living, and with a cruel pang the father uttered the name of the boy he believed dead.

"It will be our last Thanksgiving dinner on the old place," he said, the day before Thanksgiving. "A lonely one indeed. I wonder if in all the world there is a couple as lonely and as desolate as we are."

She did not speak, but slipped her hand in his. He pressed it warmly, the faithful hand which had never wearied in its tender care of him, and there the old couple sat, silent and thoughtful. They did not need to say a word. Each knew what the other was thinking. The mother said in her heart, "Dear Lord, bring our boy back to us." The father thought, "Lift, help us to bear patiently the afflictions that are bringing our gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

Thanksgiving Day dawned. It was a dismal day. The rain poured, the wind blew, the sodden leaves covered the earth, the whole landscape was dreary.

"It's pretty dismal, isn't it, mother?" said the old man. "It's a good thing we don't expect guests in this storm. Well, I suppose we ought to be thankful for a shelter this weather, and food enough to keep us from starving."

"Is that all we have, father?" asked his patient wife. "We have health as long as we live." "Hope of what?" he asked, smiling sadly. "I think, my dear, you and I shook hands with hope long ago and hid it farewell." "Hope of a home where all these longings and heartaches will be over. O, James, what can keep that from us?" "You are right," he said solemnly, and I needed the reproof. We will make this a kind of memorial day, and wrestle with our griefs, as Joseph did with the angel, until they bless us. Why, there is a traveler out in all this rain! He looks as if he didn't know which way to go." "Call him in, James," said his wife. "I'm glad the Lord has sent some one to eat our Thanksgiving dinner with us."

man, with a heavy brown beard and moustache which nearly covered his face. "Come in, come in," Mr. Forrest said. "Why, you are as wet as a rat."

"Only my overcoat," he answered, in a hoarse voice. "With your permission, I'll stop a minute in the hall and take it off."

He was a long time getting off his coat, and when he came in Mrs. Forrest was placing an ample meal on the table. The stranger walked to the window and looked out.

"You have a pretty place here," he said. "At least, it must be an attractive place in good weather."

"Yes," answered the old man, with a sigh, "we are fond of the old house and its surroundings."

"Do you live alone here?" "As you see," he answered, shortly. He thought the stranger too inquisitive. "But dinner is ready. Take a seat."

The traveler noticed that at one place there was a handsome china plate, and in a glass near it a bouquet of white crysanthemums and red geraniums. Naturally supposing it was a seat of honor appropriated to guests, he moved towards it. "Not there, sir!" she cried. "Please take this seat."

"Excuse me, madam, as he took the indicated place. He was afraid you will be disappointed in the guest you expect, the storm is so severe. But he ought to have tried to come! There should be no vacant place at a Thanksgiving dinner."

"It is always vacant, sir," Mr. Forrest said. "It's a notion of my wife's to keep it for our boy, who left us fifteen years ago. You see, she has always kept his plate on the yearly returns of these days, and puts a bouquet of his favorite flowers near it. It seems to do her good to think he will come back some day."

"He will come back to it," she said, quietly. "I've always felt sure that my boy would sit there face to face with me some day."

The stranger's face worked convulsively. He suddenly moved toward the seat and held out his arms to her. "Mother! mother!" he cried, with tears glistening in his eyes. "Don't you know me? Father, mother, I've come back to you!"

She fell in his arms with a glad cry, but the father made one step forward and fell motionless on the floor. It was so unexpected, so almost impossible, that the shock overcame him. But joy seldom kills, and he was soon restored to consciousness, and learned with a feeling of rapture, such as for many years he had not experienced, that his son had come back a reformed man.

"I did not mean to run away when I left the house," David said. "It was only when paying the money to Mr. Rapp that I realized the depth of my degradation, and I felt as if I could never look either of you in the face again. I shipped as a sailor in a vessel bound to Brazil, and when it reached there I left it, and found work up the country. I did not write for I thought you'd rather think of me as dead. My business prospered, and then after I had accumulated some property, I began to long for home, and for mother and for you. And so I have come to see if you still care enough for me to take me back."

It was a Thanksgiving supper they had that night, for the interrupted dinner had been entirely forgotten. Do you think that three happier people could have been found in the world on that Thanksgiving Day?

The Chinese Thanksgiving. The most popular Chinese holidays, aside from their New Year, is their "Poh Yueh Shiwu," or the fifteenth day of the eighth moon, which comes off this year on the twentieth of September.

It is the famous "Moon-Cake Day," or the Harvest Moon Thanksgiving day of the Chinese all over the world. The principle feast upon this occasion is the famous Moon-cake, or "Yueh Bian," made in the shape of a London pork pie. The interior of these cakes is composed of five different species of nuts, such as walnuts, chestnuts, almonds, etc., well roasted. The whole are then mixed in a candied substance calculated to make it durable for years after it is taken out of the oven.

Current Fun. "John," said his wife (they were in a sleeping-car berth), for goodness' sake, wake up! "Wha-wha's the matter?" You are snoring so, people will think we're off the track.

Time, 3 a. m. Mrs. Smith is attired in deepest black. Mr. Smith (entering)—What do I see? In-mourning?—For whom? for which? for who? Mrs. Smith—I am in mourning for the late Mr. Smith.

Patient—Doctor, I can't sleep at night. I tumble and toss until morning. Doctor—Hm, that's bad. Let me see your tongue. (After diagnosis): Physically you are all right. Perhaps you worry over that bill you've owed me for the last two years—Tid-bits.

"Why do they call this place Shark Mountain?" asked Laura, after they had been in the New summer resort about two weeks; "there are no sharks in the mountains." "No," said Vincent, "but there are hotels there."

The latest "victim of tobacco" is a sad case indeed. He is 70 years old, has smoked for sixty years, and recently he married a woman four years his senior. Tobacco smoking affected his brain.

When you reflect that at picnics 100 years ago it was the custom for the girls to stand up in a row and let the men kiss them all good-by, all the enthusiasm about national progress seems to be a grave mistake.—Scranton Truth.

Mr. Somborn—"I'm very glad you concluded to come again this season, Miss Elson." Miss Elson—"Is there any special reason for your joy after your experience of last year?" Mr. Somborn—"Yes. I've joined an amateur dramatic society, and I want you to help me rehearse that I musical scene of ours again. I'm going to play crushed lover."—Judge.

Young Mr. Freshly (to his tutor): "Will you tell me something of the reign of terror? You know all about it, I believe." Absent minded Professor: "Reign of terror? Know all about it? I should say I did. Six children at my house—oldest nine—youngest three—and all down with the whooping-cough."—Judge.

"My little boy is wonderfully polite," said a doting mother, the other day. And yet it is recorded of the very polite little boy that he left a lady caller standing in the hall of his mother's home one day, while he went the rounds of the house and grounds yelling at the top of his voice: "Mother, mother, where are you? Where are you, I say? The new minister's wife is here, and I forget to tell you you're at home."—Kingston, N. Y. Freeman.

"Clara, are you going with me to the Y. P. S. C. E. this evening?" "No, Katy, I. D. T. I. S." "What?" "I don't think I shall." "Why not?" "Oh, Charlie wants me to go to the Y. M. C. C. social with him, and then he is going with me to the W. C. T. U. lectures." "Oh, pooh! I think you are J. A. M. A. Y. C. B." "What?" "Just as mean as you can be."—Springfield Union.

They were at the first gate in the moonlight and he asked her to be his wife. With outstretched arms and a throbbing heart he awaited her answer. "George," she said, in a nervous whisper, "you must give me time—you must give me time." "How long?" he hoarsely asked. "A day, a week, a month, a year?" "No, no—George," and she quickly scanned the sky, "only until the moon gets behind a cloud."—The Epoch.

Small boy (to lady visitor): "Do you live in a glass house?" "Of course not. I live in a brick house. Why do you ask such a funny question?" "Small boy: "You know when you were last week, and said Mrs. Blank wasn't any better than she ought to be?" Lady (wonderingly): "Yes." Small boy: "Well, after you went away, mamma was talking about it, and said something about people living in glass houses throwing rocks, and I thought it was mighty funny if you lived in a glass house, 'cause I never saw one in Washington."—Washington Critic.

"Success in life may depend somewhat on circumstances, but it depends more on the individual," said Mr. Skute, who is noted for his wealth and penurious habits. "That's so," said Billson, one of the millionaire's auditors. "When I first came to this town, I had fifty cents. Now what do you suppose I did with it?" "Oh, that's an easy one," said Billson. "Anybody that knows you, Skute, would know what you did with that fifty cents." "Well, what did I do with it?" "Why you've got it yet."—Merchant Traveller.

Masculine Vanities. From the New York Mail. A coat should now be left unbuttoned, so as to show the vest. Three and four button cutaways are proper for morning and half dress. The clumsier a made-up scarf is now tied the better, as long as the effect is original and artistic. A four button cutaway of black diagonal has been introduced with favor by grooms at recent day weddings. A new white waistcoat is made for wear without laundering or starching. It is sponged tailor fashion when soiled. Poole's new spring overcoat hangs straight and full in the back like a box coat, and showing no waist line does not appear to fit. A new scarf is made in the form of a nutcracker. Laid over the stripes of a red cross-hatched gilet, it has an appetizing appearance beyond description. Suspenders are to be found to match the color of every fancy shirt sold. A swell wardrobe cannot be without six to a dozen pairs of these useful articles in various degrees of leanness. A dressy looking summer costume that is growing in favor is made up of coat and trousers of fluff dyed black material, light in texture, and worn with a white waistcoat. The wearer always looks cool.

The grand jury for Middlesex county, Mass., in its report found no bills against Mrs. Abbie H. Corner, the Christian Scientist of West Medford, charged with manslaughter in causing the death of her daughter by neglecting to procure prompt medical assistance at time of her confinement.