SOLACE FOR THE SIMMERING.

Perspiring Pen Drops From Punsters of the Profession.

AN NICE SCREAM FEAST.

It Was Pye for the Boarders—Farmer Slikens Scheme to Boom the Medder—The Poker Player's Soliloquy.

How It Always Works.

They tried to choose a jury—twelve honest men to find,
Distinguished for their absolute vaculty of mind.
One candidate was challenged because he brought to view
Some little trace of intellect -and that would never do!
The next was dropped directly, as quick as you could wink,
Because he said when he was young he sometimes used to think.
The next was turned away in haste without a second look,
For he impudently confessed he once had read a book.

It Was Pye For the Boarders.

London Truth: From the evidence reported of a recent divorce suit some light is thrown upon the kissing in a boarding house. A Mr. Pye sought a divorce from Mrs. Pye on the ground that all the boarders in the house where the pair lived had drifted into the habit of kissing Mrs. Pye. Here is a Mr. Dempsy's evidence:

"Did you ever see Thompson kiss Mrs. Pye?"

"Lots of times; and when I did not see him I heard him. There was a plaintive sobbing gurgle about it that reminded me of the exhaust of a bath-tub; it could be heard all over the house."

"When did Thompson kiss Mrs. Pye?"

"Whenever he had a chance. The only time that he did not kiss her was when he was not there."

"Who did kiss her then?"

"I did; I liked her myself."

"Did not Mr. Pye object?"

"Why should he? I don't object to his kissing her; there was nothing objectionable about it; it was a mere friendly salutation."

"How did you come to kiss Mrs. Pye?"

"I put my arms around her neck and kissed her in the usual way."

"Did she ask you to do so?"

"Well, I noticed that no matter how many times she and Thompson kissed before he went out, she never got enough to last until he came back, for as he opened the door they were at it again; so, when he was away, I kissed her more as a matter of accommodation than anything else."

"Where was Mr. Pye?"

"O, he was nowhere in particular."

The Unsophisticated Farmer.

"Josier," said Farmer Slikens to his eldest son, "hev ye in mind ter plant anything on thet ther hillside jest beyond the medder?"

"No, pap, there ain't nothing 'll grow there."

"Gosh almighty. There's pretty nigh onto twenty acres thet ye can get nothin' onto but rocks,an them was allers there."

"We might sell it."

"Can't be sold. Nobody won't have it to pay taxes on. I don't see but one way."

"What's that, pap?"

"We'll just have to have it surveyed into lots and start a town. I'll go and see some o' them real estate agents and you git a printin' press and make things lively with a 10x25 newspaper,an' maybe we kin git the dinged thing boomed up to a payin' basis."

The Teacher's Lot.

'Tis now the boy in school
Doth of hate the teacher's rule,
And think of little else than outdoor fun;
And there is cause to fear,
From all that one can hear,
The teacher's lot is not a happy one.

When in the afternoon,
The giddy circus tune
Is heard, and all the scholars want to run;
When calliope doth sound,
And monkey go around,
The teacher's lot is not a happy one.

When in a distant field
Boys see the batters wield
Their little bats and for the bases run;
And when they fret and pout,
And wish that school was out,
The teacher's lot's a most unhappy one.

And when they think how fine
'Twould be with hook and line,
To sit and fish beneath the nice warm sun;
Full well do I know then,
And say it now again,
They make the teacher's lot no happy one.

Vividly Recalling the Incident.

Washington Critic: They were over in the camp last evening, talking about military matters, and war and so on, and the talk drifted around to personal bravery, and finally some one brought up the subject of presence of mind in danger.

"That reminds me," said the colonel, "of an accident that happened when I was but a lad. I was very fond of crows' nesting. One day I discovered a nest in the very top of a lofty bull-pine, fully one hundred feet high. Up I swarmed. In tha nest were four young crows and one egg. It was the work of a minute to wring the young crows' necks and throw them out. Then placing the egg in my mouth for convenience, commenced my journey down. It seems but yesterday," said the colonel, softly. "I looked up; the beautiful blue sky was above me and the crows, whose nest I had despoiled, were wheeling in short circles, uttering angry cries. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the limb on which I was resting broke and I fell—ninety feet from the top! I lived a hundred lives in that one moment!" The colonel's voice trembled. He brushed his hand across his eyes.

"What, you fell ninety feet, colonel?" exclaimed a young subaltern.

The colonel gazed at him compassionately. "No, you young ignoramus. I was ninety feet from the top when I fell; consequently I fell about ten feet. But the jolt I got broke that egg. Bah! I can taste it yet."

The colonel gazed around suggestively, and he got something to take the taste out of his mouth. And they all had some.

The Judge Had it Planned.

Dakota Bell: "Jedge," said the foreman of a Missouri jury, "thar is goin' to be a hangin' down at Bazoo, day after to-morrow. We 'lowed prob'bly ye'd excuse us as we want to ride down, of course."

"Sit down," roared the judge.

"All right, judge, but there's goin' to be two niggers hung an' we calkilated it were customary to let juries off such days."

"Well, doggone it all," replied the judge considerably disgusted, "jes' keep still and I'll 'tend to these things. I'm goin' to adjourn court the day before an' we'll all go down and camp out on the grounds over night. Did you have an' idea that I was goin' to miss a hangin' myself?"

You Don't Neigh.

The horse will neigh,
The donkey breigh;
Whate'er you dew
The cat will mew
And dog will have his deigh.

Goose-Eggs.

Washington Critic: Ella—What are goose-eggs in a a base ball match?

Charlie—Why innings when no runs are made. Why do you ask?

Ella—Oh, nothing. I thought they might be laid by the fouls of the game, you know.

They All Have It.

Boston Transcript: "I should like to know," said the belated suburban passenger to the station agent, "why the 8:15 train is late every morning."

"Because the Smithville way freight gets in its way."

"What makes the freight get in its way?"

"The inter-state commerce act," mildly answered the station agent, as he shut down the window."

"What did the club discuss this evening?" asked the reporter of the secretary of the Jute and Tallow club.

"The inter-state commerce act," replied the secretary, as he hastily thrust half a dozen cloves into his mouth. "We resolved that the long haul clause should be shortened. Good night."

"It's 1 o'clock," sobbed poor little Mrs. Fearsome, "and I've heard queer noises round the house all night, and you at the club all this time smoking and drinking. Oh, Charles! how could you leave me all alone, and the baby not well, either?"

"Not been drinkin' 'r smokin', my dear," explained Mr. Fearsome, as he picked up the boot-jack to take off his hat; been 'scussin' in'er shtate com's act."

An Accomplished Financier.

"I had a rather amusing experience of an Irishman's idea of finance the other day," said a pleasant-faced gentleman to a comrade on the cars this morning. "I know him very well. We met on the street yesterday and he asked for the loan of a quarter. I gave him one, and he then invited me to take a drink. Each drank whisky. He threw down the quarter and received five cents in change. 'Begorra,' said he, 'I wanted to get shaved and I hov only foive cints left. Lend me another quarter, woll ye?' I did so, and again he set 'em up. On receiving the five cents this time his face bloomed into a bouquet of smiles. 'Ah!' said he, 'I knew there was some way of getting them tin cents.'"

The Poker Player's Soliloquy.

To bet or not to bet? that is the question;
Whether 'tis better on the draw to lay two pair
And lose the per cent I see before me
Or to raise the bet with a goodly sum
And, by bluffing, steal the pot?

To bet, to bluff or more, and by standing pat to win the pot
Against three jacks the dealer dealt himself
From the bottom; 'tis a confiscation
Devoutly to be wished. To bet, to bluff—
To bluff! perchance be caught; ay! there's the rub.

For if I do he's sure to go one better;
And do not catch, may call on three of a kind,
So let me pause; there's the respect
That always make pat hands a source of doubt.

For who would lay two pair, a four card flush,
Or e'en ace high against a timid man's
Two-card draw, three Johns in hand, did he
But know that standing pat would win the pot
With a gentle raise? Who would lay his hand
To fume and sweat when his opponent bluffs,
But that the dread of something better,
An unexpected flush against whose color
No two pair called was ever known to win,
Makes him rather wish to hold the dust he has
Than run against a hand he knows not of.

Thus, poker does make cowards of us all,
For there the virtue of a modest full
Rises far above three wanson bullets,
And four laughing twos beats any full
That ever dared to fill. But to pass a bluff
And see a four-card flush cast on the board
Doth stir the wrath of any pair of kings,
In whose proud faith we next time call three trays,
And lose the cause of ion.

He Was Not a Masher'

New York Mail and Express: Yesterday afternoon two ladies, who were passengers on a south-bound Broadway car, alighted in front of a big dry goods store. Just after they left, a gentlemen who had been seated next them noticed a plethoric purse on the seat. He picked it up, jumped from the car and hastened after the ladies, who had disappeared within the store. After a brief search he located the ladies at the silk counter. He approached, and, raising his hat, said:

"Ladies, I was sitting next you in a Broadway car--"

"Sir," exclaimed the youngest of the ladies, "what do you mean by this impertinence?"

"I did not mean to be impertinent; only I thought you might like to know"—

"I would like to know nothing from you, sir. If you address me again I will call the floor walker and have you arrested."

"All right, I found a purse after you left the car, but if you don't want it I don't care."

The gentleman turned to walk away. The lady felt in her pocket and a sudden change came over her face.

"Oh, I have lost my purse. I am so much obliged to you. I had all the money for my summer dresses in it. I don't know how to thank you enough."

After she had identified the property the gentleman returned it with a sardonic smile.

Queer Names.

The following are the names of some of the newspapers in Kansas: Carbondale Astonisher and Paralyzer, Cash City Cashier, Clay Center Democrat and Little Hatchet, Colby (Thomas county) Cat, Coolidge Border Ruffian, Eustis Dark Horse, Fargo Springs Prairie Owl, Ford Boomer, Garden City Irritator, Grainfield Cap Sheaf, Greenburg Rustler, Grinnel Gold Belt, Kansas City Cyclone, Kincaid Kronicle, Lake City (Kas.) Prairie Dog, Larney Chronoscope, Leon Quill, McCune Brick, Madison Zenith, Morganville Sunflower, Ravenna (Kas.) Sod House, Santa Fe Trail, Valley Falls Lucifer, Wellington Morning Quid Nunc, Wilson Wonder, Wooston Saw, Mullinville Mallet, New Kiowa Herald-Ear, Pittsburg Smelter.

Court Proceedings.

Dakota Bell: A man was brought before a justice of the peace in a Dakota "no license" county charged with selling liquor. The sheriff who made the arrest brought along a large demijohn of whisky which he had found on the premises.

"Jes' lemme see that jug o' licker," said the judge.

It was handed to him, he pulled out the cork, tilted it up and took a couple of large swallows. Then he turned to the prosecuting attorney and said:

"Pretty good stuff, hey."

"I don't know anything about it, your honor."

"Try it then,try it—gosh all hemlock! this hain't no individual affair—take a good snort uv it."

"Your honor, I never drink."

"Don't drink, hey. I don't b'lieve ye've ever been admitted to practice then! Hanged if I don't make ye show up yer papers for it 'fore another trial. Well, here's lookin' at you ducks again." Then turning to the sheriff he added: "That's the pure quill, ain't it Ike?"

"Pears to be."

"I 'lowed ye wouldn't bring it in 'thout hittin' it. Want 'o irrigate again?"

"Don't care if I do."

The demijohn was passed over to the sheriff and he and the attornep for the defense and the witnesses and the prisoners all sampled it. After the judge had taken another pull at it the attorney for the defense arose and said:

"Your honor, it doesn't seem to me that any one can be convicted for selling such good liquor as that."

"I'sh cussed if I don't b'lieve ye'sh jes' 'bout right, cap'n. I'sh these fellers shells poor stuff what we'sh after."

"I think so, your honor."

"Corsh. Prishner's d'sharged."

"Hold on," said the prosecuting attorney, "this isn't legal."

"Shut up!—ye'sh fined $10 fer contempt! Shay, boys, it's thesh drug stores we're after. They shells poor whisky. This courts sthands adjourned! Ike, ye go and 'rest all the drug storh fellers in ther whole town. Jes' leave thish dem' john right 'ere with 'er co'rt an' it'll be a' right!"

WOMAN'S EXTENSIVE SPHERE

How the Women of To-day are Winning Laurels for the Sex.

ROOSEVELT ON WESTEHN WOMEN

San Francisco Girls—Three Kinds of Lassies—The Ones we Really Love—The Dying Girl—Women's Cross and Crown.

The Dying Girl.

Hannah More Kohaus.

"O, Pilot, row me o'er the tide,
'Tis not so deep nor near so wide
As one would think from this bleak shore,
Please, pilot, kindly row me o'er!"

"And why that side, my little miss?
Is there not joy enough on this?
Stand back, my dear, stand back, I say,
Your robe is spattered o'er with spray!"

"But, pilot dear, do you not see
The shadowy forms that beckon me?
Their gleaming robes and eyes so bright,
Shine clear to me, though dim my sight!"

"But waves beat high and waters chill,
Your tender breast with fear will fill;
Back to your flow'rs, go back, my sweet,
See the waves now creeping to your feet!"

"My flowers are gone--transplanted there,
For wind and waves naught do I care.
Good pilot, tell me what to say—
That you no longer will delay?

"What will you have that I possess?
A grateful smile, a golden tress,
My birds and books, my jewels, too?
No? Not enough! What shall I do?

"Ah, sir, your pardon now I crave.
(Be still, my heart, be strong, be brave).
If—you should wish—your bride I'll be,
If you will take me o'er the sea!"

The spectral bark was quickly manned—
Away they flew to th' shoreless land.
He'd waited but to hear her say
She'd be his bride to haste away.

He loves too well the young and fair.
He wrapped her form with tender care;
Then wrapped her in a cold embrace,
And vanishing he left no trace.

Woman's Sphere.

That woman is extending her sphere of action, if not of usefulness, no one can doubt. Susan Marian Salter, mother of four children, is a Kansas mayor, and several women are serving in her board of aldermen. A New Hampshire police justice has appointed a young woman as clerk of his court; another is a justice of the peace in Wyoming; more than forty women held office as legislative clerks last winter; a sturdy matron is pilot on a Lake Champlain steamer, and it would be impossible to say how many thousands are "boss" in their own households. It looks, indeed, as if the coming woman might be boss all around.

San Francisco Girls.

Oakland Tribune; Thirty years ago marriageable girls were as scarce in San Francisco as white crows; now the market is overstocked, and anxious mothers watch with sinking hearts,year after year roll over their daughters' heads without bringing the right man to the front. It is not that our girls are less beautiful than the rest of their sex, for in this they excel. It is not a lack of sensibility, for most San Francisco girls are as generous and as amiable as can be. No, it is their utter uselessness, love of dress, and hatred and ignorance of all that appertains to domestic economy, which scares the young man of the present day, and the mothers are to blame.

Three Kinds of Girls.

Catharine Cole in New Orleans Picayune: I know the girl who is simply pretty. Well, and is not that enough. Once upon a time a distinguished New Orleans beau was besieged by a fair maid and a homely maid, who pressed the claims of intellect versus beauty. The homely girl exclaimed: "O, you will surely give your vote, Mr. D——, in favor of intellect; beauty is only skin deep, you know." "Deep enough for me, my dear; deep enough for me," answered the irrepressible gallant. And so it is for most of us. A pretty girl may drop her final g's, not own an r in all her vocabulary, be as vapid as a shallow little stream purling down the hillside, with an enternal smile on her red lips, a glint of laughter in her young eye. She is pretty, and she knows it, and that is almost enough. But after a time there will come a day when the girl who was only pretty will stand by and look on at the triumphs of the girl who was wise as well as pretty; who fitted her mind to accord with the graces of its beautiful casket. Her few friends may be faithful to her. Her one true lover may still be fond of her, for it is not easy to uproot love, but their fondness is tempered with regret and disappointment, and when the soft eyes dim, and the round arms shrivel, and the satin cheek is an etched picture of life's vanity and time's failure, the poor girl who was only pretty turns her poor, scarred face to the wall; there is no welcome lamp of intelligence lighted in the blue windows of her soul—dull, inert, uncultivated. Skin-deep beauty was not deep enough after all.

The gushing girl is a nineteenth century production. She giggles from the time she opens her eyes in the morning until she says amen to the Lord at night and puts her fluffy little head upon the pillow. She says "thanks awfully" for "I thank you." She thinks the grand, lugubrious music of the "Stabat Mater" "to sweet for anything." A kitten with its eyes as yet unopened, the Niagara Falls and Mr. Gladstone all are "just too utterly charming and lovely for any earthly use." Her adjectives are all in the superlative. She will gush over a pumpkin, over her sister's new baby, over a doggerel rhyme, over everything she sees, everything she hears, over everybody she knows. If she is here tonight she will say to me as she does of the weather—as she did of her new bonnet—that I am either "simply horrid." But then she is young—she is impressionable. She is full of something which she thinks is sentiment. Let her hug her neighbors' babies and her brother's kittens, and kiss the collie puppy and adore the new minister. It is all gush. It is the innocent, light-hearted gush of a girl. Let her frolicsome youth have its fling. In a little while she, too, will join the ranks of the lookers-on, and will have her fling at that silly, giggling, gusher, to whom everything is "sweet," "cute," or "cunning," or "just too awfully lovely."

There is a girl, and I love to think on her and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seem to depend on and look for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother. In her own home she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired stiff fingers that falter at their work; her strong youth figure is a staff upon which the gray-haired,white faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the spring sewing, with the week's mending with a cheerful conversation and congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother. And when there comes a day that she must bend, as girls must often bend, over the old worn out body of mother lying unheedful in her coffin, rough hands folded, her long disquiet merged in rest, something very sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped her mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The girl who works—God bless her—is another girl whom I know. She is brave and active. She is not too proud to earn her own living, nor ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious and painstaking and patient. She smiles at you from behind counter or desk. There is a memory of her sewn into each silken gown. She is like a beautiful young mountaineer already far up the hill, and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. It is an honor to know this girl—to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained with factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest hand and a helping hand. It stays misfortune from many homes. it is the one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the alms house and asylum—brave, polite, refined, ambitious; the south is the rightful home of the girl who works—God bless her.

No Use for the Furniture.

A couple that had made up their minds to sail forth on the troublous waters of the marital ocean, says the Philadelphia Press, dropped in a well known store to select the furniture necessary for the comfortable equipment of their household ark. The lady had evidently been deluded into the idea that her prospective fellow voyager was possessed of some means, therefore she was somewhat taken aback when he, after the work of selection had been completed, turned to the salesman and inquired as to how much money was required to be paid down upon such a bill of goods and how favorable their terms were in regard to the payment of the remainder. The lady was, for the moment, dumbfounded at the revelation implied by her companion's interrogative, and without waiting for the salesman's comprehensive elucidation of the firm's liberal provision for such contingencies turned upon her would-be lesser half, and, with a voice that sent a chill into the marrow of his bones, said: "Look here, George, do you mean to say that you have not the money to pay for this furniture outright?" George reluctantly admitted that his exchequer was not sufficiently plethoric to give such an extravagant manifestation of extreme wealth. "Then I guess you had better wait awhile, for you will have no immediate need of the furniture so far as I am concerned," and she waltzed out of the store, leaving the crestfallen target of her indignation to his own sad thoughts and the consolatory offices of the sympathetic salesman.

SELF-MADE WOMEN.

Lucy Larcom was a mill hand.

Adelaide Neilson began life as a child's nurse.

Anna Dickinson began life as a school teacher.

Charlotte Cushman was the daughter of poor people.

Sarah Bernhardt was a dressmaker's apprentice; so was Matilda Heron.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, was a utility actress in the English provinces.

Christine Nillson was a poor Swedish peasant, and ran barefoot in childhood.

Jenny Lind,also a Swede,was the daughter of a principal of a young ladies' boarding school.

Adelaide Phillipps, the singer, now dead, was a very poor girl, and so was Sarah Jewett, the actress.

The most renowned woman who sprang from the lowliest estate was Jeanne d'Arc, who fed swine.

Nell Gwynn sold oranges in the streets and theater. From the pit, while vending her wares, she took a fancy to the stage.

Pretty Maude Granger, with the gold-brown eyes and shapely form, first earned her livelihood by running a sewing machine.

Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of a country parson of small means, but the old proverb of her face being her fortune proved true in her case.

Edmonia Lewis, the wrestler, is colored. Overcoming the prejudices against her sex and color, and self-educated, Miss Lewis is now successfully pursuing her profession in Italy.

The mother of Clara Louise Kellogg strained every nerve to give Clara a musical education, and at one time was a professional spiritual medium. Miss Kellogg failed three times.

Minnie Hauk's father was a German and a shoemaker, in the most straightened circumstances. Her voice early attracted the attention of one of New York's richest men, who had it cultivated.

Miss Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, was the daughter of a small farmer in Nantucket, who was obliged to eke out his income by teaching school at $2 a week. Maria was constantly occupied with household duties.

The great French actress, Rachel, had as hard a childhood as ever fell to the lot of a genius. Ragged, barefoot, and hungry, she played the tambourine in the streets, and sang and begged for a dole. Naturally she was illiterate and vulgar.

HONEY FOR THE LADIES.

Some women gild their finger nails.

Scarfs and neckties of metal are a new German invention.

Eleven wealthy New York widows will summer in Europe.

Swiss belts of jet are to be much worn with white summer gowns.

Old blue and Charles X pink are charmingly combined in the new ginghams.

A great many brides are willing to sell duplicate fish-knives and berry-spoons "second hand."

Miss Kate Field will celebrate the Fourth by sailing out at the Golden Gate on that day for Alaska.

Many American ladies are unable to find ready made shoes in London small enough to fit them.

A bonnet has been invented made entirely of ribbon, which at the theater may be taken off and put in the pocket without injuring it.

Foulard is the favorite material for summer use. There are a number of foulard dresses in all the latest Parisian bridal trousseaus.

Mrs. U.S. Grant has repurchased one of the houses in Washington which she transferred to W. H. Vanderbilt at the time of the Grant & Ward failure.

A woman milliner who would work around in families could earn so good a living that it is strange no enterprising woman has ever thought of trying it.

Mrs. D. G. Croly has accepted the invitation of the Women's Press association, of Boston, to give her paper on "Thirty Years in Journalism" at its reception, June 18.

Little rough straw hats are being imported from France for wear at the sea shore, trimmed with Madras handkerchiefs tied in number of upright loops. These are called la Creole.

"What makes that girl walk so funny?" asked De Smith of Browne. "Is she intoxicated?" "Oh, no; she's not intoxicated," responded Browne. "It's only her shoes that are tight."

The senior class of the Wesleyan Female college of Macon, Georgia, has decided to accept President Cleveland's invitation to visit Washington this summer as the guests of himself and wife.

Women who are past their girlhood will be glad to know that girls are hopelessly out of fashion nowadays and that twenty-seven is the proper age. The consequence is a whole army of twenty-seven-year-olds.

Some Illinois girls tried to see who could walk the farthest on the rails of a railroad without falling off, and three of the crowd went through a cattle guard in a heap and fell upon a tramp and killed him.

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An Austrian physician says that nine times out of ten headache can be almost instantly cured by swallowing a spoonful of salt dissolved in a quantity of water sufficient to enable the sufferer to drink it.

Here is a new field for women. One of the Paris journals, devoted to woman's rights, wants the position of meat inspector at the French capital given to women. Why would they not make excellent market officials?

A Burlington man recently had to pay $26 for kissing a strange woman in a railway station. However, when a Vermont man gets away from home he is bound to have a good time, no matter what the expense may be.

A New York jury has just awarded Mary Maud Watson a one-fifth interest in the estate of the late millionaire, John Anderson, valued at $18,000,000. It is safe to say that Mary Maud Watson can't see any flies on the jury system.

For wear with the pretty printed cotton dresses in the country are large sun umbrellas of printed cotton, with pastorals and landscapes upon them. They are pretty and deliciously quaint. The handles are of light-colored wood with big crooks or hoops at the end.

The council of the university of Melbourne has decided by a large majority to admit women as students of medicine. The medical journals, as a rule, oppose the practice of the co-education of men and women medical students, while fully indorsing the principle.

Brown and white wool dresses will be much worn this season. The skirt is white, braided with brown. The full drapery is brown, as is the basque, which has a white waistcoat braided with brown. A white hat trimmed with a number of brown sparrows completes the toilet.

A pretty summer gown is in forget-me-not blue lawn, with tiny red dots. It has a shoulder-cape, with long ends of blue velvet of a darker shade. The hat is a rough white straw, the turned-up brim being lined with China crape. It has a big bunch of forget-me-nots and grasses high up in front.

American young ladies should steadily decline to marry princesses. The sweet young wife of the crown prince of Prussia's son stands in such awe of her cold-blooded husband that she dare not order even a new bonnet. Lives there the American prince with soul so dead who would not deck his princess' head?

Another new fashion in Philadelphia is the "engagement dinner," at which the father or nearest male relative of the lady usually makes the announcement at the close of the dinner, and a pretty practice sometimes indulged is for the guests to pick up a flower and throw it at the fiancee, who is thus met with a rose shower from all sides of the table. On this occasion, reports an observer, "the bridegroom-elect often kisses his mother-in-law elect, and the father of the benedict in turn kisses the fiancee."

Sham jewelry may be worn for a variety of reasons. If it is to give the impression of wealth which the wearer does not possess, then the practice is wrong. But if the profession or career of a husband requires that his wife should go much into society on a small income, she would be perfectly justified in wearing imitations to save money. A smart and dressy appearance demands the use of many little knick-knacks and etceteras, the fashion of which is constantly changing. For instance at present gold jewelry is obsolete for evening wear, and as a lady scornfully remarked to a poor relation: "You can wear nothing but diamonds." Under these circumstances it cannot be wrong for a lady, who cannot afford to buy diamonds and has not inherited any,to wear a moderate amount of paste. She should not, however, try to pass her ornaments off as diamonds, nor speak of her "jewels" with an air of importance which would lead people to infer that she had any of value.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Frederick Warde is acting in Portland, Ore., this week.

Edwin Booth is visiting Mr. Lawrence Barrett at Cohasset, Mass.

Miss Annie Pixley will spend the summer at her country home in Canada.

Mr. Imre Kiralfy has begun his preparations for the production at Niblo's of the spectacular play called "Le Bossu," which made a wonderful run at the Porte St. Martin in Paris.

The new opera house at Odessa, when completed will be one of the grandest in Europe. It will probably be opened under the management of Mr. Mapleson in the autumn. It has been erected at a cost of $1,000,000.

The ocean circuit, which includes the theatres at Long Branch, Asbury Park and Red Bank, will inaugurate a season of summer theatricals, beginning with "The Private Secretary" on Wednesday next. Many of the best companies will be seen at the seaside during the summer under the management of MacGeachy & Comstock.

Jerome Ravel, the only surviving member of the famous Ravel family, celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage, June 25, at his home in the south of France. On the same day Mr. Imre Kiralfy will give a dinner in New York in honor of the veteran pantomimist, to which members of the press and other friends will be invited. A special wire will connect the two dining rooms, and messages will be passed between Messrs. Ravel and Imre Kiralfy.

Grand German opera is estimated by the size of the audiences it draws as ruthlessly as the veriest spectacle in the country. H. E. Krebiel, musical critic of the New York Tribune, has compiled a table showing the number of performances of each opera last season and the average receipts from it. "Fidello" leads the list. It was sung three times to average houses of $4,077. "Tristran and Isolde," which was first sung in New York last winter, makes a close second, with eight performances at an average of $4,029. The sixty-one performances brought in $203,000, but they cost $220,000 besides $154,000 of fixed charges on the building, and the stockholders had to be assessed $2,500 each to make up the deficit of $175,000. This deficit piled up in spite of the fact that the sixty-one audiences averaged 2,600 people each, and that the average price of a ticket was $1.50. The New York public will have the best opera or nothing, but when it gets the best it pays the piper without grumbling.

The American prima donnas are having things all their own way in London now. They are as popular and fashionable as American beauties. The last one that has come into prominence combines both attractions. Miss Amelia Louise Groll is an exquisitely pretty blonde, and is only twenty-three years of age. She has been engaged by Carl Rosa to sing in London during the jubilee. She was born in Ohio, and went to the Cincinnati college of music when she was seventeen. Before she was twenty she had won every honor the college had to give and exhausted its capability of teaching her. She then traveled a short while with an opera company in the west, and later went to Paris and studied at the conservatoire, supporting herself meanwhile by singing in the English church there. She then had engagements in Vienna and Berlin, which gave her both money and fame, and sang in the last carnival in Rome under the management of Zanfandi. Rosa is going to take her on a tour through South America as soon as she has completed her London engagement. Her pictures,already for sale in the London shops, show her as of a soft, round, infantile sort of beauty, with a skin of dazzling fairness.

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