BONNIE ANNIE LAURIES.

How the Woman of To-day is Making Her Way Through Life.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S JEWELS.

A Chapter on Bangs—Neat and Inexpensive Decoration for a Room—Finger Tip Reform—The Sphere of the Gentle Sex.

The Typewriter Girl.

Somerville Journal.

The click of the keys, as her fingers fly,
And the ring of the silvery bell,
I hardly hear, though I sit quite near,
Enchanted by her magic spell.

Her hands are as dimpled, and white and soft
As a baby's tender fist.
Entrancingly fair is her soft brown hair,
By a lingering sunbeam kissed.

Oh, I love her so, with her bright young face,
And her winsome, witching way!
What a bliss it would be, if she cared for me:
I would make her my wife to-day!

But my passion I never have dared to tell,
And my courage may never come;
Just the look of suprise in her clear gray eyes
In an instant would strike me dumb.

So to her of my love I shall never speak,
'Twould be vain, I can clearly see—
Why, she gets sixteen dollars a week,
And what does she want of me.

Mrs. Cleveland's Diamonds.

Baltimore American: Mrs. Cleveland is developing a "fad"—a costly one, perhaps—but one full of common sense. It is nothing less than the collection of diamonds, set and upset. Through the love and generosity of her husband, Mrs. Cleveland is already the happy possessor of a rare outfit of diamond ornaments. Her wedding gift, her birthday presents, and, indeed, on all occasions when Mr. Cleveland desired to give her a pleasant surprise the gifts have always been diamonds—necklace, rings in profusion, solitaire and otherwise, bracelets, pendants and brooches. In a word, the jewel case of the president's wife holds a princely fortune in rare diamonds. But the unmounted diamonds are of Mrs. Cleveland's own collecting. Never a trip to New York but she returns with some very pretty unset stones. They are not very large, of course, and some are off color, it is true. She has arranged them in little cabinets of inlaid wood. The cabinets are provided with tiny little nests, filled with cotton, and in them the diamonds rest. Each nest has its number, and a nest memorandum book tells, after every number, the time and place of purchase, and, practical woman that she is, the value of the stone. Mrs. Cleveland's total collection of diamonds, set and unmounted, are estimated as being worth certainly $50,000. There is less "faddism" and caprice about such a collecting spirit than it seems. Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland are eminently practical. Presidential honors and salary come and go; stocks rise and fall; real estate may rise and fall, but the market value of a diamond is essentially the same always.

Bangs.

New York Sun: "What do you think of bangs?" said pretty little Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, as she sat in her dainty little drawingroom, far up town, nibbling at the end of a small pearl-handled pen.

"Oh, I wear one myself, don't you see? That tells best what I think of them."

"No, I must confess I do not like straight saucer bangs. I don't think banks are at all wicked! Why shouldn't a woman curl her front hair over her forehead as well as do her back hair up in a knot? And after propounding this question she went on writing her poem.

Mrs, Dr. Mary Jacobi, who is the foremost woman physician of the day, was interviewed on the subject of bangs.

"Well, as far as my individual taste goes," she said, "I like a girl without a bang best. You can tell then something about her intelligence and disposition; but medically, as far as I know, there is nothing against a bang as long as it is kept in its proper place and not brought down over the brows. Then there is the danger of the wearer becoming cross-eyed."

"I should be a plain looking woman without my bangs," Mrs. Langtry once confessed to her hair dresser. "My cheek bones are too high for actual beauty, and if my high forehead was exposed I would look like a Scotch woman. So I shall always wear my hair in some kind of a bang."

Rose Coghlan wears a bang on the temples, and shows that she approves of saucer bangs by cutting her little adopted daughter's hair in that style.

Mrs. Potter always wears a heavy bang, slightly curled. Pauline Hall has a most bewitching curled bang. Ellen Terry wears a curled bang on the temples, so it would seem as though the professional stage was highly in favor of them.

A lady of fashion, who did not care to have her name published, spoke of bangs.

"The princess of Wales wears one," said she, "and so does almost every English and American beauty whom I have seen. Heavy straight bangs are decidedly vulgar looking, in my opinion, except on fair children, but I think a bang softly curled in ringlets is a vast improvement on any woman."

A correspondent at Washington was requested to secure the opinion of Mrs. Cleveland on the subject, which he did.

"I do not wear bangs myself," said the charming wife of the president, "but I used to when I was a school girl. Some of my best friends wear bangs, and they become them very much. I think that girls can be depended on to judge for themselves whether bangs are becoming. If they are I see no objection to them."

Finger-Tip Reform.

One of the "local specials" in the Washington (D. C.) Critic reads:

The members of the French legation have the best kept hands of any men at Washington. This is on the authority of a local manicure, as she addressed herself artistically to the reportorial finger nails. There's hardly a man in the embassy whose finger tips are not as brilliant as mother-of-pearl. They go to the manicures as regularly as to the barbers. Why shouldn't they? Manicuring is a French art, and patriotism alone would lead them to favor it. In this city men are better patrons of manicures than are women. The artiste des mains drew aside a porcupine-quill portierre and showed a handsomely furnished apartment in which several well-known men were awaiting their turn at the manicural cushion.

"This is our smoking room," she said. "Our art has found such favor among the masculine element that it was necessary to provide thus for our men patrons."

"How do you account for the predominance of men among your customers?"

"I think it's because women learn the art themselves and practice it at home. Miss Cleveland took a clever way of availing herself of the art. She sent her maid here to be treated. The maid was observing and imitative, and afterward dressed her lady's hand in the most approved fashion. But Miss Cleveland didn't profit much by her ruse, for the maid demanded the wages of skilled labor, and when this was refused she gave up her situation and opened manicural parlors.

"It surprising how pretty fingers please even the great of the land. Not long ago a representative from one of the Gulf states happened into my parlors. Washington civilization had pinched his toes, and, in consequence, he had a corn to be treated. After I had placed him properly on his feet he paid me liberally, and said he 'guessed he would hurry over and see the president on business.' I glanced at his hands, each of which carried a much-chewed nail. I suggested that he submit to manicuring, but as he didn't appear to understand what i meant I finished off a finger for him. It took his fancy exactly, and now he exhibits ten glittering gems at his finger ends whenever he removes his gloves."

The finger decorative fad has probably reached a higher development in Washington than in any other American city. At a fashionable school in this city nail culture is almost a part of the curriculum and the boarders are visited regularly by a manicure and instructed in the mysteries of ungual adornment. Mrs. James Brown Potter was noted while in Washington society for the beauty of her finger tips, and did much to increase the popularity of this peculiar art.

Mrs. Cleveland wields her own polisseur des ongles, but a public reception with its hand grasping, always undoes much careful manicural work. During Arthur's administration a manicure made regular weekly visits to the white house and from that time nail garniture at the capital dates its greatest popularity.

A Woman's Room.

"There is a young woman living in this city," a Buffalo, (N. Y.) lady tells the Courier, "on a street running parallel with Niagara street, who has the most unique residence I ever saw. She is a telephone operator and gets $25 a month. She has a hall bed room of good size on the third floor, for which she pays 50 cents a week. She took it entirely unfurnished and fitted it up herself. I never saw such a looking place in my life. Her landlady is a friend of mine, and one day when I called she took me up stairs to see what the girl had been up to. The room was one blaze of color and that color, red. The first thing that the girl had done after hiring the chamber was to cover the walls with lavender paper with a figure of pink primroses running over it. It reminded me of Jo and Amy in 'Little Women'—or was it Jo and Meg?—and their struggles with papering a room. Well, there was no carpet on the floor, but it had been stained a dark cherry and was brightened with two scarlet rugs. The washstand and bedstead were an old-fashioned pink, decorated with impossible indigo roses. On one section of the wall were fastened twenty fans of all shapes and sizes and materials, every one of them a different shade of red, one for each year of her age, my friend said. There was a ruby-tinted shade on the lamp, and a flaming Japanese umbrella hung from the ceiling. The bed quilt was made of innumerable patches of red or partly red silk, and produced an effect like a natural gas explosion. On the table was 'The Scarlet Letter and the libretto of 'Ruddygore,' and a piece of dry red jelly cake reposed on the washstand."

Sweet Women and Sweet Potatoes.

One of the occupations of the women of Paraguay is the vending of their various productions in the market-place, writes V. O. Grant in the Boston Transcript. There, under an extensive roof, these dark-eyed houris, in their white robes, which leave their shapely shoulders and tapering, rounded arms all bare, stand around their little stock in trade and sell sweet potatoes, mandioka, sugar-cane and cigars, laughing good-naturedly the while and importuning the customer, particularly if he be a stranger, with all sorts of bewitching persuasions to try their goods.

Such are some of the light, easily borne labors of these women; but their pastimes number but one, dancing, and into that they throw the whole spirit of their joyous natures. The slightest excuse is all that is necessary for getting up a ball, at which the whole neighborhood at once assembles—such is the freedom and social equality in this country.

The girls and women are dressed only in the robes described, with the added decorations of shoes and a gold comb in the hair, if the fair donor possess such finery. The men wear white linen trousers and red ponchos. The dances are in quaint, original figures, but nearly always very graceful. Sometimes the festivities will be kept up throughout the entire night, after which the participants will gayly return to their occupations of whatsoever nature, always contented, always happy.

Sometimes there will be a grand contribution picnic at some distant point, where the dancing will be kept up through the round of a whole twenty-four hours. For truly these people live but to be happy through the livelong day.

Woman's Sphere.

The sphere of woman's activity increases from year to year. Here is what Mr. Tom Ambrose, himself "an old sleeping car conductor," says in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: "There is no reason why women should not be employed as conductors on sleeping cars. Women can do all the work required equally as well as men, and I am not sure but that they can do it better. A very large per centage of sleeping car passengers are ladies, and for that reason it comes within the scope of employment for ladies. For one, I would like to see some of the big companies try the experiment. That it would be satisfactory, both to the companies and the public, there is little doubt. It would give employment to thousands of women, and the men they would displace could hustle around and find something else to do."

LATEST FASHIONS IN FANS.

Exquisite and Dainty Articles That Cost $500 or $1,000.

Most ladies in society, says the New York Sun, have a fan to match every costume, and fans, like dresses, have a peculiar form for each occasion of service. As an accompaniment to the dainty neglige dresses is an equally dainty toy of painted surah and ivory, while for the afternoon tea, with its elaborate gown, is a beautiful gauze and lace affair described below. At dinner equisitely painted fans of vellum, gauze or silk, with amber or tortoise sticks, accompany the elegance of the dinner toilet, while for evening wear, are spangled gauze fans, and those of long, waving ostrich feathers. The fairy-like lace fan is sacred to brides.

Probably the most expensive fans ever used in the city, are the point-lace fans sold at a big jewelry store, on which the the pattern is picked out it little diamonds, and whose bar is set with the same precious stones, and cost from $500 to $1,000, and even more. These fans are not kept in stock, but the plain lace fans are frequently sold, costing from $50 to $250, and the fan bars in stock range in price from $20 to $50. Sometimes ladies bring their fans and have them ornamented with the diamonds at an expense of $500 or $600. Beautiful fans are displayed, too, painted by Houghton, Lafitte, Lasellay, Grivay, Cheunevielle and Albert (French painters for their fan decoration), varying in price from $60 to $500. The material used in these elegant trifles is fine gauze, surah, satin and vellum, the most correct and popular of which at present is gauze. The sticks are carved pearl inlaid with gold, mother of pearl, amber, tortoise shell, sandal wood, violet-wood, gold and silver. The decoration is usually a figure or group of figures, with encircling flowers, but flowers are rarely used alone in the decoration of expensive fans. One beautiful fan, evidently designed for decorative purposes rather than general use, was of plain black gauze, painted by Albert, with two nude reclining women, exquisitely tinted and carefully executed.

Among the curios of a Broadway store is a case of extremely ancient fans, painted by La Baur on vellum, with carved mother-of-pearl sticks, ornamented with bas-relief figures of nymphs, set round with inlaid gold. These fans, though somewhat dilapidated, and too frail for any service, bring a price of $450.

The summer novelties in fans display a rare delicacy of material, an exquisite and artistic beauty of decoration, and an extensive and unique variety of design. The most popular style for summer use is an arrangement of gossamer and gilt, edged with lace, and painted in delicate hues, with beautiful trailing sprays of flowers or graceful figures in Watteau designs and coloring. Some of the more elaborate of these have ivory sticks, picked out in gold or silver and exquisitely carved.

One noticeable variety of this type is a pale pink gauze fan with pearl sticks carved and inlaid with gold, with the figure of a dove with widespread wings painted in soft shades at the top; another, edged with a border of roses, is cut out in the shape or the flowers at the top; while still another, of soft gray gauze edged with lace applique, is decorated with a small landscape, whose strong effect of light are brought out by bits of mother of pearl. A fan of cardinal crepe lisse, with slender sticks scarcely a quarter of an inch in width, carved and enameled, extending to the border of the fan outside the gauze, has bands of ribbon narrowing to a point between each stick, and is ornamented with a dainty decoration in gilt. Yet more expensive fans of this kind have an applique of lace transferred upon them, leaving portions of the gauze in the center for the decoration of delicate painting. These fans sometimes come as high as $150, but may be bought for $15 and $20. Next in expense comes the feather fans so much used with evening dress, and popular, with plain mother of pearl sticks, and made up in many unique designs, one of the most beautiful being composed of three ostrich feathers and a soft curled bunch of tips surmounted on an ivory handle. Feather fans run as high as $65, and at one price, where the aigret on the outside of the closed fan holds in its heart a diamond spray and the bar set with precious stones, the fan costs $150.

Fans are also made entirely of flowers to match different costumes. A fan of violets, with violet wood sticks which emit the fragrance of the flowers, is a beautiful arrangement. Still more costly and rare are the point-lace fans kept in stock in some of the large stores in the city, but rarely sold except as bridal presents. These come as high as $65.

The fan counter at Stern's exhibits the widest range in price, extending from 25 cents to nearly $200, and an endless variety of style, from the gilded paper Japanese fan to the costly bauble of round point and painted gauze, with carved pearl sticks inlaid with gold and in exquisite design, costing $175.

The latest novelty in fans is the ribbon fan, composed of gauze, with rows of narrow ribbons of pale rainbow colors caught loosely from one stick to the next across the fan. The sticks are of mother-of-pearl, shaded like the ribbons, and at the bar is a knot of the many-hued ribbon, consisting sometimes of seven or eight colors in a single fan, but so delicately tinted and carefully combined as to produce a harmonious combination.

The gauze fans vary in price from $1 to $25, are medium in size, and have delicitely carved sticks of enameled wood or inlaid ivory extending from the bar to the edge of the fan outside the gauze, and forming part of its decoration. They are ornamented with embroidery, painting and spangles, and delicate lace applique.

A peculiar design in feather fans is a blue coke feather water lily with a mother of pearl stem arranged in the form of a fan, while still another is a scarlet cactus flowers with green leaves, all of feathers.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

The topaz is being revived in Paris.

Cream jugs of cobalt blue ovarlaid with gold are out for the Easter holidays.

An odd bracelet recently seen was of thread-like fineness, and had a gold medallion pendant.

Ball-room fans have miniature ribs, with different floral designs of silver mounted on each rib.

The latest cigarette case is of silver in the shape of a glove, with two small rubies in place of buttons.

It has become the fashion of late at table to use silver wine decanters ornamented with etched floral designs.

Link cuff-buttons, made in the form of small horseshoes, set with diamonds and sapphires, are in demand.

Ear studs of twisted wire formed of four small curls, with a raised diamond in the center, are neat and foshionable.

A pretty queen pendant introduced for the Easter holidays is in the form of a tiny egg, enameled in different colors.

A pretty pin-cushion is made to represent a small silver water lily, with a center of plush, which is used as the cushion.

Plain enamel clematis blossoms with diamond centers and long, curved stems, are fashionable for bridesmaids' presents.

A brooch that has been in great demand during the Lenten season is in the form of a tiny palm leaf, made of gold, and partly enameled green.

A new lace-pin is composed of two Roman gold rings, intercepted by a ring consisting of half round balls, highly ornamented with twist wire.

New children's earring are made to represent a small gold three-leaf clover, each leaf having a counter-sunk centre, set with a pearl. The edge is over-laid with fancy rope wire.

A unique bracelet is composed of a number of small gold horseshoes, united by little chains, the nails in the shoes being represented by tiny diamonds.

Although he order of the eastern star is not a Masonic degree, it is conferred only by Masons upon Masons' wives anu sisters, and the decoration of the order is pretty enough to captivate the whole female sex with masonry. It consists of a cytindrical bar with screw-threaded ends, upon which rests an enameled star in different colors, the entire being a white enamel black-bordered polygon with a diamond centre.

Among the people of to-day, there are few indeed, who have not heard of the merits of Prickly Ash Bark and Berries as a household remedy. Teas and drinks have been made of them for centuries, and in hundreds of families have formed the sole reliance in rheumatic and kidney diseases. Prickly Ash Bitters now take the place of the old system and is more beneficial in all troubles of this nature.

NELLIE BLY ON THE STAGE.

She Wears Scant Costume and Marches With the Amazons.

GIRLS EARN $5 A WEEK.

It Isn't Very Hard to Get Such a Job—Tights That Did Not Fit—Dressing in a Crowded Room—How She Behaved on the Stage.

Nellie Bly in the New York World: I made my debut as a chorus girl or stage Amazon last week. It was my first appearance on any stage and came about through reading among the World advertisements one that called for 100 girls for a spectacular pantomime, so I found myself one afternoon at the stage door of the Academy of Music. There were two men there. I looked at them and they looked at me, and as nobody made any movement to speak, I asked:

"Where do I go in answer to the advertisement?"

"Mr. Kiralfy told me to say he has all the girls he wants," replied one of them. Then, probably noticing my look of disappointment, he added: "But you can step on the stage and see him yourself."

The stage was bare and cold. A solitary gas jet only added to the dismal aspect of the place. The scenery even leaned up against itself as if it were tired. Near the front of the stage was a row of girls, twenty-four in number, watching the movements of a graceful little Frenchman, who twisted and danced before them. Standing around in rather forlorn groups were other girls of all sizes, ages and appearances. Some were talking in a lively way, while others stood about silent and sad. A woman who received the least attention of all was a ballet dancer who was practising.

I saw no one to speak to, so I followed the example of the other girls—stood and watched the rehearsal. Every two girls in the magic circle had a small gilded chair of mythological design. The Frenchman was teaching the girls to jump on the chair, then down, then to run around it, and up again and so on. It looked very uninteresting and simple, and yet the girls often made mistakes. The little master seemed to have unlimited patience, and at every false move gently showed them the correct way. There was a remarkable absence of the "brutality" displayed against the poorly paid ballet girls which one hears so much about. The girls seemed to enjoy the exercise and the man was kind.

At last I saw a man emerge from the gloomy portals at the far side of the stage and come towards me, where I stood on one foot holding the other like an elephant, or a goose, as you please, up to rest.

"To whom shall I apply for a situation?" I asked.

"For what?" he questioned, looking at me with a kindly smile.

"In answer to the advertisement in to-day's World."

"Will you please sit down and wait? I'll see you in a moment," he said, and he left me.

I looked around. I could see nothing but perpendicular scenery and the stage floor. My feelings were rather shocked. I remained standing.

"Do you like the chorus," I asked turning to the slender girl, with a shabby dress, a care-worn face and mournful eyes enclosed in dark rings.

"Yes, I like it. It's as easy as anything a girl can do.

"Does it pay well?"

"I think as well as anything else. Girls in factories and stores work from 7 in the morning until 7 in the evening. They get from $1.50 up to $4. The very fewest number get $5. On the stage we work a few hours every night, and we have two matinees and two rehearsals a a week, and we get $5. This it the best place."

"I would like to have that job," said another girl, indicating a woman with a towel around her heap dusting the orchestra chairs. "She gets $6 a week then when she cleans the actresses' room they give her lace and old dresses, and sometimes a $5 bill."

"Come with me; I want your names," said the man who had spoken to me, and we followed him in single file across the dim-lit stage into a little room. Everything here had as barren a look as the stage. Trunks were piled on trunks and a number of odd trunks took up more space. He found a piece of paper and called the first girl to give her name. She gave it and he told her to come next week. He asked the second, "What is your name?"

"I want to know how much you pa first."

"Five dollars a week," while he suspended the pen.

"Well, then, we (indicating her companions) won't come."

"All right. Good day. Next!"

"They expected to get $25 a week," explained a girl.

We all gave our names and four of us were told to report for duty at the stage door at 7 o'clock that evening. It was only the rehearsals I wanted, but I decided, as this was all that offered, to see what it amounted to.

At 7 o'clock i walked past the crowd of men who surrounded the stage door into the academy. I secretly wondered if they were the "eligibles" I had read so much of who swarmed about stage doors with their hearts and fortunes, flowers and diamonds to lay at the feet of their chosen idols. I did not see any evidence of any of these articles, but the crowd was there, nevertheless.

There was no one on the stage or anywhere to be seen. The solitary gas jet was yet solitary. I could not find anyone, so I took up my stand and stood. Presently, from some mysterious part of the stage came the girls who had been engaged at the time I was. They began to complain because they had been informed that there was no extra suits for the extra girls—us.

"Are we to go on without any knowledge of the play?" I asked.

"Yes; we will have to try to get beside some girls who will be good enough to help us."

I did not see how we could do it and not break up the show, but as I was bent on having fun I did not much care what form it took. The performers began to arrive. Almost all the girls carried little parcels or baskets. These I found contained their "make-up." At last Mr. Kiralfy came, and, seeing us, he came up and spoke.

"There is nothing to do until after the first act, so you can go up and watch the play."

He left us, and then I saw a long string of men coming in, one after the other. They were making a noise like a cat, and I recognized them as being the men at the entrance whom I mistook for the devoted lovers. They disappeared under the stage.

At last I and my friend were called to prepare for the stage. A few garments were given us, and we were shown a room to dress in. It was already well filled with girls in all stages of dress and undress. "This room is full enough. Go somewhere else," cried one girl, crossly, and with the exception of the three prettiest girls, they were all angry because we crowded in with them. I spoke to two or three, but they did not reply—simply looked at me with quiet scorn. I had some idea of the dressing, but my luckless companion had none.

"How do you get these things on?" she asked, in surprised disgust.

I looked at her. She was trying to get her thin silken tights on over her shoes and undergarments.

"You must take off your shoes," I explained, as no one else offered to.

"Indeed I will not," she said, vehemently. "It's very rude; I will not do it." But in a while she did take off her shoes.

"How do you get these tights on?" she cried again.

"You cannot get them on over all your undergarments," I told her, and even the angry girls laughed as they looked at her. I forgot my own appearance in laughing at hers. She got the tights half on, then she got the little short waist around her shoulders and the shoulder scarf around her waist. She put the band of white hair, which only encircles the head, on, and had no helmet. This allowed her black hair to show and make a queer picture. She got a spear and a shield, and so she made her way down to the stage looking like an Amazon who had been badly whipped in a fight.

I fared but little better. My garments were too large and my ballet slippers were easily four sizes too long. I put the rouge on my face and found that I had forgotten my powder. The white wig was too small and would allow no black hair underneath. My helmet was too large and would slip back. I was a sad sight.

"You will be too late. The curtain is up," cried someone, and I rushed after a girl down stairs and to the wing. I was only conscious that there was a crowd of people going out, and I was among them, giving a hitch every now and then to my armor. A blaze of light, a crash of music and, with an inward laugh at my own boldness in attempting something I knew nothing of, I was facing a New York audience in the Amazon march. I did not feel like an Amazon. Down we swept towards the footlights, while I wondered what our next move was to be.

"You started with the wrong foot," said a girl at my side. I did not know which foot I started with, so I said, "Which foot is it?"

"Oh, any one will do for you," was the satisfactory answer, while I mused on how funny it must look from the front to see one brave Amazon out of step with the whole army. Backwards we went, and my helmet slipped on the back of my neck.

"Your black hair is showing," whispered another girl. This was not reassuring and did not tend to give me courage to try and do better. I gave a jerk to my helmet while the horrible thought struck me. What should I do if my helmet fell off on the stage and I was left with my sham wig and black crown before the audience? Once again we went to the front, and I congratulated myself on being in step, when a girl, in a very emphatic manner, whispered:

"You have your shield on the wrong arm!" That reduced me again, and I resolved to change it in the face of the audience, when she whispered:

"Face about!"

I turned my face to her and found every other girl had her face turned the other way, and if I kept on I would have to march backward while the rest went forward. I would not do this, so I simply took my time and turned in the right direction. I began mildly to wonder why the gallery gods did not notice my strange actions. As we marched in a circle around the stage I changed my shield and poised my spear lightly on my side. (I had been carrying it under my arm.) Again we went to the footlights. A girl whispered for me to "stand still," and I obeyed. I heard a voice from the wing cry:

"My ——— ———! What is wrong?"

I look with a smile to see what is wrong, and I see that the other girls are marching to one side; they have divided, and I, being in the center, am left alone in front! I followed with more haste than grace after the nearest girl. Then we did movements which I had not the least knowledge of, so I was more than a little relieved when they marched to the wing. I was glad to get off. I found my poor companion still in a state of undress. Together we sought the dressing room, and I forgot my own discomfort in laughing at her remarks I am out of a stage engagement at present.

Sick headache, wind on the stomach, biliousness, nausea are promptly and agreeably banished by Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pillets. 25c a vial.

FASHIONS FOR MEN.

The Correct Thing in Dress for the Opening Spring Season.

New York Mail and Express: In fashion for shoes there seems to be a reaction against the use of patent leathers for street wear.

Light-weight derbys, gray to brown in color, are sold for summer wear. They have narrower brims and shorter crowns.

Probably more black cutaways will be worn this year. They can be made as light and cool as the grayish-colored coats and look far more "dressy."

The only overcoat that will be worn much, the tailors say, is the "Chesterfield," a loosely-fitting, short pattern, with open fronts lined all the way to the edges. The materials used ranged from wide wale worsteds to plain grays in worsteds and Venetians.

The colored shirts outdo in brilliancy the plaids of the tailor shops. Most of them are made with collars all of a piece. Nevertheless white collars and cuffs may be worn with striped shirt fronts, or the reverse.

Scarfs are bright and seem a little broader. Both four-in-hands and made-up ones are worn. Collars turn over much the same, and are no higher. Shirts for evening wear are made plain, or embroidered, or pique. Nearly all have three buttons, though one stud is seen oftener perhaps than two.

The Prince Albert coat still retains a moderate degree of popularity with stout, middle-aged men. It is good for afternoon receptions, for walking and for driving. Yet the cutaway answers every purpose just as well, and the younger men have almost unanimously discarded the heavy frock coat.

A cross between half dress and business dress is the three-button, one piece cutaway of rough light goods with patch breast pockets and side flaps. All other business suits are made sack fashion. With a sack coat, as with a cutaway, a fancy coat and an odd pair of trousers may be worn. Sacks are looser this year, with wider backs.

For half dress nothing seems able to shake the hold of the cutaways. The three-buttoned coat is the better model for summer, though the four-button one is coming into favor again. The tendency this year is toward rolling fronts, cut much lowhr. Some of them show the silk linings as far as the buttonholes. All sorts of light-colored stuffs are used, as well as thin dark goods. All sorts of fancy waistcoats may be worn with either a three-huttoner or a four-buttoner.

Interesting Relics at Albany.

The Albany Historical and Art society has lately opened here a loan exhibition at which is exhibited a number of interesting pieces of jewelry and old silverware. There are a good many curious old snuff boxes, shoe buckles and watches. Some of the latter are those huge, turnip-like affairs of silver or gold. One has a copper case with a picture painted on it. One of the most interesting objects is the ring used in signing the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots. It belonged to Sir Edmund Anderson, lord chief justice of the common pleas from 1582 to 1605 and is now the property of Erastus Corning. The ring is of plain gold, with a large gold seal. There is also a pair of exquisite cameo sleeve buttons exhibited at the Paris exposition in 1867. A Swiss peasant's watch of the twelfth century with chimes is also exhibited. Other objetts are a buckle studded with Rhine stones, presented by the Empress Catherine of Russia to Citizen Genet while he was embassador at the Russian court; silver beakers, once in the possession of Louis XII., brought to this country by Gouverneur Morris; a silver toast rack which belonged to Charles Dickens, and an old family spoon of the date of 1542, inlaid with German coins.

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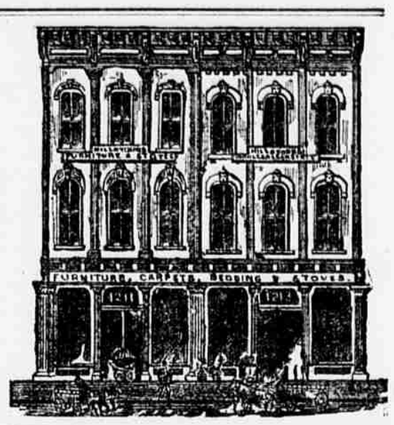

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