

lish in which to express his disgust of the filthy, mopping skirt:

"To be serious, the trailing skirt is not only a delusion and a snare for street wear, but is a fraud, an imposition, and a dirt collection outrage on the sentiment that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.' It is an abuse that ought to be prohibited by statute if no other way can be found to put a stop to it, and the wretch who is responsible for making it the mode should be boiled in his or her own fat. We make ordinances against expectorating on the sidewalk; we close up the saloons at midnight and on Sundays; we restrict the boring of oil wells within certain limits; we regulate the speed of trains and bicycles and milk wagons; we have a plumbing ordinance looking to the sanitation of houses, and in some cities hats are prohibited in theatres. But beside the trailing skirt, the wide open saloon, the near-by oil well, the fast train the scorching bicycle, the whirling milk wagon, sewer gas and the tall hat at the theatre fade into nothingness."

ON THE REBOUND.

Of course, we'd meet the winter through  
At balls and teas, but then, you know,  
I thought the world of Ned Carew,  
Who'd been devoted, and I knew  
Tom was in love with Kittie Snow.

So Tuesday night, at Kittie's ball,  
When they announced she was engaged  
To Ned Carew, I thought I'd fall  
Or faint—I really can't recall  
When I've been so stunned or enraged!

She's such a scheming girl—and then  
Oh, lots of times I've heard Ned say  
He thought she looked so silly when  
She tried to flirt. Oh, dear, some men  
Can't keep the same mind through the day!

Well, Wednesday came, and as 'twas Lent,  
And I was blue about it all,  
I thought the day would be best spent  
In some good work, and so I went  
To take flowers to the hospital.

And passing by, who should I see  
As at their door, with all my flowers  
I stood, but Tom. He said that he  
Thought time best spent in charity—  
I said those were my happiest hours.

Well, that began it. Then we found  
Our tastes alike in everything.  
We think respect's the proper ground  
For love, and ours is strong and sound.

Mine's twice as big as Kittie's ring!  
Beatrice Hanscom in the May Ladies' Home  
Journal.

Two Kinds of Love-Letters.

It is safe to say that the Robert Browning love-letters, just published by Harper & Brothers, under the title of "The Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett," will be appreciated when they are contrasted with those written by another eminent man of letters, Bulwer Lytton. We quote two letters, one of Robert Browning to Elizabeth Barrett, and one of Lord Lytton to Miss Rosina Wheeler, afterwards Lady Lytton. Women may choose which they would prefer to receive. "Now, my love," writes Robert Browning, "I am round you. . . . My whole life is wound up and down and over you. . . . I feel you stir everywhere. I am not conscious of thinking or feeling but about you, with some reference to you—so will I live, so may I die! And you have blessed me beyond the bond, in more than in giving me yourself to love; inasmuch as you believed me from the first. . . . What you called 'dream work' was real of its kind, did you not think? And now you believe me, I believe, and am happy in what I write with my heart full of love for you. Why do you tell me of a doubt, as now, and bid me not clear it up, 'not answer you'? Have I done wrong in thus answering? Never, never do me direct

wrong and hide for a moment from me what a word can explain, as now. You see, you thought, if but for a moment, I loved your intellect—or what predominates in your poetry and is most distinct from your heart—better, or as well you—did you not? And I have told you everything—explained everything, have I not? An now I will dare; yes, dearest, kiss you back to my heart again, my own. There—and there!"

And this is how Lord Lytton tells his love: "My own dearest, kindest, most beautiful, most darling poodle, Now, dearest, shall come on triumph—it is only that shall tame and subjugate my own wolf, Puppy, till he can lay his head on that beautiful, beautiful bosom and forget even to growl. . . . Ah! that me could kiss oo! That me could breath my homage, my worship to oo in one, one long, burning, eternal kiss! Shall not we be both the better, and the wiser, and the happier for this, my poodle, hereafter? Me is sure we shall. And is oo still ill, my ownest? But this will make oo well, will it not? Ah, dearest, dearest Rose: 2000 [kisses]. Do not be hurt, love, me is going out of town tomorrow for two days. Me is very unwell, feverish, and nothing but the country can do me any good, so that me will go down tomorrow and look at Woodcot Hall, which me hopes so will suit us. Me has bought such a pretty tea-set for oo, and a dessert-set of Dresden. Me will not send back oo presents yet, but me hopes oo will see them at Woodcot very, very soon. Oh, how me does, does, long for that day. . . . And now, darling, good-bye and God ble.s oo, and may oo forgive Puppy and me utterly and sincerely as oo possibly can. Messrs. Kisses & Co., Pay to Poodle: 2,000,000 to her eyes, 4,760,550,087 to her lips, and 9,000,070,005 to her cheeks. (Signed) Puppy. 1827, London.—P. S. Is me good?"

PURCHASED FAME.

Why English Newspapers Always Advertise Obscure Society People.

During the recent upheaval in the Pall Mall Gazette office one interesting bit of information that came to the surface was that Mr. Astor's editors and reporters were accustomed when among themselves to refer to a certain department of the paper as "the tittle-tattle column," says the New York Times. It contains divers short paragraphs in which are recounted the doings, social and other, of notabilities of various grades, including always many titled nonentities and occasionally professional persons like doctors, lawyers and diplomats. Most of the other London journals have similar columns and they are all equally trivial and snobbish. It now appears that what has always seemed to be merely an amusing illustration of the extent to which the British public carries its interest in the "upper classes" is in reality something quite different.

A Manchester doctor recently got into trouble with his confreres because he allowed himself to be advertised as connected with a certain sanitarium. One of his friends, noticing that the movements of other medical men, all of whom had been vociferously scrupulous in regard to the ethics of their profession, were constantly recorded by the press, proceeded to the office of the Thunderer itself with a similar item exploiting a journey of his own. There he was informed that announcements of that class were inserted at the rate of 1 guinea for three lines and 10 shillings 6 pence for every additional line. Continuing his investigation he learned that the society people, too, bought fame at the same high price and that the so-called "tittle-tattle" was published not because the British public yearned for it, but because the lesser lights of society and science yearned for notoriety and were willing to pay for it.

Who steals my purse steals trash; but the burglar who leaves the gas burning in my house steals that which not enriches him, and leaves me poor indeed.

PURITY OF THE AIR.

"Out in Arizona we have a way of bragging on the purity and clearness of our air," said Judge Murphy, the delegate at Washington from that territory, "and we have reason for it, for there is nothing like it in the known world. The air of California may surpass that of Arizona from a photographer's point of view, and it is claimed that it does, but as the Arizonian only cares for air for breathing purposes, we are not at all jealous on that point. We can see mountain tops for over 100 miles, and some here claimed that mountains 130 miles distant can be discerned with the naked eye. I was speaking of this to some friends here recently when I was blandly informed by a Scotch clergyman, who was here on a visit, that that would hardly be regarded as in any way remarkable in Scotland, where, too, he said, the air was very clear. 'We can see further than 130 miles in Scotland,' he said. 'We can see all the way to the moon.'"

—Ex.

Dan's Pay Day.

It having been the custom of a certain establishment in the north to pay the workers fortnightly, and the workmen having found the custom somewhat inconvenient, it was decided to send a delegate to the head of the firm to state their grievances. An Irishman, named Dan D—, famed for his sagacity and persuasive powers, was selected for the task. He duly waited on the master, who addressed him thus:

"Well, Daniel, what can we do for you this morning?"

"If ye please, sur, I've been sint as a dilgiate by the workers to ask a favor of ye regardin' the payment of our wages."

"Yes; and what do they desire?" queried the master.

"Well, sur, it is the desire of meself, and it is also the desire of ivery man in the establishment, that we receive our fortnight's pay every week."



Hibernian (with dignity)—O'Rafferty, if it's convenient, me colored frind. I don't think.—Texas Sittings.

Natural Philosophy.

A farmer walked up and down a block on Griswold street, a day or two ago, whistling a whistle that was apparently meant for a dog. When he had looked up and down and around for ten minutes a newsboy came along and queried: "Whistlin' fur your dorg?"

"Yes, but I guess the critter has got too fur off. I knowed he'd git lost if I brung him in."

"Your dorg ain't lost," continued the boy. "Can't nobody lose a dorg. It's you that's lost, and if you'll stand still a few minutes he'll find you."

The farmer smiled at the boy's philosophy, but decided to heed it, and it wasn't five minutes before his dog turned in from Fort street and came up to him.

"Didn't I tell ye?" said the boy, as he moved on. "I don't make any charge fur the plnter, but next time you git lost just take a lean agin a lamppost and gin yer dog a fair show to find ye."

—Detroit Free Press.

It Depended.

Mrs. Manhattan—How long is it customary for a widow to wear mourning for her husband in Chicago?

Mrs. Wabash Weeds—There is no fixed rule about it. It depends upon how well acquainted you are. I am generally pretty lucky.—Ex.

"My dear, I have just sent that poem to the Review, and I wanted you to read it."

"Never mind, I'll read it when it comes back."

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