

him, falling on him with infuriated strength and, with lightning rapidity, severs the carotid artery with his teeth.

The dog is dead.

As is always the case everywhere, the police arrive on the scene when it is all over, and carry the conqueror to the hospital, while the crowd still applauds.

During these savage cries a sweet voice was heard, saying: "What a pity! I bet on the dog!"

It was the voice of Henriette, the man-cat's wife.

FASHION LETTER.

Lady Modish Scents the Spring AND WRITES OF THE COMING SEASON'S FOIBLES AND FANTASIES.

Whenever you see spring embodied in the shop widows it is safe to look out for a blizzard on the streets.

Winter in this capricious climate coquettes fickle through the months that have the right to claim her as their own, and manages to evade all her obligations with the same success that ever attends creatures of coquettish trend.

Let a few yards of diaphanous fabric be hung in her face as a herald of spring, as well as a declaration that the world has finished with the unsatisfactory uncertainties of winter, and presto! with an avalanche of snow she promptly endeavors to reinstate herself and to emphasize the power of her reign.

It is the fate of most coquettes, however, to repent of their shortcomings too late for their repentance to bear any but Dead sea fruit. Winter is no exception to the rule, so she has shaken her frosty locks this time to no purpose.

Muslins, organdies, embroideries and fabrics of every description continue to sing spring's advent to such an extent that the few old tricks that winter always seems to hold in reserve before she finally abdicates are laughed at and ignored.

Plans for spring, clothes for spring, where to go and what to wear for spring are the topics that fill the air and crowd the snow flakes lightly to one side, much to the surprise as well as chagrin of poor, passe winter. Coquettes do have their bad moments, you see!

With the passing of the season comes the old cry: "Will the separate waist go out of favor?" This cry has arisen at the passing of every season since the first separate waist came into existence, and has at times bordered on a wail, through the intensity of feeling with which the question is put.

But the great mass who follow the few who lead need not fear. The separate waist will hold its own through

this and many a season to come.

True, it is not, nor will be, worn as ad libitum as it once was, which is as it should be, for the indiscriminate adoption was developing rapidly a tendency toward sloppy weatheriness in the style of the mutable many.

Under coats and boleros—it is an almost indispensible note in an ensemble that has harmony for its aim.

Mrs. Ogden Mills is very fond of separate waists of tucked white satin—oyster white is much smarter than any other shade of white.

Mrs. Mills scarcely ever wears separate waists of any other color.

"Separate waists," not "blouses," as heretofore, is the more correct way to designate this important article, for you see no "blouses" to speak of any more.

Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish is also fond of separate waists with white satin.

A very good looking one that she wore the other day at a luncheon had bands of tucking of the satin, separated by entre deux of pale yellow point de Genes.

At a luncheon given just before she sailed, Mrs. "Fred" Neilson wore a stunning waist of white lace with an enpiement of jet, from which fell long strands of fine jet beads.

One of the newest of these waists has a yoke of transparent Chantilly lace and long, mitten-like, transparent sleeves of lace.

These sleeves are an adaptation of a fashion that is much in vogue in Paris, but which did not reach these shores this winter. That is, deep cuffs of fur, not unlike in shape to the cuffs that butchers wear in their shops, only deeper, some of them extending well above the elbow.

So many gowns en princess, which do not permit a coat, are being worn in Paris, that these cuffs were devised for warmth.

They must be worn with a collarlette of the same fur, and are easily pulled off upon entering a warm room.

These "mitten sleeves," done in fine shirred chiffon, promise to be a feature of the spring, and will be used to the exclusion of gloves to a great extent. So now is the time to look out for novelties in the setting for rings—for they are to be worn prodigally.

Medallions of lace applique on dotted mousseline d'Inde, crepe de Chine and all soft, clinging materials, are among the most active novelties.

These medallions are smartest in Maltee or Cluny lace, both black and white, and, as they are horribly expensive, they will probably possess the virtue of remaining a novelty.

Palm leaves appear on the newest foularde, India silks and challies, and promise to rival in popularity the ever-

popular polka dot.

Roses, too, in various sizes and designs, on all kinds of materials, will be much worn. The most modish color of spring is gun-metal gray.

Mrs. George Gould has a particularly smart gown in this color.

It is cloth of a light weight, profusely embroidered in velvet and chenille of the same color, a shade darker.

There are a tiny guimpe and collar of white, but otherwise its exquisite tones are unbroken.

Black and silver is another popular combination for early spring.

Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, Jr., is wearing a gown of black crepe de Chine, with a transparent yoke and sleeves one sheet of shimmering silver paillettes. Mrs. Albert Stevens is wearing a similar gown; but the top of her sleeves are transparent, however, and her waist is outlined with a tracery of the same embroidery that forms the yoke.

In the newest gowns with the transparent yoke and sleeves, there is no apparent shoulder seam.

The whole transparent part of the gown must be made to look in one piece, and seems to be attached to the rest of the gown at the bust line only.

Separate belts are disappearing more completely every day.

Gowns that are not actually princess must be made to appear so, and belts must be tabooed.

With the separate waist, separate belts are still permitted.

Embroideries, never so beautiful, are to be worn galore, and those "simple little frocks" that men always love and speak of so admiringly, unless they happen to have them to pay for, will be another distinctive feature of the spring.

There is even a spring fashion in veils—the newest is the ugliest, but that's a detail to most most women. It has a cobweb spun in all over it. The cobweb may be in lace, in gold thread or in chenille dots, just as you please.

Chenille, after meeting with little success with us this winter, is coming into favor with a rush this spring.

Chenille dots appear on all manner of fabrics, and are particularly smart on lace. Chenille fringe will be much worn, and boss of plaited chiffon edged with chenille, and with long chenille fringe falling to the hem of one's gown, is the latest, the very latest, Modish touch.

Though, like the brook, I could "go on forever" about spring, her foibles and her fantasies, it is just as well to give all this important information in smallish quantities, or somebody will be sure to vote as much of a bore as I have often found the brook—Lady Modish, in Town Topics.

The New Phraseology.

"The introduction of archaic forms," remarked the professor of rhetoric, "is a vicious weakness of style, and is only employed to cover some palpable defect. Now, Mr. Johnson, in your essay you have the expression, 'he walked over the field.' What did you intend to imply? What it'ea had you in mind?"

"Well," returned Mr. Johnson, blushing and stammering, "Er—er—I—I—well, that he 'treked over the velt.'"

"Then, Mr. Johnson," added the professor, severely, "the next time you wish to convey the idea of 'treking' say so, and do not resort to such an out-of-date expression as 'he walked over the field.'" —Town Topics.

Cumso—The recurrence of Washington's birthday reminds us that the United States has attained to a respectable old age.

Cawker—Yes, indeed. Time flies. I don't suppose that more than forty of Washington's nurses, or sixty of his body servants are now alive.—Town Topics.

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