

DESTRUCTIVE WOOD RATS.

Small Rodents of the West That Are a Continual Source of Annoyance to Miners.

The mischievous little animals popularly known as wood and bush rats have been the pest of hunters and miners from the Rockies to the Pacific coast.

Their nests are usually built in the lower branches of trees, but occasionally are found in a secluded place on the ground, says Mary Peabody Sawyer in Youth's Companion.

A large quantity of sticks is gathered and carefully made into a dome-shaped structure, often ten feet high and six feet wide. There are several openings into the center, leading to the nest proper. This is made of the inner part of the bark, dried grass, leaves or anything available. Cactus spines are sometimes heaped around the nests, and are supposed to be used as a protection from coyotes and other enemies.

The wood rat of the Pacific coast is larger than its eastern cousin and differs from them in some important particulars. Almost any old settler can tell stories of its depredations, with results which are sometimes tragic, but often comic.

The climax was reached when a bag containing a hundred dollars' worth of gold dust was missing. The newcomer was about to receive the summary punishment inflicted in those times, when a wood rat's nest was discovered in the attic over the cabin. It contained all the missing things, even the precious metal, and the stranger just escaped suffering for a crime of which he was innocent.

One of the most remarkable anecdotes relating to a wood rat's nest was told by a retired mill owner. When work on his sawmill was ended a quantity of stuff was stored in the adjoining buildings. In the main house, containing the kitchen and dining-room, a lot of packing for the engine was put, and half a dozen kegs of spikes. There were tools and cooking utensils in the closets and a large range in the kitchen. During the time that work was stopped at the mill the place was not occupied for several years. Its only guests were tramps, who broke into it and used it as a temporary shelter.

When the owner entered the house after an absence of two years a remarkable object attracted his attention. It was a structure which covered the entire top of his range. This was a rat's nest—the outside made of spikes, which were arranged with precision, the points outward.

The central part, or nest proper, was made of fine sheets of hem-packing. Interspersed with the spikes and around the nest were found the following articles: Three butcher knives, a large carving knife, fork and steel, several dozen table forks and knives, some plugs of tobacco, the outer case of a silver watch in one place, the glass in another and the works in another, most of the small tools on the place, some large augers and a purse containing a little money.

The mill owner, after carefully examining the nest, said it was the most curious one he had ever seen. The heavy iron articles used in its construction and their studied arrangement showed a superior order of intelligence and unusual skill. He could not at first imagine where the purse and watch came from, but concluded that they must have been taken from some tramp who was enjoying sound sleep in the rat-haunted building.

HOW SHE RECOGNIZED HER.

And the Senator's Wife Was Not Flattered by Her Neighbor's Discovery.

There is a certain senator's wife now in Washington who is conspicuous for her personal beauty. She tells a story on herself that is well worth repeating, says an exchange. Not long ago a woman of fashion gave a very elaborate luncheon and the senator's wife was present. As she seated herself and drew off her gloves she noticed that beside her sat a stout and elderly person, obviously wealthy, obviously dressed by a provincial modiste after a cut paper pattern, and just as obviously unused to the way of polite society. She seemed not to know anyone present. Indeed, she presently turned to the senator's wife and confessed it.

"I guess yours is the only face here I know except Emily's there," indicating the hostess. "She's my niece. But I knew you the minute I set eyes on you. I say to myself: 'There's Mrs. Senator Blank, and I know it.'"

"Perhaps you've seen me somewhere before," said the senator's wife, graciously. "I think you are from my husband's state, are you not?"

"Yes, I am," admitted the stranger. "but I ain't never seen you before." "My picture in the magazine, then?" said the senator's wife, who has appeared in public prints frequently of late.

"That's it," answered the other, eagerly. "That just how I come to know you as soon as I saw you. I've been seeing you in the back of magazines for months, and, say, I want to ask you, confidential like, is that soap you advertise really as good as it's represented to be?"

THE BIG DINNER.

Recently at Relau, in the Selma district, a box contractor swallowed four goats one after the other and then disposed his 18 feet of length to slumber. It was not his dinner that disagreed with him, but the voracious owner of the goats, who followed and slaw him as he slept.—Penang Gazette.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Fresh Fabrics and Garnitures for Spring Costumes—The New Models.

Finely tucked or shirred skirt yokes, with matching bodice yokes, are features of many of the Paris gowns of batiste, India muslin, French organdie, Belfast dimity and China silk. The long sleeves or portions of the sleeve are similarly arranged, and if in Marie Antoinette style, the tucking and insertion bands or shirring reach from shoulder to elbow, says the New York Post.

The King Midas craze is far from over, judging by the latest importations of French fabrics and garnitures. Dressmakers and milliners, both here and abroad, are still making lavish use of gold-dotted silks, nets and tulle, velvet cut-work en applique, outlined with very narrow gold braid, gold medallions applied to creamy laces, gold pendants, nail-heads, embroideries, galloons, insertion bands, fancy openwork pieces in bolero, vest, girdle, plastron and collar shapes, fine gold threads intermingled with elegant hand-wrought Persian devices in glowing oriental color-effects, and gold trellis designs laid over black velvet bands. Gold, in short, in guises and combinations without end, remains a prominent feature of spring and summer decorations, these accessories being quite as freely applied to elegant diphonous materials—laces and nets—as to the velvets, satins and brocades of the past winter.

Gored or circular skirts of opal-gray or white wool will be more than ever the vogue this summer, both with matching Eton jackets, or, during the extreme heat, with only the shirt waist of silk, linen lawn, the very pretty mercerized mulls, or of satin foulard. Ladies' cloth, Vicuna, camel's hair, covert suiting, drap d'ete, albatros and other soft fleeces wools are all used for these skirts, but they are also the most likely to show every spot, wrinkle or other blemish. The best, even if not the prettiest choice, is serge. It is the most practical and durable. French mohairs or brilliantines are suggested by many tailors and modistes. The new weaves are so supple and light that they lend themselves readily to all the requirements of fashion. For day wear they are made up in simple tailor style, and prove more serviceable than any other of the white or light wools, for they shed dust and do not easily blemish. For evening they are combined with peau de soie, Liberty satin, fancy tafeta or foulard silk.

Stylish costumes for general afternoon uses are formed of cloth, camel-hair, vicuna and covert suiting. When made with a round waist, the new models have usually a seamless back and a slightly drooping front, with often a narrow vest showing, and an inserted outer vest of white cloth trimmed with braid and buttons. On other styles, a braid-edged, dapper little Eton covers about half the length of the waist, arching down in a rounding shape in the neck. A forest-green cloth costume has a vest of ivory cloth striped with green and gold braid. The revers are of dark green panne, turning down low over the shoulders and bust, revealing the top of the cloth vest, like a guimpe, both front and back. The hem of the skirt is finished with seven rows of dark-green silk stitching.

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READY WITH HIS ANSWER.

How a New York Conductor Handled the Queries of Anxious Persons.

The Metropolitan Street Railway company has in its employ a philosopher in the person of a Broadway conductor, says the New York Sun. It was late in the evening and his car on the up-town trip had reached the vicinity of the city hall. As it passed one of the taller office buildings a stout woman clutching him by the arm, exclaimed:

"Oh, conductor, how many stories high is that building?" "Leven," laconically replied the conductor, without so much as an upward glance. The woman sank back with a sigh of satisfaction.

Just then a small man with a large traveling bag rushed in almost out of breath. "I say, conductor," he gasped, "what time can I get to the Grand Central depot?" "Leven," was the quiet reply.

"That's good," commented the small man, evidently relieved. At this juncture another man climbed aboard that wanted to know what time the car would reach the Gilsey house. "Leven," again replied the conductor, with a weary look.

When questioned as to the uniformity of his answers, he replied: "Yes; you see, if you hesitate about answering 'em they git worried, but if you have an answer ready they're satisfied. Now, about this time o' night I always say 'Leven'—it's a good, handy number, easy to say. Other times I use other numbers. I allus have a lot o' stock answers on hand—it saves time and trouble."

Feminine Ignorance. Pa—Johnny, your mother says you came home to-day with wet feet, and she wants to know how it was possible for you to get them wet when the sidewalks are all so dry. Johnny—It's funny how ignorant women are about such things, ain't it, pa?—Boston Transcript.

Sauce for Padings. Stir half a glassful of jelly-grape or currant preferred—until smooth, then heat it lightly into the whites of two eggs, which have been beaten to a stiff froth. This is a nice sauce for all simple puddings.—Good Literature.

CASSOWARIES IN A FIGHT.

The Only Bird, Excepting the Ostrich, That Can Kick with Fatal Effect.

Although the cassowary in captivity has the reputation of being extremely tractable and docile, he is terrible when aroused.

A notable peculiarity of this bird is that if any particular object attracts his attention he will perform a sort of war dance over it. This happened at the zoo when one of the cassowaries, which are confined in cages near the main entrance, lighted upon a gaudy piece of ribbon blown inside the bars from the hat or dress of some woman visitor.

He was one of the smallest of the collection, but he was of a martial disposition. After having carefully examined the ribbon he started his war dance and kept it up with great vigor for some minutes. Just while he was at the height of his enjoyment a large cassowary came up and interfered with him.

He stood this for some time, but when the larger bird attempted to oust him from the spot in order that he in turn might prance about the ribbon he resented the intrusion in no uncertain style.

Kicking out vigorously on all sides, craning his neck, snapping his beak, elongating his body and hitting imaginary blows with the horny mass which cassowaries carry on the tops of their heads, and which is called the helmet, he seemed to bid defiance to all comers.

The larger cassowary, thinking apparently that he would treat the demonstrations of the lightweight with contempt, commenced hustling the latter, says the London Express. The two were ill-matched as regards height, one of them being about five feet high and the other a foot or more shorter, but the battle which ensued showed that weight and height will not always tell.

Forward kicks were the main feature of the fight. The cassowary, it is believed, is the only bird, except perhaps the ostrich, which uses this method of attack and defense, and the way a cassowary can kick would warm the heart of a French boxer. He can kick straight out like a man, or he can do the high kick like any music hall star.

At first the blows were delivered chiefly on the breast, and didn't hurt much, but eventually the small bird knocked the other one out with a masterly stroke, delivered by the long sharp claw of the inner toe on the water of his antagonist.

No fatal injury was done, but the shock must have been terrific, for the big bird uttered a peculiar cry and retired in confusion to its corner, while the victorious one resumed its war dance. It also had been severely punished.

A CAT'S BIG FUNERAL.

Every Inhabitant of the Philadelphia Town Where "Old Mat" Lived Turned Out.

The entire village of Narberth, Pa., went to the funeral of "Old Mat," who was buried there recently.

"Old Mat" had certainly earned as much right to be called a well-known and old-respected citizen as many who walked on two legs less than he did, says the New York Journal.

He was only a cat, but by his conspicuous sagacity, his purring kindness and his undaunted courage he had gained the respect of every inhabitant of Narberth and the surrounding country. Perhaps stray dogs learned to respect him most of all.

George I. Brimley was the owner of "Old Mat," and he declared that the cat was invaluable as a "watchdog," having once tackled single-handed, or rather four-footed, a gang of burglars who forced an entrance to Brimley's store and effectually driven them away with the loss of several clawfuls of hair and flesh.

When the news of "Old Mat's" death became known everybody in Narberth felt as if an old friend had gone from among them, and it was determined to give "Mat" such a funeral as never before fell to the lot of a cat. A small casket, lined with silk, was made and covered by a silk cloak made for the purpose. Into this the battle-scarred body of "Old Mat" was reverently laid.

The funeral services were held in the back parlor of the Brimley household. Three hundred people attended, filling the house and front and back yards. Harry Brimley delivered an exhaustive eulogy over the remains. Then all retired to the cemetery, situated in the back yard. In the center of the lawn a deep grave had been dug and around this the mourners ranged themselves. The casket was lowered amid an impressive silence.

The following day a neat little stone was erected over "Old Mat's" grave.

Marriage by Assessment. Marriage is admittedly always a hazard, but in Serbia it has been made the basis of a novel variation on the usual modes of speculation. There societies for providing bonuses on marriage were formed, and four-lashed to such an extent as to greatly accelerate the marriage rate. The funds were obtained on the assessment system, and as many members who got a bonus and a bride abruptly stopped their contributions, the aspiring celibate subscribers who were left found their obligations increasing more rapidly than is the experience of most married men. Consequently liquidation has set in among these companies with great severity, and the boom in matrimony is likely to be followed by a slump.—London Financial News.

THE "R. M. S." BOYS.

Interesting Facts Concerning Some of Uncle Sam's Railway Employees.

"It is singular fact in the make-up of the human mind that a man when dead counts for so little, while an injured man comes high in law suits and even has a value in government employ," said a bright young member of one of Uncle Sam's branch armies of civil employes, known as the railway mail service force, as he swung out of his car at one of the railroad stations this morning, says the Detroit Free Press.

"If a railway mail service clerk is killed in the line of his duty his family mourn, his friends are sympathetic and the department regrets for two reasons. First, to lose an experienced man, for in our business experience and merit alone count, and, second, because it cannot aid the faithful fellow's family or widow.

"Under the law and the rule of the department if a railway mail service employe is seriously injured, if the disability continues even up to a full year, leave of absence, with pay, is considerably allowed him. If he is killed his pay stops from the day of his death, and the government cannot make allowance even for his funeral expenses, much less aid his family, who may be in dire distress. If congress would authorize it such an allowance would be possible, but in the absence of an express law governing the point there is nothing for the department to do but to express regret, though the dead man may have given the best years of his life to the service of the government.

"Shut up day and night in their mail cars, which are often their coffins, the general public has little opportunity of seeing a class of men who are indispensable and of the greatest public service. Last year four of our force were killed, 51 seriously injured and 187 slightly injured in the performance of their duty. In collisions, especially head-on collisions, the mail car is generally wrecked or badly splintered. Their skill and accuracy in handling and separating mail matter and in memorizing post office names and locations is marvelous.

"There are 8,794 of these men, and last year they handled the bewildering number of 7,363,191,362 letters and 6,429,415,860 pieces of other classes of mail matter, making a total of 13,792,607,160 pieces. This amount in figures makes the public debt look like 30 cents. In addition they handle 19,850,000 other pieces, consisting of registered matter. In spite of the total running high into the billions, there were but 1,355,000 errors reported as made by the clerks in handling this stupendous aggregate, or a ratio of one error to 10,175.

"All of this is done in rapidly moving, swaying express trains, going at a speed of from 40 to 75 miles an hour, and all under unfavorable conditions as compared with work upon a large floor as the Washington city post office, for instance, and mostly under artificial light. In fact, no less than 86 per cent. of all the mail matter originating in the United States is sent direct to the railway mail service cars to be handled by these clerks. In addition to all this 14,500,000 pieces were thrown out because they were addressed so illegitimately that they could not be delivered, though over 8,300,000 of these pieces were returned to the writers or forwarded to destination on corrected addresses. No less than 305,400,000 miles are covered annually by these men in crews in 3,638 postal cars.

"Naturally after reading these astonishing facts and figures it is not to be wondered at that skill and experience and not political influence is desired by these clerks. The civil service rules are strictly enforced in this branch of the service which largely accounts for its splendid record of efficiency. New and inexperienced men are without practical value, and but for the maintenance of the civil service it would go to 'pie' very quickly. There are over 76,000 post offices and thousands of routes on the different railroads and steamboats, and nearly every experienced postal clerk has this enormous mass of names and locations well in hand. Their capacity to master and remember names is truly remarkable."

Jews in the Roumanian Army. No Jewish soldier in the Roumanian army can be promoted to a commission, however brave and loyal he may be. The saying is that as long as he is with the flag he is a soldier. When he ceases to be, he becomes a Jew again. Even if he enlists for a second term of service, he does not, like others who do so, earn a pension thereby. An army surgeon, if he be a Jew, and the best surgeons in Roumania are Jews as a rule, only ranks as a common soldier, whereas his professional inferiors rank as officers. No Jews are admitted into the military schools, and, however high the scholastic or university distinctions and grades of a Jew, he has to serve as a "ranker" for three years, instead of being let off as a "colonaire" with one year's service. Such is the treatment accorded to the 30,000 Jews belonging to the active army and reserves of the Roumanian state.—National Review.

Boiled Water in Ancient Times. Now that the use of boiled drinking water has become common, it is interesting to be reminded that a similar method of guarding against disease was practiced in ancient times. Herodotus tells how Cyrus had his drinking water boiled and carried in silver vessels, and Pliny the Elder relates that Nepz had water boiled and afterward cooled for drinking by placing it in glass flasks surrounded with snow.—Science.

PITH AND POINT.

When you get a new job, you always try for a time to please, and work hard and intelligently. Why don't you keep it up?—Atchison Globe.

"Checkers reminds me a good deal of politics." "Why?" "The man that ain't playin' the game always knows best what the next move ought to be."—Indianapolis News.

Experimental philosophy is represented by an attempt to borrow money of an acquaintance; natural philosophy is represented by his refusal to give up.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Kulcher—"Yes, I've read his book, and I must say he's the most liberal writer on that subject I've ever read." Mrs. Woolby-Bright—"Do you really think so? Why, he charges \$1.50 for his book, and there ain't more than a hundred pages in it."—Denver Times.

Doctor—"No appetite; loss of sleep—to what do you attribute these symptoms?" Patient—"There's a mechanical piano on the floor above me and a mechanical organ in the room next to me, and—" Doctor—"Good Heaven! This is a case for the board of health!"—Town Topics.

Off Again, On Again—"Very well," said she, in a huff, "all is over between us. I'll thank you to return my letters." "All right," said he; "I'll send them to you the first thing in the morning."—"Oh, there's no hurry. Suppose you—bring them with you when you call to-morrow evening."—Philadelphia Press.

Must Yell—"What is the use of a man's getting into a crowd and yelling, as he does at a baseball game?" "Great Heavens!" exclaimed the enthusiast, "He's got to do it in a crowd. If he were to go away by himself and yell in that manner they would have him in a lunatic asylum in less than a week."—Washington Star.

PIGEONS AS QUAILS.

Monster Cotes in Wisconsin Where Birds Are Raised for Market.

When the western packer who wanted to enter the Four Hundred offered Ward McAllister \$1,000 to teach him the society way of eating quail on toast, he did not know the chances were dollars to doughnuts that the meat he was to experiment on was Wisconsin pigeon, instead of Nebraska quail. That the shipment of this "quail" is an industry peculiar to Watertown of all Wisconsin towns would be a surprise to even most Milwaukeeans who as a rule are unaware that about 30,000 pigeons are kept in cotes in that city to breed and sell to game dealers.

As a matter of fact, says the Milwaukee Sentinel, Watertown's "quail" industry is one which would astonish the average Wisconsin person by its magnitude. Thousands of birds are killed there and shipped to Chicago and the east annually, but in Milwaukee, only a few miles away, there is almost no market for the birds. This is probably because the game laws of this state forbid the sale or killing of the real bird, so any placing of the substitute delicacy on a menu card would bring the game wardens around in coveys. The occasional pigeon pie however, may be a Watertown exportation.

In and near that city there are no less than five dove cotes, in one of which alone over 14,000 pigeons are housed. The four smaller cotes are all within a radius of five miles from the city, and all do a strange business. The largest of the cotes is owned and conducted by Albert Wegemann. It is on the bank of the Rock river, and consists of a court surrounded on three sides by low brick buildings like the old California monasteries. In one corner is the frame granary, and in another a remodelled dwelling house.

Inside the court which forms the big cote there were found on a recent visit a few birds flying about, but the majority were under a wire screen. It was almost feeding time and the doves were flying about aimlessly, those inside the brick buildings peeping out from the cave-dweller-like holes which spotted the walls between the windows, as if anxious for dinner to be served.

Down in the basement of the lofts bags of crushed corn were warming, and then it was time to feed the "quails." Three bags of crushed corn were for lunch, and three bags more of broken barley from the breweries were to form the breakfast in the morning. In the inclosure there were watering troughs, fed by a continuous stream of water from a pipe line, and on the ground near the troughs the bags full of grain were dumped.

While the pigeons flocked out from the lofts by the thousands, carpeting the ground with their feathered bodies, the common English sparrows gathered about the wire netting, shivering, and ruffling up their feathers in the cold, looking hungrily down at the doves below which were being fattened for the killing. The sparrows could get through the netting, but a dash among the pigeons for a bit of corn would be but to be beaten to the ground under the wings of the larger birds which were continually moving from one part of the cage to the other.

There is no choice in the species of birds, any strangers that are offered to the owners of the cotes being accepted, homers and swallow doves alike. It is the young that sell best, the squabs which are killed before they are fully feathered out. The prices paid range from 35 cents to 35 cents a pair to 25 cents each dressed.

Merely a Truce. She—I understand they have made up their quarrel. He—It's only temporary. They're going to get married.—N. Y. Town Topics.

SPRING BELTS AND SASHES.

Crystal and Gilt Bangles Combined with Yards of Softly Folded Ribbon.

Small and inconspicuous girdles have been the fashion during the passing season, but with the coming of spring we are to gird ourselves conspicuously with broad, soft ribbon, puffed in big bows at the left side and finished with ribbon streamers of unusual length. As many as six yards of wide liberty satin, panne faced or Louisiana ribbon is required in the belting and draping of some of the early muslins and foulards, and while the popularity of ribbon girdles has returned, the vogue of the fancy buckle and jeweled tags or points has not waned in the least, says the Washington Star. Nine in ten of the streamers that float from a fanciful belt are terminated in dull gold points from three to five inches long, and it is the fashion to slip over the ribbon a couple of gold balls or rings above the point, and also to sometimes split the end of a wide ribbon and adjust two crystal points tipped with gold.

Crystal points are among the spring novelties, to be used with crystal buttons and buckles in the decoration of light silk and cotton gowns, but the wonder over the bigness of the buckles themselves still grows. Those used for belts are larger, more elaborate in design and heavier than we remember to have seen them before, and a mighty serpent of gold twisted into a belt ornament measuring nine inches in length is one of the longest seen. Another beautiful imported Parisian design of an ivory face, about which was blown a cloud of gold hair and blue enameled ribbons, was exactly as large in circumference as the saucer of a breakfast coffee cup. The new stays that have lengthened the waist line of the twentieth century woman, and the growing fashion for wearing these extensive ornaments rather at the side and in the rear than at the back, are the essential reasons for their growth.

Women who wear only the final inspiration of the leading dressmakers are having their new foulards (made up for appearance at the southern resorts) built with dotted belts that are finally fastened with drapery on the bust. Such a belt calls for a glorious and almost abnormally big rear buckle, and a sketch is given to show how these draped belts are arranged. A length of goods and sometimes of chiffon serves as the girdle, which is pinned down close in front, passed to the back and through a huge circle of rhinestones or colored jewels, then drawn up under the arms, and on the bust is knotted elaborately, to let fall the end of the ribbon, or a jabot-like drapery, nearly to the knees.

Stitched and braided belts of goods to accord with the body of the gown are the rule with all the spring tailor suits seen so far. These belts are not narrow, and they are all shaped carefully to accept the lines of the figure, and hook in front in a broad, hatched, wedge or diamond-shaped piece. Some of them are trimmed smartly with rows of tiny bright buttons. One sees in the gradual influx of many pleasing oddities at this point where the fashions of one season are giving place to those of another. The arrival and adoption of black single-faced velvet and panne ribbon is noted. A belt of this sort should be only five inches wide, crush in narrowly about the waist, and the ends of the ribbon but just meet in front, having small paste or enameled clasps to fasten them together.

The young element among the well-dressed women wear in the morning belts of dull black or patent leather, in which small cabochon stones of many colors are imbedded, and their buckles are gem-studded nullo silver or gun metal.

THE HISTORY OF ETIQUETTE.

In These Times We May Not Follow the Table Customs of Our Early Progenitors.

Etiquette is a form of fashion more important than style in dress, for the reason that the varying codes of manners have influenced morals—something changing the cut of a coat cannot be said to have done. When etiquette demanded that a gentleman accept a challenge or acknowledge himself a coward in the minds of his fellow citizens it encroached sharply upon ethics; now that it has gone out of fashion to kill gentlemen find small difficulty in keeping the sixth commandment. The less formal etiquette becomes, the less wanton taking of life there is among those who consider good breeding of consequence, writes Anna Farquhar, in the National Magazine. As the civilized races now stand, either man or woman can be refined regardless of the shape of the hat he or she wears. This was true in any century, but 200 years ago, and back of that period, a gentleman and lady could, according to approved etiquette, gobble food with their hands from a common dish set in the center of the dining table and filled with the entire fashionable bill of fare prepared for the occasion. Gratefully we now acknowledge such proceedings to be "bad form," and in so doing pronounce ourselves two centuries removed from the table manners of swine, and one point away from that brute, no matter how similar to him our turn of mind may remain in some other respects.

The Very Place. Orator—Where else will you find in one spot such products as marble, iron, clay, chalk, copper, lead, slate, glucose, fruits of all kinds, hemp, flax and all manner of grains? Man in the Audience—In my boy's pocket.—Tit-Bits.