

# **SMARTEST FACE NETS.**

**THE MARLBOROUGH AND THE PRINCESS MAUD ARE CHOSEN.**

The American Duchess Wears During Her Travels a Wonderful Breadth of Silk Fatale as Fine as Indian Gauze, and Cooler Than Chiffon.

The philosophy of the well-dressed woman is to always make sure that the details of her toilet are above reproach. It is by the veil, not the hat, she knows she is to be judged among her sisters, that a smart parcel is of more vital importance to her reputation than a new spring coat, or the quality of her little handkerchief weighs more seriously than the cut of the skirt. Accordingly she feels a vast interest in and spends considerable money on carefully keeping up her season's supply of these profoundly necessary accessories.

They are already prominently in the market now, most especially the new summer veils that could easily set the most gifted Brazilian spiders to wondering how ever human beings managed to contrive so many eccentricities in dainty woven pattern. Of course, it is not in the least surprising to find at the counter where this relic of barbarism is dispensed, that the Marlborough and the Princess Maud are the titles given two remarkable types of face coverings.

The Marlborough, presumably the texture of veiling worn by the American duchess on her travels, is a wonderful breadth of silk batiste, as fine as Indian gauze, cooler than chiffon, washable and meant as a genuine protection from railway dust and sea glare. It has a neat hem-stitched edge and is so long that it passes around the brim of an ordinary Alpine travelling hat to tie in a bow with the ends at the back.

Women who are adopting this veil buy it in silver gray, brown, or blue, the exact color of their hats, tie the soft width about the crown as part of the millinery decoration, and pull down the kindly light shelter of the veil when it is needed.

The Princess Maud is a miraculous web of finest black tulle, heavily powdered with variegated black and white silk dots, set entirely too close together. This heavy mask also is worn with smart travelling hats, costs no less than three dollars per veil, when it is not finished with an applied edging of white lace, and two extra dollars covers the cost of the additional trimming.

With the wide Panama hats and broad-leaved rough straw, promising to be so extensively worn this summer, huge pieces of this veiling will be used, the edge falling just to the chin point and the ends gathered in a great poupon at the back of the hat. Not a bit less expensive are the little French calling tissues, that are black, made of a curious sort of very open gauze, finished with a tiny scalloped edge and embroidered in flat satin dikes, no bigger than a pin head, or in stripes.

Nevertheless, there are charming new veils for the sensible and economical woman, cut from a crisp tulle, woven in diamond-shaped mesh and a little silver thread along the edges just by way of ecquistish novelty, while at the veiling counters they tell veil pins made of jet, cut steel or the costly metals and stones. This is because the veil, when properly worn, is pinched together in a tiny bunch and caught by a pin exactly in the middle of the outer edge of one's hat trim. The pin is a small button-shaped affair, to hold the tulle in place and a second button-like ornament, only very much larger holds the bow of tulle at the back.

## **How Dumas Saved a Life.**

Dumas was deep in writing a serial novel for a Paris journal, when one day the Marquis de P— called on him in a state of excitement.

"Dumas," said he, "have you composed the end of the story now being published in the—?"

"Of course."

"Does the heroine die at the end?"

"Of course—dies of consumption. After such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?"

"You must make her live. You must change the catastrophe."

"I can not."

"Yes, you must; for on your heroine's life depends my daughter's."

"Your daughter?"

"Yes; she has all the various symptoms of consumption which you have described, and watches mournfully for every number of your novel, reading her own fate in that of your heroine. Now, if you make your heroine live, my daughter, whose imagination has been very deeply impressed, will live too. Come, a life to save is a temptation."

"Not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapter. His heroine recovered, and was happy. About five years afterward Dumas met the Marquis at a party.

"Ah, Dumas," he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my daughter; she owes her life to you. There she is."

"That fine, handsome woman, who looks like Jeanne d'Arc?"

"Yes. She is married, and has four children."

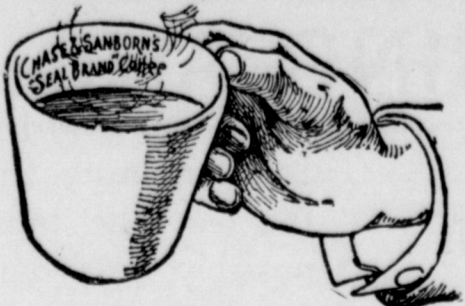
"And my novel has just four editions," said Dumas, "so we are quits."

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# **ALAS, FOR POOR NERO.**

Fighter Fitzsimmons Sadly Laments the Death of His Lion.

Perhaps the most serious loss that could have happened to the champion pugilist of the world, Robert Fitzsimmons, was the untimely death of his pet lion, Nero. Like all great men, no matter in what walk of life you find them, Fitzsimmons had his hobby, and that was his lion. Very appropriate it was, too, for a man engaged in such a profession as pugilism has many of the traits and much of the heart possessed by the king of the forest. The champion was deeply attached to his pet, and his sudden death will doubtless cause him many a regret. The manner of his demise has already been told, but will bear repeating. It happened in Cleveland, where Bob is at present delighting large audiences with his quickness and prowess and came within an ace of putting an end to him also. On account of the oppressive heat the lion had been put upon the roof of the Ramsey gymnasium at night to get a breath of fresh air.

Shortly after midnight on Thursday night of last week Fitzsimmons, accompanied by Ernest Reber, the wrestler, and Lewis Robertson, an attaché of the gymnasium, went upon the roof. Fitzsimmons called to the lion, which, upon hearing his master's voice, sprang forward to the length of the chain and over some electric light wires. A shower of sparks quickly followed at the contact of the chain with the wires. The lion received a shock and sprang back against the wall of an adjoining building. The lion sprang past him, drawing the chain across the pugilist's thighs, who cringed under the severe shock.

In agony the lion leaped over the edge of the roof and hung by the neck. Fitzsimmons was pulled from under the chin and removed to the hotel. There is a burn across his thigh and a small burn on the knuckle of the index finger on the right hand. That is all the visible evidence of the terrible ordeal, although Fitzsimmons was in a dazed condition for over an hour. When the lion was pulled up from the side of the building from which he had been suspended he was dead.

Fitzsimmons purchased his pet some few months ago, and since that time he has been his constant companion. Many stories have been sent all over the country telling of the pair and their affection for each other. While as yet only a cub in many respects, Nero being only fourteen months old, he was a strong and heavy as it full grown, weighing over 300 pounds. His obedience to the will of his master, secured by kindness alone, was something surprising. That the man and beast seemed to be in perfect accord can be gathered from the various positions they assumed during their playful moments. Nero, in ignorance perhaps of his great strength, took no undue liberties with his master, and to see the lord of creation and his of beasts rolling around the floor frolicking together was truly an object lesson.

# **A Woman with a Wrench.**

A quick-witted housekeeper says she has saved many a dollar in plumber's bills by buying a force-cup and learning to handle a wrench. Despite washing soda and potato, now and then something unmeltable slips through the sink strainer and clogs the pipe. All the more modern plumbing has a nut at the bottom of the "goose-neck," just below the sink. By setting a pan beneath this, and with a wrench loosening and then removing the cap, the obstruction will generally be found right there. Sometimes the force-cup applied over the strainer in the sink will be sufficient to clear the pipe without taking the cap of the goose-neck. If both fail no harm will have been done, but one or the other, or both succeeds often enough to make it worth while to exercise one's ingenuity a bit.

# **An Urgent Occasion.**

A recruit was put on sentry at the barracks at Woolwich who didn't know the exact ins and outs of the business. A good-natured chum brought him a sandwich from the canteen, and just as he was about to eat it, up came the major. The sentry didn't recognize him, so the major said: "What's that you are eating?" The sentry replied, "A sandwich, have a piece?" "Do you know who I am?" ejaculated the major. The sentry said, "Perhaps the major's servant, perhaps his groom." The major: "Oh, my again, sentry." The sentry: "Perhaps the old chap himself." The major: "Right this time." The sentry: "Good heavens! I hold the sandwich, sir, while I present arms."

# **Sharply Rebuked.**

The Westminster Gazette recalls an anecdote which was once related by Canon Wilby while preaching in the Abbey: Christmas Eve, a famous Welsh preacher, had ventured to express in public his admiration for the singing of Jenny Lind, and even to give thanks for the same. Some of the sterner members of his congregation were scandalized, and one of them called upon to mount the pulpit steps and administer a public rebuke to the minister. In the course of his admonition, he asked: "Do you mean to teach that a man who should die at one of Jenny Lind's concerts would go to heaven?" "Sir," was the instant response of Mr. Evans, "a Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies, but a fool remains a fool, even on the pulpit steps."

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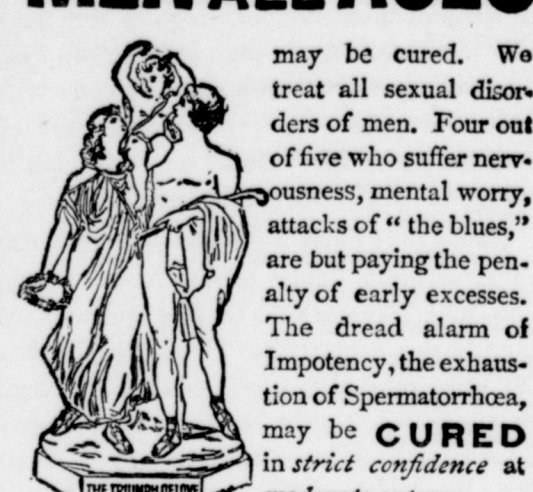
# **If?**

If you want to preserve apples, don't cause a break in the skin. The germs of decay thrive rapidly there. So the germs of consumption find good soil for work when the lining of the throat and lungs is bruised, made raw, or injured by colds and coughs. **Scott's Emulsion**, with hypophosphites, will heal inflamed mucus membranes. The time to take it is before serious damage has been done. A 50-cent bottle is enough for an ordinary cold.

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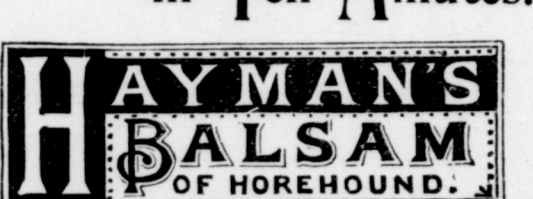
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# **COURTING MISS JACKSON.**

Sambo's Mistake at Wooing, and How he Conducted Himself.

"Miss Jackson," he began, as he removed his hat and scraped his foot as they met on the street. "I done hab de happy facility to meet up wid yo' de odder night at de cake-walk."

"Yes, sah," she softly replied, "What first distracted my attention to yo' was yo' p'nciness," he continued. "It was de general opinion dat yo' was de handsomest gal in de hall. In fact, yo' outshone de shiniest (b) dat vast aggregation ob shiners."

She bowed her thanks.

"What next distracted my attention was yo' clothes an' style. One glance prognosticated de fact dat yo' was a bo'n lady. I felt dat me an' yo' was two eagles 'mong a lot ob crows I had on dat night a suit made to order, an cost me seven dollars. Coat-tails had de reg'lar New York droop, an' dat celluloid collar jest frowned all de masters down. More dan one hundred pussions called me a swell."

"But day and night de thought ob yo' mellifluous lubbiness filled me heart like de music ob a camp-meeting. W'en I was deoratin' de walls ob Marse Jones' barn wid de whitewash, I thought yo' an' Marse Cleveland was de most exultatin' lubly ladies in de worl', like de angels in de Sunday-school books, on'y dey ain't beau'tul brack like you is. Yer showed too dat you lubed me, fur shore."

She looked blankly at him.

He bowed again.

"Perhaps yo' percolated de remembrance dat I squeeze yo' hand, Miss Jackson, an' yo' must have observed dat it was my intention to ambulate a few remarks when interrupted by dat very common an' undistinguished pussion known as—"

"My husband, sah!" she icily interrupted.

"Fo' de Lawd, Miss Jackson, but yo' ain't dose married to Moses Phillips?"

"Two weeks ago, sah."

"An' yo' ain't Miss Jackson no mo'?"

"No mo', sah."

"Den I dun bin a fool?"

"Y's, sah."

"Hub! scuse me please. Reckon I made a mistake. I see now whar it was. I got yo' mixed up wid Evangeline Thompson, dat putty stylish young lady 'at was de belle ob de occasion an' called fo' de undisguised admiration ob de gigantic semblage. Yes, I recollect yo'. Yo' was walkin' round on de elbow ob Moses Phillips, an' people was a-sayin' dat yo' had a bambaze dress dat belonged to yo' grandmudder, an' dat Moses done had a pair ob trousers made out ob a blanket. Good-day, Mrs. Phillips. Scuse my cain mistook."—L. Avenworth Times.

# **How Awful She Will Look!**

If rumors from abroad are correct, says the New York Witness, the fashionable women of the summer of '96 will be wonderful to behold. For the past five years fashion has been subjected to but few radical changes. This spring a revolution is to take place.

Here is a list of the new fashions which have already appeared in Paris:

The hoopskirt.

Large bustles.

Small, tight-fitting sleeves.

Hip pads in various sizes.

High heels.

Collars of enormous size.

Hats worn well over the forehead.

Marie Antoinette curls dangling from the back of the coiffure.

Such is the array of horrors which the fashionable woman must contemplate before planning her summer wardrobe.

# **Chips.**

"Any amusement in this town tonight?" asked the stranger. "I reckon there's goin' to be a lecture," replied the grocery man. "I've been sellin' eggs all day."

The eye of little Elsie was attracted by the sparkle of dew at early morning.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "it's hotter'n I thought it was. Look here. The grass is all covered with perspiration."

"They say," said the man of moderate means, "that disease is communicated by means of bank-bills; that germs and microbes and things get on them, and are rubbed off in the handling. I don't suppose it is possible that all the germs and microbes in the world can be on the bank-bills, but if they were, why, then I could easily account for my well-high uniform good health."

# **QUEEN VICTORIA'S PHOTO**

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The manufacturers of Diamond Dyes are sending their elegant full sized cabinet photo of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to thousands of families on this North American continent.

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This wonderful offer cannot last much longer as the stock of photos is being rapidly exhausted. Hundreds of correspondents write us about the premiums, and say the photo is well worth 50 cents.

Please note: *Our Home* for one year, cabinet photo of the Queen, and other premiums, as promised above, all for 25 cents. Address Wells & Richardson Co., 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, P. Q.

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