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OUR WEDDING DAY.

Our wedding day, dear heart,
Well I remember
How crisp the hoar frost fell
That chill December.
I was a foolish thing,
How my heart bled me
Little you knew or guessed
When I was married me.

I had my doubts of you.
Only too many
Would you have thought it, Jack,
Of your best friend?
Fools kept telling me
Men were deceivers,
Women were foolish folk,
Heedless believers.

Would you be true? I asked,
And my heart flattered,
Yours with the surrium eyes
Your fair head crowned?
Too roses eye, dear love—
How the time passed
Jeeli drink my health again
Fill up our glasses.

Don't wipe my tears away;
They're just for sadness.
My heart is full now
Only of gladness.
Dear love you've been to me
Some one a great deal;
Husband, stand by me still,
Prayer to assist.

As for the forty day
Whatever should befall,
Our joys in future, Jack,
Will more than counterbalance.
Still hand in hand we'll stand,
Parting in sorrow
Will leave our clasped hands,
Love cannot sever.

Our wedding day is over—
Twelve the clock is striking.
Look at me, dear—so I
Will to your liking!
Don't say a word, you goose
Only remember
I love you better now
Than that December.

—A. F. Tillotson in Town a Week.

Expensive Buttons and How to Wear Them

"I would like three buttons."

A maid in a Lenox Quinze hat and a blue cut tailor made skirt, elevated her pretty chin up over the counter in a Broadway store.

"Why not buy six?" said her companion.

"Why, my dear, they are three dollars apiece."

"Three dollars apiece! I don't see any sense in buying such expensive buttons and hiding them under the chiffon, as is the fashion this season."

There's where you lack outlook. Everything in fashion this year is veiled. Jewelled buttons are all the go, but they must not be exhibited in an out and out manly way; their charms must be deftly screened behind a thin veiling of chiffon or lace. Why, when a person can just see a little sparkling of a gem through lace that person always wants to look the second time, whereas if the whole ornament be displayed the costume does not get so much attention.—New York Recorder.

How a Woman Earns Forty Dollars a Week.

A few days since a woman of good family, but of reduced circumstances, entered the office of a well known managing editor while I happened to be there, and talked with a degree of persistency that suggested that her heart was very much in her work about printing the portrait of the wife of a western millionaire in the paper. She had no end of photographs of the large and judgy features of the western woman's face, and after she had talked for some time without making any impression I asked her if she would not tell me frankly what her interest was in pushing the social notoriety of her western friend so vigorously. "Forty dollars a week," said she calmly. "She is anxious to be kept before the public and I am anxious to get her name into the society columns and have her portrait published wherever it is possible. That's what she pays me for." It struck me as being a mighty good price, but then it's not much of a business.—Blakely Hall in Brooklyn Eagle.

Don't Wash Out Your Beauty.

The eyes should always be wiped toward the nose, as it presses out the fine lines from the corners. Every woman has heard of the virtues of cucumber for the complexion, but it is hard to procure this in city houses. A good substitute is to keep a pitcher of water for toilet use in which lemon, orange or cucumber peel is allowed to soak. Water so impregnated, it is said, imparts a healthy glow and really freshens the complexion, while it softens the skin.—New York Journal.

Silk Undergarments Galore.

Many women who have in past times longed for the luxury of silk underwear can now revel in it, for good strong serviceable and washing silks, but especially satin, white or tinted, can now be purchased at incredibly low prices, and they are so easily cleaned and freshened that the price for the "doing up" that was asked for the old style shirts, bedizened and bedecked with lace frills, bands, points and insertions, is saved over and over again by the adoption of such garments in their place. There are few ladies that do not look back longingly better over silk shirts, and the present elastic style of dress really demands them. Of course, there is a sense of neatness and freshness about the linen and muslin garments, and in their place they have no rivals, but for certain uses silk is supreme.—Albany Journal.

An Entertaining Doctor.

There is a prosperous doctor in West Twenty-third street whose clientele is composed largely of very rich and very sentimental young ladies. While filling and covering their molars this lucky knife doctor sings snatches of opera, sings bits of ballads and catches of music up to a small but nothing near voice.—New York World.

Odd Horses Instead.

A bicycle and a horse and buggy collided on Commercial row yesterday. The bicycle struck the horse broadside, and both wheel and rider went over him. The man in the buggy was dumfounded, and as the bicyclist, who was none the worse for his jump, remounted and rode off, asked, "What was that?"—Boston Herald Journal.

BEAUTY AT THE BELL PUNCH.

A Chicago Girl Better at a Car Conductor Seeing Her Lover's Illness.

Some laughing introduced an innovation to conductors on the Madison street cable line on Wednesday. Passengers on one car were not asked the question, "Fare, please," in the ordinary monotone voice, but dainty, delicate, feminine tones prompted it in a lowbanting voice accompanied by a dainty tap on the arm as shudders, which made the man want to pay more than once. She was a perfect vision of loveliness. A dainty, fair complexion of a healthy pink tinge was beautifully shaded from the red roses in the cheeks to the clear alabaster of the temples.

Pretty dimples broke the symmetry of the cheeks, and large blue eyes, shielded by long curving lashes, modestly peeped in a half pitiful, half defiant manner at the passengers. A jaunty sailor hat was usually set on a tightly curling mass of golden hair. She was evidently a new hand at the business.

The gripman had difficulty held a lot of young men that she was a "stranger," and had just come to work that morning. When the would catch the eye of her evidently admiring passengers, a blush would wave up from her neck and down the dainty color in her cheeks with its blood of crimson. She was evidently full of business, however. One young man who got on the car had in speechless amusement at the victim which appreciated him for his fare, but he was awakened from his day dreams by the demand, uttered in businesslike tones. He paid with a silver dollar and he dropped into the extended palm of the conductress and relapsed into his dreams.

Every young man on the car—and it was crowded how—rolls close around the lady seats and back to the west side. They were still in throngs paying fares when the reporter jumped off. Inquiries developed the following story as to the presence of this vision on the car. The conductor, who was her sweetheart, had become ashamed ill while on the car and was compelled to leave at once. The woman had been earlier in a down town restaurant, and knew how to handle money, in addition to being familiar with the duties of a conductor. Hence the quick ride on the car with her lover.

A friend assisted him from the car, and she dressed his cap and took his place so that he would not be compelled to continue the trip while ill. She wore her usual trim, neat dress, and completed the cut and reduced fare of the unfamiliar duties. They were afraid if he reported sick the trip would be lost, and he standing as an employe would be impaired.

She exposed a strong dislike for the work, and declared she would never again accept such a position under any circumstances, but when she accepted the undertaking she was bound to remain at the post of duty. If her conductor lover has ever entertained any doubts as to her affection for him he is now completely satisfied, since she has sufficiently proved it.

From the way nickels poured in on that trip it looks as if President Yerkes could make a paying investment by hiring several fairly conductress-ed cousins, exercising a due regard for beauty.—Chicago Herald.

A Deaf Mission.

The latest feature to come before the public is Sister Margaret France, of St. Victor's convent, near Montreal, which was formed at 4 o'clock in the morning. The convent contained a large number of deaf mute children as people, but years to have had no few escape, although the children were lodged on the sixth floor. At an hour in the morning when sleep is the soundest Sister Margaret, in charge of the sixth floor dormitory, wends to find the room on this and the children finding around her.

The alarmed was on fire, and the would be nunnery who came from the neighborhood, had no ladders. She gently roused them in the presence of the children furthest from that part in which the flames were raging, and making a rope of bedclothing lowered her charges, one by one, to the ground. The light at her work for half an hour and until the last child was safely landed. Then slipped down the rope herself, with her hands and arms blistered by the heat and the hair singed from her head, and when she reached the ground—fainted.—Philadelphia Times.

She Was Enthusiastic.

After the big race between Harvard and Yale a young woman came into the hotel flushed with pride, a radiant triumph in her smile. Crimson ribbons were at her corsage, a crimson streamer floated from the end of her parasol, and the scarlet of her cheek was the deep color of Harvard. She was almost breathless, and her eye sparkled with enthusiasm and patriotic fervor. Some one said to her, "Won't it be fine?" "Oh, lovely," she cried.

"And how they rowed!" said the young college man who leaned upon her. "Beautifully," she answered. "This is a glorious day for old Harvard," said the other. "Indeed it is!" she cried. "Who won? What? Harvard? I am so glad. My brother Jack, you know, is a freshman." Cynics were cruel at young women who are interested in athletics since the this example, for if ever story were true this one is.—New York Tribune.

Fingers and Rings.

Did you ever notice that those women who have pretty hands make them look awkward by wearing rings on the middle finger? Only women with long, slender fingers can wear many rings, and it is very rare for them to wear ring at all on the middle finger. Women with short, plump fingers should choose slender, narrow bands, with tiny settings. Do not point the nails too sharply, and bear in mind that too high a polish is worse than none at all.—Exchange.

A Queen's Annual Bath.

The queen of Madagascar takes a bath once a year. While she observes her annual custom the populace sing hymns and play drums. When the energies from the tub, arrayed in robes of royalty and decorated with more jewels, a mighty cheer goes up from an involuted crowd. In Madagascar it is regarded as an act of tremendous courage to submit to the cleansing influences of water.—London Times.

Land to the value of $50,000 has been given by Miss Mary Elizabeth Mann, of Washington, for the foundation of an Episcopal cathedral.

Something for Shoppers to Think About.

Two women took a street car waiting nearly a minute for the car ahead they run to overtake it. Then had hardly passed from travelers. After only had recovered somewhat from their unusual spurt one said musingly to the other, "Now do you think you have anything?" The other replied with equal distress of countenance, "Everything! I believe for the black ribbon for a hat and three small real buttons, but, see what on as if a ray of hope crept, "I can probably get those in Brooklyn." The companion assented in this more gentle tolerant and willing to indulge a partial view of a rather doubtful matter.

All of which is a text, and now is the occasion. Isn't it funny how very loath to the very verge of departure to finish a long list of shopping, to spend more money than you meant to and more strength perhaps than you intended, or, for instance, to make a long trip to Brooklyn, only the change of one's gown or of things, more or less comfortable for a week of really pleasant quiet. Most of the shopping must only only to any shopping, all and, and, it looks as if impossible in these days of telegraph communication to get to a place beyond accessible reach.

And, usually, the majority of the small towns or villages are supplied with a stock sufficient to meet all ordinary demands. You may not find all underwear are flexible on sale in an Adirondack camp, but you will find such items than half dozen and not between in every Brooklyn, you travel to town of women come home in the autumn with newspaper parcels in their trunks whose contents they were themselves are to procure. Only because the might need and not to which to return home. It is not necessary and it does not pay.—Ice Point of View in New York Times.

How He Was Hoo.

Permit me to suggest a plot through which a young lady lawyer engaged while she was visiting at Cape May Point last summer. This girl—a worthy undertaker, by the way—had fitted herself with and fully solved a new and known to club life in New York. He had given a very high reward for not more than to Cape May Point from the crowd are. They were in nothing and he taught her to float, although she couldn't swim a stroke. One day she was floating and he was swimming, and he was floating with beneath her shoulders to keep her steady.

After the lad had been holding up at the bright time day he was seized to her half an hour, the young man told her that were been far from shore with Kity for all water between them and the land on the sea. He begged him to swim back toward the beach, when suddenly he withdrew his hand and the consequent is sick. He raised a little cry, and he was instantly supported for aids. Then he told her, while he was, and water swamed around them, that he kept her in distraction, that he had grown desperate and that unless she promised to marry him then and there he would let her drown, and for a second time he momentarily withdrew his hand.

The western girl didn't dare move, but she suddenly nodded that she had loved him all along, and that she would marry him, of course, and that he ought to know she was just acting silly when she refused him. Then the young man stopped swimming and stood up to four feet of water, and when he had helped the girl to the beach he was down to shore, but a few hundred feet down the beach, away from other bathers. He kept her engagement, too, and they were married in January.—Philadelphia Press.

Get a Sailor Hat.

If you have not a sailor hat get one immediately. No girl who reports herself is without one. It matters not whether it be a much bell mulled panama, a rough straw, a felt hat with a silver band for its sole and only adornment, whether it be trimmed at the back with ribbons and bedecked with flowers, or at the side with a jaunty pompon and aigrette. But a sailor hat it must be. It may be pretty or plain, the small coat of tan costs or the large one of three dollars, and many and varied are the styles.—New York Ledger.

The Favorite Stone.

Turquoise are the most fashionable stones of the day. For hair ornaments they are interrupted with diamonds, and hold a dozen little pins go with such hair ornament. The ornament and the six little pins which are needed to be fastened in the neck trimmings are called a "set," and the entire lot, laid in a casket white velvet, make so pretty a present as one may wish to give.—New York World.

Among the prevalence of summer complaints in children, frequent bathing is one of the most important. A baby suffers from heat and sweat from the parents, and it much easier made ill by it. On very hot days one article of clothing after another should be removed as the heat grows intense, and if the little one is sleeping it should be frequently sponged with lukewarm water.

Evening cloaks are made of pale pink or delicate embroidered in black silver wings up the front, with outlining of gold, and sometimes gathered in the sleeves on each side, bordered with fans of peacock's feathers, ending from brown to green and forming a ruffle. This edges the collar, which is flared in the back and rounded in front.

A movement, supported by the young Crown Princess Sophie, is now on foot among the Greek women for establishing public technical schools for women in order to enable them to earn their own bread. A petition to that effect has been presented to King George signed by about 2,000 ladies.

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The collecting of fans is a costly hobby of some of the best known women in high life in the metropolis. Mrs. Astor has some exquisite specimens, and her collection is thought by some to be the finest in town. Mrs. Sullivan, too, has many beautiful fans.

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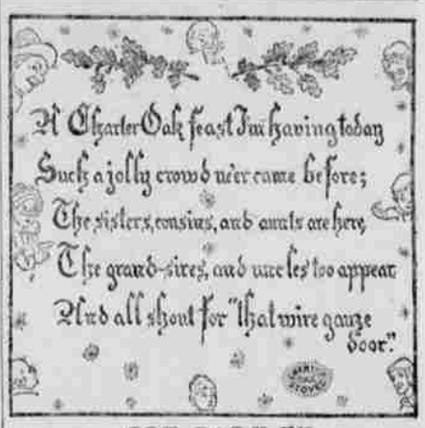

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