A MISTAKE.

Wuz jes' ez likely a young man
As you could hope ter see.
He'd orter make his mark in life
His frien's 'ud all agree.
With lots of industry an' pluck
He set out in the race;
He started fur a winner, but
He couldn't strike the pace.

He studied hard, perfessors said
An' never wasted time;
He stood at fortune's ladder, sure
But somehow couldn't climb.
He halted, sorter bashful, while
Another tuk his place;
He started fur a winner, but
He couldn't strike the pace.

Ye see, he learnt the world in books—
The world of long ago
This globe goes spinnin' dweller
That what she did, you know;
He patterned from the highest, and,
Of course, it's no disgrace,
That he started fur a winner, but
Could never strike the pace

Success, the moth, hez got too outo
Fer seek reflected light,
Ye wanter simply be yerself,
An' be it all yer might
Don't slight the present fur the past,
Er else 'twill be your cuse,
You'll start out fur a winner, but
Ye'll never strike the pace

ANNETTE.

Madame Xavier kept a shop at the end of the street. Such a tiny shop with only one window to it, and a bit of a counter piled high with bunches of gay yarn and boxes of cheap tinsels! There was a bird in a cage in madame's window. He always sang furiously in the early morning and a pot of mignonette in blossom adorned the sill.

Just across the road lived the sausage vender, a little old man, who wore a wig and dressed in snuff color. He was early at his post every morning frying sausages, but being cruelly afflicted with asthma, he could only speak in a loud, hoarse voice; so his daughter, Annette, a very dream of health and beauty, would stand beside him in her neat stuff gown and call in a voice as lusty as a chanticleer:

"Hot sausages! hot sausages!"

Now, diagonally across on the next street was a tall brick building used as a storehouse. Its lower rooms were piled with dusty white bags full of grain, over which the satin coated mice frolicked and grew fat the livelong day; but up in the peak of the building was a large garret, rented to a poverty stricken artist.

Here were pictures strewn all about the room, while in the middle of the room stood a stout easel supporting a bare canvas. Every morning the artist crept down from his lofty quarters to buy hot sausages of Monsieur Daubeau, and to cast sly glances of intense regard at Annette, who, for her part, kept on at her calling as if there were no young men in the world.

But when he turned to go back to his garret, then would Annette smile and toss her head, with its white cap, in a coquettish nod to the little Madame across the road, saying as much: "See, I have an admirer!" and Madame would smile back, for she dearly loved a romance. Sometimes she would beckon to Annette, and when the girl ran lightly across the street the old woman would say:

"When shall the wedding be?"

"Ugh!" Annette would answer. "Could I eat paint? I thrive now and am comfortable. Monsieur must make a fortune ere Annette weds him."

"And he shall do it," returned the little Madame; "I will myself speak to Monsieur."

That very day when the artist passed her shop with a canvass well wrapped in paper under his arm, the little Frenchwoman called to him: "Come in," said she; "show me the picture."

Reluctantly he undid it and disclosed a pensive-faced Madonna.

"Fi donc! Monsieur," exclaimed Madame. "But she has a sickly look. I do not wonder you may not sell her; we have enough like her. Monsieur must paint different something gay and cheerful, fresh, you know."

"I am too poor to hire a model," said the artist, gloomily.

"Ah, true," replied Madame; "but suppose I could find a model. Would Monsieur paint?"

"Perhaps."

She led the way through the tiny shop to a tinier living room. There in one corner, looking very big and clumsy, stood an oaken chest with the lilies of France carved upon it. The old woman unfastened a key from her chatelaine and knelt before the chest. She paused.

"Monsieur must know," she said gravely, "long way back in France my people were not poor, but rich. That was before the revolution, Monsieur; before their names were knitted into the cruel Madame's stocking. They fell. We have always been poor enough since. Ce coffre contains my great grandmere's ball gown. Monsieur shall see."

She unlocked the chest and lifting a covering of tissue paper shook out a rich white satin gown heavily embroidered with pale blue forget-me-nots. The stomacher was thickly sown with seed pearls and wide ruffles of rare old lace edged the neck.

The artist gave a cry of admiration: "A costume of the time of Louis XVI. How exquisite!"

"Here are her slippers," continued Madame, holding up a pair of white satin slippers adorned with tarnished gold buckles; "and these are the gloves she wore. To think I have them yet, Monsieur, and my great grandmere dust these 100 years! We might have sold her toilette over and over again, when we were hungry and cold, but we always preferred to suffer for my grandmere's sake. Now listen, Monsieur, Petite Annette, across the street, you love her; I have seen so. She has a heart as sweet as a nut, and as bonny a face as ever the sunshine kissed. If I put these robes upon her she will look like une grande dame fit for Monsieur's brush. She will be fresh like the rose, and as beautiful. She shall be Monsieur's model and I will make his fortune."

That night then the sausage vender took in his stand. Annette, free at last, slipped across the road, and the old Madame robed the girl in the grand toilette, and fastened her soft fluffy curls in a knot high on her head with a quaint tortoise shell comb. Wrapped in cloaks the two stole down the street and entered the tall building. They threaded their way among the dusty bags, scaring the silvery coated mice, and climbed the stairs to the artist's studio.

When his eyes fell upon the vision of loveliness Madame presented to him, they shone with a new light. Love? Well, part love and part artistic rapture, but in either case Annette was the cause. The little Frenchwoman clapped her hands and laughed joyfully.

Always during the sittings, Madame sat decorously by knitting industriously, but keeping a sharp eye out, as became a chaperon. Not the slightest symptom of love making escaped her. The portrait grew beneath the brush as if the very fairy of good luck had lent her spell to the artist. Never had his palette glowed with such colors, nor had such hitherto impossible tints blossomed forth. Every detail of the fresh young face became familiar to him; until at last from the canvass looked forth the sausage vender's daughter, in the grand dame's robes, as beautiful as the proudest lady in the land.

"I can do no more," sighed the artist; then Madame arose and, taking the girl by the hand, led her toward the door. "Monsieur has no longer need of us," she exclaimed, "adieu."

But the artist would not have it so. He pushed past the old Frenchwoman and stood before the girl.

"I love you, Annette," he cried, "will you not marry me?"

"Tut, tut," said Madame. "You must speak first to Monsieur Laubeau. We will have no bold American manners here. If he consents then Annette may think of you. Come, Annette."

It was indeed true that the little Madame had brought good luck to the poor artist. The portrait was sent to a picture dealer, in less than a week it was sold, and orders had come through the dealer to set the artist busy. He went to thank the old Frenchwoman.

"The good people like something fresh," said the Madame. "Monsieur might have sat in his garret and pined and been melancholy till he died. Good luck would have none of him. One must be brave and smile to win fortune."

"I owe everything to you," said the grateful young man.

"Ah! true," returned Madame nonchalantly; "but tell me, have you yet won Monsieur Laubeau's consent?"

"Alas! he refuses me Annette's hand. He will give no reason."

"We must learn," said the Madame, and leaning far out of the window of her tiny shop, she beckoned frantically to the sausage vender across the road. He came, followed by Annette.

"Why is it Monsieur Laubeau refuses his daughter to the young Monsieur who loves her truly?" inquired the Frenchwoman.

"I could not get on without Annette," grumbled the old man, "there would be none to cry hot sausages!"

"True, true," said Madame; "but must the young people be unhappy for this?"

"I am old," continued the sausage vender "and I have but Annette. If I yield her to the young Monsieur, who will care for me?"

"Let me think," said the little Frenchwoman. "Ah, I have it! 'Tis said only the young should wed; but I say 'tis well to be comfortable in one's old days, and a companion is needful. If Monsieur Laubeau wishes it I will reconsider the proposal he made me years ago, he shall fetch the sausage stand across the road and set it here in front of my shop. The priest shall make us one, and I myself, will cry hot sausages!" Mary E. Stone Basset in Kate Field's Washington.

Early Steamboat Navigation.

The torpedo boat Cushing's voyage from New York to Newport in six hours and fifty minutes is in interesting contrast with the first steamboat passage between the two cities. This voyage was that of the Firefly, which left New York on May 25, 1817, and reached Newport in twenty eight hours. The steamer Fulton had made the voyage to New Haven two years before in about eleven hours, and thirteen years later that voyage had been shortened only about one hour. Regular steamboat communication between New York and Newport was not established until 1822. The trip had been made experimentally the year before in sixteen hours. The fare to Newport by the early lines was $9.

The public did not begin to call the Sound steamers "floating palaces" until 1826, when the steamer Washington began to run on the line, and went through from Providence in less than sixteen hours. The time to Providence had been reduced to twelve and one half hours in 1835, and there began to be much talk of swift steamers, but the boats were still small, and it was ten years before steamers of considerable size navigated the Sound. The Massachusetts built in 1836, was the first boat to resemble faintly the great Sound steamers of today, and she was only 202 feet long, considerably less than half the length of the largest modern steamers.

The Fit of Gowns in the Back.

The first thing I say to a woman, says an authority on physical culture, and its attendant ethics, when she comes to me for advice and suggestion, is, "Turn your back to me." It is remarkable how few women present a good-looking back, straight and shapely, with shoulder tips in line, elbows not poking, hips even, and no protuberant shoulder blades. In one of her stories, Mrs. Cruger makes a clever, fashionable woman, who is displaying a Worth gown to some friends, ask, anxiously, "Is the back right?" and when told that it is the perfection of elegant fit in the back, say, with relief, "Then I shall keep it." One has so many resources to conceal an ill-fitting front; one's arms and hands, a bow of ribbon and the like, but the back is hopeless, and must be above reproach, or words of similar effect. Mrs. Cruger is quite right, and she might have gone further. The back is not only the crucial test of a woman's gown; it is also of her general appearance. A good back is very rare. Watch women on the street, and you will be surprised to see how few will own one.

A Breakfast Joke.

"There is one habit that seems to be spreading," said Jocus at breakfast the other morning."

"What is that?" quietly asked the parson.

"The use of butter," replied Jocus.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Of Chicago Is One of the Largest and Finest Clubs in the Country.

One of the largest and finest clubs in the country is the Chicago Woman's club, which dates back twenty-one years and over. There was already a literary club of hight standing, in good working order, but there seemed to be a place in Chicago, however, for a club pledged to study and to work on practical and economic lines, especially in education and philanthropy. About twenty women, therefore, met together at the residence of Mrs. Caroline M. Brown, for three years president of the club, and organized the Chicago Woman's club. The club is divided into six departments—reform, home, education, philanthropy, art and literature, science and philosophy. The membership of the club is now nearly 700 and the club occupies large rooms in the club building, directly in the centre of the city. The club holds its literary meetings on the first and third Wednesdays of the month. The six departments take turns in supplying the topic and essayist of the day.

When a woman is elected a member of the Chicago's Woman's club she signifies which department she desires to join, and takes the following pledge: "Holding my membership in the Chicago Woman's club as something sacred and worthy of unfailing loyalty, I will sustain the club in its good work and guard its reputation as long as I am a member." This pledge might well be adopted in many other clubs.

The club rooms are open all the time for the service of the members, and the custodian, Mrs. Underwood, is a brilliant example of what the right woman in the right place can accomplish.

There is a resting room, with lounges and easy chairs, and where members can retire to hold conferences when they desire to be free from interruption. There is a dressing-room with a partition for each member, and a hallway where on club days is seated a representative of the treasurer and assistant, and also one of the social committee to receive cards of guests and hand their names to the president for announcement to the club. The auditorium is simply but very effectively furnished, the platform is raised and the chairs are in a semicircle. A grand piano is on the platform and the chairs occupied by the president and secretary are very beautiful. They were donated to the club. Palms decorate the platform and flowers are always on the table in front of the president, and also on the dining room table, so that the elegances of life are never overlooked by these practical working women.

Out of the auditorium opens the library, where all the periodicals are kept. American and foreign. The committee rooms connected are large enough to seat an audience of 100 to 125, and there is also a dining room, with a small kitchen. The lunch served is always a simple one—one warm dish, with salad, chocolate and coffee or tea, and sandwiches, substantial, daintily served and always good.

The accomplishments of this famous Chicago Woman's club, in the way of public service, have been summed up by Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, who is a prominent member, as follows:

It supplied 50,000 people with work during the depression which followed the closing of the world's fair.

It introduced the kindergarten system into the public schools.

It supports the school for boys in the city jail.

It established the Children's Aid society which distributes garments to poor school children.

It raised $35,000 to aid the Kenwood industrial school for boys.

It secured the appointment of a woman physician in the insane asylum at Dunning.

It inaugurated the movement for raising funds for the woman's dormitory at the Chicago University.

It raised an endowment fund scholarship for the art institute.

It has organized the following associations: The Protective Agency for Women and Children, the Physiological Institute, the Society of Physical Culture and Correct Dress, the Public School Art association, and the Chicago Political league.

A Woman's Watch.

They were sipping chocolate at a downtown fashionable cafe and talking of watches. And this is what was said:

"I have carried my watch for ten years," said the senior member of the party, "and it has never cost me a penny for repairs."

"Mercy!" exclaimed another one. "How do you manage it?"

"I took care of it. You know, men are always making disagreeable remarks about women's watches, and when my husband gave me mine he said it would probably be out of order most of the time. And I just made up my mind to show him there was one woman in the world who knew how to take care of a watch."

"But have you never lost it or had it stolen?"

"Never. I dropped it several times at first, but it did not show any marks."

"But do the works never get out of order?"

"The what?"

"The works inside, have you never broken the mainspring?"

"I never look inside."

"But how do you wind it?"

"I don't wind it. That's how I take care of it and keep it nice."

They all stared for a moment. Then they said: "Oh, you clever thing!" and adjourned sine die.

Queen of Sweden's Bedroom.

The bedroom of the Queen of Sweden is large and airy, and is furnished with the greatest simplicity. The walls are papered with cream colored paper with a small gilt design, and the hangings are of royal blue red, with a border of gold and blue. The bed is a huge one of mahogany, and the carpet is blue. The walls are covered with photographs of members of the queen's family. The bookshelves contain many religious works, as the queen is a good and charitable woman. There is not an article of expensive luxury in the room, and in spite of its old-fashioned air it has a delightful one of gentle femininity.

OUR FASHION LETTER

Latest Thing In New Coats and Costumes.

EVENING GOWNS VERY ELABORATE

Sumptuous Silks and Satins, Heavily Embroidered, to Be Worn—Separate Coats Much In Vogue—Fruits on Hats.

The new fall hats are very shallow and closely cut at the back, projecting greatly in front, and are trimmed with velvet and pads of fancy feathers shaded brown and fancy tints. They are relieved with touches of vivid turquoise, orange or red and blue, and merle feathers are intermixed with impeyan pheasant plumes. Mercury wings of varied coloring are also used on autumn hats and paste, silver and steel buckles and ornaments are more fashionable than those in gilt or bronze.

For pretty dinner and evening gowns there are dainty striped chine louisines

BLUE TAFFETA GOWN.

in pastel colorings or darker tones, with a plain colored stripe a little over a quarter of an inch wide, a narrow black and white beading stripe laid on the top.

Although white will be much worn this winter in heavy cloths, yet beaver, castor and mouse tints will be seen a great deal, as these trim well with the darker guipure laces and look well with almost any fur.

The kimono coat is admirable with a fur stole and this shape is also smart for evening wear. The lace coat is extremely elegant and in cream or ivory lace over white satin it is seen at its best. The usual decoration is chiffon.

The blue taffeta gown here shown is trimmed in an original manner with Persian embroidery and silk tassels.

Handsome Materials.

White and black beaver are very popular for the tricorne hat. Gold and silver braid will be used on hats to be worn with tailor made dresses. These simple hats are decorated with rosettes of moire, silk, velvet or taffeta.

Velvet and silk will be used lavishly as trimmings to cloth dresses. Green, brown and a new ruddy red will be

OF ECRU CREPE DE CHINE.

about the favorite tones for the early autumn. Fantastic trimmings made of gimp, guipure and silk will not be noticeable on the cloth frocks, while on serge gowns we shall see flat braids dotted with white and silver spots.

Evening dress later on will be very costly, heavy embroideries being very much used. There is a return to the old fashioned silks and satins, which are as sumptuous as the purse will allow.

Lace dresses are still in vogue, and some lovely Parisian models show panels of painted panne. The tendency in evening dress is toward elaboration.

The dress illustrated is of ecru crepe de chine and white lace run through on the waist with a narrow scarf of black lace.

Revival of the Basque.

Basques are a prominent feature of the new fashions. Some of them are absurdly short, but no doubt they will get longer as the season advances.

The revival of the jacket is another item of interest. It is being made in pale colored cloths trimmed with braid and there are even smart models in silk, satin and velvet.

Separate coats of the loose paletot or sack type are now very modish, but

CLOTH COAT.

much depends on the finish of these garments. For a plain coat the triple capes with turnover revers or collar in highwayman style are much in favor, or deep capes fitting tightly over the shoulder are bordered with passementerie and lace.

A fashionable cloth for coats is of gray and white, the knots and tufts of white interminglied slightly with black on a gray ground. This is exceedingly effective with black braid, silver or steel buttons and a lining of pearl gray silk.

Most of the newer coats have no neckband or collar and are more comfortable to wear with fur ties or boas than when the neck is high and close.

An ultra smart cloth coat is here shown. It has the triple cape collar and wide bell cuffs so fashionable. The collar and wide sleeves are of velvet and embroidery.

Brown Shades Popular.

One of the newest tones of brown is very dark and has the particular reddish tint of newly plowed earth when quite wet. These red tones are more in vogue than the yellowish shades of last season.

A rich deep red will be worn by a few, but this is only for the dark pale woman who possesses many gowns and can afford to wear her red one only on appropriate occasions.

A soft white felt hat recently seen was very much tilted on the left side,

EMPIRE TEA GOWN.

the vacancy being filled in with a huge black velvet bow. The brim was surrounded by a garland of cherries ending in a long trail of cherries in the back.

Drooping trimmings are the rage once more. The newest fruits for hat trimmings are apples, with long trails of them at the back, apricots, raspberries and grapes.

Grapes are also used in the hair for evening decorations. When hats have upturned rims, it is becoming to trim the inside with feathers the same color as the hat.

The empire gown in the cut is made of black dotted chiffon over white silk.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

ECLIPSES AND REMARKABLE DATES.

In the Nineteenth Year of Tiberius, the Sun Was Darkened.

In a total eclipse of the sun the point of the shadow cone, which is constantly projected into space by the moon, touches a narrow strip of the earth's surface, from which region alone the sun is totally obscured.

These total eclipses occur about three times in four years, but a total eclipse for any given region does not occur oftener than once in 200 years.

It is therefore possible when an eclipse of the sun is described in connection with some remote historical event, and the hour is mentioned, to fix the period of the occurrence exactly.

Historical research is thus aided, and, to facilitate reference, Prof. Von Oppolzer, Viennese Astronomer Royal, has, with the aid of ten assistants, fixed the date of 8,000 eclipses of the sun and 2,500 eclipses of the moon, extending over a period from 1200 B. C. to 2163 A. D., the calculations filling 242 thick folio volumes.

Two applications of these data may be cited. The oldest recorded eclipse, which occurred in China 4,000 years ago, is mentioned in the Chinese book "Schuking" as taking place in the early morning, in the last month of harvest, in the fifth year of Emperor Tschung-hang's reign. Other sources show that this reign was undoubtedly in the twenty-second century B. C., and the only eclipse that would apply took place on October 22, 2137 B. C.

It is recorded that Christ suffered in the nineteenth year of Tiberias, in which year the sun was darkened, Bithynia shaken and much of Nicea laid in ruins. One writer mentions that a total eclipse of the sun, lasting from the sixth to the ninth hour, occurred in the reign of Tiberias, during full moon, and another adds that it occurred on the 14th day of the month.

Now, an eclipse of the sun at full moon is impossible. Reference to Oppolzer's work shows that the only total eclipse of the sun in that region, between eight years before our reckoning and 59 A. D., took place Thursday, November 24-29 A. D.

This is not reconcilable with the scriptural account, which places the crucifixion at the Jewish Easter. An eclipse of the moon, however, was visible at Jerusalem on April 3, 33 A. D., so that it is most probable that the ancient historians confused the two events, and that the eclipse of the moon was the phenomenon which signalized the crucifixion.

Chinese Wrath.

The Orientals are not quarrelsome as a rule, although they are much given to argument. The Japanese and Chinese are noticeably taciturn, especially among strangers, and the police court records testify that Chinese do not indulge in rows, and if they create a disturbance, it must be a very quiet one.

In China, where the population is of unexampled density, they are somewhat more noisy, and they frequently indulge in what they call an "uproar." Now, in this country, it generally takes two to make an uproar, but in China one is all-sufficient.

A Chinaman who has been wronged will go upon the street and roar at the top of his voice. The art of hallooing, as it is called in Chinese, is closely associated with that of reviling, and the Chinese women are such adepts in both as to justify the aphorism that what they have lost in their feet they have gained in their tongues.

Much of this abusive language is regarded as a sort of spell or curse. A man who has had the beads removed from his field of millets, stands at the entrance of the alley which leads to his dwelling and pours forth volleys of abuse upon the unknown offender. This has a double value—first, as a means of notifying to the public his loss and his consequent fury, thus freeing his mind; and, secondly, as a prophylactic tending to secure him against the repitition of the offense.

Women indulge in this practice of "reviling the street" from the flat roofs of the houses, and shriek away for hours at a time until their voices fail.

Abuse delivered in this way attracts little or no attention, and one sometimes comes on a man or woman thus screeching themselves red in the face, with not a auditor in sight.

If the day is a hot one, the reviler bawls as long as he or she has breath, then proceeds to refresh himself with a season of fanning, and afterward returns to the attack with renewed fury.

A fight in which only two parties are concerned usually resolves itself into mere hair pulling. The combatants, when separated by their friends, shout back to each other maledictions and defiance.

Catching Big Snakes.

"To catch a boa constrictor is a difficult and dangerous task," says a man who makes it his business to capture wild animals and reptiles for menagerie purposes. "Briefly, it is accomplished by means of a labyrinthian tangle, embracing sixty square feet of ground. The labyrinth is made by joining together, end on end, pieces of matting. This web is eight feet high, usually, and placed so that the opposing walls will be two feet apart. All sorts of criss-cross and diverging combinations are made with the matting—it is supported here and there by stakes—making, when it is set, a geometrical puzzle that might well challenge the ingenuity of man. The trap is baited with a live pig, which is placed in a pen in the centre of the labyrinth. By and by along comes the boa constrictor. It is easy enough to get in. He scents the prey; he is very hungry; the pig is devoured, and here the boa comes to grief. For hours he tries to release himself from the tortuous passages which rise about him, but finally he grows tired, and stretches himself out for a nap. Then is our time. We open the labyrinth and catch him."

The Flower Bill at a Rich Jew's Ball.

At a ball given by a wealthy Jew in Bayswater the other day, which was in honor of his daughter's coming of age, the flower bill amounted to £800. The partitions dividing the supper and ball rooms were made entirely of tracks of the exquisite foliage known in Madeira as "joy of the country," and of fragrant stephanotis looped back with snowy gardenia blossoms.