HOUSEHOLD.

NOVELTIES IN FURS, FUR TRIMMED WRAPS AND TAILOR GOWNS.

The Popular Cut and Colors—The Two New Coat Shapes—A Pretty Furred Cloth Cape—Tailor Gowns of the Very Best Style.

Everything is soft and clinging to the figure, and plain clothes are the order of the day for autumn wear. Colors in high favor are shades of blue, a chestnut with a reddish hue, tans, a charming tint that is a kind of ivory yellow and called by Parisians "the falling of the leaf," also a pretty mushroom shade, something like old parchment.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the shaped flounce takes a foremost position everywhere and is mainly responsible for making new clothes an urgent necessity, for no self respecting woman could possibly appear in one of the last season's capes which was guiltless of a flounce, or a last season's coat which was designed before the spoon shaped basque had been introduced.

TWO UP TO DATE FUR COATS.

With all due respect to the cape of the moment, it is a relief and pleasure to turn from its familiar curves to the two versions shown in the cut of the up to date fur coat, authorized by Dame Fashion, from which you may make choice according to the number of inches vouchsafed you by nature. For the one is long of basque, with a shaped flounce of sable to contrast with the sealskin of which it is primarily fashioned and to continue its career as pointed revers and high collar. A beautiful garment this for the tall woman, while for the others there is the chic charm of that broad tail coat which only just covers the waist line and which has its sleek blackness contrasted with the delicate natural gray of the broad tail which lines the high tabbed collar and forms the quaintly shaped revers. Finally, as a sort of compromise between the coat and cape, there are graceful frilled capes short on the shoulders, with two long shaped ends falling below the knee.

Necklets in stone marten, skunk, blue fox and sable are popular. They are, as last season, furnished with a multiplicity of tails. Some necklets are so shaped that they may be worn flat or reversed to form a high medici collar.

The foregoing styles are, of course, of the costliest, but there is ample provision for the people of modest dress allowance in tasteful fur trimmed garments. A pretty style in tan, gray or blue cloth is lined with squirrel fur; a band of dark fur heads the inevitable bordering frill and forms the high collar.

Two tailor made gowns which, though absolutely simple, would make their mark anywhere by reason of beautiful cut and finish are shown in the second illustration.

One is built in violet cloth, the little short basqued coat fastening over at the left side with a very broad band of stitched strapping, which is taken up again on the skirt, where eventually it divides at the level of the knees, to follow the sweeping curve which discloses an underskirt of violet velvet, which same beautiful fabric is used for the making of the coat collar.

The other costume boasts of a skirt of scarlet hopsack, fitting like a sheath till at the knees comes the first of a group of encircling bands of strapping. It is lined with black silk, and the coat is of black faced cloth made in the double breasted reefer fashion, and when opened discloses a vest of scarlet crepe de chine finely tucked. You can imagine that the effect is exceedingly good. No woman who appreciates good style can fail to be impressed with these gowns.

VERY CHIC TAILOR GOWNS.

Answering a Dinner Card.

When a dinner card is received and the recipient does not make use of printed cards of acceptance or refusal, the answer should be couched in the third person, and much pleasure in accepting or regret at refusing should be expressed. Indeed it is the received rule—save between intimate friends—that all invitations issued in the third person should be responded to in the third person also.

CAREFUL GREEK PARENTS.

Boys Were Escorted to School Just as Girls Are Now.

The extraordinary care that the Grecian boy received in his formative years made his moral training more effective than that inculcated by the most careful of modern parents. His general education, coupled with skillful and continuous physical instruction, produced a moral cultivation very similar and fully as strict as that the Christian father deems necessary for his daughters.

A pedagogue, generally an old and trusted slave, led the boys to school and called for them after it closed, carried the books, looked out for the little boys, kept the older ones from fighting and falling into bad company and had a general oversight of their conduct and street form. He was by no means a schoolmaster or even a private tutor, not even being allowed to enter the schoolroom. Oftentimes ignorant in the extreme, he was chosen simply because of his loyalty to the family and sometimes, I fear, because he was unfit for any other occupation. Though the butt of the boys' ridicule as well as that of the comic poets and low wits of the day, he did an incalculable service in preventing vicious companionships and keeping pure the minds of those intrusted to his charge.

The child was never sent off to boarding school, but boys attended the day school; town life prevailed. Besides, that sentiment that zealously guarded the boy's purity with a pedadogue from his sixth to his sixteenth year could brook no intermission of personal oversight. Education was essentially private, the state having jurisdiction simply over the moral and not the professional standing of the teacher.—Popular Science Monthly.

FAKE "FENCES."

A Little Trick That Is Worked In Baxter Street.

"There was a time and that not so very long ago," remarked an old time puller in, "when almost every other store in Baxter street was a 'fence,' or pretended to be, in order to give customers the idea that they were getting good bargains. The clerk who took a hesitating customer aside and whispered 'fence' was generally sure of a sale. There are no genuine 'fences' in Baxter street now, because clothing, shoes and hats are so cheap, but some of the stores still pretend to sell stolen goods.

"When a customer in one of these stores has looked everything over in the shop and hasn't made a purchase, the salesman tells him that he has a little 'fence' down stairs and urges upon him the necessity of keeping it quiet on account of the police. Of course the customer won't say a word. So down stairs they go to the alleged 'fence,' which generally proves to be a big trunk packed with goods.

"While showing the contents of the trunk the salesman keeps up a running yarn about the famous criminals who brought the goods to the store.

"Finally, after showing a lot of stuff of the same quality and pattern the customer refused to buy up stairs, the salesman gets him to try on something, and as quality, workmanship and perfect fit always go with 'fence' goods, there is a sale made. This fake 'fence' answers sale purposes as well as the genuine," concluded the puller in, "and there is no risk attached to it."—New York Sun.

A Naval Row, 1702.

At 6 this evening Captain Norris coming on board this ship (the flagship), my Lord Hamilton, Captain Ley, Captain Wishart and Captain Trevor were standing on the quarter deck, and as Captain Norris came up Lord Hamilton asked him if he had taken any more wine or brandy. The other answered no, upon which Captain Trevor asked the price of his claret, whether he might have any at 4 li. a hogshead. Norris said he would have 6 li. or salt water, and then Captain Ley said he would rather the prizes were ashore than he would give 6 li. the hogshead; upon which Captain Norris said he was a rascal that wished his prizes ashore. The other replied he was a rascal, if he called him so, and then Captain Norris struck Captain Ley and threw him over the gun, which Mr. Hopson hearing, as he and I were in my cabin, ran out and upon inquiry found he (Norris) had hurt Captain Ley, and by the admiral's directions ordered him to be confined, upon which Captain Norris drew his sword and offered to stab Captain Ley, but Admiral Hopson, holding his hand, ordered him to be disarmed and confined in Mr. Rayney's cabin.—"Journal of Sir John Rooke."

A PATRON OF ART.

HE WAS NOT MUCH OF A JUDGE OF PICTURES, BUT BOUGHT THEM.

And When All Was Said and Done It Had to Be Acknowledged by the Painters Themselves That He Was a Real Patron.

There is a story you can hear if you want in Paris concerning two men of Cincinnati. Who the two men are, in the words of the poet, "I know, but may not tell." If I could tell—ah, that would be a seven days' scandal!

Both of them were supposed to be patrons of art. They were men of note and they had money galore. They did not know anything about pictures. They could not tell, unaided, a Rembrandt from a lithograph; but that is a trifle. They were patrons of art.

As to their names, I shall call one Smith and the other Jones. Well, Smith bought a picture and presented it to the Art museum. Then Jones went abroad and visited Paris, and there an artist whom I knew ran across him.

"I want," said Jones, "to give a picture to the museum. Smith has done so. I mustn't let him get ahead of me."

"My dear Mr. Jones," said the artist aforesaid, "I know exactly the picture for you. It was painted by Constant. It is now in Constant's studio. Let me take you there tomorrow and you shall see it. You will not get anything lovelier in all Paris."

The next day they went to Constant's studio. They were shown the picture. Constant himself shook hands with the great American patron of art. The other artist, the one who had taken Jones to the studio, praised the picture inordinately. It was indeed lovely, and it deserved the praise. The American was visibly impressed. He almost said he would buy it.

"And it is not a dear picture, all things considered," said his conductor.

"How much?" said the patron.

"Twenty thousand francs—$4,000."

"Oh!"

From that moment the interest of the patron began to cool. He did not say again that he liked the picture. He took leave of the famous Constant almost curtly. He did not encourage his conductor to talk, and he would not himself say anything more about the picture.

Naturally the conducting artist thought it was all over. He made a feeble attempt to reopen the subject, but the patron of art said gruffly:

"No, no. That picture doesn't suit me."

Picturesque and severe things were said about that patron by that artist. He declared that the patron knew no more of art than a cow did. What business had such a man to an opinion about a picture?

"Of course," he would conclude at the end of each harangue, "the trouble was in the price. He is worth millions and he wouldn't pay $4,000 for a beautiful picture—the barbarian!"

Suddenly the artist was astonished. The patron had bought a picture, and, behold, it was one which cost double the price of Constant's. What could it all mean?

The artist was a point blank man, and the next time he saw the patron he went at him bluntly.

"Now, Mr. Jones," said he, "I want you to tell me why you didn't buy Constant's picture. I suppose the price was too steep. But the one you bought at least cost twice as much, and you got sold in buying it."

"Why, look here," said the brilliant Jones, "old Smith gave the museum a picture that cost $5,000—$5,000, you understand. Do you suppose I can give it one that cost only $4,000? What do you take me for?"

But he is a patron of art.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Mysteries of Sound.

Many of the manifestations of sound are still a complete mystery to science. One of the best architects in New Orleans remarked the other day that a building with good acoustic properties was always a lucky fluke, and that it was impossible to be absolutely certain in advance. Sometimes a trifling alteration will do the work—the dimensions of an arch are modified by an inch, a corner is made blunt, a slight obstruction removed, and, phesto! a whisper becomes audible.

There are old seafaring men in this city who can tell strange stories of fog sirens and bell buoys heard now for an incredible distance and again not heard at all when right at hand. There would be nothing about the air or weather to account for such a variation, but the naked fact was indisputable, and the phenomenon is at the bottom of many an otherwise unaccountable wreck.

Near the center of the city is a clock that strikes the hours on a deep toned bell. Sometimes the note may be heard almost to the suburbs. On other days, or rather other nights, it is inaudible outside a radius of half a dozen blocks. Oddly enough, the bell seems clearest and its tone most penetrating in turbulent weather, irrespective of the direction of the wind.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Remarkable Lake.

The most remarkable body of water in the world lies in the vicinity of the Colorado river, in southern California. In this region of ugly volcanoes, desolate wastes and slimy swamps, the strangest phenomenon of all is what the naturalists call a "lake of ink." No other description fits as well.

The strange black fluid that forms the lake bears no resemblance to water.

The pool of ink is situated about half a mile from a volcano. It is about an acre in area. The surface is coated with gray ashes from the volcanoes to the thickness of about six inches, thus concealing its real nature.

Experience has proved that the black fluid of the lake is not poisonous. It acts as a dye, and cotton goods soaked in it keep their color for months, even when exposed to the sun. They also acquire a stiffness similar to that produced by weak starch. The fluid has been analyzed, but its component parts have not been made known. As to the source of the supply of the lake, nothing definite has been ascertained. It is undoubtedly of volcanic origin, but nothing more definite is known.

This is a bad land that has never been traversed. Human beings have tried it, but they never return to tell of their experience or their discoveries.—Louisville Post.

An Italian Peasant.

The Poletti's little cottage stands in a field and is semidetached. Like many of their class in Italy, they have a great love for and pride in their home. The furniture is well polished, the tools and utensils arranged with an attempt at decoration, and all is clean and neat. It is a two roomed house. On the ground floor is the kitchen, where the boy's bed stands under the stair which leads to the upper room. Here are two large beds, one for the parents, the other for the two girls.

In the kitchen stand a walnut wood table and a sideboard of antique design, an heirloom of the mother's; a walnut chest holds the bed and table linen and another old chest the best clothes; the everyday clothes are kept in a chest up stairs. They try to add something every year to the house linen. Sometimes the mother and daughters beg the use of a little plot of ground, which they sow with flax, and the year following they spin and weave it themselves, borrowing a loom from a farmer. Their stock compares favorably with that of the better off English cottager, to say nothing of the quality of this homemade linen compared to that bought cheap at a country shop.—Fortnightly Review.

Titles For Sale.

The only state in which the sale of nobiliary honors is open and legal is, strangely enough, a republic—the tiny Italian republic of San Marino, of the existence of which many are unaware. You can get a title in San Marino on application—and payment of the fee, which is not always the same for the individual honor—and the proceeds are used for the support of the national foundling asylum. You have the satisfaction of knowing that you have performed an act of charity, but you will get little more than that for your money. San Marino distinctions do not count for anything outside the state and for but little within it.

Rarest Bird.

To find the rarest bird in existence you must go to the mountains between Anam and Loas, where there is a certain kind of pheasant.

For many years its existence was known only by the fact that its longest and most splendid plume was in much request by mandarins for their headgear.

A single skin is worth $400, and the bird living would be priceless, for it soon dies in captivity.—New York Journal.

A Serious Omission.

"Here's something queer," said the man who is always looking for flaws.

"What's that?" asked the man who was reading the news over the other's shoulder.

"This account of the death of Captain Biddleby. I've read it through twice now and I can't find it said anywhere that 'the news of his death came to his friends with a shock.' "—Cleveland Leader.

Some of the adulterations found in beer are cocculus indicus, capsicum, ginger, quassia, wormwood, calamus root, caraway and coriander seeds, copperas, sulphuric acid, cream of tartar, alum, carbonate of potash, ground oyster shells, nux vomica, piertoum and strychnine.

Cheaper Than Payment.

He—Here is your dressmaker's bill. She is becoming impatient for her money.

She—Indeed? Then I must call tomorrow and order a new dress.—Heitere Welt.

A DIPLOMATIC TRICK.

AN INCIDENT THAT PROVED THE CUNNING OF BISMARCK.

The Roundabout Manner In Which He Secured the Safe Transmission of His Official Correspondence to the Foreign Office.

Stepping to the counter, Herr von Bismarck asked a grinning young shopboy in shirt sleeves, a blue linen apron, not of maiden freshness, and blessed with a pair of large, red, greasy paws, engaged in weighing some Dutch cheese, to oblige him with a sheet of writing paper, some sealing wax and a pen to direct a letter.

On the boy producing the needful with the traditional "What else, sir?" Bismarck said: "My hands are rather cold. You had better do it for me." And he handed the boy a couple of letters wrapped in the sheet of bluish paper forming an envelope, for in those days made up envelopes were still unknown in Germany. Evidently flattered by the request of such an imposing looking client, for Herr von Bismarck's tall hat was almost touching the ceiling of the squalid little shop, the greasy handed youth took the parcel, and, having closed it skillfully with some brown sealing wax and indorsed it with the initials of the firm, he returned it to its owner to write the address.

"Sorry, my friend, to give you more trouble," said the future chancellor in his jovial way, "but I can't manage to write with my gloves on, so just address it for me." And he handed him a penciled slip with the name of Herr Fritz Piepenbrink or some such name, oil and colonial warehouseman, No. 000 Friedrichs strasse, Berlin.

"Thank you, young man; that'll do capitally," and paying for the paper, etc., with a small tip to the oily boy with the stereotyped grin, he pocketed his letter, and we left the place to continue our walk.

"I dare say you are wondering why I treat my correspondents to such greasy, evil smelling missives?" And he showed me the cheesy finger marks of the boy on both sides of the improvised envelope. "I'll tell you a secret, and teach you a useful lesson for future times. You may some day thank me for the hint," exclaimed Herr von Bismarck, laughing heartily.

"You know we are blessed here in Frankfort, as throughout all south Germany, with the Thurn and Taxis postal administration, a mine of wealth to that fortunate family, but the most wretchedly managed concern under the sun. As you may imagine, it is under the thumb of Austria, hence slow and the triumph of red tape, with a pronounced weakness for diving into other people's business and skimming, of course, the correspondence of all German and foreign envoys, accredited to the diet, with a preference for mine, the ever suspected Prussian culprit and traitor.

"They have established a regular black cabinet in the princely postoffice, where specially trained imperial and royal wiseacres peruse our prose with critical eye, transmitting copies of extracts of all 'treasonable' matter, or particularly interesting reports, to the august Ballplatz, where Gentand and after him Klindworth have established a lynx eyed system of political espionage (politisches schnuffeln) extending all over Europe, and comprising eo ipso all German courts and chancelleries.

"Not being particularly anxious to gratify the morbid curiosity of our Austrian ally, I have thought it advisable to send important reports to the Berlin foreign office, as well as all my letters to the king, to Herr von Manteufel, and to my sister and some particular friends, under cover to some mercantile firm in Berlin, changing frequently and usually asking a counter jumper in a cheesemonger's or oilman's shop to address them for me—and you can easily understand that the imperial and royal sniffers (schnuffler) don't manage to guess the correspondent of the Prussian representative under a greasy, ill smelling cover, such as you have seen.

"It stands to reason that the smell of cheese or herring and the scribbling of a shopboy must deceive sharper men than the Thurn and Taxis post officials and the specially delegated Austrian postoffice clerks. The only precaution I have to take is to go to different shops in quarters of the town where I am not known and to vary the Berlin address from time to time. Thus I'm perfectly safe.

"Le tour est joue, and I snap my fingers at the Ballplatz. It is simple enough, as you have seen, yet it wouldn't do to send everything through that channel, as they would otherwise get suspicious, so I treat my Austrian friends at least once a week to some of my diplomatic prose — unimportant stuff, and occasionally something I want them to know—or to believe," and he indulged in a boisterous laugh.—Baron de Malortie in Cornhill Magazine.

Down on Puns.

Mrs. Browne—Yes, we used to let Tommy sit on the dictionary when he took his piano lessons, but his father put a stop to it.

Mrs. Greene—Why so? 'Fraid it would hurt the book?

Mrs. Browne—No. It was too much like punning—playing on words, you know.—Boston Transcript.