

KILLED IN A VAULT OF THE BRIDGE TOWER.

Struck by a Train, a Man Falls Over a Hundred Feet.

No Way of Getting at Him Save by Lowering a Volunteer into the Black Hole.

FELLOW WORKMAN OFFERS TO GO.

The Victim Was William Brown, a Carpenter, Who Helped in the Building of the Big Bridge Twenty-five Years Ago.

While crossing the south railroad track of the Brooklyn Bridge within the shadow of the gothic-arched roadway of the tower on the New York side, William Brown, foreman of a gang of carpenters, was struck by a train at 5.30 a. m. yesterday, and fell between the ties. Being directly on the tower, it would naturally be supposed he could not have fallen far at that point, and that the train would have passed over and crushed his body.

As a matter of fact the unfortunate man fell a distance of 110 feet down into the blackness of an air shaft made by the hollow in the masonry of the tower of the bridge tower. Looked at from any point on the river or land the big towers appear solid, but they are not in reality so, each having a well fifty feet wide in its centre. These wells are made the receptacles of refuse by the watchmen and cleaners on the bridge, the river water at high tide entering through an aperture and cleansing the vaults. There are neither stairs nor ladders leading down into the lanky black hollow in the masonry of the tower, and it would be necessary for anybody to descend on a mission of humanity. Consequently, when Brown's body disappeared in the well, it was seen that it could only be recovered by lowering a volunteer into the depths to make a rope fast to it.

A workman, whose name unfortunately has not been learned, offered to go upon this mission, although neither he nor any of those who lowered him into the depths supposed for a moment that life would be found remaining in the body at the bottom. To the amazement of all, Brown was still breathing when his body, covered with slime and filth, had been hoisted to the surface by the rope which the volunteer had attached around it, just under the tower.

An ambulance, in charge of Dr. Johnson, of the Hudson Street Hospital, had hurried around to the tower, and the unconscious man was lifted. Both legs were broken and there was a gaping hole in the man's skull, but it was not until five hours later that he ceased to breathe.

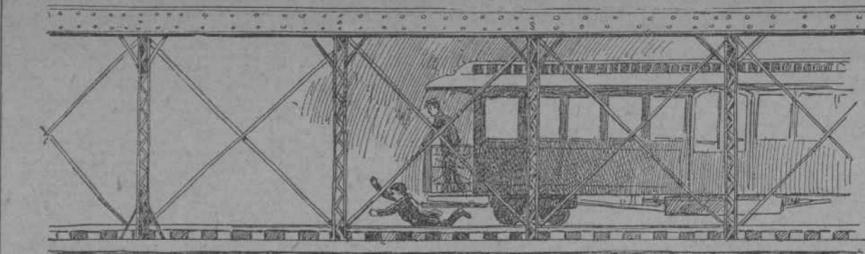
Brown belonged to the night shift, and had gone on duty at 11 p. m. He was superintending the laying of a track on the north track in the vicinity of the New York tower of the bridge. Having occasion to visit the tower, he stepped upon the south track right in the path of a train which was in charge of Conductor Gill.

He was fifty-five years of age, married and the father of two children. He lived at No. 220 East Seventh street. For twenty-five years he had worked around the Brooklyn Bridge, having been one of the secretaries of the construction gang when "singing" steel. He was a thorough, conscientious workman, and enjoyed the confidence of his superiors and the good will of his fellow workmen. These death traps ought to be filled with cement. In their present condition they are also a menace to the health of every passenger on the bridge trains.

DISOBEYED HIS MOTHER.

George Schenerer Fell from the Roof and Will Be a Cripple for Life.

Because he disobeyed his mother, twelve-year-old George Schenerer is in the Harlem Hospital, and when he leaves there it will be as a cripple. The Schenerer family lives on the top floor of the four-story tenement house at No. 125 East 116th street, between Second and Third streets. Mrs. Schenerer has repeatedly told George not to go on the roof, but yesterday he disobeyed her. While his mother was cooking the housework, George went to the forbidden place to fix his kite. There was no wind, and it fell to the ground. In looking over the roof after it, the boy lost his balance and fell. He struck the shutter of his mother's kitchen, then broke through three clothes lines, and finally struck the window, from which she saw her son's body lying motionless on the ground below. He was taken to the Harlem Hospital, where it was said he would recover, but that he would be a cripple for life.



PLUCKY LITTLE DAVID IN THE RACE TO WIN.

Thought the Gerry Society Would Teach Him How to Master a Trade.

Tramped, Worked and Begged All the Way from His Home in Peapack, N. J.

ONCE ROBBED OF ALL HIS MONEY.

But This Thirteen-Year-Old Boy Has the True Ring, and He'll Succeed Some Day—May Be Sent Back.

Worn out, but hopeful, David H. Miller, of Peapack, Somerset County, N. J., celebrated as the home of the Smith family, arrived at the Gerry society Thursday night and declared that he was prepared to enter the institution and learn a trade. Agent Pizzaro looked over the desk at him, rubbed his eyes, and asked the boy what he wanted.

"Haven't you been expecting me? My friend telegraphed you, didn't he?" "No, my young man, your friend did not



HE WANTS TO LEARN A TRADE.

telegraph me, and I did not expect you," replied Mr. Pizzaro. Only then did David's hope turn to disappointment. He is thirteen years of age and left his home July 22, full of the hope that



Awful Fall of a Carpenter.

William Brown, at work on the Brooklyn Bridge, was struck by a train and knocked into open space or vault in the tower on the New York side. He fell a distance of 110 feet and died after being pulled out with a rope.

that the person had jokingly offered to telegraph in advance of his arrival. The formality of arranging him before Magistrate Deuel in the Jefferson Market Court was gone through with, and the tramping youngster was then committed to the care of the society, where he will be held until his parents come to reclaim him, if they can. He was very much disappointed to learn that he was not on the right track to get a term of manual training, but he has good metal in him, and it will assert itself some day.

The Pratt Institute, in Brooklyn, endeavoring to its founders to help just such cases, may undertake the charge, if its rules do not conflict.

KICKED BY A HORSE TRAINER.

Mrs. Albert Cooper Says That Was Her Lot and She Wants a Divorce.

Mrs. Emma Cooper began an action in the Supreme Court yesterday for a separation from Albert Cooper, a well-known horse trainer. They were married December 13, 1892, and she alleges, through her lawyers, Howe & Hummel, that her husband began to act cruelly toward her a few months after their marriage. She declares that on several occasions he knocked her down, and once kicked her, injuring her severely. She also alleges that on Tuesday last he threatened to kill her.

Where Did He Get the Hat?

White Pasella Triplano was sleeping in the doorway of his home, at No. 80 Park street, Thursday night, when some one stole his hat. Yesterday he started out to purchase a new one and visited a second-hand clothing store at No. 41 Bayard street. He finally purchased a black fedora for 40 cents, and when he arrived home he found that he had purchased the hat that had been stolen from him the night before. He at once went to Centre Street Court and obtained a subpoena, which was served on the clothing dealer, who will have to explain where he got the hat.

Accused Bespoke Mercy for Him.

James Phillips, son of a wealthy politician and business man of Washington, yesterday pleaded guilty before Judge Cowing to forging the name of Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton to two checks on the Fifth Avenue Bank. Phillips was arrested on Tuesday. One check was for \$55 and the other for \$57. Dr. Paxton, the bank officials and Assistant Attorney General Bartie, out of regard for the young man's family, in asking clemency, and Judge Cowing sent Phillips to the Elmira Reformatory.

The Misfortunes of Abou Ben Hassan, Called the Fortunate.

Cash donations already acknowledged \$6,751.57. Avon Inn entertainment, 4.00. Teresa Harrison, Hugo Warshawski, Alfred Warshawski and Harry Caro, 1.00. Devere's entertainment, 22.25. Total, \$6,778.82.

"Salida," said Abou Ben Mouzzin, the camel driver, leaning down from his seat during the slack dinner hour at the Streets of Cairo, "Allah be with you as he has deserted his servant, the most unhappy true believer on the Island Coney."

"Look at him there, Hassan, son of my soul, child of the starry eyes." Hassan is called after three. His eyes are more like buttoholes than stars, but this might have been due to the sand and honeyed pop-corn that eclipsed his Celestial young face.

"Why do I, a follower of the prophet, faithful to the commands of the faithful, beat my beast, which is true to me, and go with my soul, which is harried, into bringing infidels into the city? Better is my heart, my hopes, dull as my brain as the Winter season. It is for Hassan, not for me, I mourn. Why? You see in me one who has had Niharalsaid to happiness. It was in the Chicago I saw her. She was horridly beautiful as a sunny holiday crowd. You saw her; she was Luna, the Maid of the Moon, and because she was good to look at she got \$14 every week, and she bore me Hassan, beloved of Allah, and then she went off with the pedler of the juice of the lime. May wild dogs delve the graves of his ancestors and his children never know the taste of hump of young camel!"

"Why do I tell you this tale of the misfortunes of Mouzzin, who was called the fortunate? I tell it to you because I want you to come here on the day of Junior Republics, the twelfth day of this month of Mouzzin's misery. For what else can I do with Hassan, now that his mother, who was a ghoul and no woman, has left him. Hassan will go to the Republic of Juniors."

Sure enough, Abou Ben Mouzzin has sent in an application to have the son of the Maid of the Moon admitted to the Freeville farm. Unfortunately, he is too young for citizenship.

Devere is still doing grand work among the hotels for the Junior Republic. At Hathaway Inn, Deal Beach, one of the most delightful summering spots on the Jersey coast, an enthusiastic audience was entertained by William Devere, the poet, humorist and singer, and Junior Republic orator, on Thursday night. The demand for honorary memberships to the Junior Republic, and badges for the "Boys and Girls of '96," was brisk.

Mr. Darling, the proprietor, and his manager, Mr. P. J. Curran, liberally donated the hotel bill to the fund.

Following is the list of contributors at Hathaway Inn: J. Bryant Lenke, 50 cents; Miss Helen Rolston, \$1; W. E. Keyes, \$1; A. Linden, \$1; J. R. McCoy, \$1; Mrs. G. A. Wells, \$1; E. S. Calvert, \$1; Master Ross-wood Graves Rolston and Master Brown Rolston, \$1; H. B. Fischer, Mrs. H. B. Fischer and Miss A. E. Fischer, \$3; Robert H. Leake, \$1; Charles H. Simms, \$1; L. B. Rolston and Little Jean Rolston, \$5; Unknown, 25 cents; George W. Jones, \$2; little Margaret Kennedy, \$1.

There are thousands of people to whom Coney Island is an unknown land, hedged around with prejudices.

A lot of well-meaning people see nothing of the bright side, of the happy thousands, who, in the rumbling surf, forget the heart-breaking struggle for existence. Coney is the workman's playground, and the ticket which the Journal offers for 50 cents, entitling the holder to a trip to Coney and back, and a day's enjoyment, at no further cost, is the cheapest and, in fact, the only one of its kind ever issued.

As you stroll down the Bowers an immense arch greets the eye at the Western extremity, upon which is perched a collection of musicians, who make up in volume for what they lack in melody.

Upon a stool is perched a funny little lecturer, almost hidden from view beneath a high hat, waving his arms frantically in the direction of the Midway. You make your fingers out of your ears and find yourself gazing up at a happy-faced negro in the throes of a laughing song, which makes you smile in spite of yourself.

After listening to the eloquent arguments of Colonel Maitland, who was a gentleman "befo' the war, sah," you pass inside and spend a pleasant half-hour listening to negro songs by genuine plantation dukes, who wind up the entertainment with the traditional cake-walk.

Next comes the Persian Theatre, where Mark Stone, the showman from the far West, has gathered a number of pretty girls. The next attraction, the Moorish Palace, contains one of the prettiest illusions on the Island. You see a beautiful girl apparently floating in the air, vanishing at the close of the performance in a shower of sparks.

Skirt dancers, comedians and more pretty girls are found in Mlle. Cengus's Theatre, and near the exit you pause before a platform upon which is seated a number of Eastern hours, their faces covered with gauzy veils, while white Harry Hamilton discourses eloquently upon the superior attraction of the "Original Streets of Cairo."

That's the Midway, or, rather, a part of it, and you can "do" it thoroughly and only use part of your big 50-cent ticket.

And another thing, mothers and fathers, you need have no computations about taking the little ones and going to Coney, for you will all be as safe as though you were in your own home.

Commissioner Welles and Inspector Clayton have kindly agreed to act upon the Committee of Arrangements, and everything is sure to go as smooth as a cold drink at noon.

People are commencing to learn about the big day and applications are pouring in from all sides for tickets. Tickets are on sale at the business office of the Journal; the uptown office, No. 1122 Broadway; the Harlem office, and at all prominent hotels, drug stores and large clothing stores in New York and Brooklyn.

TOUGH GANG IS BROKEN UP.

Police Swoop Down on the Coenties Slip Crowd and Capture Eight.

Two blocks south of the Produce Exchange is a blind alley "L" shaped, about 200 feet long. For several years it has been the meeting place of the "Coenties Slip Gang," a crowd of worthless, criminal-looking young men. For years they have intimidated the residents of the vicinity by demanding from any one that chanced to pass, the price of a "growler" of beer, and were berated the man who refused. In this alley the "gang" congregated nightly. Many times have the police of the Old Slip Station made raids on the place, but it

seemed only to make the "gang" the more desperate, and new members took the places of the absent ones.

Captain Donald Grant of the Old Slip police, determined to break up the gang, and at 1 o'clock yesterday morning Detectives Leroy, Snyder and three policemen made a sudden raid on the alley and captured the eight principal leaders.

At the station house they gave their names as George Stephenson, Charles Pele, Abraham Stephenson, William Higgins, John Doran, Henry Hergon, Robert Anderson and John Scott Kearney. They have no fixed home, and their ages vary from eighteen to forty.

They were sent to the Workhouse by Magistrate Wentworth yesterday.

AT RANDOM.

In San Francisco a new crusade has been started. The luncheon of the average school child is the object of reform, and Dr. Charlotte B. Brown is the crusader. Dr. Brown has devoted time and energy to the investigation of the luncheon problem. She discovered that the deadly pickle and the fatal cake were the favorite noonday dishes. She recommends an excellent regimen for growing girls somewhat along these lines:

"1. Rising early enough to fill one's lungs with pure air after a suitable toilet, a cheerful, generous breakfast of material chosen on which to do four good hours' work before noon—that is, some home duty, a brisk walk to school, with three hours of study. 2. A warm lunch, even if but a cup of cocoa or hot milk, or a bowl of soup warmed up with the lunch-basket meal. 3. The great need of exercise, and besides the morning duties, an hour at least after school should be given to athletic sport. 4. No study allowed after 6 p. m., and every girl of fifteen years should nap at 9:30 p. m. on Saturday being permitted Friday or Saturday nights only."

Kansas City has a woman machinist. She is Mrs. Carrie Cooley, wife of H. M. Cooley, proprietor of a shop where gasoline engines, self-heating flat-irons and various kinds of light machinery are manufactured. Four years ago Mrs. Cooley became interested in the idea of taking up the mechanical trade as she watched her husband turning rough lumps of brass and bars of steel into pretty, bright mechanical devices. She soon developed the mechanical turn which marks a liking for the calling, and took up the work as naturally as the average housewife takes to cooking and mending.

Mme. Bernhardt, who is as great an authority on the preservation of youth as she is on the art of acting, has certain theories on hair culture that are interesting. Expert says that fruit and exercise make luxurious locks; Mme. Bernhardt never takes any berry, never walks an unbecomingly steep, yet she points with triumph to long, glossy hair. She believes in as few hairpins as possible and any amount of exposure to wind and sun. To accomplish this she lets her hair hang unconfined as much and as often as possible.

Princess Beatrice of Rattenberg is greatly interested in the subject of lace making and lace. She has a collection of specimens worth a king's ransom, and by way of ornament carries less for jewels than her hair culture that are interesting. She loves to wear. She has a voluminous scrap book with ivory covers, in which

NOT AN ASSASSIN, BUT A LYING BRAGGART.

Police Compelled to Admit That Jacob Levy Did Not Kill Annie Bock.

His Story to Dinan Wholly False, and Stains on His Knife Tobacco Juice.

MORE IN THE DARK THAN EVER.

Searching Pawnshops for Jewelry Stolen from the Murdered Woman—Her Husband's Picture in the Rogue's Gallery.

Jacob Levy, nicknamed "Nigger Jake," of No. 18 East Broadway, who was arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the murder of Annie Bock early last Tuesday morning, in her flat on No. 207 East Twenty-first street, was released by Magistrate Kudlich in Yorkville Court yesterday. This leaves the police without a clew and more in the dark than ever as to who committed the mysterious murder.

Levy's arrest was due to his lying propensities, and turned out to be such a farcical affair that even he enjoyed it. The detectives yesterday morning thought they had a good case, but the day's developments spoiled it. They found that the stain on Levy's knife was not blood, but tobacco juice; that the scrapings of his finger nails contained no blood, and that he had not shaved off his moustache as a means of disguise.

Then they learned that Levy's story to Policeman Dinan about visiting a woman at No. 207 East Twenty-first street, the home of Mrs. Bock, was purely an imaginary tale of conquest.

The brazenly untrue number of the house where the murder was committed because he had called on Dora Gilbert at that place four weeks before. She recognized him yesterday.

On the night of the murder it was shown that he was in the company of Policeman Corrigan from 10 o'clock to 1:30 in the morning. After that he called on Isidor Cohen, a private watchman at No. 80 East Broadway, and remained with him till 4 o'clock in the morning, when he went home.

The contradictory stories told by Levy's mother and brother were explained on the theory that they were trying to shield him in the belief that he was in danger.

"They were trying to help me," said Levy to the detectives, "but they came very near sending me to the electric chair." The police yesterday discovered the picture of Jacob Bock, husband of the dead woman, in the rogues' gallery. It is marked "No. 2,081," and was taken when he was arrested on October 1, 1893, on a charge of picking pockets. He was not caught.

Captain O'Brien has sent officers to search the pawnshops to find the ring and diamond earrings stolen from the woman.

Application for letters of administration on the estate of Annie Bock was filed in the Surrogate's office yesterday by Aaron Brauman, brother of the dead woman. The application places the value of her property at \$200.

WAS IT YELLOW FEVER?

A Woman Dies in Connecticut After an Attack of "Black Vomit."

New Haven, Conn., August 7.—Secretary Lindsley, of the State Board of Health, was notified this morning by Dr. Ferguson, of Thomaston, that a patient of his, a woman, had died yesterday under conditions which strongly indicate that her ailment was yellow fever.

The woman, whose name Dr. Lindsley does not know, became violently ill on her return from a visit to New York and Brooklyn. She had such fever, headache and finally the "black vomit." Death resulted in a short time. Two local doctors decided that the woman's disease resembled yellow fever more than any other disease they knew of, and so notified Dr. Lindsley.

Tried to Make a Dead-Man Heir.

Frederick W. Meadon, who is deaf and dumb, is in partnership with his brother, Samuel, at No. 654 West Thirty-fourth street. Frederick was in Jefferson Market Court yesterday as complainant against E. J. Broderick in a dispute about a \$7 check. Broderick squared the complaint by releasing the check, as Meadon was leaving the judge Magistrate Deuel called Court Officer Hunt and told him to ask Meadon his hand on Meadon's shoulder and whisper the judge wants to know if you brother is also deaf and dumb. Meadon answered as the policeman and then walked out of court, while the Magistrate laughed at Hunt's attempt to make a dead-man heir.

MEN NOT WANTED.

The president of the Teacup Club rapped loudly for order. "Girls, do be quiet," she said. "We have a very important question to decide to-day. A number of men have expressed a desire to become members of this club and—"

"I vote against it," said the girl with the Roman nose. "We can all express our real opinions now, knowing they will go no further, whereas—"

"No club man can ever keep a secret," broke in the girl with the dimple in her chin. "As for us, we would die rather than divulge—"

"They are so curious, too," broke in the girl with the classic profile. "We have all talked so much about our meetings that they want to know how they are conducted, that is all."

"Yes, that is just it," said the brown-eyed blonde, "and once in their would they see the originality of it by having rules and all that. Then they'd go away and say that we couldn't get along without them."

"The idea," said the president, "when that's the very reason I set our time of meeting in the afternoon."

"Look here," said the girl with the egg-shaped face, "of course we don't want to offend them; why do you have a man's day once in a while?"

"So we might," said the president, "but we had better wait until we get all our winter things. Well, I suppose, since we are all agreed, that we had better not waste time in voting on it. I'm awfully glad to see you here, Effie; I was afraid you would not be able to come."

"Oh, I was determined not to miss it," said the girl with the Roman nose. "I left word for them to tell the doctor I was asleep if he called my absence. I have been troubled with tooth-ache, you know, and he would tell them not to disturb me. Of course, he gave me strict orders to go out, but he—"

"Will never know," said the brown-eyed blonde.

Banana Pie.

Beat the yolks of two eggs very light with one cup of crumbled cake, a half cup of sugar, butter the size of a walnut and a little rich cream. Flavor with lemon or vanilla, then stir in two large bananas, cut in thin slices, pour the mixture into a pie pan lined with good paste and bake in a quick oven. While it is baking beat the whites of the eggs very light with a little rosewater and three tablespoonsful of powdered sugar. Take out the pie, drop the meringue in clots over top of it and set back in the oven until it is a pale brown.

Tomatoes With Lemon.

Peel a dozen yellow tomatoes, ripe but firm, slice them evenly and pile the slices pyramid-wise in a pretty dish. As you pile them stir in between a dust of salt, the merest dash of white pepper and plenty of granulated sugar. Finish the top with a rounded half tomato, then squeeze over the whole the juice of one large or two small lemons. Let stand five minutes, stick bits of green about the base, put a lump of ice on top and send to table.

Pompadour Coiffures.

The pompadour style of hair dressing is once more in high favor, possibly because it is becoming to both old and young faces, and also because the properly constructed pompadour needs neither curling nor crimping. It should be silky, gleaming and soft, and is the best possible medium for showing off the color and texture of one's hair.

Fashion's Latest Caprice.

The bolero jacket is back in every degree and shade of fabric. It threatens to be an indispensable adjunct of all waists, no matter what the material. It admits of all sorts of ornamentation, from the heaviest braiding to a dainty little flash of black velvet ribbon loops.

Some of the boleros are square at the back, with two points ending at the waist line in front; others are very short and rounded, and a few are slit up the centre of the back and trimmed accordingly.

Three of the prettiest imported ones are worth describing. The first was of fine buff linen, embroidered with flowers and trimmed all around the edge with a fine plaiting of cream-colored silk mulle.

The second was of light gray crepon, formed entirely of wide tucks and inserting of cream-colored lace. Another, of pale rose linen, finished with a plaiting of white muslin.

All defects are banished. Why, I once had such a handsome one that he sent my pulse racing up every time he felt it. I did look so horrid that one day I—put on a little rouge just before he came. In consequence he said I had a high fever and put me on a milk and water diet for three days, besides giving me—"

"Like the mean thing I had last year," said the girl with the dimple in her chin. "I had a cough and wanted a trip to Florida; instead I got a pair of overboots, a lot of dannels and a mackintosh."

"Of course," said the girl with the Roman nose. "Well, I don't believe my doctor is a good one; he—"

"I think we had better adjourn now," broke in the president. "Effie ought not to be out late, and I am wild to tell Tom that men will not be admitted to this club. Doesn't the doctor do the pain in your chest any good, Effie?"

"You don't suppose that I told him anything about that, do you?" said the girl with the Roman nose. "I hope I'm not such a idiot, with Adele's wedding coming off in Christmas week and my lovely low-cut gown all ready to wear to it!"

SOME TABLE APPOINTMENTS.

A spoon for every use and a use for every spoon. It would seem so in this day of endless invention and variety. Table silver is without limit of pattern or structure. The new sugar tongs are like miniature ice pickers. The handles are finished with two large rings and the ends are claw shaped, so that the lumps of sugar are held as though in a vise.

Two-pointed spears, the handles shaped like corn shears, lying at the side of one's plate indicate corn as a course. If properly served the corn is broken into halves or smaller bits, and so easily speared and held.

The new perforated spoons should be a boon to lemonade drinkers in this day, when strawberries and pineapple and orange slices are all to be seen tantalizingly floating in its depths. They come in all sorts of pretty designs, with gold-lined basins and extra long tube handles, constructed like a straw with a hole at each end.

No ice-cream set is complete without pronged silver spoons. They are a good substitute for forks, being a compromise between them and the regulation spoon.

The new berry spoons are all repositure, with berry designs, and generally perforated; the pointed orange spoon remains in high favor, while for sliced cucumbers there are pronged and perforated spoons, and for pie, forks with one broad, sharp-edged prong and two narrow ones.

Grape shears are made much in the fashion of lamp wick clippers, except that they are gorgeous with silver clustered grape and large leaf designs.

The small bon bon dish is to be replaced by huge Holland spoons designed for the same purpose. These are made with long handles in dull silver or copper-plated, in imitation of the ancient ones that used to be attached by chains to the old Dutch beehive stones.

The changes in napery are not very marked. Pure white still holds its own against any colored damask or tinted satin. The designs most in favor are the floral patterns.



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A Question of Propriety.