

\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

NO. 11.

Mrs. Hayes may safely be called a "handsome woman," and there will be none found brave enough to dispute the palm. A brunette of the purest type, with large, brilliant eyes that catch the ideas of surface but not depth—in transparent window that open to space—a rather low, Greek forehead over which is banded that shining mass of hair. The glossy complexion could be washed by waves or rain, but the dark, rich brunette complexion forbids this modern fashion, and Mrs. Hayes is an artist in one's more way. Clad in rich, ruby satin and silk combination, the corsage square and the Pompadour invented, to call attention to her charms, no fault could be found with Mrs. Hayes, for her dress was as costly and showy as any worn by celebrated beauties who flourish in the cabinet during the Grant era. Mrs. Hayes has invented a way to show the white light to be known to the official world, and it is the only one from crushing anonymity. Never give your fingers to the crowd and instead of allowing your own hand to be seized, grasp the unruly enemy by the hand as far as the unfortunate that will permit you to be: one vigorous squeeze and the torment is over. This is done on the same principle of collision at sea. It is the vessel that hits that sustains all the harm.—*Philadelphia Times.*