



FIG. 21.



FIG. 23.



FIG. 20.



FIG. 19.



FIG. 18.



FIG. 22.

colorings are lead, bronze, garnet, and green. Flat galloons are worn down the middle of bonnet crowns, on the edge of the brim or around the edge of the crown. Woolen scarfs in high colors are bunched up on felt shapes, as the silken ones were in the summer. Ready-made crowns of worsted braid, plaited and covered with wooden beads, are a boon to home milliners. Tiny shells are placed on the edge and dotted over crowns. Open-work crowns of black velvet are decorated with cashmere beads. Many of the smoothly covered shapes have an outer covering, such as fancy lace, like openwork stockings or netted cord. Stockingette bonnets are worn in all colors. Bonnets to match smooth woolen costumes have the fabric richly embroidered. Figure No. 22 illustrates a green velvet bonnet embroidered with rosy beads; strings of velvet ribbon, and directly above the coronet brim an eigrette of shaded green. Figure No. 21 shows a design of black velvet, with fallie bows and strings; the coronet and plumes are of plumb (lead) beads.

A small capote of dull red velvet is stylishly trimmed with a coronet of black Astrakhan, and the lower part of the crown has a similar reverse across it, parted in the middle in triangular shape. The black velvet bonnets of elderly ladies have a row of sable on the left side nearly covering the brim, while the popular natural beaver frames the face of those who are more youthful by

being placed straight on the edge of the brim. A narrow binding of the fur is as much as small faces will permit, and this is very handsome when made of seal-skin on a bonnet of cloth or of felt of a seal-brown shade. Green cloth bonnets are also trimmed with seal-skin, but the preference is for using the black Astrakhan on green, and also on blue; the contrast of natural beaver is also liked with black bonnets of either velvet, cloth or felt. A gold and silver brim is introduced on a green velvet bonnet, with Impayan pheasant feathers. Black and white designs are stylish, also the peppy-red velvet bonnets, with jet leaves or a flying bird of the same brilliantly out beads. Red or yellow velvet ribbon loops are worn on top of all-black designs, or a bird of the colors mentioned may be used instead. Bonnets and hats of cream boucle plush are very stylish, expensive and dressy. The small capote, coronet or square-crowned Charlotte Corday designs are the favorite shapes, though the fish-wife poke is still seen, and proves becoming to small faces. Black velvet bonnets with soft crowns have a large bow on top of cashmere gauze, to relieve the sameness. Bonnets for slighing are larger than common, made of plush, with velvet loops and bows, or they may be of the striped plush, and lined with red, yellow, or blue satin, quilted. Figure No. 23 illustrates a bonnet for a small girl; the soft crown is of blue plush,

which also forms a narrowing ruffle over the face, which is corded with blue Ottoman silk like the strings and bow. The inside of the brim is finished with a ruffling of lace.

The Jailer's Wife.

It was then the "oon" man's turn to tell a story, and he cleared his throat and began.

"I had got tired of fooling it over the highways of Indiana, and one day borrowed a horse to make travelling easier. For some reason I never could understand, they called it stealing, and I was arrested, bound over, and sent to the county jail.

"The place was full of hard cases, and I hadn't been in there three days when we formed a plot to break out. Every country jail has its weak spot. This one was strong in doors and bars and walls, but weak at the bottom. It would be no job at all to go through the floor and tunnel out.

There were six cells in the one corridor and sixteen of us in the crib. Ten of us had therefore, to sleep on cots outside of the cells. We took the cell farthest from the door to begin operations in. There was no watch kept on us at night, and before morning we had a fine tunnel started.

"There was a jailer, a stupid boy of 18 a turnkey, and the jailer's wife. Everything was passed into us through a wicket, and

there was no call for the jailer to come among us. It was a terribly strong place, just the same, and the only weak spot, as I have said, was the chance for a tunnel. A chap named Dodging Bill, who was in for burglary, bossed the job. He pretended to know just which way to head the tunnel, and just how far to dig to come out in the alley behind the jail, and of course none of us interfered.

"At the end of three days we were all ready to go out. The idea was, of course, to go at night, but one of the prisoners was taken very ill, and we put off the escape for another twenty-four hours. About mid-afternoon of the next day there was an alarm of fire, we concluded to go out then.

"Dodging Bill had dug as near the surface as he dared. He now passed on ahead to break out the way, and we followed close upon his heels—that is, three or four of us. The tunnel was short, and would not hold over three or four. The others stood ready to creep in as we crept out. I was next to Bill, and as he broke the crust, and daylight streamed in, I heard a scream from a woman. Next moment there was a dash of water into the tunnel, followed by another and another, and enough came in to drown us. We had to 'shin' back and Bill was half dead when we seized his heels and drew him out.

"What had happened? Well, the tunnel was too short by 15 feet. Instead of coming up in the alley, Bill broke ground in the back yard, and right at the feet of the jailer's wife, who was washing. As the ground gave way, she saw a hand and arm, and, being a quick-witted woman, she tumbled to the tunnel plot. There were three tubs on her bench, and she poured the contents of each one into the hole, and then ran in and brought in a boiler of hot water, and switched that in for good luck. That didn't satisfy her that she had driven us back, and she puts a wooden conductor under the pump, leads the other end to the hole, and she didn't let up pumping for a straight hour. Such was the grade of the tunnel that we were ankle deep in water in the corridor before she ceased operations. It was a fine display of woman's ready wit, and although we were half starved, and shackled to the cell doors for the next fortnight, none of us held any grudge against the jailer's wife."

Woman.

Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it.

Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it.

Women love admiration, approbation, self-immolation on the part of others; are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife won't see it.

A woman can sit in a theatre for three hours without getting all cramped up, catching the toothache or becoming faint for want of fresh air; a man can't.

A woman, from her sex and character, has a claim to many things besides her shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself at all times chivalrous, sweet spoken, considerate and deferential.

Perhaps the revision of the bible was unnecessary, after all. The historian is impelled to this reflection by a sage remark which was uttered in his hearing in a street-car the other day. On the opposite side of the car were two women, who were talking rather loudly. Said one, "Did you know Sarah had another lot of money left her by her cousin's will?" "Law me," exclaimed the other, "the Bible never said a truer thing than 'them that has give!'"