

WORRYIN'.

Come, John, let's sit awhile beneath this tree,
No use to worry, though the rocks are high;
The captain's wide awake, and knows what's best;

A RACE WITH FIRE.

A boy stood in front of a small tent
away on the prairies of western Kansas.
He was a small lad, dressed in a
coarse cotton shirt, a pair of well-worn
overalls and a wide-brimmed straw hat.

...watched the cowboys until they reached
a little belt of timber that skirted a small
stream, a couple of miles distant from the
tent, and disappeared from view.
Away beyond the timber, almost six
miles from where he stood, he could see
the cattle ranch and the great herds of cattle
of which Jake and his companions had charge.

en cowboys were gathered about him. In
a moment the remembrance of the fire and
the terrible ride all came back to him, even
and in a whisper he asked:
"How did I escape?"
"Jack reached you just as you fell," one
of the cowboys replied, "and he grabbed
you up and carried you before him on his
horse. It was a close shave for all of us, and
Jake fell behind a little, so he was just
ready to drop when we crossed the creek."

Early Days in Philadelphia.
An interesting sketch of the settlement and
growth of the city.
The First Screw Factory.
An early attempt to build a railroad
across the Alleghenies.
S. B. Row in the Philadelphia Journal.
On the extreme western border of Centre
county, where a stream with an aboriginal
name, separates it from the county of
Clearfield, snugly nestles the town of Phil-
adelphia.

to all, Shultz chose the life of a sailor rather
than that of a soldier, and commenced his
career by making voyages to Copenhagen,
Stockholm, St. Petersburg and other large
cities along the Baltic Coast. He frequently
went to London and Liverpool, the West
Indies and Philadelphia. He also sailed up
the Mediterranean into European, African
and Asiatic ports, and on one occasion
witnessed at night an eruption of Mt. Aetna.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.
Many of the newest mutton-leg sleeves
are tucked across the widest part of the
top. Frequently Hungarian caps, Vandyke
points or flat, oblong bretelles are added.
Beauty in women depends in part upon
the proper carriage of the body, and this
can only be secured by the correct action
of the limbs. If they are not well devel-
oped and properly trained there is a pro-
portional loss of beauty. So too, if the
body is unsymmetrically developed the
uneven and ungraceful. Almost all women
have some slight curvature of the spine.
This causes one shoulder to be lower than
the other, and the result is that the whole
body is more or less deformed. One reme-
dy for this is the corset, but this only hides
the deformity—does not cure it. The body
should be kept straight by its muscles, and
its own strength, not by that of steel or
whalebone. Beauty is, in part, at least,
the result of fullness of physical life, and
she who has this will be in good health
and happy and far more beautiful. Ill
health is the great foe to beauty.
The irrepresible cotton shirt waist has
reappeared again in the shops, with a few
variations to recommend it as new. The
yoke is straight across the back, instead of
pointed as it was last season. It is not
so pretty, but change is a necessity in
the world of fashion. The sleeves are
smaller, and the front is punched after
the manner of the latest blouse.
In these fine-siecle days of changing
modes and of independence among women
as to the details of dress—said to be a sign
of their recent emancipation from the tram-
mels of custom, it is not so when and
where to wear jewels, there are some of the
unwritten laws of good taste, to which well-
bred women feel themselves in duty bound
to adhere:
Never wear jewelry in the morning. Never
wear jewelry with tailor-made gowns.
Never wear jewelry of any description when
traveling. Never wear showy-looking or-
naments with mourning. Never wear a
watch and chain—however dainty and or-
namental in design—with an evening
gown. Never wear rings unless the hands
are white and the fingers well kept.
Never wear jewelry that is dull
and uncleanly. And never, above all, be
guilty of sitting in a street car or other
public conveyance with gloveless hands
adorned with rings!
The Russian blouse is dying we are told.
The news is shouted from the homestead, it
is printed in every publication that has
any regard for its woman clientele, and
everyone by this time has heard it.
Perhaps this is why its dying throes are
so interesting. The blouse is like a man
suffering from a fatal disease—it refuses to
stay at home, appearing every where, and
yet in its innermost heart the blouse
recognizes its doom. A shure indication
of this is the way in which it is changed,
appearing now as an overhauling jacket,
again as a garment opening over a vest,
and now as a secure by the use of its novel
lines a fixed position in society.
Very effective is one of the newest varia-
tions of the blouse worn by one of the
girls-who-know in greater Gotham. It is
of brilliant purple cloth, with a tight-fit-
ting neck, seamless and stretched over the
lacing. In front the blouse appears yet
little more than a suggestion of a blouse,
so scant is its material. It does not open
in front, but crosses to the left side, there
to fasten with large buttons. The collar is
high, lined with ermine, and broad ermine
revers spread across the front directly be-
low it.
No skirt has this blouse. It finishes at
the waistline, under a belt of cloth, stitched
twice top and bottom, and fastens with a
large buckle of fliegare gold and jewels.
Leg-of-mutton sleeves are worn. In spite
of its assertions to the contrary, they are
really the proper thing for walking cos-
tumes, and all the best modistes in New
York are using them.
It is mortifying to note how many per-
sons pay little or no heed to how many pe-
riods the etiquette of introductions. To
the lover of good form there is something
that sets one's teeth on edge on hearing an
introduction so worded that a woman is
presented to a man, or an elderly woman
to a young one. The rules with regard to
introductions are so simple and sensible
that it would seem that the wayfaring man
or woman, though a fool, could scarcely
err therein. A man is always introduced
to a woman, and it may be well in passing
to add that a lady's permission should
usually be asked before such a presenta-
tion is made. It is a simple matter to say,
"Miss Smith, may I present to you Mr.
Jones?" before uttering the formal, "Miss
Smith, allow me to introduce Mr. Jones."
The man is, of course, always brought to
the woman whom he is to meet; the woman
should never be led to the man.
These rules might seem superfluous were
it not that one so often observes their in-
fraction among people who should know
better. At a tea a matron who years be-
fore had arrived at the dignity of a grand-
mother was piteously heard by her hostess
to say:
If the ladies were amused by the speech,
they were so well versed in that knowledge
of good form in which their hostess was
lacking that they showed no consciousness
of her error.
Significant of one feature of the current
fashions was a group of stylish women, but
one of whose gowns closed to the throat,
and even that one, by braiding, presented
the effect of a vest. One was a blouse,
belted and fastened to the right side over
a round yoke. Next came a blouse with
skirts below the belt, fastening to the left
side at about the bust line with a single
button, a pointed yoke showing above.
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button, a pointed yoke showing above.
The skirts spread from the waist line in
front, allowing the skirt of the dress to
show to the belt itself. Number three was
a blouse rolling back on the shoulders, a
waistcoat showing, and on the right side a
row of turned back that could be drawn up
to close.
Four was blouse back, with perfectly flat
skirts; in front it turned away in a pair of
faced back square revers that opened all
the way down the hem, the belt holding it
close to the figure in front. In the opening
there was a bloused chiffon front made on a short
round satin yoke. At the waist the effect
being intended to button to the throat, the
buttons were unfastened to the bust line
and the left side laid back, showing a
brilliant lining, and part of a sham bodice
that was no more than a bit of yoke and a
wilderness of side frills.