

FOR THE LADIES.

A WILDERNESS PIONEER.

The first white woman to travel through the wilderness of Ontario was Mrs. Turnbull White, who is now collaborating with her husband in the production of a book descriptive of her adventures. She is a slight woman, with pathetic blue eyes, curly brown hair, and a complexion tanned and roughened by the sun and wind. She has a plucky, determined air, and the least bit in the world of a swing in her walk, suggestive of staying power, and easy breathing in an uphill country. She is very jolly in her manner, and very much of a "good comrade" to her big husband, whom she evidently considers the most wonderful of men. — [New York Press.]

HOW THE MAIDS APPROPRIATED BANGS.

It is not long since no woman in service was allowed to wear a fringe, as Europeans call a bang. Mistresses in England insisted on preserving that point of difference between mistress and maid, but little by little the encroachment progressed. First it was a soft, stray curl, with quite the effect of an accidental appearance. Then it was a little unobtrusive fluff peeping from under the cap frill—such a small, unobtrusive downy wave, which only just shaded the upper part of the forehead, and so much amiability and comfortable conciliatoriness of manner accompanied the daring innovation that house-keepers made themselves conveniently blind, and before long the most pronounced and aggressive bangs became one of the rights claimed by the wily maids. — [San Francisco Examiner.]

WHAT A WHITE VEIL DID.

The women crowded and pushed about a counter where white veils were selling the other day and fought for first chance at the stock. Wondering what the incentive was, after waiting for a moment a curious onlooker saw a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl hold the veiling up to her face to show the ladies the effect. Without the veil she was the ordinary shop-girl type, in a badly-fitting bodice and a black apron. With it she was a Spanish señorita, with mystic charm in her dark and glorious eyes. The doubtful woman, the biding, the economical, were all convinced that the one thing needed to make life perfect was a white veil; and yet the young woman did not speak, only again and again held the veil to her face. What a disappointed lot of blue and gray-eyed women there will be when these veils are tried on at home! — [Modern Society.]

STEAMING THE FACE.

Steaming the face is frequently recommended as being of great benefit to the skin, and accompanied with massage and some soft cream. (olive oil or clarified goose grease is as good as anything), helps to remove and prevent wrinkles. To steam the face comfortably fill a pail half to three quarters full of boiling water, put it at a convenient height, throw a towel over the head and keep the face as close as possible over the pail. Several minutes will suffice. Before doing this, however, the face should be well washed with soap and warm water and after the steaming should be thoroughly rubbed with the oil. Done at night before retiring, several times a week, this process is very beneficial and is also a great help to rough skins, making them soft and smooth. If there is a tendency to pimples, add a little alcohol to the water in the morning, and rub briskly with a rough towel. — [New York Tribune.]

ADVICE TO STOUT WOMEN.

In choosing the material for your coat just remember that it must be becoming, not only in color, but also in material. A very smart plaid material, or a close check may be suitable for your friend, but for the Ladies' Home Journal. But on you, who are short and plump, it will have the effect of making you appear at least an inch shorter, consequently you want to avoid that. On stout women, generally, a smooth, plain cloth is most desirable, but I do not advise either the light greys, the biscuits or the wood colors, for they seem to add to the flesh, take away from the height and be everything but what they should be, becoming. Another thing that the stout woman must beware of is the overlapping seams and large buttons noted especially on the English box coats.

The light cloths are most becoming to women who have dark hair and clear, rosy skin; they make pale women look sallow, and sallow women resemble a lemon. Here is another suggestion for the stout woman. Do not make the mistake of having too long a coat, as you will look as if you were all body. The slender girl will be wise if, in a smooth-fitting coat, she has inserted a waistcoat, for then she will apparently gain breadth, and the long, well-fitting outline is not interfered with.

BEJEWELLED AMERICAN WOMEN.

'Tis doubtful if the women of any two nations on the face of the earth own as many jewels as do the women of the United States. A large dealer in diamonds in Maiden Lane assures me that the number of precious stones worn this day by our women, not to count cheap stones, pierres d'imitation, Rhinestones, so called, etc., are not worth less than \$300,000,000. This is due to the great wealth distributed everywhere, and to the love of precious stones shown by American women. Almost every well dressed woman you see in any part of the country has imitation or real stones set in her finger rings or earrings. Diamonds are the most popular, because they show off better by their blazing.

Comparatively a few women own a large number of the stones representing this \$300,000,000. Let me take a few of them at random. The jewels, most of which are diamonds, owned by the Astor women, would far exceed \$5,000,000, and the late Mrs. Jacob Astor wore on all public occasions and many private ones a tiara which, as has been well said, few crowned heads of Europe or Indian princes could boast. These stones so flashed when the wearer moved that it seemed as if her head was encircled in flame.

Mrs. William Waldorf Astor has a riviere of diamonds in three graduated rows, each row a fortune in itself, and she also possesses the world renowned necklace of six strings with the gold of the setting hid, only the glittering stones being visible. She is constantly wedding out small and imperfect cut stones from the galaxy and adding ones of perfect workmanship. — [New York Herald.]

FASHION NOTES.

Embroidery will be in high favor on all dressy and semi-dressy costumes. Dresses of black and colored net, with plain net edgings as flouncings, will be worn.

Three-quarter length jackets of tan and light gray are among the most stylish of the wraps.

Six-button-length gloves in tan, gray and light shades of brown will be the favorites for summer wear. The glove with Foster hook and lacing is the most comfortable and convenient.

Jackets are chiefly in three-quarter lengths, though a few shorter ones are also displayed.

This promises to be a flower season in millinery, and feathers will be very sparingly used.

Storm-blue and the now returning "London-smoke" tint, are among the colors shown in French poplins, while brocades of all kinds are more in use this season than ever before.

A new form of armband, much in vogue in Paris, is a narrow band of watered ribbon, with slide and buckle in precious stones, intended to be worn over the edge of the glove.

While there is nothing particularly new in the lavish use of velvet ribbons upon the coming gowns, this trimming having had a decided run last spring and summer, yet so novel and unique will they be arranged that this garniture will be a novelty.

Long streamers of ribbon, lace or silk, floating from the neck to the bottom of the skirt in back, decorate many of the French models; a variation has pendants, which start from the lower part of a yoke or from the belt.

A pretty fashion for fastening bonnet strings is to have a small, fluffy rosette come just under the left ear, and the long strings then float nearly to the bottom of the dress.

The newest coat bodice is cut away on the sides, and sets in rather long, narrow flat swallowtails at the back. The front hangs straight from the collar band, or turns back with revers, like the dress coat of a man. No material is too elaborate for these affairs. White buckskin and embroidered velvets are used for the vests.

Stripes everywhere, and such very pretty stripes. They are broad and some of them exquisitely shaded, beginning with the lighter tints and shading into the deeper tones. Other stripes contrast with the groundwork of the material. Every woman will have a striped gown, but if you are tall and thin do make the matter a subject of prayer before you purchase.

For the present skirts cling tighter than ever, not a plait, fold or gather to be seen. In extreme cases, the entire press looks like a cuirass, the skirt and bodice made in one, and both equally tight. Very deep lining darts are used in fitting, and the arched seams under the arms descend well below the waist, while the whole is fastened as invisibly as possible under the left arm. The sleeves are abnormally long, covering half of the hands like cuffs cut in points.

The three-quarter capes so recently threatened with banishment have taken a new and possibly a prolonged lease of life, as they appear among some of the latest importations. They are made of fine, soft woolen fabrics, such as India shawmere and camel's hair, woolen corduroy, the rib exceedingly fine, and other like clinging texture. The shapings are not particularly charged.

The large gaudy silk and wool plaids are pronounced out, and checks and stripes take their place. Most of the striped fabrics continue to be cut on the cross, and the popular arrangement is to have a deeply gored seam up the front of the skirt, throwing the lines right and left, and so forming a series of acute angles, which method gives a bell-shaped effect to the skirt and an appearance of slenderness to the wearer.

Superlatives of All Sorts.

The oldest newspaper in the world is said to be the King-pan, or capital sheet, which is published at Peking, China. It first appeared in 911, and since 1312 has not missed a single weekly issue.

The earliest known lens is one of rock crystal unearthed by Laxard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British Museum, as bright and as clear as it was the day it left the maker's hands.

Mr. Gladstone is the owner of the largest lead pencil in the world. It is the gift of a pencil maker at Kewick, and is thirty-nine inches in length. In place of the customary rubber cap it has a gold cap. Its distinguished owner uses it for a walking stick.

Mineral or Divining Rods.

The mineral or divining rod is but a relic of ancient superstitions and fraud. The earlier divining rods were usually made of the hazel, a forked branch being preferred, and with this the so-called diviner or water witch pretended he could locate underground streams of water and veins of precious minerals and buried treasures of various kinds. In later years rods of brass, copper and iron have been employed as divining rods, but unfortunately, with no better results than can be secured with a forked branch of hazel or other kind of wood. Scientific men who have bestowed any care on the examination of nature regard the alleged powers of the divining rod as a delusion, and for this reason no dealer in scientific instruments ever offers such a thing for sale. — [New York Sun.]

THE SARATOGA MIRACLE

FURTHER INVESTIGATED BY AN EXPRESS REPORTER. THE FACTS ALREADY STATED FULLY CONFIRMED—INTERVIEWS WITH LEADING PHYSICIANS WHO TREATED QUANT—THE MOST MARVELOUS CASE IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper copied from the Albany, N. Y., Journal, giving the particulars of one of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century. The article was under the heading "A Saratoga Co. Miracle," and excited such widespread comment that another Albany paper—the Express—detailed a reporter to make a thorough investigation of the statements appearing in the Journal's article. The facts as elicited by the Express reporter are given in the following article, which appeared in that paper on April 16th, and makes one of the most interesting stories ever related.

A few weeks ago there was published in the Albany Evening Journal the story of a man who was chiefly treated and as to well justify the term "miraculous"—cure of a severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and, in compliance with instructions, an Express reporter has been devoting some time in a critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The story of the wonderful cure of Charles A. Quant, an extending traveling salesman, N. Y., as first told in the Journal, has been copied into hundreds of not thousands of other daily and weekly newspapers and has created such a sensation throughout the entire country that it was deemed a duty to call the attention of the thousands of thousands of similarly afflicted, that the statements of the case as made in the Albany Journal, and copied into so many other newspapers should, if true, be verified, or if false, exposed as an imposition upon public credulity.

The rest of the Express reporter's investigation authorizes him in saying that the story of Charles A. Quant's cure of locomotor ataxia by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, a popular remedy prepared and put up by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Company, Morrisstown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, IS TRUE, and that all its statements are not only justified but verified by the fuller development of the further facts of the case.

Perhaps the readers of the Express are not all of them fully familiar with the details of this miraculous restoration to health of a man who after several months of treatment by the most skillful doctors of two of the best hospitals in the State of New York—the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City and St. Peter's Hospital in Albany—was cured by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and it is for this reason that the Express reporter has deemed it his duty to publish in the Albany Journal, as follows:

"My name is Charles A. Quant; I am 37 years old; I was born in the village of Ganey, in the town of Ganey, in the county of Warren, and a little while in Amsterdam, have spent my whole life here. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was in the best of health. I was six feet tall, weighed 180 pounds and was very strong. For 12 years was traveling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did so, a great deal of work. I was not a very healthy man, but I did not feel any more than most men, and slept in enough 'spare beds' in country houses to freeze an ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and very soon several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different ways, and all to no purpose. I could not bear that claim to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to become conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked. Having received no benefit from the use of patent medicines, I very pronouncedly pronounced myself a worse, I then, upon advice, began the use of electric belts, plus all the many different kinds of electric appliances I could hear of, but they did me no good. I then, upon advice, showed the Journal reporter an electric suit of underwear, for which he paid \$124. In the fall of 1888 the doctors advised a change of climate, and I returned to my home, and acted as agent for the Betsy Organ Company. While there I took a thorough electric treatment, but it only seemed to aggravate my stomach, and the only relief I could get was the sharp and distressing pain, and I took morphine. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death. But I was not to be so easily discouraged. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt Hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case hopeless. After I had been under treatment by Dr. Ware and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to the New York Hospital on Fifth Street, where, upon examination, the said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian Hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's Hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hunt, frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and save my money. But I was not to be so easily discouraged. Then I returned to New York and went to the Roosevelt Hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case hopeless. After I had been under treatment by Dr. Ware and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. 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