

GOSSIP FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Items of Interest on Feminine Topics.

A Pretty Fashion—A Course in Millinery.
—The Tandem Chill—A Novelty in Gloves, Etc.

A PRETTY FASHION.

The wearing of natural flowers in the hair is a pretty and rather romantic style of ornament for young women. A rich red rose in the dark tresses of a brunette woman is an exceedingly attractive addition to the evening coiffure, and a dainty blonde may wear soft roses and white ones, and look picturesque from the contact.

A COURSE IN MILLINERY.

A large number of bright young women have taken a course in millinery and dressmaking, with a special eye to providing themselves with dainty head gear and costumes. As a rule very creditable work is done by these amateurs, most of whom owe success to the fact that they are enthusiastic to learn and always on the lookout for new ideas.

THE TANDEM CHILL.

"I should think they'd be afraid of the tandem chill," exclaimed a Washington woman as a tandem wheel whirled past.

"It's a new nervous disease, you know. The first rider sees something ahead that frightens her, and the nervous sensation is communicated by psychology to the rear rider, and from him to the machine, and the result is that all three get a nervous chill, and a collapse is certain. I read about it in a New York paper the other day. Really, it is one of those new diseases, and doctors are puzzling over it."—Chautauqua Assembly Herald.

A NOVELTY IN GLOVES.

A decided novelty in lacing gloves has just been introduced. The idea is unique. It consists of imported jewels instead of the conventional hooks, the lacing effect remaining the same as usual. The formation of the fastener is of the regulation hook order. The selection includes topaz, amethyst, garnet, emerald, turquoise and ruby stones, which are firmly set. The kid gloves on which these jewels are applied, show different shades of light and dark red, blacks, modes, tans, whites, blues, greens, grays, heliotropes and pearls.

These fancy conceits may be had either in suedes or glaces. Harmonious contrasting combinations are effected in several directions, the jewels, embroidery and trimming corresponding.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Mary Kyle Dallas, the authoress, died a few days ago of paralysis at her home in New York City, where she lived with her three sisters. Mrs. Dallas was born in Philadelphia and was sixty years old. She was the daughter of Joseph Kyle, a portrait painter of talent, and the widow of David Dallas, also an artist. She wrote poetry at the age of fourteen and short stories at seventeen. Her last effort, a short story published in one of the magazines, was "A Stocking Full of Gold." Mrs. Dallas was a member of Sorosis and of the Woman's Press Club, and was widely known in literary and artistic circles.

A PRETTY SASH OF TAFFETA.

A very pretty sash is made of blue taffeta silk. The ends are rounded at the bottom and it is finished all around with an inch-wide taffeta ribbon, with fancy edges gathered on one edge like a ruffle. These two long ends are gathered into a blue affeta girdle, with a pointed front and little fluted in hems on both sides at the back. The girdle is made firm with five short whalebones, the two in front about three inches, the one in back two and the two on the sides one inch deep. This is worn with a blue and green India silk skirt with three little ruffles on the bottom edged with lace and arranged so as to form large scallops. The body is of blue chiffon, accordion plaited and draped with lace drawn down in a point in the back and outlined with seed pearls.

DUST COATS.

Driving or dust coats have now become important accessories of a woman's wardrobe. They are not inexpensive trifles, and they do not in any way resemble their sisters of long ago—the linen duster. In the end, however, they pay for themselves, as they are the means of saving many light frocks. They are light and do not crush the gowns. The smartest coats are built of black taffeta silk and India silk. The necks are finished by a full ruche of lace, and lace is arranged about the shoulders in a berth-like effect. We are approaching the season of weddings. At a recent English wedding the bridesmaids wore sheer organdie dresses of white ground sprinkled with different flowers. There were two with heliotrope, two with rosebuds and two with violets, each carrying a bouquet of the flowers printed upon the gown. The bride carried no bouquet, only a sprig of orange blossoms. The organdie costumes with the flower decorations are quite new, and they are very effective. A charming girl, one of the early September brides, has selected a wedding gown of white organdie built on Victoria lines. The knot will be tied at

noon, and she will wear a poke bonnet. About the shoulders of the frock will be arranged a fine old lace shawl draped like a fichu, caught where it ties in front with a spray of orange blossoms.—Chicago Times-Herald.

FIRST OF PROFESSIONAL BEAUTIES.

Professional beauties were introduced, so to speak, into English society about twenty-five years ago by Mrs. Cornwallis West, then a bride. She was the daughter of Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick, and is described as the daintiest, the prettiest, yet withal the wildest, creature who ever bewildered a great many admirers by native Irish charm of appearance and manner and bright mother wit. Very slim and small, with lissom figure, her hair was dark, with gleams of brightness; and her eyes, deeply mysterious, dark as they were, could flash like fire or be of melting beauty. She was as brilliant to look at as she was to listen to, and wherever she was there was always a crowd collected together. One of her admirers compared her to a dragon-fly, because of her elusive, dazzling brightness. It is encouraging to hear that now when she is celebrating her silver wedding she is as charming as ever and as well beloved. The secret of her continued attraction is said to be not only sweetness within but also gaiety without—an admirable recipe for beauty and youth, by the way.—New York Journal.

WOMEN AS LIBRARIANS.

One who has made a thorough investigation of the subject says that of the 700 members of the American Library Association the large majority are women. There are various reasons why this calling is pre-eminently a woman's. The bump of order seems to be much more developed in a woman than it does in the sterner sex. The work requires patience and promptness, two virtues which women possess in a high degree, and does not require hard physical labor. They are not exposed to the same unpleasant influences and the liability of discourteous treatment that fall so often to the share of the women in the mercantile world. Besides all this, she comes in contact with a more intellectual and cultivated class of people, and in this one profession there is really no salaried discrimination on account of her sex, for she receives an adequate compensation. This has been demonstrated practically by the fact that as the more important positions become vacant, even though previously filled by men, or new ones created, women have almost invariably received the appointments.

WOMEN RENT COLLECTORS.

Rent collecting is a business at which women in England have been working quietly for a number of years. It was Miss Octavia Hill who first employed women to inspect tenements for the poor and collect the rent. In this she was aided and abetted by Ruskin. There is a fitness on the part of women for this work that may well appeal to landlords in this country as well as England. Women are the principal occupants of the tenement houses and the woman collector is able to understand their needs better than a man. She is also, in nine cases out of ten, able to locate cupboards, shelves and other needed improvements to better advantage for the desirability of a flat than a male inspector. There are no eyes sharper than a woman's to ferret out dirt and disreputable practices. All this, of course, presupposes that the owner of rentable property wishes to do the fair thing by his tenants and to keep a decent class of people in his tenements. The testimony of a woman collector in England who "learned her trade" under Miss Hill, is of value in this connection. She says: "At the end of my time with Miss Octavia Hill, I was recommended to the management of a private property, and I have now three different properties under my charge. One was in a terrible state when I took it over, and in a hopelessly insanitary condition—in fact, it was on the point of being condemned. Well, I took the houses in hand, and they were thoroughly set in order, and made fit for human beings. Before, they had been but little better than animals' lairs. I got rid of the worst of the tenants, and took the greatest care in examining the antecedents of the new lot, and now we are not only paying off the mortgages, but the rental of the property has increased twenty pounds a week."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE QUEEN REGENT OF SPAIN AND HER CHILDREN.

The Queen Regent and her children, and particularly the little King, are the clon, as the French say, the chief source of attraction in the place. What possible piece of bric-a-brac, to the antiquarian American taste, can compare with this royalty, this living kind of bric-a-brac, which sums up in itself all the romance of history and all the romance of the fairy tales! I cannot say that my personal relations with the royalties was intimate, yet I saw them often, and to good advantage. I had the honor to assist at a reception they gave to the local authorities and the officers in garrison. The royal personages sat in chairs upon a slightly-raised platform, at the end of a long, handsome room in the municipal palace. Behind were the two chief governors of the household, in gorgeous regalia. At the right were the officers of the royal mounted escort, holding their fine, white-plumed helmets in their hands; at the left were the ladies-in-waiting; chiefly, or all, elderly and plain. We advanced decorously in single file, and all bowed in turn. There was one bow to the Queen Regent, an-

other to King Alphonso, whose little legs, dangling from the seat of the crimson satin-covered chair, by no means reached the floor, and a third to the two princesses. The Princess de Asturias was but little more than fourteen, and the Princess Maria Teresa but twelve. They were sweet and childlike, the elder more sedate, the younger more arch and natural. The latter recognized, in the defile, some acquaintance, an elderly officer, and gave him, in a half-shy, half-frank way, a smile that showed charming white teeth. It was the prettiest incident of the reception. The King seemed thoughtful or tired; he is espiègle, has sometimes the look of a little elf. They say he likes to pull the buttons off the coats of his attendants.—Scribner's Magazine.

FASHION NOTES.

There is no silk that stands dyeing better than taffetas. All shades of blue retain their hold on popular favor. Cream lace-edged veils are much worn with sailor hats. The check skirt seems as much in vogue now as in the spring. Sun-plaited skirts frequently show lining and material plaited together. Cabbage green, ruby, new butter and vanilla are a few of the favorite tints of the season. Golden-brown and robins' egg blue are used in combination on many of the new French hats. Ribbons of velvet and satin have usurped the place of mohair braids, so much in vogue of late. Black neckgear in every variety of shape, in fact, is said to be just now the caper with modish Parisiennes.

Silk mull is modish for full collars and long sashes, and is particularly pretty with tinted soft batiste costumes. Negligee underswaits for warm weather are of flexible woven stuffs. Strong, lightweight corsets are of canvas and of satin. Frocks for demi-evening wear are of green, blue, gray or violet silk, with insertions of renaissance lace and rows of black velvet ribbon.

The ground of an elegant embossed foulard is white; the design an arabesque in green, red or blue satin, traversed by a small white satin pattern.

One of the "newest novelties" is gray-leather walking shoes. Occasionally these boast red heels, and if the feet are small and pretty the effect produced is decidedly quaint and pleasing.

An exquisite frock is of silver-gray Swiss, dotted in white and made over a slip of gray lace taffeta. Girdle and collarlette are of cerise and gray changeable louisine ribbon, with a white gauze edge.

Modern Chivalry.

The story of a whole company of soldiers enlisting to be grafted for duty in bits to save the life of a suffering little girl is worthy of Kipling. It is, however, a true story from Illinois. A young girl named Florence Connell in attempting to fill a gasoline stove was horribly burned. Usually a person whose skin is so much burned as hers dies, but she survived, yet after six months' perfect care and treatment was still unhealed. The physician in charge proposed skin-grafting. Two healthy brothers of the girl offered first. "Take as much as you want, doctor, to save Florence," they said. Twenty patches were taken from one, forty-four from the other, and adjusted to the suffering sister's need. Then a third brother, who is captain of militia, Company A, submitted to the surgeon's knife and contributed thirty-three patches for his sister's healing. And then his whole company volunteered for the service. One of them declared he could not stand by and see their popular captain cut up that way without volunteering, and others followed suit. They marched to the doctor's office and offered themselves when needed.

The doctor accepted, picked out several members, and warned the others that he might have to call on some of them. To their honor and credit not one flinched, but all reported for duty, and from among them 125 more grafts were made. This has about finished the work, but if more patches are needed qualified subjects are ready. The girl is getting well, slowly but surely, and has gained twenty pounds during the past month. The doctor thinks she will be in condition to leave the hospital and go to her home "before the snow flies," and the soldier boys will give a serenade, when she is well enough to the little sister of the regiment.—Boston Transcript.

Two Ways of Digging Gold.

The Klondike boomers boast that \$2,000,000 worth of gold has been taken out of that district within a couple of years though they admit that it was at the expense of much labor and incredible hardships upon the part of those who secured the treasure. Kansas has lifted more than \$30,000,000 worth of mortgages within the same period and spent many other millions in improvements, and without any universal hardships or extraordinary privations, which shows that the agricultural area of the Sunflower State is infinitely more productive than the mining regions of the Yukon valley.—Kansas City Star.

In the shop of a St. Petersburg watchmaker a human-faced clock is on view—the only one of its kind. The hands are pivoted on its nose and any messages that may be spoken into its ears are repeated by phonograph through its mouth.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Dr. Jordan, of Stanford University, says that the only way to save the seal herd is to prohibit pelagic sealing.

Some \$400,000 of world's fair money still remains to be distributed among the stockholders at Chicago. It has been tied up by litigation.

According to the Indianapolis News the board of public work of that place recently made a proposition to the council that "we put our heads together and build a wooden pavement this fall."

England's Cinque Ports, now nearly all high and dry, may become harbors again. The sea, which for centuries had been receding from Rye and Winchelsea, is returning and is fast eating into the land.

One of the students at the Chautauque cooking school is a middle-aged man. "I am a widower," he explained when he entered. "I must either get married or take a course in cooking, and I prefer the latter."

A deaf and dumb congress is about to be held in London. Some of the newspapers are complaining that no list of speakers has yet been announced. It is probable, however, that "d' hands" will carry on conversation even if no formal addresses are to be made.

Talk about Klondike! That country isn't "in it" with our farmers. They will get over \$500,000,000 more for their crops this year than last, from present indications. That's more gold than the whole of Alaska will yield in years. And our farmers are getting it right here without leaving "all the comforts of home."

There is a nervous anxiety among some people to discover a new name for the Anglo-Saxon subjects of the queen. One genius has hit upon "Anglicander" as suitable to inhabitants of the British Isles and of the colonies alike. It is not probable that any Englishman or Australian will yearn to call himself an "Anglicander."

The Yashima, the new Japanese battle-ship built in England, is the fastest vessel of the kind afloat, and it is claimed from the showing made on her trial trip that she is one of the greatest fighting machines ever built. She is 372 feet long, with 73 feet beam and 26.3 feet draught, and has 12,400 tons displacement. She has the very best armor, ranging in thickness from 18 to 14 inches.

The rapid rise of the land about Hudson Bay is said to be the most remarkable gradual upheaval of an extensive region ever known. Driftwood-covered beaches are now twenty to sixty or seventy feet above the water, new islands have appeared, and many channels and all the old harbors have become too shallow for ships. At the present rate this shallow bay will disappear in a few centuries, adding a vast area of dry land or salt marsh to British territory in America.

Street railroads, says Municipal Affairs, are owned and operated by thirty-three cities of England and Scotland, by some cities in Germany, Switzerland, Holland and of the Australian colonies; by Toronto and in a measure by New Orleans. Municipal ownership, is, therefore, no new or over-radical thing. It is feasible and practicable. It must be at least reasonably successful, and it cannot be attended with any greater political evils than the no more universal municipal ownership of docks, ferries, bridges, markets and the water supply.

There have been three British wars with Afghanistan during the Victorian sixty years, and the news from the Khyber Pass seems ominous of another. One of the earliest military tragedies of the Queen's reign was the appalling massacre of McNaghten's command in one of the passes leading southward from Cabul into India. Over 16,000 men, women and children, retreating from the Afghan capital under pledges of a peaceful journey to India, were overtaken in the pass by the ferocious tribesmen and massacred within a few hours. One man only survived the slaughter, and he badly wounded, crawled slowly on to Jellalabad to tell the horrible story.

The indications are now that the current agricultural year will prove a great one for the farmers. In almost every line—especially in cotton, rice, corn, wheat, peas and potatoes—the yield promises to be full and the market better than for some years. Added to this is the fact that the farmers are less in debt than they have been for a quarter of a century. The proceeds from their crops, therefore, will go into their pockets or to swell their savings bank accounts, and not to satisfy mortgages and liens and open accounts for provisions and supplies. The farmers have been learning and practicing close economy during the past two or three years, and they find it profitable. Can nothing be done to save the old landmarks of American history? The stately old mansion of the Van Rensselaer family in Albany, N. Y., was sold a few days ago in pursuance of an interlocutory judgment, and will be torn down to make room for an ice-house. It is one of the oldest dwelling houses in America, having been built somewhere between 1620 and 1642. It was at the old well in the rear of this mansion that Schneckburg wrote the famous old national song, "Yankee Doodle." And it was here that General Abercrombie and his staff had their headquarters. It was also for some time the residence of Lafayette and the scene of those stories of love, romance and war in which the old Van Rensselaer mansion was a central figure.

Insurance against non-employment is an experiment, begun in America in the current year. It is a private enterprise. Its dues are heavier than those of similar European societies, but its benefits are also much larger. As in the case of the European societies, voluntary non-employment, or non-employment for any cause within the control of the beneficiary, makes all benefits voidable. This excludes the striker. A significant feature of this movement is the effect which it will have upon employment agencies. It is to the interest of the non-employment insurance companies to help their beneficiaries to get work. Abroad the societies work in conjunction with employment agencies, the state lending its own assistance in this direction. In Chicago a company insuring against non-employment supplies to its beneficiaries the services of two employment bureaus without charge.

Both in point of efficiency and economy and in the health of the convict North Carolina's experiment in the employment of convicts in road building is said to have been very satisfactory. A surprising discovery is that it costs less, by about six cents a day per convict, to maintain the prisoners when at work on the roads than when confined in jail, the basis of the calculation being the returns from eighty counties. Being offered certain inducements in the way of rewards or the shortening of the term of imprisonment if they remain at their posts and faithfully discharge their duties, the convicts are employed on the roads much as hired labor would be, under the control of a foreman without any guard. They are even allowed to remain at their homes from Saturday night till Monday morning.

The result of this astonishing experiment, which has been in operation for a year, has been, according to Professor Holmes, secretary of the Road Association of North Carolina, that "not a convict has attempted to escape." It is also officially reported that as laborers the convicts have been "much more efficient than the labor which can be hired at ordinary prices." In addition, this public punishment of criminals is believed to act as a sufficient deterrent on evil doers.

The military and naval weakness of Great Britain in this jubilee year has found a Jeremiah in Sir Charles Dilke. He has not been silenced by the spectacular greatness of the British fleet—by the miles of floating fortresses, the leagues of dashing squadrons, which pointed a moral and adorned a tale of Spithead. Indeed, he reveals in a fine pessimism of present doubt and future anxiety and invites disquieting examinations into the real defenses of the Empire. He has discovered on a Parliamentary return, furnished at his request, that the claimed equality of England with France and Russia in sea power exists on paper alone, and that by next year even this mythical satisfaction must go whistling down the wind. The pregnant reasons of England's existing weakness are to be found, he writes, in the want of battle ships and cruisers, or the absence of that "preparedness," as he styles it, which would enable her in the first few weeks of war to blockade the home ports of her enemies, protect her trade routes, strengthen and garrison the coaling and supplying stations and send to the fleet reserves of men which do not now exist. He believes that the Empire is fatuously denying dangers that threaten—and if immediate steps are not taken the friendliness of the country may invite attack that will be disastrous.

An extensive inquiry into European crop conditions conducted by the Orange Judd syndicate of agricultural papers, reinforced by late returns by cable, indicates that the food crop situation abroad is grave. Commercial estimates of Europe's (including England's) needs of wheat imports range all the way from 300,000,000 to 400,000,000 bushels. The returns indicate that Europe's wheat crops for 1895-4-3 were about 1,500,000,000 bushels. In the famine year of 1831 the crop was only 1,200,000,000. The impression is gaining ground that Europe's wheat crop this year is even less than in 1891. If so, she must not only import her usual supply of wheat, but 300,000,000 bushels more on top of that. But this is not the worst of it. Europe usually produces as much rye as she does wheat. This season the rye crop cannot exceed 875,000,000 bushels. Of potatoes she produces, in ordinary seasons, twice as many bushels as she does of wheat. This year it is estimated that only about 1,850,000,000 bushels of potatoes will be harvested. No part of the world apparently has any considerable surplus of cereals except the United States and Canada. The potato crop in these countries is found to be about 25 per cent. less than last year, and may be still smaller. The United States has no potatoes for export. If prices go high enough the United States can spare 240,000,000 bushels of wheat, 300,000,000 bushels of corn, 100,000,000 bushels of oats, and 100,000,000 bushels of rye. This would be the largest export ever made of American grain. It is just about enough to offset Europe's need of wheat and rye. There seems to be no source for Europe to draw upon for her enormous shortage in potatoes.

The imperial library at Vienna and the emperor's family library have been consolidated, partly to save expense, partly for greater convenience of research.

The color most in vogue at the moment is gray. It is decidedly chic when combined with nuances of a pinkish tendency—primrose and buttercup yellows or dull reds.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

UTILITY.
There must be some who labor hard. This old world to exalt, To furnish occupation for The people who find fault.

PARALLEL CASES.
"Here's the case of a man whose hair turned from jet black to snow white in a year."
"Humph! My head turned bald six months after marriage."

TOOK CHANCES.
"Jones swam out and saved the girl."
"Risked his life, eh?"
"Don't know about that; but he risked matrimony, and he isn't out of danger yet."

THE DAY OF REST.
Well, there's the churchbell. Castleton will be around in a minute.
What are you going to church?
Oh, no! But that was to be the signal for our century run.

IN STRICT CONFIDENCE.
Friend.—It must be very hard to fast day after day!
Professional Easter.—At first it is, but after a while you get used to eating your meals at night.

TOO MODERN FOR HIM.
The Children—"Tell us a fairy tale, grandpop."
Grandpop—"Oh, pshaw, children! I don't know anything about century runs."

BLAMED IF YOU DO AND BLAMED IF YOU DON'T.
"How I dislike the word 'economy!'"
"On what grounds?"
"It is such a queer thing—the world condemns us if we don't practice it, and despises us if we do."

MORE POLARITY.
"I see eggs are \$17 a dozen in the Klondike. That looks encouraging for our profession," said the comedian.
"Well, there are worse things to be met with in our profession than eggs," said the tragedian; "there are frosts, my boy, frosts!"

AN ULTIMATUM.
BROWN.—I see that the seal question has come up again.
JONES.—Oh, yes! My wife notified me last night that she must have a complete sealskin outfit this year.

GREATLY CHANGED.
"What strikes me in connection with that politician's views," said the rural statesman, "is the liberality of the man."
"He's outgrown that," replied Farmer Cortmossel, positively. "He won't get up on a platform now and tell what his views are unless the committee guarantees him \$500."

A CHANGE.
"My wife is very considerate of me," said the young married man.
"She was afraid my rest was being interrupted too much, and last week she bought a burglar alarm."

DOES IT MAKE A DIFFERENCE?
"Yes. Instead of getting up to see whether there are burglars in the house I get up to see whether the alarm is set."

NOT PRACTICALLY APPLIED.
Farmer Clovertop—Wot did that there boy o' yours learn at college?
Farmer Hayrick—Well, he learned Greek an' Latin an' football an' fencin' an' a lot o' things.
Farmer Clovertop—Fencin', hey? Well, I don't see as how your fences looks any better nor mine.

EASY APPLICATION.
Friend—What did you tell that sick chap to do for himself?
Christian Scientist—I told him he must shake off the idea that he was ill.
Friend—Did he agree to try it?
Christian Scientist—Yes; he said he had chills and fever, anyway.

DAY DREAMS.
"What makes you so quiet?" asked the head bookkeeper.
"I was just trying to make up my mind," said the clerk who gets the least salary and makes the most noise, "whether I would better go to Klondike and get enough money to speculate in wheat or go into wheat and get enough money to go to Klondike."

FORCEFUL IMPRESSION.
"What sort of impression did Clara's young man make on you?"
"When I first met him?"
"Yes."
"Well, he was scorching with his head down, and the impression he made upon me was a bruise I didn't get over for a week."

THE VANISHING POINT.
"Suppose," suggested the teacher, "that you take a piece of beefsteak and cut it into halves, then cut the halves into quarters, the quarters into eighths and the eighths into sixteenths, into what could the sixteenths be cut?"
"Hash," responded Tommy, whose mother kept a boarding house.
And the class in fractions was dismissed.

DISCOURAGING.
"It's jes' my luck," said Farmer Ryestalk, gloomily. "I'm the worst guesser a-goin'. The only sure way for a man to git along is ter make up his mind w'nt he's a-goin' to do an' keep doin' jes' that."
"Have you had bad luck?"
"Nothin' else. Last year I raised wheat when I orter hev tuck in summer boarders. This year I tuck in summer boarders when I orter hev raised wheat."

Glasgow, Leeds and Sheffield have carried on the street-car business to a greater extent than any other cities in Great Britain.