

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX

NOTES OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMININE TOPICS.

My Lady's Footwear—Wheelwomen in Europe—Oriental Embroideries for Waists—Girl Life in Pao-Ting-Fu—The Mother of Henry Clay, Etc., Etc.

My Lady's Footwear.

There is a great interest now in fashion for the feet, because there is a radical change taking place in the footwear of My Lady of Modes. It seems as if she had scarcely succeeded in freeing herself from the folly of tall heels and pointed toes and showed her determination to cast vanity to the winds and go in for common sense and solid weight before she suddenly returns to the other extreme and is once more mincing about on spindling heels and narrow toes.

Wheelwomen in Europe.

Wheelwomen in Europe meet with many difficulties. In Russia everything is managed "by order of the Czar," and cycling is no exception to the rule, before a woman can possess a wheel she must obtain royal consent, and as this is granted quite sparingly there are but few wheelwomen in Russia.

France recognizes the right of the husband to be boss, and before madame can join the Touring Club she must first obtain a signed declaration from her spouse granting her the privilege.

In Florence women cyclists must carry two bells to warn pedestrians of the machine's approach. Men are only required to have one bell.

Oriental Embroideries for Waists.

If not as striking in effect as the waists made of gayly colored striped and fringed silk kerchiefs, those with the Oriental embroideries are sufficiently out of the ordinary to attract persons who want something unique. The embroideries are of the sort that usually is used for sofa pillows, table covers and other household decorations. They are done on silk, linen, canvas and various other materials in the rich colors of the Orient, frequently with an intermingling of gold or silver threads.

These embroideries come in strips or squares and are used for collar, cuffs, vest and girdle. They usually are combined with plain colored silks, being especially effective with cream white, blue gray or deep ecru.

One of the advantages of these trimmings from the far East is that no two sets are alike. As in rugs, the Orientalists differentiate their fine needlework endlessly. Of course, all the work is done by hand. Persons who wish to carry the individuality still further, prefer to get these trimmings at an upholsterer's or art decorator's, where the variety is greater than at the dry goods store.

The Mother of Henry Clay.

One is not accustomed to thinking of Henry Clay as the son of a tavern-keeper, yet this is the fact, and Versailles, Ky., is the unpretentious place the mother and stepfather of the great commoner selected in which to conduct that tavern, and add that tremendous fact to the history of Kentucky. Had Mr. Clay's parents not decided on this course what might have been the subsequent history of the State cannot be divined, and hence the long journey that Henry Watkins and his wife, Elizabeth Clay Watkins, took across the wilderness from Virginia 100 years ago was one that shaped, no doubt, the political destiny, to a large extent, of the entire South.

Elizabeth Hudson, the mother of the "Mill Boy of the Slashes," married Rev. Dr. John Clay, after whose death she was married to Henry Watkins, and her family, which was a wealthy old Virginia one, lived in royal old Virginia pomp. John Clay, however, is said to have been reduced to poverty on account of the devastation incident to the Revolutionary War. Henry Clay did not accompany his mother and stepfather to Kentucky, but remained in Richmond, Va., as a deputy clerk and prosecuted his law studies. The Watkinses were accompanied by a number of slaves, and after reaching Versailles they took charge of the only hostelry in Versailles, and it was called the "Watkins Tavern."

At this tavern the Watkinses, Crittendens, Clays and Marshalls planned many a political campaign, and it was to this tavern that Lafayette came in 1825, and was royally entertained by the most distinguished Kentuckians of that day. Henry Clay in later years visited his mother here, and was a familiar figure on the streets of Versailles. She was said to have been one of the most beautiful and dashing women of her day, and was one of the shrewdest as well. Later on in life Mr. and Mrs. Watkins retired from the tavern business and lived on a farm till the close of their lives. Mrs. Watkins died in 1829 at the age of eighty. —Lexington (Ky.) Herald.

Directions for Washing the Face.

The matter of washing the face appears very simple, but it is the exception rather than the rule when it is properly done. Look at a piece of furniture and note the amount of dust and dirt it will collect in a few hours, and one may realize the quantity the face has to receive. It not only gathers up the minute particles of all kinds that float about the house, but that, too, which is outside. There is an old tradition that if one would preserve a delicate complexion, water should not touch the face, the skin to be cleaned by rubbing in with a piece of flau-

nel, which might suffice if the face were kept in a glass case. The face needs hot water applied liberally to it with the hands, and generally the use of pure, non-irritating soap will not come amiss. Wash cloths are often an abomination, as they are too seldom free from impurities, and the same statement is true of sponges. They are left imperfectly cleansed from the soap that has been used and are dried at the washstand, when after every use they should be washed, boiled and hung in the air. I have often seen faces with muddy skins, dotted with blackheads and pimples because impurities from wash cloths and sponges had been rubbed into the skin, to its infection.

If the face is oily and filled with fine blackheads, the latter can be removed by rubbing them with a soft cloth dipped in alcohol or in equal parts of cologne and water; the latter will cleanse the face better than anything else, acting upon the skin as a gentle stimulant. The contact of the fingers with the face seems to have a vivifying effect. It is easy while thus dashing the water in the face to massage it and bring the blood to the surface.

If, however, the face has not been carefully looked after in the manner described, if the oily matter has been allowed to collect in the glands and enlarge their orifices and the face is dotted with those unsightly accumulations, the work of getting rid of them is no easy matter. Some of the largest may be rubbed out with the soft cloth dipped in cologne and water, especially if the face is first steamed; but if this method is not sufficient, those remaining must be pressed out, one by one, using a watch key. The hole of the key is placed over the point, a quick pressure is made and the contents of the gland pushed out. To allay the irritation the face should be washed with very hot water after this, and care should be taken that too many of the blackheads are not removed at one time. —Harper's Bazar.

Girl Life in Pao-Ting-Fu.

Among the missionaries of the American Board at Pao-Ting-Fu, China, for whose safety great fears are felt, says the New York Tribune, is Miss Mary S. Morrill, a teacher in the girls' school there. In a recent letter she gives the following interesting account of a day in a Chinese girl's school life: "The first bell rings at 6.15 o'clock, and at once the work of the morning toilet begins. The girls dress alike, each costume consisting of a pair of loose baggy trousers, which are fastened at the ankle by a strong ribbon, and a sack that reaches nearly to the knees. The latter has five buttons, one at the throat, one on the right shoulder and three under the arm.

"One of the girls always sees that the water in the bathroom is warmed for the morning face washing, because a Chinese would shiver with astonishment were she expected, even in summer, to make her toilet with cold water. Breakfast frequently consists of cornmeal, cakes, cabbage stew and the remainder of the previous night's porridge. White flour, being a special treat, is used only twice a week. This is usually accompanied by a little meat, which is chopped fine with cabbage and onions. Sweet potatoes and turnips, fresh and salted, make a variety in the week's bill of fare. Suppers consist of porridges made of cornmeal, millet or rice. Beans are often mixed with the millet and rice.

"The girls do their own laundering. Instead of being ironed, the clothes are folded smoothly while damp, and laid upon a stone slab and pounded vigorously with wooden pestles.

"Studying aloud, which often makes a bedlam of Oriental classrooms, is a thing of the past in our school; but the expression on the pupils' faces while they are silently pursuing their lessons often reminds me of the looks that the hack drivers wore after they were forbidden to hawk 'cab! cab! cab!' The holler is still there, as a small friend once remarked as she looked at a row of the silenced horsemen.

"For recreation there are swings, jumping ropes and jackstones, and the girls all enjoy weaving articles out of cornstalks. The retiring bell rings at 8.30 o'clock. The crusade against foot-binding has been waged with success in Pao-Ting-Fu."

Bits of Femininity.

For mourning pretty blouse waists are made of black net.

The loose, flowing veil is not used, the ends are now drawn up at the back into a snug knot and held closely.

Pretty dancing gowns for young girls are made of soft white silk net with very open mesh.

Another revival of an old favorite is the return of pongee silk, which is trimmed with handsome embroidery matching it in color.

Some of the evening gowns by eminent foreign designers are little more or less than facsimiles of the costumes worn by belles of the Louis XV. era.

The lavish use of small, gilt braids and little gilt buttons which amount to scarcely more than a spangle in size, is a trimming that is enjoying a tremendous popularity, and is even beginning to appear upon cotton gowns.

White and gold are charming and very fashionable combinations.

Black and white gauzes are both used very effectively for girdle, belts and sash ends.

Embroidered silk muslins are very much the fashion for elegant evening gowns in white made over plain silk muslin in some dainty color which in turn has a foundation dress of white liberty satin.

A violet boa is a charming conceit.

This is not composed entirely of artificial flowers, but is made of spiral pleatings of pale lavender chiffon, bordered irregularly by artificial violet blossoms at the edge.

Suede kid slippers in a variety of colors to match the gowns are worn this season. Some of the more fancy kinds show a trimming of gold braid.

Glass Industry in the United States.

Pennsylvania and Indiana furnish most of the glass which is turned into American mirrors at present, but plate glass factories that can turn out a quality of glass suitable for the use of mirror manufacturers are springing up very rapidly in several of the Eastern States. The American glass makers have finally succeeded in turning out a superior quality of clear white glass, which makes as fine mirrors as can be bought in any part of the world. The leading looking glass makers have found this out and they import very little glass for their use. Not more than one-tenth of the mirrors made in the United States last year were made of imported glass, whereas a few years ago nearly all the American mirror makers were compelled to go abroad for their glass.

Just at present the price asked for American mirrors is about the same as asked for imported ones, but when the price of materials slackens up a little the United States will probably turn out a first class quality of looking glass much cheaper than any part of the world. There will also be a decided picking up in the exporting of looking glass as soon as the number of plate glass plants is sufficient to supply the local market and have a surplus for foreign trade.

The second class plants are improving the quality of their goods right along, and the many new plants which are coming into existence are striving to make only the best quality. In consequence the supply will soon be equal to the home and foreign demand.

Woman a Beast of Burden.

It is no uncommon sight to see Italian women walking along the streets balancing burdens on their heads that the average man would prefer to have sent home on a truck. A few days ago one of these women passed through City Hall Park. On her head she was carrying what appeared to be the entire woodwork from the interior of some house. The bundle was made up of eight pieces of hard wood, the shortest being fully twelve feet in length. Each piece was six inches in width and an inch thick. The woman steadied this burden with one hand, while in the other she carried what one would consider a good load for one person in the shape of a bundle of shorter pieces of wood.

As she turned into Centre street near Chambers the end of the load of lumber on her head came in contact with the head of a man who was going in the opposite direction. In order to prevent hitting him too hard the woman tried to turn to one side, and as she did so her burden fell to the walk. In vain she tried to replace it on her head. At last two men took hold of it, one at each end. They found that even their combined strength was just sufficient to lift up and place it on the woman's head again. When the wood was finally adjusted in a position the woman picked up her smaller bundle and started up Centre street. —New York Times.

A Case of Luck.

"I don't know what has become of him!" snapped the pretty girl in blue, "and what is more I don't care! He called here regularly for two months, and you can't blame me for the construction I put on it, particularly so when he took such notice of Fido every time he called, and you know Fido can be very disagreeable to callers. Well, he kept coming and making eyes at my dog until I began to wonder if he was aware that I was in the room. It went on like that for some time, but at last he found his tongue and said:

"I suppose you have wondered why I have been calling her so constantly lately?"

"At that a delicious thrill passed over me as I realized that the supreme moment had arrived. I did my best to keep my heart down and look as if I was awfully surprised.

"Of course you know," he continued, "that I am a great dog fancier? Your Fido is such an example of a well-bred pug that I think I could look at him forever. Ah, how I envy you! Of course I know that you would never dream of selling him, so the only way I could feast my eyes on him was by calling."

"He didn't say anything more, for right there something happened, and I flatter myself that when that young man left, as he did rather suddenly, that he had a flea in his ear. And he didn't get it from Fido either!" —Detroit Free Press.

Oldest Sovereign in Europe

The King of Denmark, who has just celebrated his eighty-second birthday, is the oldest sovereign in Europe, unless the Grand Duke of Luxembourg be taken into account. King Christian is rather more than a year older than Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who was 81 on the 24th of May. The Duke of Luxembourg was born on July 24, 1817. The queen, however, has been nearly sixty-three years on the throne, whereas the King of Denmark did not ascend the throne till 1863, the year in which his eldest daughter married the Prince of Wales. The King of the Belgians was 65 years old on April 9th.

CLEVER WIT OF SAVAGES.

THINGS IN WHICH UNCIVILIZED MAN IS WONDROUS SKILLFUL.

Primitive Bridge Building—Tree-Climbing as Practiced by the Natives of Borneo—The Dyaks as Fire-Makers—A Suggestion for Farmers.

A certain "Steeple Jack," of Liverpool, according to the St. James Budget, has won renown by devising a new method for the performance of his work. He fixes iron brackets in the masonry at the height of his ladder, builds a platform on that support, hauls up the ladder and repeats the operation until the top is reached. But the naked savages of Borneo have practiced this method of climbing trees from time immemorial. They use it especially for taking bees' nests. That sagacious insect—the honey-bearing species, at least—knows better than to fix its home in spots which greedy men and beasts can easily attain. The tapong is its favorite retreat. This noble tree rises a hundred feet or more without a branch. The bees may well think themselves safe in a hole on that smooth stem, fifty yards, perhaps, above the ground.

But in some prehistoric time a Dyak genius found means to reach them. Boring a hole in the trunk, he drove a peg therein; standing on that he drove in another; then planted a bamboo in the soil and lashed the free ends of his pegs to it, making one side of a ladder, of which the tree trunk was the other. Thus he worked upward, adding rung to rung, until the top of the bamboo was reached, spliced another to it and proceeded.

These structures, so fragile in appearance, are as strong as iron wire, and rise sometimes over a hundred feet, until lost in the thick foliage. The strongest head among us would turn giddy climbing up and down that slender ladder, of which the rungs stand three feet part. But Dyaks swing aloft with no thought of danger, standing in mid-air to shout a humorous observation to their comrades down below. It may be added that accidents never happen unless the bees make an unexpected onslaught. They are always attacked at night, the Dyaks carrying torches, which more or less distract them. But the torch occupies one hand, and with the other the man has to work enlarging the hole and extracting the honey.

PRIMITIVE SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

This is but one side of the mechanical possibilities which lie wrapped up in the mind of the savage man. Another one is the suspension bridge, with all its scientific principles, except only the contraction of metals, which is not required, which has been in use among the Dyaks beyond human memory. They choose a spot where a big tree on each side overhangs the chasm, and also, if it be wide, where trees stand in the middle. They push stout bamboos from the bank into the creast of these latter and fasten them. A network of rattans, always regular and graceful, suspends this footway at either end, with perpendicular rattans attached to check oscillation, just as our engineers contrive it.

A slight hand-rail is fixed on each side to help the passenger in keeping his balance. It must not be grasped, for any pressure would cause the bridge to slide so violently in the opposite direction that a monkey could not keep his feet. If this arrangement seems imperfect, it is due to our perceptions. It has no fault for those who use it, or they would assuredly make a change.

INGENIOUS FIRE-MAKERS.

Less known are the Dyaks' ingenious ways of making fire. They can, of course, "rub sticks"; but that is rarely practiced. Every man carries dry fungus and a chip of European pottery, with other things, in the neat bamboo box at his waist. He lays a bit of fungus upon the chip, placing his right thumb over it, strikes the side of the bamboo box sharply and his tinder is alight. This invention is the more curious because it must be later than the introduction of pottery from Europe; native earthenware will not work the trick.

Some carry a short, slender rod of metal, hollowed out to a cup at one end, and a bamboo in which its fits tightly. Filling the cup with tinder, they hold it upright in the left hand, adjust the bamboo over it, strike smartly so that the case runs down and over the rod, withdraw it, and the fungus is glowing. It could not have been by accident that they discovered this principle, with which doubtless they had long been acquainted while our forefathers were swearing and scraping their knuckles over flint and steel.

ONE WAY TO SCARE BIRDS.

Nor was it by accident that they found an easy and effectual process for scaring birds, which had not yet occurred to the civilized farmer. The harvest field is encircled with long, flexible bamboos, connected by a string, with bits of rag or leaves attached. From this circumference a radd of such poles converge upon the centre, where sits an old man past work, or a child, upon a covered platform. All the lines of the string meet here, knotted to a post within his reach. From time to time he runs his fingers over them, forthwith a storm rages in that field. The poles bow and jerk, the rags flutter, the leaves rustle, and every bird in the neighborhood flies for its life.

BORING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The most skillful of our artisans

would give it up indignantly if he were asked to pierce an eight-foot rod of the hardest timber, harder by far than oak, with no tools beyond, as one may say, a brad-awl and a piece of string—the hole, moreover, to be mathematically true from end to end. But this feat is performed by the wildest of the forest tribes, whom Dyaks will not recognize as human beings—the Pakatan and Ujt. Thus somehow they manufacture the "sumpit" or blowpipe for poisoned arrows, which peoples more advanced buy of them. It must be heavy, or the aim would not be true; and hard, or the bore could not be cut exactly. A very slight irregularity will cause the arrow to deflect. Some are eight feet long, an inch and a quarter thick, and weigh four pounds. The bore is two-fifths of an inch in diameter.

AN INGENIOUS WEAPON.

Another ingenious weapon is the casting spear used in the thick jungle—a slender bar of iron cased in wood at a single point just wide enough for the hand to grasp. When thus held the butt drops so heavily that it is impossible to throw it straight. A warrior casts this into the air, and so nicely is the balance adjusted that it turns at a certain altitude and falls plumb, point downward, upon an enemy crouched in the brush. The Kyau tribe, especially, are said to throw this spear to a hand's breadth.

Of all the native weapons, however, save the boomerang, none is so curious as the sword of this same people. It is called the paranglang. The blade is concave on one side, convex on the other, with a slight twist, perceptible only if one glance along the back. This combination of forces gives such tremendous cutting power that it bites into a tree like an ax, and literally performs the feat of which we read in epic narrative, slices a man "to the chine." These are but few instances of savage mechanics.

RUSSIANS IN THE DAKOTAS.

A Whole Township Setled by Former Subjects of the Czar.

The Boers, if they come to the United States, will not be the first agricultural community to find here a refuge from oppression and to make fruitful the barren places of the country, says the New York World.

America's experience with such colonists has hitherto been a happy one. There are the Finns, for example, in Michigan; the Doukhobors—a Russian sect of Quakers—in Manitoba and Minnesota; and the Russo-Germanic race from Odessa that has converted the little town of Eureka, S. Dak., into the greatest primary wheat market in the world.

Their situation is parallel in many ways to that of the Finns when the interesting civilization of the latter was absorbed by Russia and their national customs and ideals were exposed to destruction.

Rather than part with these proud traditions and submit to becoming Russified, numbers of them are constantly coming to this country. There are entire townships of them in Michigan.

As for those other immigrants who have created the "American Odessa" as Eureka, S. Dak., is called, their rich farms, herds of sleek cattle and admirable farm buildings are testimony that they have prospered. Their ancestors were Germans from Wurtemberg and Baden. One hundred years ago the Russian government offered inducements to German farmers who would go to Southern Russia and settle in the Odessa district.

The immigrants received lands on a plan somewhat similar to the American homestead right; they were permitted to have their own churches, schools and courts in which their own language was used, and the men were exempt from service in the army. These privileges were granted for sixty-five years.

An attempt by the czar to compel them to join the Greek Church led them to emigrate to America.

The first German-Russians settled in Bonhomme County, S. Dak., in 1872-73. In 1884 they began to settle in McPherson County. In 1887 a railroad was completed to Eureka, which is still the terminus. The western part of McPherson and the larger part of McIntosh, Emmons, Campbell and Walworth counties are now settled by these people.

Eureka is a town of about 2,000 inhabitants. It controls the marketing of grain and stock for a radius of sixty-five miles.

Coming from extreme distances with loads of wheat, farmers are on the road two days. They stay in town over night and start home the following day. The women and children often come with the men to "see the sights" and make purchases. They bring provisions, so that it is only necessary to find a place to pass the night in town.

Eureka is the greatest primary wheat market in the world. Every one of the 2,000,000 bushels of wheat which it ships every fall is delivered directly from the wagons of the farmers who raised it.

A Startling Telegram.

In an article entitled "Humors of Irish Banking," the Financial Times tells the story of a startling telegram received upon one occasion at the head office of a certain Irish bank from a remote country branch. The communication read: "Regret inform you I died this morning of pneumonia," and was signed for John Brown, manager, Thomas Smith." Evidently the prevailing idea in Mr. Smith's mind, when he dispatched the wire,

was at all hazards to comply with the regulations, and so he used the form, "as laid down," and no doubt congratulated himself upon being equal to the emergency. Of course, it was Mr. Brown, the manager, who had the misfortune to die of pneumonia. —London Globe.

Boers as Cooks.

About twelve years ago, when the first gold rush took place to the Witwatersrand gold fields, the place was only approached by road; there were no railways for some years afterward. Lumbering mail coaches brought the miners from Kimberley or Natal to Johannesburg.

On the road were stopping places where the teams were changed and the passengers refreshed. These houses were usually Boer farms, and the farmers made a good thing out of dispensing hospitality to wayfarers.

In the middle of a long table stood the dishes. Everyone helped himself by digging a two-pronged fork into the dish nearest him. There was no tablecloth; everything was dirty and unappetizing. But the farmers' wives are clever at making preserves, and they particularly excel in a preparation of tangerines preserved in sugar syrup. Slices of melon, pumpkin and quinces are also preserved this way. The clingstone or yellow peach, which grows on every farm, makes a splendid jam, and dries excellently. But the best preserves is made of stoned and sun-dried apricots, flattened and pickled with salt and sugar.

Boer housewives are very fond of the old Dutch dainties of New York described by Washington Irving and eaten to this day—"only cooks," o' doughnuts fried in fat.

The Policeman's Friend.

"Some people have queer ideas of enjoyment," remarked a policeman on a Fort street car. "See that girl following us on her bicycle. Well, she is a freak in her way. This is what she has been doing for over a year now, and there seems to be no cure for her. Every evening when the night squad goes out from our station she assigns herself to some certain beat, which she patrols on her bicycle with more zeal than that displayed by the ordinary policeman. What for? Why, to take care of the copper—simply to give him pointers on the movements of the 'pusher,' or sergeant. She has saved many policemen from being hauled before the board for neglect of duty, and as she plays no favorites they all think the world of her. It is different with the 'pushers.' They, of course, don't relish the spying tactics of the bicycle girl, the policeman's friend, but she only laughs at them and tells them that she doesn't believe in that system of managing policemen. She seems to thoroughly enjoy her self appointed duty of looking after the interests of the policemen in our precinct, and though the 'pushers' have made frequent protests, I don't see what they are going to do about it." —Detroit Free Press.

Roberts' Praise of His Wife.

Lady Roberts, like her illustrious husband, is of an exceedingly frank and friendly disposition. During "Bob's" administration in India she was extremely popular, and the residents of salubrious Simla are said to have been grief-stricken when the time came for the general and his family to leave the "coral strand." Lady Roberts is a great traveller, and it is not so long ago that society was startled to learn that she was on her way to join her husband at Bloemfontein. Indeed, Lord Roberts was once heard joyfully to remark that her ladyship was his commander in chief.

Radishes in Pharaoh's Day.

Radishes come from China, but a scientific journal the other day announced the discovery, from a translation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, that Pharaoh fed his pyramid-builders on radishes. He even went so far as to spend nineteen hundred silver talents in order to regale his masons with the crisp and spicy root. Again, if you read the Old Testament carefully you will be sure to come across the announcement that in Egypt the children of Israel ate melons, beets, onions and garlic, and evidently, in travelling through the wilderness, Moses had a great deal of difficulty in persuading them to cease yearning after these Egyptian dainties.

The Country for Ducks.

There are more ducks in China than in all the world outside of it. They are kept on farms mostly; but the rivers, lakes and brooks swarm with them, they being a favorite article of food with Ab Sin. The breeders sometimes keep them on boats, as many as 2,000 being found on one boat. The hatching is done in special buildings, some establishments turning out as many as 50,000 birds every year. Either fresh, salted or smoked they are sold in all the towns, and a good many are exported.

Effective Speaking.

"The general public," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "takes less kindly to the orator whose speeches are like a two-edged sword, than it does to him whose speech is like a two-headed hammer." —Indianapolis Press.

In Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas and Colorado there are fully 500,000,000 acres of land, nearly all of which could be utilized by irrigation.