

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

The Cap of Tea.

First you take and warm the teapot, Let the water boiling be, That's a most important secret, And see you do not spare the tea.

Fashion Notes.

Little girls wear their hair loose and flowing down the back, not braided or curled.

Rich and substantial fabrics are necessary when plain untrimmed suits are preferred.

Almond, drab and biscuit colors prevail in de be, bunting and other light all-wool suits.

When imitation pearl beads are used for embroideries they should be very fine to look real.

Surah silk comes in all shades of color, including those of red, yellow, heliotrope and violet.

The new gold threads introduced into laces and embroideries are not tarnished by washing.

The favorite colors for figured lawn dresses are heliotrope, pale blue, pale rose and old gold.

Black, white and cream-tinted Surah silks are all used as linings, as well as the brighter colors.

The ecru goods of this summer are of a darker and richer shade than those of previous seasons.

Breton lace plaitings in many rows cover one side of some of the dressiest Japanese fans.

New Lisle thread gloves are in all the new shades of almond, biscuit, drab, gray and wood color.

Low shoes are worn a great deal this summer to show the colors and embroideries on stockings.

Fashionable stockings are embroidered in reobuds, forget-me-nots, buttercups and polka dots.

New hosiery comes in all the new shades of old gold, orange, red, heliotrope, wine color and blue.

Sunset colored linings under red paragon frames gain favor with ladies who affect the picturesque in dress.

The latest thing in lingerie is a dolman visette camisole for negligee wear in place of a dressing sack.

Almost every fashionable toilet has some hint of the rage for the bright and clever notions of the Japanese.

Quantities of gold lace, gold net, gold braids, galloons and cords are seen on summer bonnets and dressy hats.

Foulard handkerchiefs are trimmed with Breton and Languedoc laces, and made into bow, jabots and fichus.

Pockets of velvet, silk, satin and lace are trimmed with jet and suspended from the waist by a satin ribbon.

Gold threads are introduced into some of the prettiest laces, each figure being outlined with gold chain stitch.

Japanese white straw hats are trimmed with white lilies and bows of white satin ribbon for children's wear.

Turbans, Fanchons, Derbies, Japanese Faysal, and rough-and-ready be-brimmed hats are equally fashionable.

The strings of small bonnets are more frequently tied in a bow in the back over the chin than under the chin in front.

Small Japanese round fans, with long handles, are covered with silk and satin, on which are hand-painted designs of great beauty.

Turkey-red calico costumes, profusely trimmed with Languedoc lace, will be worn indoors and at archery and lawn-tennis gatherings.

Summer Wedding Toilets.

At a recent notable wedding the eight bridesmaids entered the church in pairs picturesquely dressed in English fastidious in white muslin, with hats, fichus and parasols, each carrying a prayer book in her hand, and a basket of flowers hanging on her arm.

The bride was dressed in a simple white muslin in the quaint design of these dresses, yet the exquisite fabric was silk muslin, and the trimming founces of embroidery. The waists were round and gathered into a belt, and were worn with wide white satin ribbon around the waist, with ends hanging on the left side.

The back of the demit-trained shirt was straight, full, and flowing from the belt, below which it was finely shirred two fingers deep; a broad scantily gathered founce of thick embroidery on muslin was around the skirt.

In front was a deep wrinkled apron extending only as far as the sides, where the shirring of the back began; a wide frill of embroidery edged the apron, and extended up the sides to the belt.

rial was creamy white satin—plain, not brocaded—and instead of lace the trimming was made of egg-shaped pearls that covered the front of the dress as though it was incrustated with them.

The back of the waist and the long upper train were cut in one. This train was rounded at the end, and lined throughout with satin-creped gauze, and was edged all around with three apped plaited frills of silk tulle, on each of which was a bias band of satin.

The under train began at the waist, and was square-cornered; it was slashed at intervals, and the openings were filled with plaitings and pearl trimmings. Orange blossoms and white lilies were the flowers used. The neck of the dress opened in a square quite low, while the collar was very high at the back and sides, and was held in place by fine wires.

Two-thirds of the guests at this prettiest of weddings wore white dresses, with small white gypsy bonnets, trimmed with white ostrich plumes, white soft muslin scarfs, and ends of Languedoc or else point Raguse lace. The white dresses were of Surah, or brocaded silk, India mull, or else nuns' veiling. The white fichu mantle was the favorite wrap, and was worn also with colored silks, and, indeed, with black silk dresses were worn, and some of skyblue were of cashmere with high puffed sleeves and ruffs, while others were of pale blue silk and satin.

The traveling dress for the bride is Chuddah of coachman's drab shade, made up over silk and trimmed with satin. The skirted coat basque has a wide direttore collar of satin, above which is a high standing collar with the points turned over in front.

Walking-sticks for ladies, so we are told by an oracle of fashion, are coming into favor again. This does the whirligig of time bring round his revenge for a discarded custom. The Empress Eugenie made the carrying of canes fashionable for her sex during the gay day of the second empire.

The lady who fills the chair of professor of domestic science in the Illinois Industrial university has been giving sensible advice to girls in a lecture at St. Louis. She called women the world's home-makers, insisted that reform in women's education was the urgent need of the times, and emphasized the fact that intelligent cooks, educated housekeepers and enlightened mothers were beginning to be appreciated.

Bulgaria is a nice kind of a place to live in. A resident says that when three or four armed Bulgarians meet an unarmed Turk alone, they generally cut off his head; and when three or four Turks meet a Bulgarian under similar circumstances, they generally cut off his head.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The iron workers of England include 140,000 laborers in furnaces and forges, 160,000 in the manufacture of machinery, 5,500 in steel works, 48,000 in ship-building, and about 300,000 in various branches of iron and steel manufacture, making about 570,000 in all.

An incident which occurred recently in Paris shows with what fervor compulsory military service is regarded by industrial classes in France. A young seller of sponges, aged twenty-one, shot himself with a revolver in preference to taking his turn of military service according to law.

Sherrard Clemens, who died in a St. Louis hospital a short time ago, was a notable figure in the politics of twenty years ago. He represented a Virginia district in the Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Congresses and was one of the most promising orators of his day.

Too much presence of mind is a rare surplus in man or woman. It may make as queer mistakes as excitement itself. A Southern lady while preparing to retire for the night, thought she saw the eye of a full-length portrait of Washington wink.

It appears that Japan is likely before long to commence a new branch of export trade with Europe. Dr. Gagliardi, an Italian geologist, who is a professor at the Japanese Polytechnic of Tokio, was charged some time since to inspect and report upon the mineral products of the Hrak mountain range.

Tristan d'Acunha is the name of a small group of islands lying midway between South America and the African coast. Two years ago the ship Mabel Clark was wrecked on one of these islands, and the crew kindly rescued by the islanders, for which noble conduct they received a suitable reward from the United States government.

The New York Herald has an article describing the filthy condition of many of the city tenements, and in an editorial it says hundreds of thousands of people are living in abodes such as are described. Many of them, the Herald says, know no better than to select such places to live in, and others could not or would not understand, if told, the dangers to which their families are continually exposed.

The Argentine Republic, in which civil war is reported to have broken out, is a confederation of the Rio de la Plata, fourteen states or provinces containing a population in 1870 of about 1,900,000. Its extent is some 543,000 square miles, and it is situated between Bolivia on the north and Patagonia on the south, the latter country being claimed as part of its possessions.

Four small, swift propellers have been built at Pittsburg, Pa., for the South, where they are destined to play an important part in the sanitary condition of the Mississippi valley during the hot and subsequent summers in carrying on what must be an effective campaign against the spread of yellow fever.

Some Very Old People. Mr. William H. Warren, of Warrensville, Ohio, is ninety-eight years of age, and occupied the first log cabin built in that city. He made his own garden last spring, and is in excellent health and spirits.

Near neighbors during their lifetime, Uncle Timothy Dorexy, of Pearsall's, L. I., and Zachariah Story, of Christian Hook, were born on the same day. They are now ninety-three years of age, and both spry and hearty.

Lewis Rockwell lives in Lackawaxen, Pa., and is 102. His wife when she died was ninety-five years old. He is not the only living member of the family, but has seven brothers and sisters, whose united ages are 571 years.

Mrs. Mary Hodgins, of Lucan, Toronto, died recently aged ninety-one years. She settled in that region forty-seven years ago, when the country was an unbroken wilderness, and was the only white woman thereabouts.

Annie E. Potter died in the New York Baptist home for aged people after living long past her centennial anniversary. When ten years of age she was kidnapped from school in India and sent in a ship from Calcutta to New York.

Statesville, N. C., has two old but active citizens. J. W. Miller does his own plowing, although in his eighty-ninth year. Bartlett Morgan walks in and out of town, a distance of eighteen miles, although he is eighty-four years old.

The Indian chief Louis Waiso, who lives at Lake George, is over 100 years old. The British government has just paid him a long-expected pension for services rendered as chief of the Abenecis in the contest of 1812.

The father of the Reverend William Roberson, who died recently in Bold Camp Creek, Va., did not marry until he was fifty years of age, and lived with his wife seventy-five years, dying at 125. The minister was in his ninety-seventh year when he died.

"Old Pompey Phillips," a colored man, died at Berkshire, and is supposed to have been 109 years of age. He was once a slave in Hillsdale, N. Y., and he saw Washington in 1785. He leaves a daughter eighty-six years of age and a son seventy-four.

The Rev. Noah M. Wells, the oldest Presbyterian clergyman in the country, died recently in Erie, Mich., at the age of ninety-eight. He preached in Eastern New York until 1825, when he went to Detroit and organized the first Presbyterian church there.

Mrs. Peter King, who died recently at Otsego, N. Y., was just rounding a century of life. She was a native of Ireland, and settled in this country when there were no railroads or stages, in days when people used to go to Albany, a distance of eighty miles, to get groceries.

After Matilda Jackson, of Paris, Ky., had closed a century of life, she left what she called the white Methodist church and connected herself with the colored Christian church, and was immersed in a pond.

Moses Howe, of Dracut, Mass., is now in his ninety-second year. He preached his first sermon sixty-six years ago. On Sunday afternoon he preached from the same text, and occupied an hour and a half. He has married 1,920 couples and buried 2,530 persons.

Crashing into an Iceberg. The British war ship Flamingo had a narrow escape recently, while cruising off the coast of Newfoundland, from being crushed to pieces by an enormous iceberg.

When the steamer forged off from the huge berg the ice towers 100 feet above her mastsheads, with terrible menacing projections threatening in their fall to sink the little war vessel deep down in the Atlantic.

Words of Wisdom. One act of charity is worth a century of eloquence. The use of character is to be a shield against calumny.

The fear of future evil is in itself the greatest of evils. Cherish your best hopes as faith, and abide by them in action.

He must be a thorough fool who can learn nothing from his own folly. A great many pairs of shoes are worn out before a man does all he says.

Every flower, even the fairest, has its shadow beneath it as it swings in the sunlight. The tie that binds the happy may be dear, but that which links the unfortunate is tenderness unalterable.

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within that withers and bursts the husk. Passions are likened best to floods and streams. The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

Better fall covered and scarred with the wounds of glory than to surrender through expediency to what is wrong. How quietly flows the river toward the sea, yet it always reaches its destination. This is a point to remember when you are trying to "rush things."

Baths in the Schoolroom. A mission school in Philadelphia has in its basement a large bathing and swimming department. There are four great tubs, in which the dirty little children are free to cleanse themselves and to take aquatic exercise.

The first real discoverer of copper on Lake Superior, whose exploration led to the development of the Cliff mine, is now an old and poor man, living on charity, in an obscure village in the Wisconsin lead region.

Miss Polly Hanson, aged fifteen, of Lake county, Cal., is a wonderful shot. She recently killed fourteen out of fifteen pigeons at twenty-one yards rise. Miss Hanson is the daughter of District Attorney Hanson, of Lake county.

A Ship's Collision with an Iceberg. Captain Nyberg, of the Russian bark Concorde, told a reporter of a thrilling experience while on the voyage to New York. It was during a heavy fog, he said, and a sailor named Harigo was making the main royal fast, when suddenly there came a cry from the look-out in the bow, to "keep her off."

At that moment I came out of my cabin by the after companion way, and as it seemed to me, in that exact second of time the crash came. The bark was moving at about the rate of four knots, and fortunately obeyed her helm readily, else we would have struck the berg squarely, and beyond question would have gone to the bottom.

It all seemed to be over in two or three seconds, before we could do anything, even to shelter ourselves from the falling mass or utter a cry of warning. The great pressure of the water yards caused the masts to bend and the vessel to keel over on her side partially, and as she did so the main chain plates on the port side struck the berg with terrific force, parting her lanyards and allowing the mainmast to go by the board.

It came down with all the top hamper over her side, and the mainmast and the fore topgallant went along. It all seemed to be over in two or three seconds, before we could do anything, even to shelter ourselves from the falling mass or utter a cry of warning.

The bark rolled on her side on a big wave, with the weight of the mast and all that clung to it dragging her over, and it looked as if we were going to capsize, but happily she righted, and we were quickly brought, and the wreck was cut away and we were saved.

Under the lumber of the fallen rigging, close by the starboard rail amidships, we found Harigo—the man who had been on the main royal—lying senseless. Next him was an Irish boy named Tom Rafferty, one of the crew, with a broken leg. Nobody else was hurt.

In addition to the injury to her rigging, the vessel suffered severely. Thirty feet of the port rail, stanchions and waterway were carried off, and the injury where she struck first was very serious. Still, we patched things up as well as we could, and managed to get into port all right.

Harigo had no bones broken, but was badly bruised and suffered some serious internal injuries from his fall. A week afterward he waked up sensible for the first time since the accident, and wanted to know what had happened. He had not seen the berg, and knew nothing of what had hurt him. Now both he and the Irish boy are doing well. None of us on deck, though we tried to do so, could make out the height or the width of that iceberg, it was so enormous.

The Colorado Rush. It is all well enough to say "Go West, young man," but when the advice is accepted it should be with a purpose to locate in some good farming country or thriving settlement, and take a hand in the general development.

But a great majority of those who pursue the star of empire in its westward course go to Colorado. The rush just now is immense. People are pouring into Denver at the rate of from 4,000 to 6,000 per week, every train from the East being loaded to the utmost limit of its traction power.

The streets of the city are thronged with strangers, and present the appearance peculiar to holidays. Nearly all the new-comers expect to secure immediate employment, either there or when they reach the mining districts. Most of them are provided only with sufficient means to get back again, and many speedily avail themselves of the opportunity. It is like a great tide pouring into the estuaries of the sea, only to recede when it has reached its height.

There are no doubt available chances for the investment of capital in agricultural and manufacturing enterprises in Colorado, but unless one knows just what to do the risk is hazardous. The advice of all who write interestedly to those in the East who have employment, and who are thinking of going to Colorado, is to stay where they are.—Rochester Union.

Make the Best of Things. We excuse a man for occasional depressions, just as we endure a rainy day. But who could endure 365 days of cold drizzle? Yet there are men who are, without cessation, somber and charged with evil prognostication. We may be born with a melancholy temperament, but that is no reason why we should yield to it.

There is a way of shuffling the burden. In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and for one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can have. One good laugh is a bombshell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent is a gun that kicks over the man who shoots it off. Some must have to get into heaven backward. Let us stand off from our despondencies. Listen for sweet notes not discords. In a world where God has put exquisite things upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a child's cheek, let us leave it to the owl to hoot and the toad to croak and the faultfinder to complain. Take outdoor exercise and avoid late suppers if you would have a cheerful disposition. The habits of complaint finally drops into peevishness, and people become wash and unapproachable.

Two bulldogs wandered, two years ago, from the ranch of Bratt & Co., Nebraska, and joined a pack of roving wolves. They never returned, and now a species of dog-wolf, infesting that section, are more dreaded than the common prairie wolf, being more bold and savage.