FANCIES FOR THE FAIR.

Ideas in Dress Reform—New Designs to Set Off Beauty—Ornaments for the Home—Suitings for Little Folks—The Craze for Spoons.

The Rational Dress Society, of London, has evolved and formulated two gowns as the result of its deliberations. One is called the "Syrian," and is affected by Lady Harberton, the leading spirit in this new movement. It has a divided skirt, which turns up on the inside and fastens around each knee, like the skirts worn in the Berkeley Lyceum Woman's Gymnasium, a loose shirt and open coat, and may be worn with gaiters or laced boots; and this is how the Viscountess Harberton looks in it. The other—the Japanese—differs from it in that the skirt is not confined, but flies out in plaits, and in a pale gray skirt and black velvet Eton jacket her daughter presents an appearance something like the second cut. A new Turkish tea gown, all in fawn color, with a pale yellow skirt and golden-brown jacket, with a sash also of pale yellow, shared honors at the great London fair given under the auspices of the National Dress League, with a neat, tiny little rainy weather dress, with boots and jacket. No one can deny that these gowns are rational and sensible; no one would blame burdened woman if she cast off her shackles; no law could reach her, no judge condemn; but the probabilities are that the dress will never become popular except among the enthusiasts, because the woman herself would not be comfortable in it. There isn't a sweet womanly woman on Manhattan Island, says the New York *Sun*, who could walk down Broadway in a gown like any of these illustrations without being self-conscious and altogether miserable. Woman may, and doubtless will be, in the near future known and noted among the thought rulers of the world, but her mightiest sovereignty lies ever in her most feminine and purely womanly attributes.

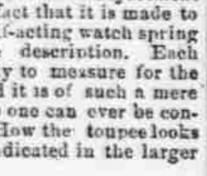
The Syrian.

The Japanese.

HIDING TIME'S HAVOC.

Featherweight Toupees for Capillary Defects Above One's Temples.

Very often ladies become aware that time is beginning to leave unmistakable and unpleasant traces, either in patches of gray hair or in thin places just over each temple and above the ear. The hair may be wonderfully abundant and still dark in color all over the rest of the head. It is just in these places that it begins to go very thin or else to turn quite gray. To meet the difficulty, says the Philadelphia *Record*, and to give a perfectly natural appearance to the side of the head, a London hair-dresser has brought out quite a novel kind of toupee, the construction of which may be seen very clearly in the small illustration. Mounted on a perfectly new kind of foundation, through which each single hair springs up separately, as though it were growing directly out of the head, this wonderful toupee is so ingeniously constructed that it shows no hard edge or dark line against the skin, but has a few stray hairs here and there on the forehead, so that it looks as if it must have grown there always. The great secret of its successful adjustment to the head lies in the fact that it is made to work on a very light self-acting watch spring of the finest possible description. Each toupee is made specially to measure for the head of the wearer, and it is of such a mere featherweight that no one can ever be conscious of wearing it. How the toupee looks on its fair wearer is indicated in the larger illustration.



FROM TWO GREAT CITIES.

A Pretty Gown Seen in London and a Fine Jacket From Paris.

Such a pretty gown was seen "between showers" in the park last Sunday, says a London correspondent. It was of fawn-colored cashmere, with a plain skirt, which was embroidered as high as the knees in small red poppy flowers. A little ruche of red silk went all round inside of the skirt so that only a glimpse of the bright color was seen now and then. The short bodice was of the fawn color, with a pretty draped front of the poppy-sprinkled material, outlined with a tiny ruche of red silk, coming to a point at the waist. The sleeves were full and of the plain stuff, and with cuffs finished with the same crisp frilling of red. The bonnet to match this gay little gown was of fawn-colored lace straw, with soft bows of red silk, most artfully tied, resting on the crown, and drooping a little over the hair in front. But, to my mind, the quaintest and prettiest part of this headgear was a loose "bridle" of poppies fringed from interlacing stems, that passed under the chin, and clung to each side of the bonnet. A more daring frame for a pretty face cannot be imagined. Pretty little red shoes and the glimpse of a silk-covered ankle quite fascinated one, and a fawn-colored fist held an *en tous cas* of red with a long amber handle carved in the semblance of a bunch of wheat.

The illustration shows a stylish jacket which will be much worn in Paris during the coming season, says the New York *Herald*. It fits behind closely to the waist, and is made of black bengaline silk. The trimming consists of embroidery and jet passementerie, and the basques are of black Chantilly lace.

NOVEL HOUSE ORNAMENT.

A Useful Screen Made to Resemble the Wheel of a Ship.

A pretty screen is made in imitation of a ship's wheel, says the *Home and Art Magazine*. It is shown in the accompanying illustration. The wood is enameled white, and is touched with gold only on the spoke handles. The silk is tacked around the circumference on the back of the wheel, and then drawn in plaits to a full rosette in the center. There are some other screens this season that have little bracket shelves suspended from the ends. Pockets made of ooze leather and fastened on the backs of single or folding screens are very nice and useful receptacles for sheet music, photographs, papers, clippings, etc.

THE FAD FOR SPOONS.

It Has Run From Tourists' Mementoes to Popularity in Society.

The latest fad is the souvenir spoon. Some genius etched or engraved a teaspoon after a design or scene of local significance, and in an incredible short space of time all of the larger cities began to produce spoons which were calculated to catch the eye of tourists. Pittsburg's Fort Pitt spoon is already well known. The fad has gone further, and now spoons play a part in social life. Young ladies who know anything about fancy work and can use the brush will soon be making spoons in large numbers. A "birthday spoon," says the New York *Herald*, can be made by

The Birthday Spoon.

the employment of colored ribbons. For the handle take a strip of narrow blue ribbon and gum it on one side. Wind it diagonally around the handle until there are four strips across the top. When the gum is thoroughly dry mark your inscription on the ribbon with a small brush. The letters can be made in gold. Outline the panel and fill in the background with gold color. When this is dry you can make the scrolling in about the same style we show, with a hard pencil. The small ornament at the end of the handle may be outlined and filled in with any color desired. For the bowl take a broad strip of silk ribbon and fray the edges. Gum this and stick it to the bowl. In the center of this ribbon square you can now gum a piece of white paper. Draw the month in which the birthday occurs on this, with all the dates plainly shown. Now emphasize the particular day and there will be no need of further inscription. The background of this design is to be treated just the same as that on the handle.

TWO PRETTY COSTUMES.

A Novel Corselet and a Charming Dinner Gown Recently Created.

Suede colored crepon with an embroidered selvage is the material of the gown shown herewith, with a corselet of green velvet on the bodice, says *Harper's Bazar*. The skirt, which is three yards and a third wide, is plain and clinging at the front and gathered at the back; at the foot it is trimmed with two narrow bias ruffles each headed by an embroidered band. The bodice is gathered at the shoulders in front and at the neck in the back; the fronts extend into

Crepon Gown With Velvet Corselet.

medium long basques, which are bordered with embroidery; at the back the basque is replaced by the slashed tabs of the velvet corselet, the front of which is short and does not meet, but is connected instead by ribbons straps with rosettes. The sleeves are full at both shoulder and wrist, and are gathered to a small pointed cuff.

A most charming dinner gown is of heavy gray-green corded silk, perfectly plain and princesse shape in the back, but opening down the front over a petticoat of rose-pink silk, veiled with the loveliest white lace. The bodice is cut square at the neck, with a high Medici collar of green silk, lined with pearl-embroidered lace. The front of the bodice continued the effect of the petticoat, being pink, covered with lace, delicately draped. The upper sleeves matched the gown itself, and were only half long and quite loose; but they were under sleeves of lace, very full, and clasped at the wrist with bands of green silk, embroidered with pearls.

DRESSING LITTLE FOLKS.

Washable Goods Most Desirable for Boys—Designs for Girls.

By far the most desirable thing in small boys' suits are those washable goods in two pieces, the kilts and jackets or the knee pants and jackets, says the Countess Annie de Montaigu. The children's outfitting establishments get them up so admirably and at the same time inexpensively that few people ever think of making them at home. A very jaunty little affair is the one in the illustration. It is of white duck, the short pants braided on the side in washable soutache, as is also the little jacket; with this is worn a linen blouse with either embroidered lawn tie or one of white silk with two rows of hemstitching or with fringed ends.

Dresses for small girls are really entrancing in their prettiness. One for a lassie of 11 displayed in a London shop window had a full plain skirt of "new-mown hay" color, with a very deep hem, headed with five rows of cream-white velvet. The bodice was cut low, and without sleeves, and was edged all round with three rows of the narrow velvet, finishing on each shoulder with dainty little rosettes. A cream-silk shirred shirt of guimpe was worn under this little costume, with soft frills of lace at the throat and on the full bishop sleeves. A rather large shady flat chip-hat of the soft greyish green color corresponding with the dress. The crown and broad brim were covered with dainty little rosettes of narrow cream-coloured velvet, and made a very girlish headpiece for the artistic-looking gown.

FINE CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Ellice Serena's Recipe for a Dainty Dessert—Other Dishes That Will Tickle the Most Fastidious Palates—Puddings, Sauces and Creams.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

To make fine charlotte russe, first make a large thin sponge cake, taking care to bake it in an oven sheet about an inch thick. When done and cooled, cut out a piece to fit the bottom of a rounded dish four or five inches deep, and then cut regular pieces to fit around the sides. Into this pour a cream prepared as follows: Whip one pint sweet cream, flavored with orange or vanilla, to a stiff froth, and add to it the frothed whites of two eggs and a cupful of pulverized sugar. Stir all lightly together, pour upon the cake until filled, set upon ice, with a pan turned over it until the cream is stiffened.

A simple dessert of this sort is made by laying lady fingers or squares of sponge cake around the sides of a fancy dish, filling it with whipped cream and putting it in a cool place to harden.

I append some general recipes that will be found reliable:

Cream Gravy for Toast.

For a family of six pour 1½ pints milk and 1 cup cream into a saucepan with a half teaspoonful salt. Mix 1 large tablespoonful flour with 3 of cold milk; stir into boiling milk, and when thickened remove it from the fire and stir in the beaten yolk of one egg. This is not only nice for toast, but also for baked and boiled potatoes, asparagus, peas and string beans.

Graham Puffs.

Beat one quart sweet milk, add one quart sifted flour together for ten minutes. Add two beaten eggs and one teaspoonful salt. Half this quantity is sufficient for a small family.

Mock Cherry Pie.

One-half cupful raisins seeded and chopped fine, one cupful cranberries cut in two, pinch of salt, one cupful sugar, one teaspoon vanilla, one tablespoonful flour, one-half cupful boiling water. Bake with two crusts.

Planked Shad.

Nail the shad to a white oak plank and place it before a hot open fire until it is cooked. The acid in white oak (pyroligenous) gives shad a peculiar flavor which is very much liked. Serve with mushroom sauce, parsley or egg sauce.

Bread Stuffing for Baked Fish.

Mix with bread crums a little fat pork, chopped fine, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, the same quantity of minced onion, a piece of butter large as a walnut, a little powdered sage and sweet marjeram seasoning also of salt and pepper. Put into a pan for a few minutes and stir over a hot fire. Remove and add one beaten egg.

Rhubarb Pudding.

Butter a baking dish and cover the bottom with thin slices of buttered bread. Add a layer of rhubarb, cut in small pieces, and a few drops of lemon juice. Strew thickly with sugar, put in another layer of bread, and so continue until the dish is full. Cover well and bake for an hour and a half. Remove the cover for a few minutes if not brown enough. Serve with sauce.

Apple Trifle.

To a pint of hot apple sauce, sweetened and flavored—and pressed through a sieve—add two tablespoonfuls of soaked gelatine. Stir until dissolved. Pour into a wet mold and set in a cold place. Serve with cream.

Mashed Eggs.

Into a stew-pan put a little good gravy, stock or drippings from roast meats of any kind. When quite hot break in a number of eggs and stir until they become stiff. Season with salt and pepper.

Peach Custard.

Press through a sieve one-half dozen canned peaches. Add the beaten yelks of four eggs, a pint of milk and one-half cupful of sugar. Line pie tins with rich paste, glaze with egg, pour in the custard and bake without upper crust. Remove from oven, cover with a meringue of whites, and set in the oven again, until the meringue is set.

Baked Custards.

Mix 1½ pints new milk, one cup sweet cream, four well-beaten eggs, one cupful white sugar, one teaspoonful orange or lemon extract. Fill small cups two-thirds full, put them into a baking pan containing hot water and let them remain in the oven until the custard is set, remembering that it will continue to cook for a minute or two after being removed from the oven.

Whipped Cream.

This is palatable served with fresh fruit, turning the cream from a mold upon a fancy dish and surrounding with fruit.

Lemon Butter for Filling.

One-fourth cupful of hot water, one scant cupful of granulated sugar, one large lemon, juice and rind, a tiny bit of butter. Let come to the boil, add one teaspoonful cornstarch, wet in very little water. Boil ten minutes, add one well-beaten egg.

Lemon Jelly Cake.

One-half cupful of butter, two of sugar, three or four eggs beaten separately—whites added last—juice of half a lemon, one cupful of milk, three of flour, three level teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Make cup cake after this recipe, using flour, eggs and generous half cupful of butter.

Good Cookies.

One-half cupful butter, one of sugar, one egg, one-half cupful of milk, spice to taste and flour to roll. ELLICE SERENA.

Clean Up.

As the good housewife proceeds to cleanse and renovate the family domicile, removing the winter's accumulation of dust and impurities at this particular season, so should every intelligent person cleanse and renovate their internal person, and make it a healthful habitation. for it's the home of the soul. There is nothing that will so quickly and effectually accomplish this as a dose of St. Patrick's Pills. They not only physic, but clear the befogged mind and cleanse and renovate the whole system, making one feel brand new. WSU

FLESH AS A DISEASE.

A Certain Degree of Adiposity is Good, but More Is Dangerous.

WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE.

Figures That Grow Out of the Experience of Insurance People.

PROPER AMOUNT OF FOOD CONSUMED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

When persons begin to "flesh up" they not only feel, but look well, women especially taking on a roundness of outline which is pleasant to the eye, sets off their costumes and lends a certain dignity as well as grace to their general appearance and bearing. If the increase of adiposity could be kept at the first stage of embonpoint there would be no risk in becoming a little plump, but it cannot. Unless in rare cases where the individual understands how to check and restain the tendency to corpulence within safe bounds, it steadily increases until it blots out altogether the grace it brought at first.

If this were all there would be no harm done, except to the personal vanity, which might be borne with equanimity, but obesity leads to many different diseases which may terminate fatally. The fatty heart is most to be feared, as it is slow, silent and often quite unsuspected in its progress, and too frequently the cause of that "heart failure" which results in sudden death, usually in persons who, to the unpracticed eye, have every appearance of sound health. When the circulation of the heart is impeded by a superabundance of fat its action becomes irregular, at times contracting with difficulty, at others dilating under the pressure of the sanguineous volume, and then becomes diseased, hence the numerous deaths from heart failure. When a person in the prime of life suddenly drops dead through abrupt cessation of the heart's action it is almost always observable that the victim is of plethoric habit.

Some Diseases to Be Dreaded.

Apoplexy is another disease to which the corpulent are peculiarly liable; should such show an inclination to undue somnolency, no time should be lost in consulting a physician, as in all human probability they have passed beyond the point when dietetic measures alone will insure them from danger. The liver, in especial, shows a great tendency to disease produced by too much fat, hence the so-called "fatty liver."

Diabetes is a disease of the lobules of the liver. It is this portion of the liver which makes animal sugar. When we feed too exclusively upon foods which produce sugar, this part of liver becomes over active and forms more sugar than the system requires, and thus incites the kidneys to work excessively to carry it off. This over excitation of the liver and kineys induces the diabetic condition, the seriousness of which requires no insistence to the intelligent reader.

But of all diseases none are more dreaded by humanity than "Bright's disease," which is nothing more nor less than fatty disease of the kidneys, and is caused by long-continued over-indulgence in vegetable, saccharine and starchy foods which produce fat. Dropsy is not in itself a disease, but only a symptom of disease in vital parts. Dropsy in the extremities indicates disease of the heart or kidneys, or both. Dropsy in the abdominal cavity indicates disease in the portal glands. There are numerous other lesser maladies caused directly by obesity, such as gout, rheumatism and anæmia—that is, a morbid diminution of the blood supply in the body. That is Webster's definition of anæmia—more strictly medically speaking it is a change in the quality—an impoverishment of the blood caused by bad alimentation.

Not Intended for Hypochondriacs.

I do not desire to alarm the obese reader, but only to awaken him or her from that easy state of indifference to corpulence which is the outcome of the flattering unction each is liable to lay to his soul, "My fat is healthy fat." Do not thus deceive yourself. No fat is healthy if allowed to exceed a certain point. Nothing is more frequently heard among the victims of corpulence than this remark: "My stoutness is inherited, and I cannot hope to escape my fate. My parents suffered as I do, and in their later years attained enormous bulk, as I doubtless shall, however I may struggle against it."

But that is nonsense. Obesity and a tendency to obesity are two very different things. The latter may be inherited, but the former cannot be. The predisposition to the family bane comes, in some degree, from the transmission of weakened organs and impaired vital forces to the offspring of the fat, and therefore it may be admitted that, thus far, a tendency is inherited.

Obesity is more frequently the product of habit than of heredity. Its great cause is the eating of food that ferments in the stomach. Of course there are certain articles of food, hydrocarbons, that are more readily converted into adipose tissue than others are; but, in a general way, every ounce of vegetable food in excess of so much as can readily be digested and assimilated has evil consequences in the direction of corpulence.

We Digest With Our Stomachs.

It must be remembered that ours is a meat-eating race. The survival of the fittest—or the toughest under adverse conditions—in many generations has produced a special adaptation for an exclusively vegetable diet in some peoples, notably the Hindoos, Chinese and Japanese. Their pyloric valves are permanently paralyzed, and the rice they put into their helpless but indifferent stomachs is promptly passed along to the duodenum and small intestines, where it is digested, and its nutritive elements are properly assimilated. But we are not built in that way. Our pyloric valves work.

The stomach is a meat eating organ, but when filled with a pylorus upon which it can place any reliance, endeavors honestly to do its duty upon whatever is supplied to it. By the time, however, it has dealt with the scattered fragments of meat in the ordinary American meal, the mass of vegetable matter forced upon it has begun to ferment. Volumes of carbonic acid gas rise from the acid mass in which the process of fermentation has been started by germs of vinegary and alcoholic yeasts already established on the coats of the stomach, and, stimulated by the natural animal heat, often aided by deluges of hot liquids. The sensation of oppression in the stomach, pressure upon the heart, suffocation and sour stomach are the natural and quickly experienced consequences. The gas evolved has a directly toxic effect, in addition to its injurious pressure, and tends to the speedy impairment of the funtions of stomach, lungs and heart. Nature, as a measure of prudent conservatism, builds around weakened organs sustaining and protecting walls of fat, so that there you have fairly started the growth of corpulence.

Yeast Germs in the Blood.

But the evil has only commenced. When the acid, gas-evolving heap of vegetable matter is eventually allowed to escape, through the pylorus it enters upon a tract where it is now, owing to its condition, a potent factor for evil instead of healthful alimentation. The assimilative functions, perverted by the toxic effects of the gases involved, carry into the blood instead of healthful, nutritive elements, the yeast germs permeating the mass and presenting themselves at every point. The life current is vitiated, fibrinous clots impede the circulation, and all the tissues suffer through lack of proper nourishment. That the most serious constitutional conditions naturally follow in this chain of causes and effects will be readily comprehended, but the fact need not be dwelt upon here, as this is not a general treatise upon the causes of disease, but a specific direction of inquiry into whence comes that particular malady familiarly known as fat.

One of nature's processes has already been reverted to in the accumulation of adipose tissue about the weakened heart. Another with the same conservative purpose is the infiltration of fat into the muscular tissue to take the place of ill-nurtured and wasted fibers, the depraved condition of which is consequent upon the deterioration of the blood. When both are set going a retroactive force is exerted. These conditions in themselves tend to aggravated continuance of the causes in which they had their rise, and by their further muscular energy, depressing vital forces and enfeebling the nervous system, disincline the victim for such efforts as might at least retard, if not correct, his progressive increase of fat. Each baleful effect in its turn becomes a malefic cause in the cyclic evolution of man into the monster—physically only, will of course be understood.

What the Insurance Men Say.

How shall anyone know when he has entered upon that perilous progression toward plethora? How shall he be satisfied that he is not cozening himself with a dangerous delusion when he fancies: "I am still all right. I have no need to reduce myself. My fat is healthy fat!"

Healthy fat! If the wise men who make up the mortality tables for the life insurance companies and, from the wealth of their experience, prescribe what are safe and what are unsafe risks, know anything about what they are doing, there is not much allowance to be made for fat upon a person whose long continued existence is probable enough for insurance investment. Look at this schedule of proportionate weights to heights adopted as the "standard table" by the Equitable Life Assurance Society:

Height.	Average weight.
5 feet	115 pounds
5 feet 1 inch	120 pounds
5 feet 2 inches	125 pounds
5 feet 3 inches	130 pounds
5 feet 4 inches	135 pounds
5 feet 5 inches	140 pounds
5 feet 6 inches	143 pounds
5 feet 7 inches	145 pounds
5 feet 8 inches	148 pounds
5 feet 9 inches	155 pounds
5 feet 10 inches	160 pounds
5 feet 11 inches	165 pounds
6 feet	170 pounds
6 feet 1 inch	175 pounds
6 feet 2 inches	180 pounds

In practice, the allowance is just a little more liberal than is there set forth. But the schedule is worth insertion as demonstrating the professional idea of how lean a really healthy person should be.

The Amount of Food Required.

The following rule may be accepted as at least a safe one: View with suspicion any perceptible rapid increase of fat and with alarm the symptoms of mal-alimentation, already described, as they are the sure forerunners of disease, one excessively probable, early manifestation of which will be increase of corpulence.

Remember that while the chemical constituents of the class of foods known as hydro-carbons are such as put fat on most rapidly all vegetable food tends to the same effect in proportion to the quantity consumed and the degree of its proper assimilation. Limit the amount of food taken to what nature really requires and you may afford to be indifferent to your imaginary hereditary tendency to stoutness. A French statistician has ascertained that a human being of either sex who is a moderate eater and who lives to be 70 years old consumes during "the days of the years of his life" a quantity of food which would fill 20 ordinary baggage cars. Almost everybody eats far too much and too often. Eating is made a matter of habit, not of necessity. One takes dinner because the hour for doing so has arrived oftener than to satisfy an honest and natural desire for nutrition. And the weary stomach is not allowed to rebel against this uncalled-for gorging.

The Manufacture of an Appetite.

"Loss of appetite" is viewed as a dangerous indicator of threatened illness, and measures for its correction are taken at once. Alcoholic stimulants, "tonics," "bitters," "pick me ups" and "bracers" in infinite variety, and an appalling multitude of pharmaceutical compounds—all more or less deadly—are provided to sting the jaded palate and spur the tired out stomach to new exertion. Fiery condiments, spicy sauces and piquant relishes help along the conquest of nature. And as the outcome of it all—the improper food and the excess of it—we get fat, and no wonder we do.

Frequent eating keeps the food constantly passing over the absorbent surfaces until, little by little, layer after layer, the surplusage is deposited in fatty tissues. Stimulants, especially malt liquors, tend to produce the diseased condition of which one of the commonest results is corpulence; but that fact is so generally known and its causes so well understood that it need not be dwelt upon here. Lest I may be supposed to lay too much stress upon the danger of overeating, let me quote in corroboration what Dr. R. C. Fisher, of Washington, says in his valuable pamphlet on "Plethora."

Opinions From an Authority.

"When the absorbent surfaces of the intestines can select just the amount of nourishment needed to replace the wear the remainder is thrown off as waste, and no superfluous fat or disease is formed. On the other hand, when just a little in excess of the needs of the organism is selected by the absorbent surface the excess is converted into fat, and when at last no more fat can be taken on it is retained to distend the blood vessels and to be thrown off in colds, catarrh, pneumonia, consumption and other disorders due to the condition of plethora.

"When the whole system has become plethoric the work of the heart is increased and its action becomes difficult; hence the lungs accumulate disease, and are called on for more effort and become congested and inflamed. The liver also enlarges from overwork, and the kidneys suffer from the impurities constantly passing through them, while gradually the surplusage is deposited about the muscles, until the entire body becomes stiff and heavy, as even very old persons need never be if they conform to the laws of health." CELIA LOGAN.

A TRICK FOR THE TOPER.

How to Make Whisky Float on the Top of a Glass of Seltzer.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Here is a neat little trick that any club man or every day mortal who takes a whisky and seltzer occasionally can try without extra cost. When the waiter brings the drink he places the larger glass over the small one containing the whisky and then reverses the two together as in Fig. 1, the balance of the performance is done by the drinker.

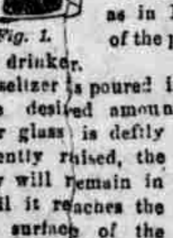


Fig. 1.

The seltzer is poured into the larger glass to the desired amount. Then, if the smaller glass is deftly and gently raised, the whisky will remain in it until it reaches the upper surface of the water, when it will spread out on the top of the seltzer as in Fig. 2, and remain there unless the glass is shaken or moved. The explanation is that the specific gravity of the cold seltzer is greater than that of the whisky, and, therefore, the lighter liquid naturally remains on top. The trick must be done slowly in order to be successful.

Fig. 2.

A Good Thing for the Grip.

From the Albuquerque (N. M.) Daily Citizen.]

Several persons highly recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as a remedy for the grip, now so prevalent. E. W. Kilbourne, the county surveyor, says a bottle of this remedy gave him relief. This medicine is prepared by Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, Iowa, and it is having a big sale in this city. For sale by all druggists. WSU

THE AVENGER GREW.

A Dark Giant Who Was Thirsting for Howard Fielding's Gore.

THE DESCRIPTIONS DID NOT TALLY

And Each Person Who Set Eyes on Him Had a Worse Tale to Tell.

RACE OUTRAGE NARROWLY AVERTED

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

"There's been a big colored man here a-lookin' for you," said the First Office Boy.

We have two office boys, the First to go on errands and the Second to go and find out why the First doesn't come back. We designate them numerically because both are named George.

"What did the man want?" I inquired of George the First.

"Dunno," he replied; "wouldn't tell. Said he'd call again. 'Taint any 'o my business, but I advise you to be out. He's the ugliest lookin' feller I ever see."

George I. spoke in a tone full of solicitude for my welfare, and he looked at me with morbid curiosity, as one might regard a cow that was about to be made the subject of an experiment in electrocution. I tried

George I.'s Description of the Avenger.

to remember whether I had recently written anything derogatory of our colored brethren, but without recalling a word.

Import of a Simple Question.

"He wanted to know if you were married," added George I. "I thought perhaps he had scruples against making anybody a widow, so I said I guessed you were."

"If he comes again," said I, "tell him I'm suspected of bigamy and have fled the town. What did the man look like?"

"Well, he wasn't so very tall, but he was broad shouldered and had a hand about the size of a four-ounce glove. I'd say he'd fight at 200 pounds. He asked me when he could find you in, an' I said you wouldn't be here to-day."

I gave George I. a quarter and left the office. About two hours later I was obliged to return for some papers which I had forgotten. I entered cautiously, but encountered nobody more formidable than George II., who remarked: "Pete Jackson's been here again lookin' for you."

"You mean the colored man?"

"Yes, an' he's a whale. Must be 6½ feet tall. He ain't so very stout, but he's an awful powerful lookin' man. Must weigh 250 at least. He said if you'd make an appointment, it wouldn't take over two minutes to settle the business. He wanted to know where you lived."

"You didn't tell him?"

"Naw; I gave him an address about four miles from your house. You've always used me well."

The Description of an Artist.

I gave George II. half a dollar, and got out of the office as quickly as possible. In the obscurity of the hall I met a colored man and I had already begun to repent of my sins when I recognized him as the janitor's assistant. I went to an artist's studio where I sometimes spend an hour or two when people whom I don't want to see are likely to call at my office. The artist shook my hand warmly.

"I'm glad to see you alive," said he. "There's been the biggest, bloodthirstiest—"

"You don't mean that he's tracked me here!" I exclaimed. "Old man, I'm lost."

"What's the matter? Have you been writing him up? Some prize fighter, I suppose, that you've been using as a horrible example? That fellow's nearly seven feet tall, and he'll weigh 300. I advise you to carry a gun. Who is he?"

"I haven't any idea; but he must be a remarkable man. According to the description I get of him, he's grown a foot taller and gained 100 pounds in weight since he came into my office at 9:30 o'clock this morning."

The Typewriter's Description.

Evidently the studio was not a safe place for me. I went home with gratitude in my heart toward George II. for concealing my

As Described by George.

place of residence. In the morning I made a flying visit to the office to get my mail. The young lady who attends to my large correspondence, and sees that all my letters and manuscripts are misspelled and misdirected, greeted me with the announcement that the Black Avenger had just gone out. She described him to me again. According to her observations he wasn't so big a man as I had been led to expect, but the expression of his face was, if possible, fierce. He had asked that I should leave a note informing him when I could be found.

I saw in the request a means of temporary salvation. I immediately wrote the note, and made an appointment for Tuesday of the following week. The next day George II. informed me that Pete had taken the note and would "come to time."

Then I began to prepare my defenses. I decided that I should soon be called upon to commit a Southern outrage. I was also of the opinion that I couldn't do it satisfactorily alone. The only other occupant of my office, besides the boys, and the girl who drums on the typewriter, was an aged dealer in real estate—a poor fellow with one foot in the grave and the other on Staten Island, where he lives in a house he has never been able to sell.

A Fact About Staten Island.

By the way, speaking of that charming suburb, I am told that one of its advantages as a place of residence (for real estate dealers) is that the wicked who die there are not obliged to leave the island unless they prefer to do so. Thus far, however, none have remained.

But the old real estate dealer was hardly the man to assist in wholesale slaughter, so I gave him notice to quit, and rented his desk to the agent for a fire-arm factory, who brought some fine samples of his amicable goods. I was especially pleased with the appearance of a large, new gatling gun, which the agent said could discharge 500 shots a minute, and had been brought up with strong race prejudices. Then I sat and listened for colored footsteps in the hall, but they did not come.

By an abstruse process of reasoning I had come to the conclusion that my mysterious pursuer was the collector for a tailor to whom I have the happiness to owe a balance of $25. I have owed it a long time without remorse. I am naturally of a mild and forgiving spirit, but the sin of the tailor is unpardonable. Mere assault and battery, I could overlook, but the man who cuts me a pair of bow-legged trousers is beyond mercy. Many of us can forget ordinary injuries, but we carry a perpetual club for the man who has made us ridiculous.

Black Art of the Tailor.

I well remember that stoop-shouldered, hump-backed coat and the pantaloons, which I think he must have cut with a jig saw. I also recall the arts which he employed to make me accept them; how the electric light went out and the gas burned with a pale, sepulchral flame while I tried in vain to see the outline of my figure in his unwashed mirror. And all the time he swore that he could see the clothes perfectly well and that there wasn't a wrinkle in them.

Then I remember when I tried to wear the suit for the sake of economy how my wife said: "Howdy, what makes you carry one shoulder so much higher than the other. You're positively getting one-sided."

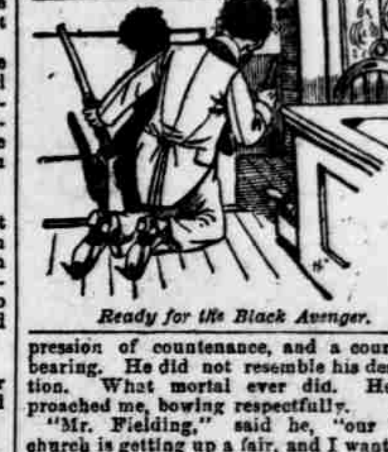
And my friends used to come up behind me on the street and tell me that I was getting round-shouldered, and that I looked ten years older in the last six months. Brown, who strikes a 400-pound blow, used to creep up behind me and slap me on the back in a way that displaced my vitals, while he shouted in my ear: "Stand up straight, old man." There was something about that suit of clothes which gave me the perpetual attitude of a man sawing wood.

Could Kill Without a Qualm.

Pay for it? No, sir. I have tranferred all my property to my wife and have induced my friends to cover all my sources of income with bogus attachment proceedings. And if any man representing that tailor should call upon me, I felt that I could turn the gatling gun upon him without a qualm.

Meanwhile I kept getting incidental descriptions of the Black Avenger from various people—the janitor, the elevator boy and others. No two of these descriptions agreed, but I built my ideal character from the most terrible features of all the stories.

And one day he called. George I. saw him coming along the hall and he got into the safe and shut the door; the typewriter girl fainted; the agent poured half a peck of cartridges into the Gatling. Then the dreaded form crossed the threshold. He was a fine looking negro, somewhat above the medium height, with an intelligent ex-



Ready for the Black Avenger.

pression of countenance, and a courteous bearing. He did not resemble his description. What mortal ever did. He approached me, bowing respectfully.

"Mr. Fielding," said he, "our little church is getting up a fair, and I want you, sir, if you please, to buy two tickets—for yourself and wife—to help the good work along." HOWARD FIELDING.

THE HISTORY OF TIGHTS.

In the Middle Ages They Were the Proper Costume for Both Sexes.

Apropos of the recent agitation against tights on the stage in the Minnesota Legislature, a Paris newspaper gives some interesting facts as to the history of these garments. It seems, according to this authority, that tights are only the extremely ancient Gallic "Braies," or closely-fitting pantaloons, which in the Middle Ages became the "haut-de-chausses" worn by both sexes, and which, according to a curious letter addressed by Heloise to Abelard, were donned by the nuns of the convent of the Paraclete. The "haut-de-chausses" for ladies were discarded when stockings came in, and they were not heard of in France from the period of the Reformation to that of the Revolution.

Under the Directorate there was a craze for everything classic—Greek and Roman furniture, dinners after the manner of the ancients, and ladies' costumes imitated from designs on Etruscan vases and the paintings at Pompeii were the delight of society in the gay city; but some of the sham antique dresses were so perilously transparent in texture that Grundyism "a la Parisienne" resuscitated silk tights. Such a garment was worn by Madam Tallien at a ball at the Salle Frascati. The tights were of roseate hue, enriched with golden bangles above and below the knee, and on both her great toes the elegant citizeness wore diamond rings. The remainder of her attire was a single robe of gauze, which floated in the ambient air.

A Sure Cure for Rheumatism.

I have personal knowledge of cases of rheumatism in this vicinity that have been immediately relieved and permanently cured by Chamberlain's Pain Balm after other remedies were used without any benefit. I have been handling the Pain Balm for the past five years, and have never had any customer express anything but words of praise for the medicine. It has been my experience that any customer who once uses Chamberlain's Pain Balm will have nothing else when again in need of such a medicine. E. W. Potter, postmaster and druggist, Elm Creek, Neb. WSU

FASHIONS IN TREES.

The Old Style Was to Maim Out of All Semblance to Nature.

TWIGS OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

Names of Families Carved Upon the Trunk and the Branches.

GROUPINGS TO BE NEARER REALITY

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Everything ornamental about our person or homes is subject to the freaks of fashion, and tree culture bows as obediently to the arbitrary laws of this fickle goddess as any other ethical pursuit. Fashion mars or improves the shape and growth of the trees according to some unknown law of her own, and the true or false standards of taste of one generation leave monuments for succeeding generations to decipher. Unlike fashionable changes in dress and household ornament, tree culture is more permanent, and though the fashion in the trees may change in one season, the relics of the dead method cannot be so easily eradicated.

The topiary art of tree culture, which forced conifers in various artificial shapes, was a style of decoration very common 20 years ago, and though those curiously knotted trees and shrubs are no longer in good taste, relics of the barbarous practice are still quite common. In all parts of the country curiously dwarfed and knotted trees, resembling every imaginable thing in nature, show the effect of that art, and speak volumes to the knowing. A curious fashion at one time was to practice reverse budding in trees, and to torture the limbs and branches so out of the natural position that one could not tell the trunk from the limbs. By reversing the position of the buds the grafted limbs would grow downward until they reached the ground, where they were trimmed off. The top of the trees were cut short, and the odd appearance of the growth was such as to mystify one. Several such specimens of queer trees are still existing in this country, and the visitor to them explains the curious growth by a "freak of nature," but in reality it is one of the unaccountable "freaks of fashion."

The Fashion of To-Day.

One has but to look around to-day to note the prevailing craze in tree culture. Memorial and genealogical trees have seized the popular taste, and they are now planted to commemorate births, deaths and great events in the life. Gigantic memorial trees are purchased at great expense and then transplanted at an additional cost equal to the value of the tree. Recently a gigantic elm tree was transplanted from the roadside to Graceland cemetery, Chicago, as a monument to the memory of one of the founders of the cemetery, at a cost of $3,000. The true memorial tree is one whose roots are obtained from some celebrated tree growing in some place as a commemoration of a great event.

Trees that have been grown from twigs obtained from Byron's grave or willows that have been propagated by sticks taken from the weeping willows on the Island of St. Helena are very common in this country, and their extension seems so rapid that whole forests of them will soon be flourishing. The first weeping willow in America was brought from Pope's celebrated home at Twickenham, and it became the progenitor of all the weeping willows in this country. A spray of the celebrated weeping willow of the East was sent to the poet in a box of figs, and it was stuck into the oozy ground on the banks of the Thames. It grew into a gigantic, gnarled weeping willow, celebrated the world over, and from one of its branches a young aide de camp of General Clinton took a small twig and brought it to America to plant. Wrapped up in oiled silk the precious twig passed through several exciting scenes, and when the British left Boston the young aide de camp gave the sprig to John Parke Custis, a young American officer. It was planted by him near his house at Arlington, Va., and became in time as lordly a tree as its ancestor at Twickenham. From this same tree hundreds of twigs have been taken and planted as memorial trees, and the ancestry of the prizes are remembered as sacredly as if they were human beings.

The Genealogical Trees.

The custom of taking genealogical trees, and keeping records of family names and events, is one that appeals to the sentiment of many, and it is quite the fashion to select some young tree on the homestead, and mark out the different heads of the family. The name of each child born is cut into the bark of the limbs, and as the tree grows and flourishes the family increases in size. When a child leaves the home a branch from the limb with his name on it is taken to other parts of the country, and planted to represent the founding of a new family. As the twig grows into a sapling, and the sapling spreads into a strong trunk, the date of the first tree is cut into the bark of the trunk, and also the date of the planting of the new tree. As the branches spread out the name of each child born is given to the limbs, and so the genealogy of the family is continued from one generation to another.

The craze for new and odd-looking trees for park, street and garden has been the means of introducing many tropical and oriental trees into this country, and Chinese and Japanese shrubs and tree growths are being used extensively now where formerly only the stately oak, elm and maple were employed. Instead of declining, the popularity of foreign products of the nursery seems to be increasing, and more trees and shrubs of foreign ancestry will be planted this season than ever before.

Our gardens are thus undergoing a transformation, and one will soon have glimpses of all the countries but our own in these artificial parks and country homes. But nearly all of these foreign trees revel in hot climates, and they serve only for ornamentation in the summer time. In the winter they enter the greenhouse.

New methods of grouping the trees will be in vogue this year, although indications of the change have been apparent for the last half dozen seasons. The native trees will be grouped and arranged according to the plans of nature, and the old artificial methods will be abolished. Efforts will be made to create forests such as are found growing on the mountain sides, and the groupings will be irregular. There will be no longer any toleration of an art of tree planting which does not find its counterpart in nature. C. S. WALTERS.

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