BONHEUR AT HOME.

liow the Greatest Lady Artist in the World Lives in Her French Castle.

CAUGHT SKETCHING SHEEP

Her Caricatures of Her Enemies When She Was a Schoolgirl.

EXPERIENCES IN MALE COSTUME.

Fooled the Rough Busy Men When She Painted Her Horse Fair.

A PEEP AT HER LIONS AND OTHER PETS

PARIS, April 11 .-- All the villages in the district of Fontainebleau are peopled by artists who lead a very retired life and without fatigue constantly observe nature while engaged upon their pictures. Among all these artists' homes none is more attractive than Castle Thomery, the residence of Rosa Bonheur, the greatest lady artist that the world has ever seen.

An old servant in a rather shabby livery

thoroughly acqualmed with the ways of animals."
"When did madame score her first suc-

Her Pirst Salon Ploture "In 1841 I for the first time exhibited two pictures in the Salon. One of rabbits, the other of goats and sheep. Since then fortune smiled on me, though it was quite a step from the humble beginner to the artist who had won all the Salon prizes and upon whom Empress Eugenie herself conferred the cross of the Legion d'Honneur. I am the only woman who has received that cross for intellectnai schievements." and her eves for intellectual schievements," and her eyes

lite; even the exorbitant prices she receives for her pictures from her English purchas-In the meantime she had finished her sketch and motioned me to take a look "Den't you think these sheep look excel-lent in the barren, wintry landscape. But people want them painted in their native country and so I have to invent some scen-

ery, as I have never traveled so far. This ery, as I have never traveled so far. This scene could appear more natural, but it would not satisfy the public, and we artists only care for the effect, you know."

The peasant girl drove away the sheep, a servant packed up the easel and painting utensils and so we walked back, she leaning lightly on my arm. I asked her about her

She Takes Life Very Easy. She told me she let no day pass without doing something; she was an early riser, but doing something; she was an early riser, out indulged in a nap during the day and retired to bed early, so she could most likely prolong this mode of life for quite a while, and later on—"Eh bien!" she exclaimed, "all things come to an end."

Then she told me that she was lately en-

gaged in painting a lifesize portrait of Buffalo Bill, who had been her guest at received me at the gate. I handed him my | Thomery. And that, besides a number of



ROSA BONHEUR'S DENIZENS OF THE HIGHLAND.

letter of introduction, but he shook his head doubtfully. "I don't know, sir, she is at work and does not like to be disturbed, but I will

He returned shortly. "Please follow me," and led me through the rather nec lected garden. "She is studying from mature," he smiled, "out on the meadow, as madame calls it. As soon as she moved out here all the well trimmed lawns of the parks were turned into pasture grounds." Painting Some Angora Sheep.

He left me at the end of the avenue and a strange sight met my eyes. The old ladyshe is now 70-was standing before the easel and vigorously applying the brush to her canvas while a few Angora sheep were driven about by a young peasant girl. She was dressed in a rather short black firess covered entirely by a large apron,

the around her shoulders she had wrapped o green shawl, as it was rather cold. Coarse shoes and an old straw hat completed her It was the first time I had met a lady so

indifferent to her costume and appearance. Her short hair had turned gray and her features here the signs of old age, but still revealed that energy which speaks out of er pletures.
She nodded to me without stopping in her

work. "In a moment, sir." Then step-ping back and looking alternately at the painting and the sheep, she began:
"So you would like to hear something of the events of my life and the beginning of any career. Mon Dieu! that is so long ago. You see, I no longer make a secret of my age. Voyez-my father was a teacher of drawing in Bordeaux, and had his hands full in bringing up four children on his stender salary. And my mother assisted as well as she could in giving music lessons. We are a laborious family—every one of us an artist. My sister Yuliette (now Mme. Peysolle) paints mostly sheep, my brother August prefers cows, Isidore is a sculptor and I paint everything as long as it can creep, crawl, jump or fly."

She Has a Vein of Humor, At the first glance I thought she would be rather reticent and dry in her conversation. dging from something hard and masculine in her face and the straight, compressed lips, and was agreeably surprised by her vivacity and the vein of humor which seemed the

My mother died when I was about 7. Bordeaux became intolerable to my tacher and be brought us all to live in Paris. He gave us in board to an honest, childless widow, 'Mere Catherine' we called her. Mon en! how unendurable it was for me to sit beside the old indy all day long and sew or that or, pire encore, help in the domestic work. It was an impossibility and, escaping whenever I could, I rambled about the Bois de Boulogne, which was a wilderness then compared to what it is now. One day my father came home full of joy and told me would be able to put me in a boarding school in exchange for the drawing lessons was one of the best boarding schools in Paris, where there were none except rich young ladies. They were taught all the ac-

complishments desirable for society.
"My good inther," she said musingly,
"wished for a simpler kind of education more in harmony with his means, but choice was not left to him, and he eagerly seized on the fortunate opportunity, consoling himself that I would become an accomplished lady and that my intercourse with well-bred girls would modify my abruptness of disposition. Poor father!

Made Caricainres in School. "All my habits proved so antagonistic to those of the school that he gave up all hopes of my ever improving or gaining my living. How well do I remember myself in thin print gown and disheveled bair: my total unconcern about dress horrified the other pupils, who shunned me and called me 'fittle beggar,' but I cruelly avenged myself. I made pen and ink caricatures of them and took care not to fatter. I did not even spare the mistresses. Altogether I was very lary except in draw-ing, which I could practice all day. And I ng, which I could practice all day. And I ing time to change my costume, I hurried to the sick room. As I was seated on the bed of the patient, holding her hand to asntimately, that she is rather ignorant in certain if there was any lever, the doctor have remained much the same all my life." intimately, that she is rather ignorant in most matters which well educated leaders most matters which well educated leaders are supposed to be acquainted with. She does not even speak French correctly, and as regards the orthography in her letters many a school girl could put her to shame.

"Bien, soon after," she resumed, "we lived in a small apartment on the sixth I immediately ran after the doctor locally in the test and say any lever, the doctor came in and seeing me, a young man, in such a familiar position, hastily closed the door and discreetly retired. Then my friend reminded me that I was in male attire and that the physician may have been led to believe what was far from the truth. lived in a small apartment on the sixth I immediately ran after the doctor, luckily

floor with a little terrace on the roof. This the generally used to dry the linen, but I brought home a little lamb which was prebrought home a little lam brought home a little lamb which was pre-sented me by a friend and irstailed it there. In my leisure moments I drew it over and over again in every possible position, and one night, after I had succeeded in making a 'air drawing, I said to my inther:

country to paint from nature and mixed dangerous to the wellfuir of the nation breely with cattle dealers so that I became he thought it was.

small pictures for the market, she had devoted much time to her lions.

"Yes," she smiled, "I have a pair of lions in my menagerie," and she led me to the cages which, unlike those in the zoological pardens, are very spacious and contain in the middle an artificial stony eminence and tank of water. She then led me through the stables. There were horses and cows of

At last we arrived at a sort of reception room, ornamented principally with pictures mostly by modern animal painters, among them several excellent Troyons, whose pupil she was for some time. The furniture was exceedingly plain, for she never had

every breed by the dozen, a herd of sheep, goats, a number of rare animals and any

amount of smaller ones like rabbits, pou

ever which she wore a dilapidated fur man-ize her sex is everywhere obvious. People and its length is often carried to affirm that she never used perfumes in all even to the knees of the wearer. her life, that millinery and dressmaking are a horror to her and that she wears jewels only on rare occasions. For her meals she enjoys strong, nourishing food, not much better than that of the better situated peasants, only that it is served in a better style. It is also said that she has but little love fo family life and that has never been attached



to any one half as much as to her horses and eattle. It is a fact, however, that she never married and no love affair ever came to th Notwithstanding her castle is always fre-

quented by a crowd of artists as well as men of the world and she moves among them in her nonchalant, Bohemian manner, in her careless toilet, always chatting away, now and then smoking a cigarette and retiring and sitting down to work when she feels like it.

A picture, apparently of a handsome young man with short curly hair and of a slender yet heavy boned figure, attracted my attention. On remarking it, she exclaimed: "That's me 50 years are?" "That's me 50 years ago."
This was always the costume she donned

on her sketching tours.
"My mule costume," she laughed at various reminiscenses, "was very convenient for liberty of study, but it also had its draw-city backs, and it appears that they were never more troublesome as when I was painting the 'Horse Fair.'

Bonheur in Male Costume,

The horse dealers delighted to see a lad with so much appreciation for the horses whose portraits I came to draw, were loud in their expressions of politeness, which naturally resulted in the offer of a petite verre and I, feeling no inclination to visit a public house to dring with them, was at my wits' end to find suitable excuses, such as would not wound these well meaning fellows to whom my refusals were necessary to be a suitable to the suitable suitabl whom my refusals were unaccountable. But it was a jolly time after all, especially

when I made sketches in the country, jumped fences and ditches just like a boy.

"Once when I was returning from the country in the male attire which I always wore on my travels, I suddenly heard that one of my friends was ill, and, without find-

One of Judge Waxem's Proverbs.

Detroit Free Press. When a man's party ain't takin' very a hair drawing, I said to my inder:
"I winh to become a cattle painter."
Then I began to make excursions into the

What a Woman Did While Waiting for Her Husband to Dinner-The Victoria Bonnet-New Proof That Ice Cream Is Good-House Cleaning.

FRESH GOSSIP OF THE HOUR.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.) A woman the other day proudly displayed a really gigantic piece of work which she had just finished. One of the bed covers made of a large linen sheet which covers bed, pillows and all and hangs over at the sides, and which was hemstitched all around and afterward covered all over with straggling pansies worked in natural colors. Toward the middle of the counterpane the flowers were massed in a large loose wreath with a monogram embroidered in its center. It was beautiful, but a mountain of work, and the visitor was duly astonished when its author explained that she had accomplished it entirely in the time that her husband kept dinner waiting.

"We dine at 6," she says, "and I never touched the piece until that hour. Sometimes I could work 10, sometimes 40 minutes, occasionally I have put in an hour before Mr. B. came, but the entire piece of work represents the employment of this variable

In this connection the recent establishing of "Odd Minute Societies" for charitable work is significant. Fifteen minutes per day, aggregating an hour and a half per week, spent in sewing for some designated avenue of benevolence constitutes one's right of membership, and it is remarkable the amount of result which is evolved from this minimum of effort.

In Amsterdam it is the fashion to anneunce broken engagements.

There is nothing new under the sun, and tremendous hat that is making a sensation n London these days under the title of 'The Victoria" is really only a reproduction of a milliner's creation that delighted



room, ornamented principally with pictures mostly by modern animal painters, among them several excellent Troyons, whose pupil she was for some time. The furniture was exceedingly plain, for she never had any taste for luxury.

Not Like Ordinary Women.

She is a peculiar woman, the complete absence in her of all the sentiments and of all the necessities which usually characterize her sex is everywhere obvious. People affirm that she never used perfumes in all

It is English to salt strawberries as you would your melon.

In these housecleaning days, as almost any woman will say, the work seems half done when the closets are disposed of. It is the tuck-away nooks and corners, where things accumulate and get thick, that are the most difficult to overhaul. The walls of hanging closets ought, of course, never to be whitewashed, a caution that would seem absurd if disregard of it were not so often encountered. If, as often happens, in poorly built houses there is a considerable space between floor and wall to gather dust, and afford insects a home, a few cents worth of pine molding nailed down will make the floor tight. The cracks should be filled with putty and the floor and molding painted and varnished to offer a smooth surface. Now that paints ready for use are so cheaply and universally obtainable, this process comes easily will rubber-gloved woman. s comes easily within the scope of any

A digression is to urge that every house-woman shall be a rubber-gloved one. Wear-out, if must be, a \$1 50 pair every spring, and save the dicomfort and ugliness of broken nails, roughened, stained and lacer-ated hands. To return to the closets, many neat housekeepers think the best treatment to closet floors (bedroom, not kitchen closets) is to cover them with table oilcloth. Closets) is to cover them with table officient.
This fits in easily, is readily wiped over, and as there is no wear upon it, is sufficiently durable.

Some unique boudoir lamps have for standards square cut-glass cologne bottles, into the top of which the oil vase of silver

It is the simple dishes of a meal that need

care, for, like the little girl with a curl, when they are good they are very good, and when they are bad they are horrid. An omelet, buckwheat cakes, codfish ballswho does not know the wide dissimilarity between good specimens of these homely dishes and those which were not good. At a free cooking school lecture in this city recently, the teacher demonstrated the evolution of some white custards that should go down to posterity. They were, the teacher said, an invention of one of her pupils, a Western woman, and they are made as follows. But the and they are made as follows: Break the whites of four eggs into a small teacup full whites of four eggs into a small teacup full of granulated sugar, mixing them thoroughly but not beating the eggs. Into this is stirred by degrees a pint and a half of rich milk previously heated thoroughly but neither scalded nor boiled. The mixture should be quite smooth before being put into the cups; if not, it should be strained. Place the cups in a pan of water and cover with thick brown or buttered paper to prevent their coloring. They should be quite white when done. Bake in a moderate oven.

oven. A natural complement and successor to the souvenir spoon craze is that of the teacup which is again upon us. In lieu of a box of candy or a bunch of flowers a beau may send a belle a dainty tescup and saucer delicate as her complexion and fragile as her

Easter favors abound everywhere. The custom of giving presents at this festival grows every year, and when a few years ago an occasional Easter card or an egg-shaped box of bonbons was the limit of observance in this respect, it is difficult to-day to draw the line against any offering. A novelty this year is the silver flower pot made with an earthen one fitted inside for the actual

moved and replaced by a tiny tov chicken, the top of the shell being refitted to leave no trace of having been tampered with. The egg is then served, and it is a genuine surprise when one breaks the shell to be confronted with a downy chicken. One May Spend a Small Fortune on It Nowadays—A Beauty in Chiffon — It Should Always Absorb Light—A Delicate Effect in Rainbow Colors.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. An odd use for the Japanese straw mats sold for doorstep seats is to arrange them as frieze or dado around a room in a summe house. A cottage in the Adirondacks, the bare walls of which distressed its occupant was beautified in this way. A width of red Japanese paper was put on as a dado, and against this the circular seats were tacked to touch one another, making a very chanting things are to be seen.

The pretty hairpin and other trays which now play such an important part among the impediments of the fashionable dressing table are constantly taking on fresh faces. They are porcelain, silver and gold, of wood ebonized and white, and now the art stores are showing them ingeniously fashstores are showing them ingeniously fashioned of heavy art linen. The pattern is
drawn thus, flat on the linen: The edges are
buttonholed and the eyelet holes worked,
and small flowers, buttercups, pansies or
rosebuds worked over the central surface.
The eyelets are then laced with baby ribbon of the prevailing color, yellow for buttercups, violet for pansies, etc., the ribbon
tied at the top in little bows with short
ends. The lacing brings the ends together
and forms the box. Designs of hairpins
and curling tongs are sometimes seen. and curling tongs are sometimes seen.

These trays are not only very pretty and
dainty when finished, but possess the merit
of being very easily and excellently laundried by merely unlacing the corners.

effective relief.

It was thought that the height of combination effort was reached in the union suit of the various dress reformers, but a fashionable London firm has produced a triple suit, which combines low corset cover or chemisette, drawers and under petticoat in one garment. The stays are worn beneath one garment. The stays are worn beneath this and over the silk a wool gauze vest, leaving nothing to be put on over it before the gown except the dainty beautiful silk petticoat. This latter, by the way, is made this spring to match the gown, a notion which makes it possible, if not obligatory, to have a variety of silk petticoats.

The pretty fashion of bedroom candles on the landing which has been a typical English institution from time immemorable is widely prevalent in American country houses. Little Queen Anne candlesticks, exact imitations of those used in that much quoted sovereign's days, are sold for such purpose, though the landing table, to be quite proper, should be littered with its implements in various designs. The process of choosing one's candlestick affords a sufficient excuse to linger thus half way up the stairs, and everybody knows there is no goodnight



half so bewitching as that which a pretty woman bends over the baluster to say.

. . . The value of ice cream as a remedy fo eertain intestinal troubles is being consider ably advanced. Some, indeed most physicians, permit it through typhoid fever, insisting it shall be of the purest make. To the story recently going the rounds in print of the entire cure of a case of ulcer of the stomach by the sole and persistent use of ice cream may be added that of a woman known to the writer. She suffered from a serious ffection of the eyes directly traceable to digestive disturbance, and her physician finally put her upon ice cream as a sole dict. For 11 months she literally lived upon ice cream with the result to effect a complete

and apparently permanent cure. The theory is that the cream furnishes ample nourishment, while the diseased intestines. chilled from the low temperature of the food, are prevented from getting up inflam-mation during the process of digestion carried on by the healthy parts.

If you have an old-fashioned silver castor don't keep it any longer tucked away on the top shelf of the china closet. Get it down, unscrew the top piece and standard, take out the bottle rack, leaving merely the silver body, into which get a tinsmith to fit a little pan with a drawing hole to fit over the screw hole of the castor body, and when the silver is polished you will have as hand-some and fashionable a fern-holder for the center of your dinner table as you could buy for a considerable price at the stores.

Simultaneous with the English movement to establish "lady help" offices is an innovation in New York City of waitresses at fashionable dinners. Heretofore a butler and footman have been considered indispensable at such functions, but of late a number of prominent society women have instituted the change. Said one of them the other day: "In everything but the decanting of wine women excel men in serv-ing; they are quick, deft and noiseless, and their intuitive discovering of needs is a val-uable point in this occupation."

The suggestion is being made that this particular branch of service be opened to gentlewomen, not as permanent servers in any one household, but as trained experts to take charge of single entertainments.
There is nothing menial in the occupation,
save the tradition; all work is service to
somebody. MARGARET H. WELCH.

New England Slang.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.] The New Englanders often ridicule what they call the senseless slang of the West, but one of the most utterly idiotic and but one of the most utterly idiotic and brainless bits of slang that ever came from a human tongue is a peculiarly New Eugland creation. Tell a New Hampshire man that you have just seen a snake ten feet long or a horse 17 hands high and he will calmly remark, "I want to know." What he wants to know, or what could have been the origin of this stupid phrase, no human being can conjecture, for in utter silliness it surpasses the most extravagant alang of the wild and most extravagant slang of the wild and

Getting Up in the World, Clerk-If you please, sir, I shall have to an earthen one fitted inside for the actual an earthen one fitted inside for the actual soil, which is, however, concealed by the higher rim of the silver vase. Each pot has the drain hole at the bottom, and with a spring flower, a tulip or hyacinth springing up from its glittering bed.

The surprise eggs sold at the women's expression of the surprise eggs sold at the women's exp

THE FASHIONABLE PARASOL

Not since Beau Brummel walked down Piccadilly with the first parasol seen in Europe have parasols reached a more interesting development than now. The makers have wakened to the æsthetic possibillties of their commodity and some en-

Notable and representative is one made of chiffon. Outside the frame the diaphanous material is laid luxuriously on, in drooping puffs that form broad impressionistic masses of light and shade, over the edges falling softly down and at the top ending in a big soft rosette. Inside, from the ribs,



ruffles of chiffon depend in a waving mass, and through them the shadows play, as through a cumulus cloud; and the zephyrs gently stir them, as the leaves move overhead in a forest. Anything more ideal could hardly be imagined. For what are the requisites for an ideal

parasol?

To break the direct rays of the sun and, incidentally, to form a harmonious and becoming background for its owner; also, as it is held, its weight should be light. As to ornament it comes under the law of all utility objects and is most elegant when it helps to carry out the useful idea. Thus the soft depending ruffle about the edge is an embellishment that adds to usefulness, and the full upper and under surfaces making broken lights and shades are delightfuling broken lights and shades are delightfully suggestive of the umbrella's reason for being. These preserve the law of unity so necessary to a beautiful whole, and are nore effective than the most elaborate bro-

cade or embroidery.

The ideal parasol should be of a texture that absorbs light, because such textures look cool. This is one of the merits of the chiffon, mull, crepe de chine and lace umbrellas fashionable this year. A parasol re-flecting light, as a changeable taffeta, is suggestive of a small satellite to the sun, and will be the hottest looking thing in the

landscape.

Among the thin parasols a pretty idea is one in rainbow colors, as if a ray of light had contritely dissolved and spread its beauty here instead of its heat. Sometimes the ruffles are embroidered and sometimes



With a Chiffon Ruffle. they are of a different color from the outside. Such umbrelles as these are, of course, suitable only for country use with light gar-ments. The most artistically made of them will hardly be bought early in the season for less than \$10, though some pretty ones may, by chance, be culled out for \$4 or \$5. In choosing see that the puffs, or threads of shirring, run round, paralleled to the cir-cumference, as any gathering along the lines of radius is without meaning and inartistic. The handles are of bamboo and other woods, siender and of good length.

The most exquisite and expensive of all

the umbrellas of the season are those of white lace. One of these has an entire cover of duchesse lace that falls far over the cover of duchesse lace that falls far over the edge and frames the face deliciously. It has laid over a foundation of thin bolting cloth and ribbon. Another of point de Venise has fancifully shaped panels of crape painted with Watteau figures in colors. Still another of white moire and satin stripes has panels set in of point lace. These lace umbrellas are extra large in size; the frames and stick are white enameled. The sticks are thick and grow thicker and flat toward the band, where some of them end in mother. the band, where some of them end in motherof-pearl inlaid with gold and silver, others in knobs of Dresden china or colored enam-els. Such umbrellas cost in the neighbor-hood of \$75. Black lace parasols are also in



ate price. Some are entirely transparent

ate price. Some are entirely transparent; others have a small center of silk, making them more substantial; and many are of silk with a ruffle only of the lace.

But the parasol for street and other hard service, such as the majority of us need most, is of something more substantial than these, and of a price ranging between \$2 or \$3 and \$5 or \$6. The most fashionable of the silk umbrellas is called the "cosching" parasol. It is also the most beautiful, as it is exquisitely finished and well adapted to the purpose of hard wear. It has a short, thick club stick of natural wood, or of wood white enameled, according to the color of the silk. The top is small, the frame having a radiation of about 20 inches. The material is either changeable or brocaded silk, with a lining. Changeable taffets, as has been said, reflects

too much to be agreeable, but there are changeable twilled silks with the surface broken by dots in the weave, that reflect very little. A dull tawny yellow one of these, with gilded frame and cherry stick, is very rich and handsome.

is very rich and handsome.

A pretty distinction may be made between the outside and inside of a parssol which, if considered, should add a subtle refinement to one's choice. The outside wards off the sun; the inside affords a shadow. The outside is beheld from a distance and forms part of the landscape; the inside is seen only near at hand in conjunction with the face and forming its background: "The outside is the miniature roof; the inside is the walls of a boudoir." Therefore the outside should be broadly roof; the inside is the walls of a boudoir."
Therefore, the outside should be broadly effective, a mass of color toned to the landscape and the costume. It will be more elegant without detail, and elaborate patterns as of jet worked laboriously into fleurs des lys and bow knots, are costly without adding to effect. But the inside may properly be more delicate. The outside may be of common material; but the inside may be more exquisite in color and

inside may be more exquisite in color and texture. Without a lining, as ordinarily finished, the parasol has always seemed a little hard and uncomfortable, with its raiters bare and thatch showing through.

Linings are in most of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form most of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form most of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form most of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form most of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form most of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form most of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form most of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form of the coaching parasola but they are not shout the form of the coaching parasola but they are not shout they are not shout the coaching parasola but they are not shout sols, but they are put about the frame work, next the outside, and the spandrels are still left bare, but they are nicely finished, white enameled or gilded and this gothic manner so treated is both serviceable and agree-

able.

The refinement producible by a lining is illustrated by the effect of violet added to a black outside, or of an olive tint, or white, to ecru. But the lining must agree with the face. The ruffled background like that of the "Carmencita" parasol first described, may greatly enhance beauty if rightly managed. For example, such a ground of gray behind a head of iron gray hair and very dark eyes, may be wonderfully effective: but the gray must be not more delicate than the hair. This is imperative. It must be iron gray also.

smart and stylish-looking and with the culiar characteristics about it that find favor with the ultra fashionable. On a tall woman with a fine carriage it is superb, but on a short, stout figure the effect is deplorable. So it is really a coat for the few. The one illustrated is of pink-ish tan broadeloth having strapped seams. The collar, which is similar to those on men's regulation overcoats, though perhap int. iffe deeper, than the hair. And Bache-Cone.

CHESTERFIELDS AT HOME.

Octave Thanes Thinks the Table a Good Piace to Cultivate Courtesy.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Any one who has ever visited familiarly in a French tamily will remember the delightful atmosphere of a habitual and is one of the new ightful atmosphere of a habitual and spring styles havearessing politeness that seems to encircle ing the new tall the family life. I have the honor to know an American family who have the same polight brown straw liteness translated into our different manner | with a band of and life. The Chesterfields are not especially elever or rich or entertaining; but it is a joy to visit them, because they are so crown below a narrower band of polite.

They are polite to each other and to the stranger within their gates, and Mrs. Ches-faced satin in terfield's maids declare that Mrs. Chester- | brown and white. field is as polite in the kitchen as in the parlor. Their habitual, spontaneous, lovely elty over the single courtesy is a never-failing talisman to attract.

I wonder how it is that more people do not cultivate courtesy. It can be culti-vated as much as a mustache or the habit of smoking! I do not know a better place to begin about the cultivation of these fruitful graces than our meal times. In how many American families is the family meal a time for feeding in the first place and fault-finding in the second? There is nothing morally wrong about eating-unless one eat too much; but it is not in itself a beautiful act, it needs to be embellished with good temper and dainty service and pleasant talk. If the Chesterfields cannot praise, they say nothing. And I have been told by no less authority than the "second girl" of the Chesterfields that they never, as Marie expressed it, "talk about the victuals." If anything is good, or is made by Mamma Chesterfield, her husband, who is still her lover, praises it; and generally on the Chesterfields' table there is plenty to praise. The Chesterfields are not celebrated as wits, but somehow we laugh a great deal at their feasts and the talk never

great deal at their feasts and the talk never lags. For one thing, each talker is made to feel that he interests the others.

Why, indeed, should we not make our meals seasons of enjoyment to something higher than our palates? Many families who do not find fault are content to eat in silence, having not much more than the dumb enjoyment of companionship felt by the beasts when they feed at the same manger. Breakfast takes the palm for unmanger. Breakfast takes the palm for un-

manger. Breaklast takes the paim for unsociability.

In the minor points of etiquette it is a
good plan to have decided views about the
fork. The minds of most people wobble a
good deal in regard to this indispensable
article. I do not mean that they would offer
the knife as a substitute, although I have
seen a German nobleman, who had won the
iron cross and whose manners were of the
figure ast proudly and freely with his iron cross and whose manners were of the finest, eat proudly and freely with his knife; but even among those who are brought up from childhood on the fork, there is a distinct uncertainty during certain courses. They start boldly with the fork in the right hand and shift, occasion tempting, to the left, like Howell's country hero who dines for the first time in Boston, and watches the guests uncertainly and shifts his fork from one hand to the other as his mind veers.

If you start with your fork in either hand, no matter which, it gives you a superiority to cling to that hand to the bitter end. There is a general suspicion of elegance at-tached to eating with one's unsupported fork, rather than with the knife and fork together. In salads, for instance, the knife is considered a superfluity; one must shred one's lettuce or endive with the fork, and crust of bread or tiny biscuit allowed one. I find this general rule obtains, the more inconvenient, the more 'elegant! But there is one exception, the English, and in conse-quence our admirers of the English always eat[#] fish in the most sensible way, with a knife and a four

In the family circle the different dishes should be passed to the oldest woman, in most cases. But if there is a very honored elderly man in a family of women it is always a delicate attention to pass to him first. Sometimes the head of the table does not desire to be interrupted, and the person of next consideration in this case should be served first. The most honored guest is served first. The gentleman of distinction takes out his hostess and sits at her right hand-or, if you follow the English fashion, at her left—and the lady to be compli-mented is taken by the host and similarly placed. Everything is passed first to the honored guest.

In American households I know nothing

that goes further to make the meals uncom-fortable than the uproarious liberty allowed young children. Let the young savages be taught to car before they come to the table I cannot but feel toward children at meal times very much as the little boy in the dark felt toward the Lord. Being assured that he ought not to be frightened when put to bed, because God was in the dark, he made answer with a wail, "I know that, but he ain't no company for me."

OCTAVE THANET.

How We Treat Poor Lo.

Not so very long ago, on a Minneso reservation, the Indians did a winter's logging. Several thousand dollars in payment for their logs were given to their agent for them. Instead of distributing it among them he put it out at interest for his among them he put it out at interest for his own benefit. The agent who succeeded him received the money, did not quite understand what to do with it, and washed his hands of the responsibility by turning it into the United States Treasury. To get it out will require an act of Congress, so that the chances are about 100 to one that these unlucky savages will never see a penny of the crash due them. Such a privilege is it to be "wards of the nation!"

A graceful mode for making them is illustrated. The model frock was of white with tiny polks dots of red. It was made with a long skirt with a gathered back, edged about the bottom by a coquettish little trill. A round fan waist, buttoned demurely with small white pearl buttons, had puffed sleeves of plain white lawn unlined. A scarlet ribbon belt was buckled into a white pearl buckle.

Lace bodices are to be a feature in most

BOUND TO LOOK LOVELY.

equisite Styles and Beautiful Fabrics. Entirely Different From Last Season, Light-Weight Wools and Cottons,-Piquant Hat .- The Lace Bodice. [WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Such exqisite styles as the spring has to offer! Things were never so pretty before 'and women, it seems to me, cannot help but look lovely with such beautiful fabrics and fixings, and such distractingly lovely and becoming modes. All the new styles are decidedly novel; they are not last season's renovated, but distinetly different in ev-

ery way. This fact is lemonstrated strongest in the coats. There is a marked change in them, for which every woman must be thankful, so tiresome have grown the jackets of A several seasons past There are a number of novelties among the spring styles in coats, but the most strik. w Box Coat. ing departures are the

whole-back and double Watteau styles. The first, which is a regular box coat, is decidedly ugly, but, nevertheless, exceedingly smart and stylish-looking and with those pe-culiar characteristics about it that find favor

hspint iffedeeper vet. The coat is double-breasted

and has two rows of very large white pearl buttons. The hat accom-The double Wat-

elty over the single pleated affair. It snugly, and has two separate Watteau pleats at the back.

vest and deep revers, and with it is worn a jabot of Irish point lace. The eufls are large and flaring. The hat is of Leghorn, bent in scollops, and has a soft Tam-o'Shan-ter crown of old rose velvet with a mass of buff ostrich tips nodding over the front.

The new light-weight wools are exceed

The one illustrated is of coachman's white cloth embroidered in gold. It has a narrow



Golden Brown Wool Crepon. shops. In these there is an almost endless variety as regards both color and texture. The Bedford cord style is perhaps the prettiest and makes up beautifully. It

comes both plain and figured.

A model crepon trock is in Bedford cord effect, in golden brown, with pin-head dots of white scattered over it. It is fashioned in a beautifully simple manner, having trained bell skirt and a short pointed bodie fastening invisibly on one side under the arm and having the new style, low-shouldered sleeves. The garniture consists of darker brown braid of the narrowest quality



skirt, the corselet, collar and wrists. A rosette of brown satin ribbon three inches wide is fastened at the back of the standing collar, and has long streamers that reach quite to the bottom of the skirt, a pretty device which adds much to the graceful appearance of a woman's toilet. A dainty little muff of cream Irish point and violets is tied with a delicious satin ribbon bow, and the hat, which is entirely of Irish point stretched on wire, is trimmed in the same manner with ribbon and violets.

manner with ribbon and violets.

Among all the new cotton stuffs there is nothing lovelier than the Irish lawns, which cut to beautiful advantage, being 40 inches wide, and selling for 12½ cents. They are sweetly pretty and look so neat and cool for summer frocks.

A graceful mode for making them is illustrated. The model frock was of white with tiny polks dots of red. It was made with a long skirt with a gathered beek

summer wardrobes. They are made up over contrasting silk linings and may be worn with any plain cloth or silk skirt. They are admirable for many reasons, but especially for the fact that they are a



species of economy, for a woman's ward-robe almost invariably has in it one or more good skirts, the bodices of which have been worn out, and which would be useless but for the redeeming qualities of the new

lace bodice.

The pretty creation in the picture is of cream Irish point lace made over a light heliotrope silk lining which shows in a graceful point below the collar, which is of satin ribbon with a bow. Ribbons in the form of bretelles cross the shoulders and taper to the waist back and front, the lace being gathered and falling in cascades over the vest. Ribbons are also set into the lace of the sleeves from the shoulder to wrist. A cut jet corslet confines the fullness of the lace at the waist and adds a rich finish to the whole. A bodice of black lace finish to the whole. A bodice of black lace for an elderly lady, made over black slik, with jetted ribbon for a garniture, is made in a similar manner.

One of the most piquant of the newer hats is the Incroyable. It has a wide brim flaring in front, and a high, very slender



erown with an odd projecting ledge at the top. This crown is covered smoothly with velvet; the other trimming consists of a large bow spreading out stiffly on either side of a Rhine stone buckle, and two tall princess feathers standing startlingly erect

at the front. The hat illustrated is of French gray thip with a black velvet band; vellow satis ribbon bows and black princess feathers.

MARIE JONREAU. An Amusement of the Redskin The Bannocks enjoy going into an inslowere full of wild steers, with a red blanket on one arm and no other weapon but a knife. Although there is some safety in the crowd, the sport is much more dangerous than bull-fighting after the Spanish method. Xet they are rarely hurt, killing each animal with a single thrust of the knife behind the shoulder. An army officer tells of an occasion when he saw an Indian tumble into a stockade filled with maddened steers. He made his escape by a close shave and being asked if he was not frightened, he replied, "No, me not afraid of anything me can eat."

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