Can Be Lured From Their Cool Nooks by Fair Hands as Well as Strong.

WOMEN AND THE REAL.

Mrs. Cleveland One of the Most Famous Anglers of Her Sex.

PROPER COSTUME FOR THE OUTING.

How to Handle a Big Fellow After He Has Taken in the tly.

A DAY WITH SILVERY SALMON IN MAINE

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE. UCKLESS though it be, there is a subtle fascination about fishing, especially trout-fishing glish language.

that makes it very dear to the teminine heart. Hundreds of years ago, Danie Juliana Berners in England, a poble lady and nun, wrote a quaint little book "Fysshynge with the Angie" that is very rare and valuable; it is notable as being the first work upon fishing in the En-To-day fishing is very fashionable, especially

among English women and their Canadian sisters who accompany their fathers and their brothers to the noted lakes and streams in wilds of Scotland and the lake country of England and the still wilder waters of the

MRS. CLEVELAND LANDED A SIX-POUNDER

Restigouche, the Cascapedia, the Mirami-chi, and other rivers and lakes in Canada. splintered off into fragments, and off goes master trout and your best bamboo tip down

its sister lake Spider, ladies are fre- man. Play him until he is tired out, and

quently seen, throwing their scarlet then you can reel him in slowly and surely ibis, their brown hackle or their Par- Our good guide rowed nearly eight miles

One of the finest fish preserves on this side

of the Atlantic is the preserve of the Meg-

antic Fish and Game Club, where, on the

beautifully situated Lake Megantic and

machenee Belle with such skill and dex-

territy that it is a perfect pleasure to watch

their graceful motions in the slender canoe.

There are not a lew women in Pittsburg

who know the joys of the trout streams of

Mrs. Chy-land's Six-Pound Trout.

One of the most expert fisherwomen in

America is Mrs. Grover Cleveland. On the first anniversary of her wedding day, in-

stead of celebrating it in the usual or:hodox

fashion, she and her husband hied off in the

early spring to the Adirondacks. There,

under the guidance of Jake Cronk, the

moted Adirondack guide, Mrs. Cleveland made some wonderful carches, landing one

trout that weighed over six pounds. To the anxious question of her husband, "Frances,

Pennsylvania and West Virginia.

rod. Patti, too, is an expert fisher woman, and delights to haunt the trout prooks near A STEPMOTHER'S LOT

In order to be a fisherwoman with any kind of success your costume must be especially adapted to the sport. Your dress should be very short, not much below your knees, and the blouse waist should be easy, with sleeves that will roll up to the shoulder. This costume should be all woolen that will stand rain and sun. Good serge or flannel of a dark blue or gray color is the most serviceable. No underskirts should be worn, but instead a pair of full Turkish knickerbockers of the same material as the dress. Long woolen stockings and hobnail boots of callskin, together with a felt hat that can be trimmed with leaders and multi-colored trout flies of a jaunty Tam O'Shanter, comprise a sensible cos tume. It you object to getting your feet wet, or to wading the streams to any great extent, a pair of waterproof leggings or rubber boots may be worn, and in some of the rapid streams where the water is quite

These exclose all the outer garm rts, but as a rule it is not necessary to wade in a stream much above the knees.

Around the waist should be a comforta-Around the waist should be a combina-tle belt from which may be suspended a little sytchel containing extra fish hooks, lines, etc.; a drinking cup should also be added, and a wicker fish basket suspended on the teir fisherwoman's back may contain a trugal lanch, the place of which is later

deep a pair of waders made of rubber

which come to the waist may be necessary.

on to be filled with slender speckled trout. Under Cov rota (irc e of Froth. It is hardly worth while to go fishing for less than a day, especially brook trout fish-ing, for trout are just like poets; elusive creatures that hide in beautiful retired spots away from the noise and confusion of the crowd. Just under the spot where the yellow troth lies thickest like whipped cream, throw your scarlet ibis or your grizzly king. It the day is very dark you might try a white miller, although that is usually best toward eventide. Gently at first throw your fly out so as not to suap off the leader. With every throw increase your length of cast, dropping your flies as nightly as the first snow talls. It there is a big old trout lurking beneath the froth—and that is their favorite hiding place—if you have kept yourself well concealed, kneeling, if need be, or sheltered that your shadow is not cast upon the

pool, you may have a tug that will make your heart leap into your mouth. But keep cool! don't get too excited, for that is the great trouble with most women when they go fishing. When the first big trout bites they give their slender split bamboo rod such a jerk, that the top is

stream. Keep your fuger on the line. Let

reel. Keep his head as much as possible up stream, for it you know how to do it, you

and I trolled nearly all the way until we

came to the lower end of the lake and an-

chor-d. So tar we had got nothing but one

live bait which consisted of small minnows.

Still the trout did no rise, and dejectedly

"Come on, Dean," cried one to my guide,

"this place is not reserved; there is plenty of room for you and the lady."

An Age of Disappoin ment.

chored in about 20 feet of water, and I eagerly threw out my live bait, but alas! with no result. Every second it seemed to me that one of the young fellows got a bite.

A silvery form would break the water,

jump three or four feet in the air, turn a somersault, spring under the boat and then sometimes break water 30 feet from the

boat, until it seemed as if the silvery salmon must have broken loose. My heart

Fin liv one of the young men noticing my dejected face said: "Well, what have

you on tor bait anyhow?" Meekly I re-piled as became an unsuccessful fisher-woman, "I have on a small minnow."

adopted the hint, cut the fish in two and in less than a minute had a bite from one of

the largest land-locked salmon I ever had the good fortune to see. What a tug the noble fellow gave! How my line played out; how my reel clicked, and my slender

pole bent almost double until I teared the

the tip would snap.

"Keep cool, keep cool!" shouted my guide, "don't try to yank him in by main

Carefully I played him, although my

Victory Was Jus' at mand.

"Cheer up, cheer up!" cried the guide, "he's still on your line!"

It was his last jump; a few minutes later

This is but one s'ory of a single day's

sport; every enthusia-tic angler will recall hundreds of similar days when the joy and

heart was beating like a triphammer.

"Try half; that's what we are using." I

was in my mouth-still I had not a bite.

My guide quickly pulled up his boat to ithin 25 feet of the other boat and an-

can drown a fish as readily as you can a



Bessie Bramble Says She's Entitled to Top Seat in Seventh Heaven.

CATCHES IT FROM EVERY SIDE.

ALWAYS FOOLS ENOUGH TO GO ROUND

The woman who undertakes to be a stepmother has need of all the patience of Job and all the stoical philosophy of Socrates. Even at the best, her temper and wisdom that it Job of ancient renown could have been a stepmother, the last straw would have been added to the camel's miseries. It is hardly to be doubted that if Solomon could have had the experience of some stepmothers, he would have added the cap sheaf to his tremendous stock of wisdom

Benevolence, patience, endurance, forbearance, fortitude, charity and love are the virtues to be most cherished and cultivated by women who take upon themselves the responsibilities of stepmothers. Supply, we are told, always comes in answer to demand; it may therefore be for the reason that the position gives so much exercise to these qualities that there are so many good

They can learn to console themse'ves with the orthodox idea that they were cut out and foreor ained by heaven to be dis-ciplined for the happiness of the life hereafter by the acceptance of a second-hand

The influences of such experience will generally a apt a woman, in course of time, to regard the trials and crosses of such position in life as fitting her for a high place done her duty nobly as a stepmother.

Why Do They "arry Wid .w-ra? But why in these days should any woman want to be a stepmother? In times happily gone by when women were almost wholly dependent upon men for their support— when being a spinster was held to be a disgrace and a reproach—when many had to get married for a living, it was easy to see why such numbers, between a garret and crust and the world's contumely, were willing to accept a widower with a rait of chil-dren, and with them show a consummate capacity for martyrdom, but it is amazingly hard to see why nowadays my capable, in-dustrious, in lependent woman should de-liberately—with her own free knowledge and consent—walk into the chains and slavery of stepmotherhood. Self-sacrifice has been preached all along the sges as the noblest virtue in a woman, and if she doesn't get her fill of it in this world as a stepmother it would certainly be a wonder. "I will have to get married," said a brifty old sarmer a tew months after his wife's death, "Here is harvest coming on and then there will be the threshing and corn husking and I can't afford to pay a girl

tomed to measuring a man's motives by his actions were a little surprised over the given reason for getting a second wife. He w nted one who could do the work and call for no wages. He did not consider his children, but his pocket.

No Lack of Fools Here B-low. There are possibly plenty of women to take such places. There never is any lack or tools in the world. This may be a wise provision of Providence. Fate, destiny, oreordination, or "call from heaven," as the reverend brethren name it, provides women to fill these places. It is possible they are accepted by some good women out of sheer benevolence. They go into a tamily of children and put up with a stingy shop-worn old husband, with the insolence of the relations, all the aggravations in short that tall to such a lot in the same small trout. We nad given up trying to use the fir and descended to the vulgar angle-worm and the still more disagreeable spirit that inspires women to go out to ex-

the tantrums of stepchildren, and the in-difference of hu-bands.

Why do women marry widowers? Well, as Bersy Bobbitt would say, "The Lord only knowa." Ask us an easy one.

Sir Philip Sidney has said that "Love is better than speciacles to make everything seem great." This is true as to the young girl who sees in her lover her ideal hero. She endows him in her imaginations with every virtue. To her he is all that is noble and beautiful. On his part, he loves just as romantically as does she. He matches

love-more often for convenience or through a selfish shirking of his own duties. He wants somebody to keep his house and take charge of his children. So a girl knows what the is rushing into when she marries a

It is to be noted that in the main children hate a ste pmother, which makes her task much harder. This feeling is tostered oftentimes by the relations, who take a malicious delight in sowing discord, stirring up ill feeling and promoting jealousy. The older the children are the more of a rumpus is raised. They scorn and scoff at the tiles of any noneconditive relations. made one leap out of the water 30 feet away from the boxt, and I feared that I had lost him. I lessened the hold on the reel and sank back; I elt faint aud sick. the idea of any woman taking their mother's place. It is intolerable to them to be placed under the domination of a step-

> against her.
>
> It is a common saying that "There is no fool like an old fool." This proverb generally comes in pat and to the point when an old sool of a widower is being talked over by the gossips. He siways wants a young wife, say they, without wisdom or experience. His children and friends know that a girl in her youth never marries an

every tongue. December and May as they were named in derision formed a goodly gossip's bowl everywhere. At home there was war. The children regarded that stepmother with undying hatred. They did not hesitate to call her a mercenary adventuress. Adventures of Two Innocent Females What is there attractive in the positio of a stepmother for an independent woman

There are good stepmothers—numbers of them—many superior to the first choice. Sally Bush, the stepmother of Abraham Lincoln, was better than his own mother, who was shiftless and indolent. He and his little sister Nancy were neglected and abused. It was not until the good step-mother appeared upon the scene that they were decently clothed and well-treated. She was "old Abe's" "angel of a mother." and his testimony to her loving kindness is strong enough to show that a woman with good principles, a tender heart and good sense can fill the position of stepmother not only without repreach, but with great honor.

Many mothers there are, who—like Nancy will be sorely taxed by the trials and tribu- Hanks-are unfitted to train children lations of the position. Who knows but properly, kindly and wisely. If statistics

Lots of Good St-pmoth-rs.

are to be believed a very large percentage of the children born into the world die in infancy owing to the neglect and ignorance of their mothers. Many girls enter upon the holy estate of matrimony unfitted by reason of their folly and good-for-nothingness to train children well and wisely. A good stepmother is plainly a most valuable substitute for all such when heaven ordains that their husbands shall become widowers. But the wonder is so many women will run the risks of stepmotherhood. That they do so may be set down as one proof that—as Junius Henri Brown, with all the gravity of an owl, asserts—"Women are not all alike."

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

### THE BLARNEY STONE.

HOW A PARTY OF PITTSBURGERS KISSED THE FAMOUS BLOCK.

Danger of a Fall Now, for a Swinging Basket Has Been Put Up-Even the Ladies Take a Smack These Days-Story of the Castle. CORNESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.

CORK, Aug. 10 .- Who would come t Ireland and not visit Blarney Castle? Ti ere is a stone there, whoever kisses, Oh, he never misses to grow eloquint; 'Tis he may clamber to a lady's chamber, Or become a member of swate Parliment A clever spouter he'll sure turn out, or An out-an-outer to be lit alone; Don't hope to hinder him or to bewilde

Sure he's a pilgrim from the Blarney Stone Blarney Castle is now an ivy-covered ruin, but in this respect it does not differ from other ruins, all of which are adorned with this beautifying and time-softening green. So are trees, hedges, rocks, among the angels. And certainly if any-woman deserves a holy seat in the seventh heaven of pure delight, it is she who has



she believed we could become moss-covered and ivy-grown if we stood still long enough and that the wonder was this plant of such affectionate growth .id not twine itself about the numerous sheep and cows seen so

artistically posing on every hillside and in

each field.

The Roads Aren't Like Ours Blarney Castle is about four miles from Cork over a road as smooth as a Washington City pavement and as hard as adamant. If we had thought the ride about Queenstown unequaled, we were now obliged to qualify the assertion. We were wheeling through an enchanted land, past residence a half hidden in the depths of many 15 acred estates; past an asylum for the insane, much more remarkable in design, finish and general surroundings than any we had ever

But about the Blarney stone: The story goes that, in 1602 the castle was held by one Cormack McCarthy, who had concluded an armistice with the Lord President, Carew, agreeing to surrender to his lordship the possession of the castle. The Lord President looked day after day for the fulfillment of the compact, but all he got was soit speeches and sweetly worded excuses. The success of McCarthy in duping Lord Carew with his bland speeches has led to the tradition that anyone who kisses the Blarney stone becomes gitted with the power of persuading people to any desired course. Look out for our party, for we all kissed it and did not have to be held by the beels nor hair of the head, though the stone heels nor hair of the head, though the stone is situated in an almost inaccessible place, several feet below the cornice.

Kissing the Stone Is Easy Now. It is a broad, flat stone set upon brackets, below which there is now suspended a basket-like grating, into which the ardent one must step, then kneel, throw the head back and kiss the stone directly overhead a perfectly safe experiment, but one hard to perform, except by the lithe and supple. Our party had some merriment over our "fat man," Mr. John J. Rigney, of re-I extate tame in the World's Fair city, whose 260 pounds of averdupois were out of all proportion to the size of the basket, but who nevertheless succeeded not without much twi-ting and turning in giving the ismous stone a resounding smack, such as might only be expected from a Chicagoan. This safety grating has only been put up within two years, prior to which time no woman had ever kissed the Blarney stone, the word of many a tourist in petticoats to the contrary notwithstanding. This we have upon the honor of the guide, who has

Died Ithout the Kas. MARY TEMPLE BAYARD.

A Tobacco-Ch wing Horse, There is a very knowing horse in the employ of the St. Louis Transfer Company. This sagacious an mal is a chewer of tobacco and is reputed to be passionately tond of the weed. He is a great sponger, too, for not only do people in the street offer him a chew of 'bacca, but he expects his hard-

The limit of natural vision varies with elevation, condition of the atmosphere, inb. rgain and sale on her part is set down to her discredit.

Last winter in Washington, a distinguished old, man—close up to 80—who had married a girl in the twenties was the talk of every drawing-room. When they attended receptions, their names were on WOMEN ON THE ROAD.

TROUBLE CAUSED BY A BICYCLE.

Who Traveled All Alone.

A Change of Cars in Which the Wearing Apparel Got Mixed Up.

COMFORTING TELEGRAMS FROM HUBBY

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPLICE. NEW YORK, Aug. 20.-This story isn't worth a cent unless you believe it. I can prove it by 19 witnesses. Two are lawyers, one is a reporter, another is the advertising agent of a summer hotel, and the remainder are women. After mature reflection I have decided to ask the reader to just simply take my word for it. What the people want is truth. For in-

stance, at the time of the Johnstown disaster-when special correspondents were sleeping in rock heaps and telegraphing next morning the nightmares which naturally resulted-there was one truthful man who offered to furnish a New York newspaper with 7,000 names of people that went down with the flood. Did he sit down and invent those names, as a less conscientious man might have done? No. sir; he took a copy of a Johnstown directory, which had been swept eight miles down the river, and he sent 79 pages of that.



They were people's names that had gone down with the flood, which was just what he said they were; and his story was fully apprecisted and pointed to with pride afterward. One cannot be too careful about lacts n this literary business.

Fielding Says Goodby

A Trip With a Bicrele. Having thus shown where I stand on the mestion of veracity I will proceed with my imple story of how Mande changed cars at Utica. Maude was going up to Gravesville in the northern part of this State for a two weeks' visit. She was to take the 4 o'clock train from the Grand Central depot. She was to be accompanied by a very dear friend whom I will call Jennie, and by her brand-new nickelplated bievele which was to astonish the natives of Gravesville. Maude planned it all out to have Jennie, and the bicycle and me at the depot on time. She can't bear to be hurried at the last minute when she is to make a journey. I offered to bet her the price of two weeks' board in Gravesville that if any one of us four was late at the depot it would not be Jennie nor me nor the bicycle, but she declined to rob me on

The janitor's boy, Tom, was to ride the biovele to the depot; I was to come up from the office, and Jennie was to come over from Brooklyn. Tom and I arrived at 3:30; Jennie appeared at 3:53, and Maud was not there at 3:58. This did not sur prise me a all. Every deep student of numan nature must have observed that when a woman carefully guards



against the commission of a blunder by somebody else, it is only for the purpose o e te that very blunder in a thorough and The Bicycle Got Left.

Gravesville by express, but after I had put from the porter that there was a train an hour later which overtook hers at Utica. It I could get the bicycle aboard that train she could manage to have it changed at that place. She continued to give me instruc-

trunk with my head.

I put the bicycle aboard the later train, and there my duty ended. A knowledge of the subsequent proceetings I have picked up from various witnesses. It appears that Maude and Jenuie decided to sit up till they got to Utica, in order to be ready to look out for the bieyele. Having so decided, of course they went to bed at 10 o'clock. It they had only firmly resolved to go to bed,

the fact that when the conductor of the car, about 1 o'clock in the morning, called "Utica" outside the curtains of Maude's berth she exclaimed to Jennie: "Oh, dear; I shall never be able to dress in time. Does

my hair look perfectly horrid? She began to dress in teverish haste, but before she had made much headway an en-gine bell rang, and she was nearly driven wild with the notion that the train was starting. I have noticed that there is always some employe of a railroad on hand to ways some employe of a railroad on hand to ring a bell at the most unfortunate moment. Many a time have I swallowed the latter halt of a leaden sandwich, and fled from the lunchroom with my mouth full of hot slum-

dyspepsia I might have contracted if I had thown how long we were to stay.

The bell scared Maude just that way. She seized a long waterproof cloak, which entirely covered her, and left a good many things which she ordinarily regards as es sential behind her in the car. By a stroke of good luck she found the bicycle, and by a stroke of bad luck she had it put into the wrong baggage car, and it went on its way to Zanesville, O.

Made 7 wo Mistakes at Once.

Just as this feat was accomplished Maude saw to her horror, that the train was start-ing. At the imminent risk of her life she swing herself upon the nearest platform and then made her way toward the rear o the train in search of her sleeping car. She reached the last platform and did not find that car. Then she went forward to the door of the smoker and she still failed to find that sleeper. But she found the conductor, and confided to him in a voice full the state of the state o of hysteria that her sleeper was lost. said he, "it's switched on the other one at

Well, almost anybody can understand how

Well, almost anybody can understand how Maude felt when she heard this piece of news. She simply fell on her knees at the conductor's feet and implored him to stop the train and let her walk back.

"Can't do it, miss," said he. "And, besides, we're four miles out of Utica already. You couldn't get back, anyway. The only thing that you can do is to get off at the next station and wait for your car to come along."

Perhaps this scene is too painful to describe. The idea of a woman being borne away from a large portion of her clothing at the rate of 50 miles an hour, in the middle of the night, is enough to move any heart to pity. Let us return to Jennie. She had vainly endeavored to induce Maude to wait for her, and, failing, had dressed herself and gone out upon the platform. While she was there the car began to move. It was being transferred to the other train, but she supposed it was continuing its journey. Mistakes in the Right Car.

"Oh, goodness gracious," exclaimed Jennie, "Maude will be left without the

waist of her dress."

She rushed back to the berth, piled all their belongings—as she thought—together in a miscellaneous pile, and fled to the door. The porter tried to stop her and explain, but she brushed him aside. How she ever got off the car without breaking her neck do not know. It wasn't going very fast, and she managed it safely. Then she made a frantic search for Maude; but that unhappy woman was already speeding away,

What Uncle Billy Met at the Train,

s has been related. Finaly she got back to where the sleeping car had been, but the that no person answering Maude's descrip-tion had boarded it.

Meanwhile Maude waited in dreadful sus-

pense for the arrival of that sleeping car. When it came, after what seemed an age but wasn't more than 20 minutes, she fled to it as a haven of refuge. Her feelings when she discovered the absence of Jennie and the garments must have been too deep for tears. She was carried on to the next station, where she secured a carriage and went to a hotel.

Some V ry Comforting Messages. Early the next afternoon I went up the road to straighten things out in response to three telegrams, as follows:

UTICA, July -. Mand missing. Come at once. JENNIE. RIGGSVILLE, July -. Jennie missing with all my clothes. Come at once and bring my other trunk. GRAVESVILLE, July -

Received yours asking me to look out for girls and bicycle. Nothing arrived on the train but a pair of light blue corsets. Do not know what has got the re-to the party. Come at once. Uncle Billy. I had always been averse to allowing

women to travel unaccompanied by men, but if they can get as much joy as this,out of a little run of 300 miles, perhaps it is as well to let them go it slone. HOWARD FIELDING.

HOW THE ANCIENTS DINED.

Worthy For f. hers Were Gren Fa'ers and Deep Drinkers, There is an old Latin riddle of the eighth century in which the table says: "I feed people with many kinds of food. First, I am a quadruped, and adorned with handsome clothing; then I am robbed of my apparel and lose my legs also." The food of

the Anglo-Saxon was largely bread, says

the American Analyst. The bread was baked in round, flat cakes which the superstition of the cook marked with a cross, to preserve them from the perils of the fire. Milk, butter, and cheese, were also eaten. The principal meat was bacon, as the acorns of the oak forests, which then covered a large part or England, supported numerous droves of swine. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were not only hearty eaters, but, unfortunately, deep

drinkers.
The drinking horns were at first literally. horns, and so must be immediately emptied when filled; later, when the primitive horn had been replaced by a glass cup, it re-tained a tradition of its rude predecessor in its shape, so that it, too, had to be emptied at a draught. Each guest was furnished with a spoon, while his knife he always carried in his belt; as for forks, who dreamed of them when nature had given man ten

But you will see why a servant with a basin of water and a towel always presented himself to each guest before dinner was served and a ter it was ended. Roast meat was served on the spit or rod on which up. Since a woman is certain to change her mind, why can't she learn to make it up dead wrong in the first place?

A Sudden Call to Duty.

It was a hot night, and the girls very sensibly laid aside a considerable portion of their clothing when they retired. I have

not obtained a bill of particulars from WOMEN'S SMALL TALK.

In Copying English Customs Anglo-

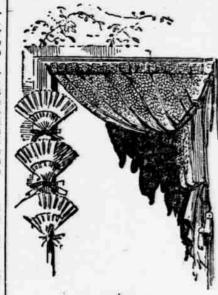
Maniacs Select the Bad Unes. SUNBURN THAT IS PERMANENT.

A Pitcher That Cools Its Contents Without Contact With Ice.

IMPORTING SERVANTS FROM LONDON gullion only to sit ten minutes in the train before it started, thinking of the amount of

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. ] A visiting Englishman wondered the other evening that in copying English notions we did not copy the good ones instead of many that were distinctly frowned upon by the better class of English people. To say a thing is English is enough to make it a valuable precedent with a large number of Americans, yet we know that many socalled Americanisms, held up to ridicule by our cousins across the water, are either unheard of here or exist under equally derisive protest. Another suggestive remark by the same man was that the stiff, jerky, so-called English shake was not "form" in the best English society. "It may exist," said he, "in the Prince of Wales set, but it does not in that of the Princess of Wales." Which is a line of demarcation which eager Anglo-manizes often lose sight of.

Sunburn is not usually considered a permanent aliment, but a New York woman has discovered that it is. During some water evolutions last summer she sat on a grand stand for several hours with her face exposed to the sun and wind, except the



For a Double Door.

shelter of a parasol. The result was severe aunburn, which, on the nose, tailed to yield to all known remedies. After a fortnight a physician was consulted and the discovery made that the burn was so deep that it was liable never to be entirely effaced. A year has gone by with little apparent leasening of the redness, to the most justifiable chagrin of a very pretty woman. The combination of sun and water is peculiarly try-ing, as all yachting people know, and it is usual with women on cruises to take various means to protect their complexions, notably that of chalking the face all over with lump magnesia. "Present ugliness for future beauty," as a voung woman prefaced such a proceeding lately, being their motto.

A simple and tasteful arrangement of a double door space was noticed the other day in a country house. The fish net drapery, which comes now in various art shades, was the material used, and a few yards with a open and tied with straight bows of ribbon, arranged in the manner indicated in the ketch, wrought a very successful effect. In the same room two Japanese umbrellas in tones of grav were suspended, one above the other, in the corner at the angle of the two walls at the left of the doorway decorated as described. The umbrellas hung bottoms down like inverted mushrooms, tipped to show their discs of soft color. Beneath and across the corner stood a 5-o'clock-tea table of white enamel finish, with a cloth worked with a bunch of black-eyed Susans and the natural flowers in an old blue china bowl for the touch of color. All the accessories were inexpensive, but exceedingly pretty and tasteiul.

In a recent article on the "Servent Question" Lady Jeune estimates that there are over 12,000 servants out of employment now in London. The reverse of this is the case



Evolution of the Linen Duster.

on this side the sea. From every city, town and village the cry of servants goes up from perplexed husekeepers. The prob-lem in the suburbs is a serious one. Ser-vants are so sure of places in town that they will not stay in the country during the winter, and on the other hand, it is common for them to leave the cities for the summer, even if they leave good places in doing so. It has been urged that we have no class to recruit from; why not import some of these 12,000 idle maids from London?

"It's so hot to be good," replied a small girl to her mother, who was reproving her for some naughtiness on a recent very warm day. Poor child; sle was discovering thus early in life that the path of rectitude is apt to be very straight and narrow at times, and those who heard her reply agreed that it was never more so than through the "hot wave" with which the country was not long ago affleted. It was really too hot to be good, wasn't it?

In this dog-day weather, fruit, water ices and sorbets are really preterable to the richer creams. Suburban housekeepers who may sometimes find the needful fresh fruit unobtainable at the proper moment, will do well to recall that a fruit jam can be

substituted with nearly as good results. A strawberry ice is made by mixing for large ablespoonfuls of atrawberry jam with the nice of a lemon and a pint of cold water. Strain through a fine sieve, freeze and serve in glasses. To convert this into a serve in ginsses. To convert this into a sorbet, freeze partially and add a wineglass of cordial or sherry and a tablespoonful of rum; refreeze and serve. Another agreeable ice is banana sorbet. Peel and pound half a dozen ripe bananas, add a teacup of loaf sugar, the juice of a lemon and a pint of water. Half freeze and add a wineglass of any liquor preferred before completing the process. Inexperienced sorbet makers must remember that the presence of the spirits prevent freezing, and must not expect too solid results. The ordinary sorbet is not apt to be very thoroughly congealed.

A "drawing party" is a novelty at summer gatherings. A large easel blackboard with a box of crayons are the chief properties required. Each person present writes on a slip of paper the name of the animal he wishes to see represented; these slips are mixed in a basket and a choice of them offered to each member of the company in turn. As a slip is drawn the drawer turns to the board and makes the best picture he may of the animal whose name he has found on his slip. The spectators guess the identity of the animal from the counterfeit presentment on the blackboard; the greatest number of votes of accuracy determining the winner.

Many women are appearing at the summer resorts with their hair done in the new severe style, parted in the middle and drawn quite plainly down nearly over the ears to be plaited in a flat coil at the back of the head below the crown. It suits few faces and still tewer heads of hair lend themselves effectively to this arrangement. But it is curious how a fashion grows and reconciles on-lookers to its existence. If this hair dressing continues to obtain with shall be admiring its classic simplicity.

At some of the fashionable Newport dinners clam and oysters on the half shell are served on plates made of ice. These are molded for the purpose by the high class caterers. The plates are not brought to the table till the guests are seated, when they rest on a doily of linen rather heavier than such usually used. The shells are on the ice and the novelty is only a part of the value of the idea, the bivalves being kept deliciously cool.

Anglish firm has brought out a pitcher of glass designed especially for a claret cup: it is fitted with a movable ice receptacle, which cools the punch without decreasing its strength. This seems a sensible innovation which might be adopted for any sort of summer drink, including water. Filtered and boiled water are excellent safeguards acainst fevers in the late summer and early autumn, but their efficiency is spoiled when ice, which may contain any impurities, is metted in such liquid to cool it. A pitcher arranged on this principle, which does not bring the ice in direct contact with the water or other beverage, would have a dis-tinct sanitary value.

When the women of 1876 were getting eady to go to the Centennial it is safe to a ume that 49 out of every 50 got herself a linea duster. The odd woman had a mohair one, and her sisters regarded her curiously. At the World's Fair next year it will be demonstrated that the age of linen duster has passed away, and that we have even got beyond the mohair one. A beautiful fabric tussore silk, light, cool, glossy, is the accepted material for dust cloaks, for the same of the control of the cool o "dusters" no longer exist even in name, and the accompanying sketch shows what grace and effect have been accomplished in

the evolution of the linen duster. Some of the bamboo curtains for summer use are exceedingly pretty. They come now in solid colors, the bamboo sections separated by white beads. Maroon and ebon-ized bamboo, thus combined give a very rich effect. The reed and bamboo porch curtains are also inexpensive and attractive

additions to the summer plazzu; An odd divan cushion seen the other day was a large square with Marguerites embroidered on black velvet over half of it, and yellow silk, the shade of the hearts of ... the daisies, laid in tiny plaits over the other; these designs met diagonally in the

center of the cushion. Muslin curtains with black lace insertions in the border are a lancy with some who incline to striking effects.

A simple safeguard against the annoving attacks of mosquitoes is the use of pennyroyal tea. Wet the wrists and hands with t, putting some on the face and moistening different parts of the dress. The insects do not like the herb and avoid its neighbor-MARGARET H. WELCH.

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By the most elaborate researches, careful study and costly experiments Dr. Price has been enabled to give to the world the purest, strongest and most economical natural and delicious fruit flavors in existence; free from all poisonous oils, ethers or artificial essences. It is these qualities that have created such a great demand for Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extracts of Lemon, Vanilla, Orange, etc., flavors that retain all their delicate taste and freshness for an indefinite period.

# Call at Our Stora Before Papering

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stop at our door.

Have on hand everything known to the Wall Paper

541 Wood St., Pittsburg, Pa. WILL FURNISH ESTIMATES.



shall I take your rod and land him for

Among other noted fisherwomen may be mentioned the daughters of ex-Senator Edmunds; almost every summer with their father they go into the country near their ancestral home in Vermont, and spend a few pleasant weeks fishing, sometimes going up into Canada as well. The wite of ex-Governor Long, of Massachusetts, is also quite an expert with the rod and often socompanies her husband in his fishing trips to the Rangeleya. The Marquis of Lorne is a great fisherman and his wife, Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, is equally expert with a double-handed salmon

hundreds of similar days when the joy and exhibitaration of landing a big trout with a slender seven-ounce split bamboo rod was unequaled. No sport in the world, at least no sport that can be readily pursued by women, can compare with salmon or trout fishing. Such sport is in fact espectation of the sport of the spo you?" she laughingly replied, "Many thanks, sir, but I guess I am quite capable of landing him mysell!" And so she cially adapted to women who are for the most part condemned to spend sedentary lives indoors. The sense of new life and vigor that comes from long tramps through the piny woods; the exhibitantion that comes from a week's camning out-a usual secompaniment of trout fishing-the hearty appetite that makes the plainest toods delightful, the rich olive tan that speaks of out-of-door days spent in the sunshine, all these, indeed, are gains that cannot be lightly estimated. Now that Mrs. Grover Cleveland has set the lashion, may American girls become as expert as their English sisters; may the race of feminine Izsak Waltons increase! E. A. THACKBAY.

## · Costume of the Fisherwoman

Why Women Undertake Fuch Woes Is One of Creation's Mysteries.

for their instruction.

stepmothers in the world. What She Has to Bear, Through the discipline of endurance women can be trained to stand the abuse of the first wife's relations. They can grow accustomed to regard with patience the "sassing" of the stepchildren as inspired by outsiders, who love to make mischief. They can nerve themselves to endure with fore-bearance the meddling of the neighbors and their malicious remarks as to their methods of family management and mode of housekeeping. They can cultivate charity under all manner of criticism and contras with the first wi e's manners and methods

The neighbors knew he was "near"-as

deavor to convert the heathen on India's coral strand, or where Africa's sunny tountains roll down their golden sand.
Such women will need nothing so much
as the philosophy of the Stoics which held
that "we should always be anticipating and we rowed back to within one-half mile of came.

On the fishing ground near the mouth of a small mountain brook we saw a beat containing two fishermen. From their rapid motions they were evidently baving fine adapting ourselves to the worst that could so that when the worst came it could be borne with an unruffled mind. Moreover a pride could be cultivated that would hold up beyond the cavils of society,

Love Do-sn't Account for It.

as romantically as does she. He matches Juiet as a liomen. The pleasure and sweetness on happy love are beyond all the joys that life without can give.

But it is only during young love's dream that any fond and loolish girl, like Juiet, wants her Romeo "cut out in little stars." It is in youth that men, like Hamet, get lar gone, and "suffer much extremity for love." When a man, knowing all about domestic cares, marries a second time it is seldom for love—more often for convenience or through

widower with a lamily. Who the Children Regard Her. mother. They are full of prejudice against her, and not seldom in the troubles that are sure to follow is her loi made more bit-ter by the husband destroying her author-ity and influence by taking their part

old man for love. Money, position, title are the price he pays, though he is usually conceited enough to believe himself pos-sessed of eudearing charms. This plain bargain and sale on her part is set down to

been in attendance there for 20 years.

And few men had per ormed the feat, but the last one to attempt it before the iron basket was put up sell the 186 feet from the height of the eastle to the valley below. This is the only such happening in the history of the eastle, and there cannot now be another. We climbed 108 steps to reach the Blarney stone; we followed the guide into all the dungeons, and by the light of a candle visited the several caverna. Upon the walls of these caverns were the names of many people from our own country.

Among those of recent date we noticed "Montooth, Pittsburg, Pa., U. S. A." This, from the date, we judged to be Major Montooth, who came out on the City of

working driver to spend two shillings a month in order to supply him with negro-head.

Limit of Natural Vision. the chances are that they would have sat up. Since a woman is certain to change her mind, why can't she learn to make it up



Implores the Conductor to Sop.

I had urged Maude to let me have her ticket because that bit of car board would be necessary in order to secure permission of the railroad people to put the bicycle into of the railroad people to put the blevele into
the baggage car. Maude had replied that
the idea of trusting me with anything so
important might enter the heads of strangers,
but never that of my wife. When Maude
arrived at 3:59½ the door of the baggage car
had been locked so securely that I could
not open it with a two-dollar note.

It seemed necessary to send the bicycle to
Grayswille by averess, but after I had put a window and told me that she had learned

along beside the moving car till one of those gentlemen who push strange and internal baggage trucks along depot platforms clev-erly intercepted me, and then abused me for making a dent in the side of a sheet-from