

Facts of Interest To Women Readers.

Symposium of Information, Partly Grave, Partly Gossipy and Partly Gay.

Mme. Rejane, the French actress, has conquered America. That is to say, she has, within a few short months, become a personage of continental-wide fame...

There was a commotion in a Washington theater the other night. Says the Max O'Rell-like pen-artist of the capital who chronicled it: "Three ladies walked down the center aisle. They wore hats of a florid style of architecture and covered with luxuriant vegetation. Strong men shuddered and grew pale with anxiety as to where their hats would eventually locate themselves, and as the ladies slowly moved to the front the feelings of the audience verged upon the stormy and tumultuous."

Of all the queer symposiums inaugurated by a certain unique periodical devoted to the realm of the fat sex, the most peculiar, asserts Philadelphia Record, will probably be the forthcoming discussion of the significance and use of the relative terms "woman" and "lady." By the strange whirligig of time the term "lady" has come to have that generic differentiation which "gentleman" has obtained over the plain "man."

An unique entertainment planned by a number of gifted Jewish women in Chicago would, it would seem, form a desirable post-Lenten diversion in Scranton, especially in view of the local interest now evinced in Venetian topics, consequent upon the Shaw lectures in Young Men's Christian association hall.

Queen Victoria will use electricity for her coronation. The necessary apparatus has been installed at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight. It is, however, only used for the more delicate dishes.

Speaking of unique entertainments, New York, too, offers one for our contemplation--the international display of costumes held in Madison Square garden under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian association. The object of the exhibition is to show the evolution of the present style of dress and for this purpose 500 figures will be exhibited, each representing some period in history that denotes a change in costume.

As introductory to a number of selected recipes the remark may be ventured that once upon a time it was no discredit to woman to be known as a good cook. In the time of Louis XV, cooks ranked high in social favor; they were honored according to the originality and excellence of their dishes.

and good judgment are required; as a purchasing agent for the household, buying anything from groceries to wedding outfits and lace-trimmed dresses, the young woman proposes to render, there seems to be no reason why she should not succeed.--Chicago Herald.

WASTED WORDS.

Tremendous Loss Which Results from the Use of Silent Letters. "When a nation noted for its language for the first time," says M. Novicow, a French writer, "it made pure phoneticism, since it had no reason to do the contrary. But spoken languages modify every day. By the fact even that it is incorporated in something material, the sign written language has more fixity. Too often nations consider the orthography of their fathers as something extremely holy. They think they are committing sacrilege by accommodating it to the needs of present times."

REALLY SENSITIVE PLANT.

It knows the Difference Between a Familiar and a Strange Form. An incident related by the author of "The Pearl of India," in his description of the flora of Ceylon, is almost uncanny, although we are assured that it is true. It is about the mimosa, or sensitive plant, and makes one almost wonder whether the plant has intelligence.

Saturday Reflections.

There came to these shores, some months ago, a Frenchman who had achieved a degree of eminence at home, by the writing of several novels of attenuated intelligence. This man was M. Paul Bourget. After a brief study of American literature, a few weeks of observation from hotel windows and car seats, M. Bourget proceeded to write his "Impressions" of the native Yank. Among the observations which he confided to the public, for a consideration, was this one: "I suppose life can never get entirely dull to an American, because whenever he can't strike up any other way to put in his time, he can always get away with a few years in trying to find out who his grandfather was, which being interpreted, means that some few Americans are howling snobs."

But there appears, of a sudden, a third figure in the drama, to wit, one Monsieur Blouet, otherwise known by the pen-name, Max O'Rell. Panting, puffing and spluttering, this modern knight de la Gascoigne rushes into the lists, loudly proclaiming himself the furious champion of scandalized French mothers. He heralds his coming off in the newspaper coupings with blood curdling hints, and he soon afterward realizes it to the extent of several pages in the current North American Review. O'Rell is fulsome--almost Keadlesque--in his flattery of his "dear American friends," who have so liberally contributed of their dirty dollars to his refined and aristocratic needs; but he must in all graciousness remind them, with a percentage of illegitimate children is only seven in wicked Paris to nine in their own New York, fifteen in Chicago and heaven knows what in San Francisco. To this clincher he adds a perfunctory encomium on Mrs. Gallia and epithets for the aforesaid Mark Twain, all of which is of a certain interest if the first yawn of a nervous Frenchman, when followed by the answering, and, let it be admitted, the vicious growl of a Yankee mastiff, is to be deemed of sufficient importance to warrant a show-down of international morals. We have glimmerings of a nascent doubt, however,

whether this little episode, despite all its shrieking staccato and fanfarona, is really to be invented with the trappings of an epoch-making event. To us there is a suggestion that the whole affair is over, not the least considerable, of the spoils will be a precious deal of good, juicy advertising for which the respective beneficiaries will have neglected to pay so much as one might expect.

All of which shows that the late Phineas Teecumseh Barnum was not the blooming hayseed that he looked when he observed that the American people love to be humbugged.

The proceedings of license court this week have not been conducive to the hope that Lackawanna county will soon take its place beside those fortunate counties which have wiped out the drink evil. In the extent and variety of its liquid thirsts, this particular portion of the commonwealth is evidently still several degrees removed from an ideal civilization. But though the number of "necessary" dispensaries of the fluid which benighted Jav is still somewhat considerable, there is eminent authority for the belief that drunkenness, in its per capita prevalence, is on the decline. Scrantonians of twenty years ago, contrasting the condition of things then with the conditions of today, tell me that the progress of the community toward temperate indulgence, and these pictures are most interesting. Then, rows and rows were numerous, even in the central wards, while the spectacle was not uncommon of drunken men stretched in bestial surrender athwart the traveled sidewalks. Now, the former are rare, and the latter sight is not to be seen at all. The requirements of employers today are more rigid; intoxication carries with it more of the sense of disgrace and the liquor that men drink is milder and less dynamic. All in all, if we are not hustling forward with electrical velocity, we are at least not standing still.

March April May

Are the Best Months in Which to Purify Your Blood

And the Best Blood Purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which Purifies, Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood.

At this season everyone should take a good spring medicine. Your blood must be purified or you will be neglecting your health. There is a cry from Nature for help, and unless there is prompt and satisfactory response you will be liable to serious illness.

In a short time he has a mere skeleton. He has no appetite, and it was hard work to make him eat enough to keep him alive. A few weeks later he had his hip lanced, and following this five other eruptions broke out, making eight running sores in all. We did all we could for him, but he grew weaker every day, although we had three of the best physicians. As a last resort we were prevailed upon by relatives who had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with beneficial results to give the medicine a trial. We got one bottle about the first of March, and he had taken the medicine only a few days when his appetite began to improve. When he had taken one bottle he could move about a little with his crutches, which he had not been able to use for the preceding three months. We continued faithfully with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in six months he was able to be dressed and go about the house without the crutches. He has now taken Hood's Sarsaparilla regularly for eighteen months, and for the past six months has been without the crutches, which he had outgrown by several inches. The sores have all healed with the exception of one which is rapidly closing, only the scars and an occasional limp remaining as reminders of his suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla in his case has truly done wonders, and he is daily gaining in flesh and good color. He runs about and plays as lively as any child. We feel that Hood's Sarsaparilla has not only restored his health and we all speak in the highest terms of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. HENRY W. MUMPHY, Exeter, N. H.

come fairly in contact the nearest spray are, leaves their fishily. "The plant knows the child," said the doctor; "but you are a stranger."--Tid-Bits.

FACES ON SHAVING MUGS.

One of the Fads of the Passing Hour at Washington. From the Washington Star. A fad which bids fair to become fairly popular is now blossoming quite extensively in Washington. When the young lady thinks he is dear enough to have her photograph she has a miniature painted on a shaving mug or mustache cup, or, better still, some bit of china bric-a-brac. In order that it shall stay fast the painting is burnt in. As amateur artists have often been employed in this work, the results have not been very satisfactory. The chappies have sent their photographs to New York to have the work carefully done, and some good results have been reached. Of course, in case of a rupture and the selection of new loves, the china can be as easily broken as if it were in the hands of some of our kitchen mechanics.

A Successful Engagement.

From the Troy Times. A brilliant evening was adopted the other day by a theatrical company which found itself stranded at Dayton, O., and its next engagement at Cleveland. A plan was made for the arrest of one of the members of the company on the charge of opening a letter belonging to another member. The accused was taken before the United States commissioner at Cleveland, where the other members of the company were subpoenaed as witnesses. They of course secured his acquittal, and also their fees, amounting to \$6.25 apiece. It was the most profitable engagement they have played this season, but the commissioner is willing to bet that they can't play it on him again.

A Difficult Task.

From Fliegende Blätter. Friend--When are you going to paint that gastronomic genre picture you spoke of? Artist--Heaven knows! Every time I get ready the model tempts me and I eat it up.

Random Notes of Life in London.

Some Interesting Sight Among the Waxen Celebrities at Madame Tussaud's.

London, March 2.--The other evening two of us went to Terry's theatre to see the "Innocent Abroad," which is a dear, delightful little comedy. Edward Terry, the comedian, is one of the funniest of the funny men of this town, and I laughed all the evening through at him and his piece. We saw another funny piece the same evening, called "High Life Below Stairs," which preceded the "Innocent Abroad," and both were uncommonly fine and funny.

On another evening we went to the Imperial Institute to see a group of the lovely women with diamonds and jet ornaments again, besides hearing a charming concert. The Royal Hungarian band played after the concert was over and we stayed to hear it, and arrived home quite late and tired.

In the British Museum. Yesterday Miss Radical took me down to the British museum, where we spent a very interesting half day. It is such a very interesting half day. It is such a very interesting half day. It is such a very interesting half day.

Fortcoming Amusements. Monday I am going to the Eugene Oudin Memorial concert at St. James' hall. It is under the distinguished patronage of R. H., the Princess Louise, and his excellency, the American ambassador, and Madame Alboni is to sing, as well as Madame Gomez, Bell Cole, Ella Russell, Edward Lloyd, Benjamin Davies, Lawrence Kelle, Signor Foll and the Melster Glee Singers. Lady Halle will play violin; Chamirade and Borewick will play pianoforte. So you see what a repast of music I am anticipating.

I have been more busy this week and have only had a little sip of dissipation, that being a dinner party where everybody was much older and wiser than I and most interesting and charming as well. Sadie Kaiser.

THE COMING WOMAN.

Gibbs and Comment Concerning the Latest Development of the Creature. One of the advanced women claims that the future man will have a sixth sense. A sense of his inferiority, we suppose.--Albany Argus.

Chicago girls ought to be eligible for football, if what we hear about their feet is true.--Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

It is a terrible thing to think that in the future the money a woman makes by keeping a cow may go to her political constituents instead of being spent to buy comforts for her family.--Arlington Globe.

"Why does Madge always wear a yellow chrysanthemum?" "It reminds her of her best young man. You see he's a blonde and plays football."--Chicago Record.

"I wonder you women never learn how to get off a street car." "I wish I did. If we got off the right way, it wouldn't be long before they'd quit stopping the cars for us."--Buffalo Courier.

Woman has a great advantage in the location and concealment of her pockets. She can slide out of bed at midnight and find her husband's pockets in two seconds. He cannot find her pockets in six months and when he does he can't get into it.--Dallas News.

Maud--"I have just received an offer of marriage which came by post this morning. He said that his love for me was very great but that his income was small." Marie--"What a pity! Whom was it from?" Maud--"I really did not notice. That was enough."--Boston Home Journal.

Matron--"Has my husband voted yet?" Ward Worker--"Yes, ma'am. Early this morning."

"That settles it. He has voted the very way I want him to, and it is always in a contrary mood in the morning. I had some hopes of keeping him away until the middle of the afternoon."--Indianapolis Journal.

"Are you going out tonight, dear?" said the husband to the emancipated woman.

"I am. It is the regularly weekly meeting of the lodge."

"Then I want to say to you"--and there was an unusual defiance in the mild man's tone--"I want to say that if you are not at home by 11 o'clock I shall go home to my father."--Judge.

"Yes," said Mrs. Voutaire, "I told Mrs. Candiday that if she was going to be elected she would have to go down into her bloomers and dig up her good hand money. The girls all expect to get a new hat out of the election, and if Mrs. Candiday expects to get in she will have to start her bonnet foundry going."

"That's very true," replied Mrs. Elector. "Mrs. Runner, out in the ninth precinct of the Seventeenth, has a bale of ribbon on tap and the girls are just helping themselves. Mrs. Runner is going in with a rush. Now, there is Mrs. Jenness-Baker, in the Twelfth, who has put up nothing but rooster feathers, and the ladies are extremely indignant. She is sure to be defeated. Mrs. Newman Smart has distributed ostrich plumes and has a roll of dress goods free for every voter to help herself."

Mrs. Voutaire--"Too true--too true! Still, still I don't know. Where would our poor woman get her millinery if she didn't have an election now and then?"--Minneapolis Journal.

"And have I a right," she asked, in a trembling voice, "the right of suffrage?" "You have."

"Are you sure?" she faltered. "Is it really true?" "Yes."

She raised her streaming eyes to heaven. "At last," she murmured, "at last, I may be registered as something besides John Jones and wife."

Then she wept for joy.--Detroit Tribune.

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