WOMAN'S WORLD.

LADY COOK'S PROPOSED NEW YORK HOME FOR WOMEN ARTISTS.

Fortune Tellers Up to Date—Just a Bite at Twilight—Features of Dinner Gowns—The Silver Wedding. The Poet Queen.

Lady Francis Cook, who was Tennie C. Claflin, has not lost her love for her own country through the influence of a long residence abroad.

In England, where she has established a reputation as a Lady Bountiful through the medium of her husband's great wealth, she never loses an opportunity to declare that she is as good an American today as she ever was.

Moreover, Lady Cook expects in future to divide her time between here and England. Later, in event of the demise of Sir Francis, who is now 82 and has never been in America, Lady Francis intends to return here and remain for the rest of her life.

Lady Cook intends to look around New York with a view to choosing a site for a building similar to one that, at her suggestion, her husband erected in London.

This institution, known as Alexandra House, which is under the immediate patronage of the Princess of

LADY COOK.

Wales, was built as a home to which English girls from the provinces with aspirations for an education in the higher arts could come and be sure of a refined environment and congenial society for a moderate outlay.

In this model institution, which was erected at a cost of $1,250,000, there are quarters of elegance for 150 young women. Each inmate has a little suit of parlor, bedroom and bath to herself, and there are magnificent reception rooms on the lower floor where the young women can receive their guests.

There are also 20 music rooms scattered through the house with pianos and as many studies for the aspiring artists to work in. The fortunate young women also have the entree to all the museums, libraries and musical ateliers of London.

For all these privileges they pay $6 a week each, with washing and medical attention thrown in.

But these palatial surroundings and unsurpassed advantages are not for dreamers or those whose talents are not of a pronounced character. Young women from families who can afford to pay more than the charges made at Sir Francis' institution are also carefully excluded.

The applications are carefully sifted, and each student accepted may be sure that her record has been carefully gone over before that result was attained.

Lady Cook thinks that such an institution might prove a great boon to young women in this country and has told her sister, Mrs. D. W. Halloran, that she intends to erect a similar building here as soon as she can arrange her plans to do so.

Mr. Halloran, who lives with his wife at 137 West One Hundred and Twenty-first street, said, speaking of Lady Cook's plans:

"My sister-in-law is full of this idea, which has been a great success in London, and I feel certain that she will see it carried out here. She always emphasizes the fact that she is an American through and through and has made her husband imbibe many American ideas, among them the treating of all his children alike in his will."—New York Journal.

Fortune Tellers Up to Date.

"When I was in the country this summer," said the woman, "we used to be favored daily with visits from wandering fortune tellers. They were picturesque figures for the most part, if you take the word to mean untidy. And the more grotesque they were to look at the more we concluded they must know about the future, though why an uncleanly person should know more about the invisible than a real nice, neat individual is beyond my comprehension. But here in town a change is taking place, and one more career seems to be open to women. The other day a young woman called to see me. She didn't look like a book agent exactly, although she did carry a little black bag in plain view. She was nice looking, and she wore a tailor made gown of good style, with a fashionable but not gaudy hat. Take it all in all, she was as far removed as possible from the old time gypsy; nevertheless she was making a business of telling pasts and presents and futures in all the approved methods.

"A seeress in a tailor made gown seemed a novelty to me, and I was interested to find out about her more than about my past and present, which I know, and my future, at which I can guess as well as any one. She seemed to have the most up to date ideas about fortune telling. She had not a word to say about seventh sons or seventh daughters, but instead she claimed to be scientific in every way. I couldn't understand, though, how she managed to reconcile science to card turning. Palmistry really seemed to be her preference, probably because it is more scientific, but she wasn't at all averse to bringing out a pack of cards when hand reading failed to tempt me.

"The most interesting thing she told me was that she has a regular list of patrons that she visits and that she was simply trying to add a few more names. From that I judged that the visiting fortune teller is becoming as essential as the visiting manicure or the visiting governess. It may be that she was not telling the truth, but it was interesting at any rate."—New York Sun.

Sealskin Is High Favor.

This year sealskin is in favor above everything. What a proof of our versatility! In recent years this princely fur has been slightly neglected notwithstanding its dark and becoming color, its rich, soft, velvety quality and its harmonizing so well with the delicate complexions that are due to our refined existences and with the golden hair which makes all coquettes resemble elves of fairy tales.

Now it appears that the seal is diminishing in number—in fact, disappearing—and that several laws are in operation respecting sealing. The price of the fur has become prohibitive, and fashion decrees that sealskin is to be the leading fur.

Sealskin, moreover, is a superb fur and goes with any complexion and with every shade of hair. It makes, as formerly, magnificent jackets, boleros, stoles and mantles in the inexhaustible variety for stout or slim women. It suits every one. A person inclining to be too stout will avoid garments composed entirely of fur and will current herself with using it for rich trimmings or luxurious accessories.—New York Herald.

Just a Bite at Twilight.

The tea table, that stiff, set affair that was once found in every house bearing a formidable array of cups and saucers that seldom contained any of the beverage for which they were designed, and a greasy teapot, from which no steam ever curled, has been relegated to obscurity. It was seldom an attractive feature, even though its china was fine and of eggshell thinness. It was too obviously meant for ornament, and ornament alone.

When a tea table appears at all now, it is primarily for use, and the one in greatest favor is very low and cozy. Often as not a little sturdy brown teapot is used in which to brew the orange Peking, if tea is the beverage preferred, which it many times is not, for the average masculine American is overfond of his coffee, and he is just as regular a visitor at the tea table as are his feminine friends.

Bonbons are not as conspicuous here as the once were, for we've given up sweets to a great extent and revel in the thinnest slices of bread imaginable, spread heavily with the sweetest of butter, says the Baltimore News.

Crackers, salted nuts and a few sweet wafers form the combination that is intended to ward off the pangs of hunger until dinner time, and a very good combination it is.

Occasionally one finds wedges of plum or seed cake and sandwiches with mysterious fillings here, but this is a little out of the ordinary and usually betokens some gala occasion.

Anything is appetizing at twilight on a crisp winter evening and, given a pretty hostess in a fetching tea gown and that alcohol flame provocative of gay badinage, will prove a veritable witch's light—one that is likely to result in more delightful romances than were ever precipitated by harvest moon.

Features of Dinner Gowns.

There is quite a question as to the difference between a dinner and a ball gown these days, and it is rather difficult to tell at first glance, for many of the dinner gowns are quite elaborate enough to wear at dances; but, on the other hand, a dinner gown can be much plainer in design, says Harper's Bazar.

For instance, long sleeves in a ball gown are not considered good style, while most of the dinner gowns have long sleeves. Indeed these long sleeves are rather a feature of the very smart new gowns. A gown of pale yellow panne velvet, cut very low in the neck and quite off the shoulders, has a very odd pair of sleeves of the velvet that start below the straps of lace over the shoulder.

These sleeves are unlined, are very long and have rather the effect of mousquetaire gloves the same shade as the gown, for they are loose enough to wrinkle on the arms, although they are fitted as tight as though they were gloves.

This particular pair of sleeves can be taken out if so desired, and the gown is then quite smart enough for a ball gown, as the materials are of the very handsomest. The lace sleeves are so exceedingly becoming that women wear them as much as possible, and they are seen on the handsomest gowns. They, like the velvet ones, are unlined, very long and fit closely to the arm.

Then in some few of the gowns that are made of velvet and satin the sleeves are of satin, also made to look like mousquetaire gloves, but they never are put into the armholes at the top. There is always a space left in which the arm shows through, thus heightening the impression of long gloves rather than sleeves.

The Silver Wedding.

I have been asked several questions in relation to the celebration of a silver wedding and am glad of the occasion to give you the last hints in this matter. The most general celebration is an afternoon reception, which may or may not be followed by a dinner party. Sometimes the celebration begins with a dinner party or consists only of that. The number of guests is a matter of choice.

Invitations to any of these gatherings ought to be issued three weeks ahead on cards printed in silver in the name of husband and wife. If for a dinner, the invitation should say so, for a dance the hour of the celebration should be stated and the word "dancing" placed at the left hand lower corner of the card. Every invited guest is expected to send a gift suited to the occasion, but not necessarily costly, whether the invitation is accepted or not. The gifts and cards of donors are usually exhibited during the celebration and are the means oftentimes of leading one into extravagance. We are such slaves to appearances.

Husband and wife receive together at both dance and invitation. When it is possible to have the attendance of best man and bridesmaids of the marriage ceremony, there is added luster given to the occasion. They assist in receiving. At a dinner party on such an occasion the host takes his wife into dinner and places her at his right hand, as he did at the wedding breakfast 25 years before. They usually precede the guests. The table decorations should be white and silver, and, when the hostess can afford it, a white and silver gown is pretty and appropriate. It really costs no more to do these things appropriately. Good taste counts quite as much as money.—Philadelphia Times.

The Poet Queen.

When it comes to unique fancies in household decorations, Elizabeth, queen of Roumania, poet and sentimentalist, must be awarded the palm. She was very much averse to electricity for illuminating purposes until quite recently, and her boudoir was lighted by crystal flowers, in the hearts of which gleamed pale colored lights and verses, all written by the queen or painted by one of her gifted court ladies. The great dining hall is ornamented with tall panels illustrating the principal works of Carmen Sylva's novels, romances and poems. The room is very somber, being furnished with black oak and Cordovan leather and lighted only by stained glass windows brilliant in color and representing court balls, wedding banquets and other royal festivities, but nevertheless they prevent the sun from penetrating the gloomy grandeur of the apartment, says the New York Commercial Advertiser.

And this is why the queen, who loves beauty and harmony, strictly forbids the wearing of black or dark dresses at her table. She prefers a uniform to conventional evening dress and does not shrink from fancy dress if it be gay and pretty.

During Pierre Loti's visit to Pelesch the queen told him she hoped he had brought with him some picturesque costumes. Loti, who has a weakness for masquerading, appeared at dinner the following evening in the garb of Pharaoh. The queen expressed her admiration, but the rabble of her ladies and even of the lackeys was with difficulty repressed.

The queen's ladies in waiting are chosen from among the prettiest and cleverest girls in Roumania, and several fine musicians and talented amateur actresses and artists are to be found among them.

Bright, Not Fascination.

Naturalists are not at all agreed upon the point as to whether snakes are able to fascinate their prey. Certainly they do not possess the power to the extent that popular belief would have it. Stories of the weird and mystic influence of a serpent's eye fall flat in the face of scientific accuracy. What can be said of snakes, however, is that their very appearance paralyzes the victim. It cannot move for fright, for its faculties are temporarily suspended. There is no fascination about this, however. It is fright, and fright alone.

REV. FANNIE MICKLES.

A Young Woman Recently Ordained Pastor of an Indiana Church.

Miss Fannie Mickles has been permanently retained as pastor of the Christian church at Knox, Ind., and now enjoys the distinction of being the only woman pastor of her faith in the state. Miss Mickles is a graduate of Hillsdale college and until sev-

MISS FANNIE MICKLES.

eral years ago was engaged in Salvation Army work, which she relinquished for the labors of the ministry. Her pulpit oratory and her power to convert men are giving her a state reputation. Miss Mickles is but 24 years of age, quiet and unassuming, and her ministrations give promise of building up a large church.

The Duchess' Children.

There is exhibited in the drawing room of Blenheim the wonderful golden cradle in which each firstborn son of the house of Marlborough is rocked during his infancy. In this cradle, which is perhaps the most beautiful and costly thing of its kind in the world, the present little Marquis of Blandford was placed on his christening day, when he had been given the name of John Albert Edward William Churchill. The little heir, by the way, is named for three well known persons—John, for the great duke; Albert Edward, for the Prince of Wales, one of his godfathers, and William, for his grandfather and godfather, William K. Vanderbilt. The two children are closely guarded in the nursery, which consists of the most charming suite of rooms in the palace. When they go out in the blue and white perambulators for exercise, they are wheeled about in what is known as the kitchen gardens, which are not open to tourists for inspection. On other days they are wheeled about where their nurses will within the 350 acres of private grounds which are walled off from Blenheim park.

Nearly Killed by Her Comb.

Mrs. Noah Brown, residing on Colerain avenue, met with a peculiar accident the other day. Mrs. Brown was waiting on her husband, who was in bed suffering with a sprained ankle. She had occasion to stoop down in front of an open grate fire, and as she did so a celluloid comb worn in her hair exploded with sufficient force to throw her to the floor some distance away. Following the explosion, the comb ignited.

Most of Mrs. Brown's hair was burned off, her eyebrows and lashes were scorched, and she was severely burned about the face and neck. Considerable effort was required to prevent the carpets and other furnishings from catching fire, as it was found impossible to extinguish the blazing comb after it had been pulled from her hair. The explosion was accompanied by a report similar to that of a blank cartridge discharged in a pistol and was heard by several people.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Wearing of Veils.

It is the exception and not the rule to see veils worn by really smart people now, and this is a direct result of the present style of hat, which, with its curious curves and (in many cases) strings, does not allow of satisfactory adjustment of the veil.

It is also a difficult matter to arrange a veil really becoming over a toque, which, if made of soft tulle or chiffon, as are so many of these pretty head coverings, is liable to be crushed and flattened even by the light confinement of a veil.

When veils are worn now, they are either of plain white tulle or very fine plain black veiling or of a fine French mesh with very small chenille spots. Black veils lined with pink tulle and styled complexion veils have been introduced for some time now, but have not really caught on, as they have been found so dazzling to the eyesight.

Labor and Woman Suffrage.

Miss Susan B. Anthony received a royal welcome from the American Federation of Labor at its annual meeting in Detroit, and the welcome was evidently given not only to her personally, but also to the cause which she represented. Samuel Gompers, who is a strong friend of equal suffrage, was re-elected president by a unanimous vote, and a resolution was adopted asking congress to submit to the state legislatures a sixteenth amendment forbidding disfranchisement on account of sex.—Woman's Journal.

Her Own Lawyer.

Miss Lillian Tracey of Troy, N. Y., an employee in a collar factory there, finding when her trial for slander was called that her lawyer was too ill to appear and that she could neither get another nor secure a postponement, decided to conduct her own case. She did it so successfully and cross examined the witnesses for the prosecution so clearly that she was promptly acquitted and was congratulated warmly by those who witnessed her efforts.—Woman's Journal.

Our Mrs. Malaprop.

Two new stories of a well known lady whose daughter occupies the highest social position of any American woman abroad: She wrote to her gardener the other day to pay special attention to her prize "incarnations." A sculptor was praising the beauty of her daughter. "Yes, Mary is handsome," said Mary's mother. "An artist admired her so much that he made a bust of her arm and hand."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Dressing table silver or gold furnishings no longer affect elaborate repousse or etched work, as that has passed into the category of things which have had their day. The fad of the hour demands that the silver gilt or silver toilet article shall have an unwrought but highly polished mounting, with chiffre monogram or crest, but nothing more.

Bell Street chapel, in Providence, lately celebrated the tenth anniversary of its dedication. The Providence Journal published on the occasion an interesting sketch of the Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer, who has been pastor of the chapel from the outset, and is believed to have been the first woman minister in Rhode Island.

Ohson H. Sakurai, one of the officers of the Meiji Girls' seminary, in Tokyo, said to be the leading educational institution for women in Japan, has come here to study the condition of American working women. He says it is only a matter of time when Japanese women will be as progressive as their American sisters.

For breakfast try potatoes prepared as follows: Cut four or five boiled potatoes into small pieces. Season them with salt and pepper, and turn them into a buttered pan. Pour over them one cup of cream, and add two tablespoonfuls of butter in small pieces. Brown them in a hot oven.

A Penalty For Being Polite.

It is more difficult to be polite in the city of Hamburg than in any other place in Europe. There the most chivalrous man has to think twice before giving up his seat in a car to a lady, as he may be turned off the car for politeness. It seems that the Hamburg trolley cars will seat, according to size, 20 or 28 persons, 10 to 14 on each side. In addition four persons are allowed in the front and five persons on the back platform. When the car is full, the conductor hangs out a sign, "Besetzt," which means "occupied," and is absolutely forbidden to take on another passenger until some one gets off the car.

Sometimes, while the conductor is in front collecting fares, a lady will step on the car which is already "occupied." As there is no conductor on hand to prevent her, the lady steps inside, and the gentleman who may offer her a seat comes out and takes his stand on the platform. When the conductor after going his rounds returns to his post, he promptly requests the gentleman to step off the car, as he has forfeited his seat and the car is fully "occupied." Should he refuse to leave the car he is put off. The policemen on the streets are instructed to watch the cars sharply, and if they find a car carries even one more passenger than its proper complement the conductor is fined 72 cents, which is paid to a charity fund of the street railway company.—Philadelphia Press.

Salt and Horse Radish.

Some people care for nothing but lemon on raw oysters, but there are others who desire horse radish. Usually such folk regard the strongest horse radish as the best, but an experienced vender of the condiment poohpoohs this point of view.

"Why should the strong horse radish be considered good?" says he. "It brings tears to your eyes and lifts the top of your head off and makes you want to sneeze. It has no taste whatever. The mild horse radish, that which has stood awhile, is the best and pleasantest always.

"There is nothing so foolish as to think that the strong, biting kind is the fresh—that is the reason why it is preferred to the mild sort—for the very stalest, weakest horse radish can be made in 20 minutes strong enough to blow your head off. All you need to do is to add salt to it. Try this some time. Just take any old horse radish, dump in a spoonful of salt and then notice the difference. I don't know why salt should have such a powerful effect on the stuff, but no doubt a chemist could tell you that."—Philadelphia Record.

Turned It to Account.

A Derbyshire man, accompanied by his wife, happened to be traveling in a train when, near Stafford, a collision occurred. He was well known for his shrewdness in business, and he proved that in the collision his wife received a contusion between the eyes, for which a jury awarded £50 damages. Some time after the affair had blown over the following confession, or something to the like effect, was elicited from the plaintiff in a moment of unguarded conviviality:

"Well, you see, when the collision happened t' owld woman and I wur all reet, but when I looked out o' t' carridge I seed a lot of fellies in a terrible state. One sings out: 'Ey, lad! Ise getten me head cut open. I'll ha' twenty peounds for this.' 'Twenty peounds, ye silly fule?' cries another. 'Ise gotten me shoulder out, and I'll ha' forty peounds for 't.' When I heard this," continued the clever business man, "I jumpt at t' owld woman straight out and druv my 'ead betw'en her eyes, and we'se gotten fifty peounds for it."—London Answers.

A Natural Bridge In Arizona.

Natural bridge, on Pine creek, in the northern part of Gila county, is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the United States, equaling if not surpassing the Natural bridge of Virginia. It spans the creek at a height of about 200 feet, and the walls of the canyon rise above it on either side 700 or 800 feet and on one side form a perpendicular precipice. The bridge is of lime formation, and the inside of the great arch, which is some 250 feet across, is worn by the water as smooth as though chiseled by the skillful hand of a stonemason. The arch on top is nearly, if not quite, 400 feet in width. 1,000 feet in length across the canyon and at the thinnest part only six feet through. About the center of the arch is a hole large enough to admit the body of a man and through which one can look down into the crystal pool of water 200 feet below.—Globe (A. T.) Silver Belt.

Question Is Unanswered.

A certain grocer on the hill has for some days been looking for the owner of a voice that claimed his attention at the telephone one busy morning. When he finds the man, the meeting will furnish material for an interesting item, and the following dialogue explains itself:

The Voice—Hello, there! Is that you, Charles?

Grocer—Yes.

The Voice—Have you any salt fish?

Grocer—Yes.

The Voice—Is it fresh?

Grocer—Yes; came in this morning.

The Voice—Cod or pollock?

Grocer—Got both. Which do you want?

The Voice—Well, I don't know. Is the pollock good and dry?

Grocer—Yes.

The Voice—Well, why don't you give it a drink, then?

At this point the grocer brought the colloquy to a sudden termination with a remark that would be out of place in polite society and therefore unfit for publication.—Portland (Or.) Argus.

Mice as Food in China.

The first thing which strikes the traveler in China upon his entrance into any of the many cities of the Celestial empire is the strings of dried mice which hang from the roofs of the houses suspended by their tails, just as sausages are hung in front of butcher shops in France.

The Chinese hunt these mice with a long, sharp pointed knife, which they plunge into the animals' throats. Then the mice are suspended by the tails until the blood has dripped out, when they are skinned, drawn and smoked.

Another favorite dish with the Chinese is dogs' feet. The feet of black dogs are considered more of a delicacy than those of any other color, and white dogs are rejected as being tasteless. Dogs' fat, prepared in a special manner, is looked upon as a repast fit for a king.

Going to Bed in India.

Going to bed in India is a very different process from going to bed at home. To begin with, it is a far less formal process. There is no shutting the door, no cutting yourself off from the outer world, no going up stairs and finally no getting into bed. You merely lie down on your bed, which, with its bedding, is so simple as to be worth describing. The bed is a wooden frame with webbing laced across it, and each bed has a thin cotton mattress. Over this one sheet is spread, and two pillows go to each bed. That's all!—Scottish American.

It Still Worked.

"No," she answered coldly. "I cannot marry a man who carries a rabbit's foot for luck."

For a moment he contemplated her in intense silence, but only for a moment.

"Who," he exclaimed, "now can doubt the efficacy of the rabbit's foot after this?"

Then he left her forever, pausing only to laugh the wild, mirthless laugh which was suitable to the occasion.—Detroit Journal.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A Trio of Small Cyclists.

The distinction of being the champion child cyclist in the world is carried off by Master Harvey Elmer Thompson, son of Mr. J. H. Thompson of Conneaut, O., who is seen in this photograph, together with his unique pacing team. Little Harvey, the one to the left in the photograph, is a fine, healthy, athletic youngster of 7. He is depicted in the photograph wearing three medals, but recently he added another beautiful gold medal to his

YOUNG THOMPSON AND HIS PACERS.

collection, making four in all. At present Harvey holds the world's record for 5, 6 and 7-year-old riders and is open to ride any boy in the world of his age any distance. Some of his performances are very creditable and speak well for his cycling abilities, his record being a quarter of a mile in 44 seconds. He is 46 inches in height and weighs 49 pounds. His little bicycle was built especially for him and has 20 inch wheels, 15 inch frame and turns the scale at 12 pounds. It should be added, perhaps, that this cycling prodigy has been a bicycle rider ever since he was 2½ years old. The tandem team are Masters Earle and Louis Calkins of Conneaut, aged respectively 5 and 6 years.

A Cat That Rings the Phone.

A big, black tomcat in a Sioux City (Ia.) place of business gives the girls in the telephone central office a deal of bother, much as the children do, you know, for he likes to turn the telephone crank to hear the bell jingle. Of course that "calls" the patient girl at the other end of the wire. This cat is always ready to sit on his hind legs, like a dog, or do a bit of gymnastic work on the back of a chair, for he is a very unusual cat. One day he was licking the sawdust from his sleek sides when his paw struck the crank of the telephone, which was beside him. He stopped and looked inquiringly at the crank and then carefully, softly touched it again with his paw and seemed immensely pleased with the jingle. Now he has to be scolded two or three times a day for experimenting with it. As soon as he pushes the crank central calls up and wants to know "number." The cat's friends have to answer, "Kittie rang the phone." The phrase has thus become a byword with the operators. When there is a false alarm, they say, "It was kittie who rang."

A Dog's Revenge.

Mr. Charles Rogers of Ravenswood, N. Y., owned two dogs—a Newfoundland and a cur. Next door there was a mastiff. The mastiff tore the Newfoundland terribly, so terribly that he was laid up for some weeks, says a writer in the New York World. During this time the cur acted as his friend on watch, giving many evidences of the activity of benevolence in his soul which do not belong there.

When the Newfoundland was well again, Mr. Rogers one day saw him and the cur friend rush down the avenue. He followed. They attacked the mastiff, dragging him to the East river, where the Newfoundland pulled him under water and kept him there as long as he (the Newfoundland) could do without breath. When they came to the top, the cur jumped on the mastiff's back and kept him from getting out of the water till the Newfoundland was able to take him under again.

These alternate doings of the Newfoundland and of the cur were kept up till the mastiff was dead.

The Dachshund.

This is what the boy wrote about the dachshund:

"The dockshound is a dog notwithstandin appeerencis. He has fore legs, two in front an two behind, an they ain't on speakin terms. I wunst made a dockshound out of a cowcumber an fore matchis, an it lookt as nacheral as life. Dockshounds is farely intelligent considerin thare shaip. Thare brains bein so far away frum thare tales, it bothers them sum to wag the lattur. I wunst noo a dockshound who wuz too impashunt to wate till he cood signal the hole length of his boddy when he wanted to wag his tale, so he maid it up with his tale thet when he wanted it to wag he would shake his rite ear, an when the tale seen it shake it wood wag. But, as fer me, gimme a bull pup with a peddygree."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Selecting and Training a Cook.

In selecting a cook or maid of all work look well to her character, her previous training and her general adaptability. When you have decided to engage her, describe as nearly as possible the conditions of your house and your general rules, and when she arrives make up your mind to stay right with her for the first week and instruct her in your ways. Always begin at the beginning, serve simple meals at first, and show her the best way to do her work. Demand cleanliness of dress and tidy hair and insist upon her wearing good fitting, comfortable and well laced or well buttoned shoes, etc.—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Story "Goes" Until He Does.

There is in Cowley county a big two fisted farmer who has the reputation of being the biggest liar in the township. But he will fight at the drop of the hat, and men are very chary of accusing him. The other day he went into Dexter and told that he had a 9-month-old calf that gave three quarts at a milking, and, after recounting this story, the local paper said, "Mr. Horrell is still in town, and we are convinced that that calf is a wonder."—Kansas City Journal.

The Harem a Prison.

The western boast that every man's house is his castle is as nothing to the sanctity of the eastern harem. No officer of the law may enter a harem, and therefore there is no safeguard for the life and liberty of its inhabitants. One day they may be slaves, the next princesses and the next strangled or poisoned. An ill disposed man could carry off an enemy to his harem and kill him, and none would be the wiser.

Getting Advice.

The girl's father was rich, and the suitor for her hand was poor, but remarkably persistent.

"Papa," she said to the old gentleman, "if Frank asks me this evening to marry him what shall I say?"

"Say whatever you think is best, my child."

"How best, papa? Best for me or best for Frank?"—Detroit Free Press.

One Quotation.

Professor—Mr. Drone, I am astonished that you cannot remember any of the quotations called for in today's lesson. Can you recollect any quotation of any kind?

Student—Yes, sir: "Any fool can ask questions."—Boston Transcript.

Hearts may be attracted by assumed qualities, but the affections can only be fixed and retained by those that are real.—De Moy.

The finest emeralds known are said to be those belonging to the Spanish crown.

The Boston Boy's Diversions.

"Emerson," said Mrs. Beaconstreet, "how did you comport yourself in the thoroughfare this morning with your new neighbors?"

"I fear, ma mere," replied Emerson, "that our actions were scarcely such as would much intensify our intellects. You see, he knows nothing of Auguste Comte, his parents have forbidden him Voltaire, he dislikes Mr. Shakespeare, and his familiarity with chemistry and astronomy is superficial to a wearying degree. So we made mud pies."—Boston Courier.

Wonders of New Hampshire.

The average reader will be amazed to learn that little New Hampshire, with less than 10,000 square miles, has no less than 403 lakes and ponds, 154 brooks, 58 rivers and 294 mountains. This makes Iowa look small. Colorado, a big state, has 556 creeks. Texas has comparatively few rivers, lakes and creeks. Alabama has 653 creeks and 87 rivers. Iowa cannot approach that record. Minnesota has 222 lakes and 140 rivers.—New York Press.

His Vocation.

Hicks—It is a shame the way Buster is bringing up that boy of his. The lad doesn't know how to read or write, and there is no indication of his ever being sent to school.

Wicks—Buster knows what he is doing, you can depend upon it. Probably he intends when that boy reaches manhood he will have all the business he can attend to as criminal court juror.—Boston Transcript.

Sharp.

Doctor—Stick out your tongue, Tommy.

Tommy—Not on your life! I did that yesterday to my teacher, and I still ache all over for it.—Wiener Tagblatt.

A Nice Cousin.

Jack—You know when Mabel rejected me last week I told you my troubles, and you promised to help me. Well, she accepted me last night. Am I to thank you for interceding for me?

Cousin Belle—Not exactly, dear boy. I simply intimated to Mabel that I was after you myself.—Philadelphia Press.

In Finland and Lapland amber oil is believed to be a certain cure for rheumatism, neuralgia and similar troubles.

A color expert declares that a pure white flower does not exist.

Why He Hurried.

"Young man," said the old gentleman, "my daughter is too young to marry. A girl of her age cannot be sure of her own mind in a matter of such importance."

"I fully realize that," replied the young man, who had just secured the fair one's consent. "That's why I don't want to wait."—Chicago Post.

The Austrian Telegram Card.

The Austrian postoffice will try a "telegram card," on which a person writes a message and posts in the usual way, but the postoffice telegraphs the contents, which are delivered to the address by the postman. The plan is a combination of post and telegraph, and seems useful as having a cost and speed intermediate between post and telegraph.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm

cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH HAY-FEVER 50 CTS. ELY BROS.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, Jan. 17, 1900.

Apples	per bu	40-50c
	dried, lb	4c
	evaporated lb	13c
Apple Butter, per gal		40 to 50c
Butter	roll, per lb	20c
	fresh keg, per lb	15 to 20c
	creamery, per lb	20c
Beeswax per lb		25c
Bacon	country ham, per lb	10 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per lb	12-14
	side, per lb	5 to 8c
	shoulder, per lb	10 to 8c
Beans	white navy, per bus	$2.00 to $2.25
	Lima, per lb	10c
	green, per lb	15c
Coffee	roasted, per lb	10 to 12c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.00 to 1.25
	Portland, per bbl	$2.50 to 4.00
Cornmeal, per lb		1½c
Eggs, per doz		20c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	per 30 lb $2.70
	¼ bbl	per 30 lb $1.35
Honey, white clover, per lb		20c
Lard, per lb		7 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.0
Molasses, N. O., per gal		60
Onions, per bus		40 to 50c
Potatoes, per bus		4 to 50c
Peaches, evaporated, per lb		8 to 10c
Prunes, per lb		8 to 10c
Salt	N. Y., per bbl	$1.2
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.1
	Dairy, ¼ bus sacks	25c
	" ½ " "	50c
	" 1 bus sacks	$1.25
	ground alum, 180 lb sacks	90c
Sugar	maple, per lb	8 to 10c
	imported yellow, per lb	5c
	white, A, per lb	5¼-5¾
	granulated, per lb	5¾-6¼
	Cube, or pulverized, per lb	8c
	per gal	35c
Syrup	maple, per gal	40 to 60c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
Tallow, per lb		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per qt		20 to 30c
Seeds	timothy, per bus	—
	clover, per bus	—
	" crimson, per bus	—
	" alfalfa, per bus	—
	" alsyke, per bus	—
Millet, German, per bus		—
Grain	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.5
	buckwheat, per bus	45c
	corn shelled, per bus	15 to 18
	oats, per bus	25 to 30c
	rye, per bus	50
Feed	wheat, per bus	65
	bran, per 100 lbs	85c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 lbs	85c
Flour	flour, roller process, per bbl	3.8
	" spring patent and fancy	—
	high grade	$4.50
	flour, lower grade per 140 lbs	$1.25 to $1.8
Middlings	white, per 100 lbs	85c
	red, per 100 lbs	85c

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:45 a. m., Somerset 12:07, Stoystown 12:23, Hooversville 12:43, Johnstown 1:35 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 4:40 p. m., Somerset 5:02 Stoystown 5:31, Hooversville 5:42, Johnstown 6:20.

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:25 a.m., Hooversville 9:03 Stoystown 9:23, Somerset 9:52 Rockwood 10:13.

Express.—Johnstown 1:55 p. m., Hooversville 2:35, Stoystown 2:47, Somerset 3:15, Rockwood 3:40.

*Daily.

F. D. UNDERWOOD, General Manager
D. B. MARTIN, Passenger Traffic Manager.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

IN EFFECT NOV. 19 1899

CONDENSED SCHEDULE

Trains arrive and depart from the station at Johnstown as follows:

WESTWARD.

Western Express	4:01	a. m
Southwestern Express	6:03	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:32	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:20	"
Way Passenger	2:51	p. m
Pittsburg Express	4:38	"
Mail	8:05	"
Fast Line	5:41	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:35	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	4:47	a. m
Sea-shore Express	5:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:31	"
Day Express	9:03	"
Main Line Express	10:07	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:00	p. m
Johnstown Accommodation	6:42	"
Philadelphia Express	7:05	"
Fast Line	10:50	"

"The Worstest Crime Ever."

A young negress in mourning asked the magistrate for a warrant in the Jefferson Market court.

"There is a negro who has committed the worstest crime ever," she said. "It's so awful I can't hardly tell about it. My mother died a week ago, and he done took a pawn ticket from the corpse. Now he's done took out a diamond ring on that ticket that was my mother's, and now the ring should be mine, but he won't give it to me."

"Well, that's rather bad," admitted the magistrate, signing a warrant for the offender.

The young woman returned in the afternoon in company with a well dressed negro with whom she seemed to be on very friendly terms. He was the defendant.

"What have you got to say to the charge?" the magistrate demanded of him.

"Why," the man replied smilingly, "the dead woman was my wife."

"Is he your stepfather?" asked the magistrate, turning to the girl.

"Course he is," she answered.

"And why didn't you tell me that before?"

"'Cause I wanted that ring, your honor."

"Step out," said the magistrate.

"Step out," echoed a half dozen policemen, while the man and the girl walked out together without a sign of animosity.—New York Exchange.

A Very Foxy Fox.

A gentleman whose word cannot be doubted and who is not easily deceived tells the following:

Very early one morning he saw a fox eying most wistfully a number of wild ducks feeding in the rushy end of a highland lake. After awhile the fox, going to windward of the ducks, put afloat in the lake several bunches of dead rushes or grass, which floated down among the ducks without causing the least alarm.

After watching the effect of his preliminary fleet for a short time the fox, taking a good sized mouthful of grass in his jaws, launched himself into the water as quietly as possible, having nothing but the tips of his ears and nose above water.

In this way he drifted down among the ducks and caught a fine mallard.

Though this story seems extraordinary, it must be remembered that the fox manages to capture wild ducks, wood pigeons, hares and numberless other animals, sufficient to keep himself and family, and it is plain to be seen that in doing so he must practice many a trick that would seem improbable if related and quite beyond the instinct of animals.—Omaha World-Herald.

Killed Classical Quotations.

In tracing the decline of the use of classical quotations in legislative bodies the Boston Herald cites the case of Edward Everett, who once concluded a stately speech in congress with a long, sonorous and superbly modulated citation of a passage from Tacitus and then took his seat. No sooner was he through than up sprang a burly member from what was then a frontier state of the west. He had once been an Indian agent, and no sooner was he on his legs than he began to pour out a vehement harangue in Choctaw. After awhile the speaker called him to order.

"I don't see why my freedom of speech should be abridged!" he cried. "You let the gentleman from Massachusetts run on, and I didn't understand the first word of his lingo any better than he does mine."

The scene was described as very comical, but it struck the deathknell of further classical quotations in a congress that had not the ray of an idea what the unintelligible lingo of Cicero and Tacitus was driving at.

Hard Drinkers In Chile.

Iquique, Chile, has the reputation of consuming more liquor per capita than any other place in the world.

I have never seen liquor of all kinds consumed in such quantities as here, but apparently there is very little drunkenness. The dry atmosphere and the atoms of sand that one is constantly inhaling excite an abnormal thirst, no doubt, and they say that the human system requires an unus