

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

A Unique Necklace of Medals.
 Mme. Lancelotti-Croce, the French artist, has made for the French government a necklace composed of twelve medals bearing the heads of the twelve most famous women of French history. The subject was inspired by Queen Margherita of Italy, and the ornament is to be presented to the Empress of Russia.

To Soften New Gloves.
 A new glove stretcher is a treasure to the woman whose patience is short when a warm hand and a new glove have to be introduced to each other. The stretcher is of similar shape to those now in use, with the exception that one finger is hollow and contains a powder, which is discharged inside the glove when the stretcher is in operation.

A Lotion That Removes Freckles.
 To remove freckles, mix one ounce of lemon juice, a quarter of a drachm of powdered borax, half a drachm of pulverized sugar, and let it stand in glass for a few days; then apply it and let it dry on the skin. Or apply with a linen cloth two tablespoons of grated horseradish mixed with a teaspoonful of sour milk. If a girl freckles easily she should keep this lotion and use it frequently, being careful not to allow it to touch her eyes.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Sublimated Shirt Waist.
 The shirt waist of linen, severe and tailor-made, and the sublimated shirt waist of batiste, brocade or crepe de Chine are really first cousins after all, and, strange as it may seem, the woman who is "naturally stylish" looks as well in one as in the other. Nothing is more becoming, if it is becoming at all, than a linen shirt waist, properly fitted and modish in cut. The woman who has a "natural style" seldom looks well in the severely simple blouse of linen or madras, but the artful blouse of soft material can transform her into a thing of beauty. A charming soft little blouse of white mull is arranged in narrowly tucked stripes alternating with insertions of Valenciennes lace. The high transparent collar of lace is pointed at the sides, and the sleeves have transparent cuffs that reach almost to the finger tips.

Silk shirt waists with corded tucks stitched in a contrasting color, batiste waists with simulated yokes and boleros of lace and embroidery, and soft crepe waists with lace jabots and gem buttons are delightful additions to the season's wardrobe.

A Queen's Charity.
 We hear less about Portugal than about Spain at any time and of late have heard less than usual. The Queen of Portugal is a sovereign deserving a long mark for her interest in hospitals and hygiene, and also in the welfare of the children of poverty. At Alcantara she founded, in 1893, a dispensary peculiarly for meeting the demands of childish invalids, as pleasantly situated as possible and spaciouly planned, combining a diet kitchen, consultation rooms, surgical halls and much of the departmental work of a hospital. Almost every day the queen herself goes to the establishment and takes a personal share in the labors of the charity—now waiting in the kitchen distributions, and again assisting in the surgery. Several well known women of her court are equally practical. The general charge of it is committed to a religious order, a favorite of the queen's, but the eminent Portuguese physician, Dr. Silva Carvalho, heads the staff of medical workers. In one year, (1895) there were given in the building 8559 consultations, 68,704 rations from the diet kitchen, 32,521 bandages, 76,480 prescriptions and 470 vaccinations. The milk and vegetables are furnished gratis by the queen, and the medical supplies are also defrayed by her. Fifteen hundred babies were treated in one twelvemonth. It is said that there is not any royal charity of the sort in Europe so efficiently managed, with the additional active co-operation of the founder.—Harper's Weekly.

Women as Druggists.
 Comparatively few women have thus far become druggists. It certainly has not been on account of their disability for such work, for their deftness and delicacy of touch, and their patience and extreme cleanliness, make them most valuable in the laboratory. In business the only women who succeed are those who go to their work with a positive conviction that they have selected wisely and well and whose energies are tireless. It is true they are not often so well paid for the same work as men, but it is to be hoped that the world will soon realize that there is no sex in brains, and that this error of the present day will soon be rectified.

The course of study to fit one to prepare and dispense drugs and to earn the principles of immediate use in a drug store usually extends over a period of from a year and a half to two years; it includes a certain amount of instruction in Latin, chemistry, botany, materia medica, microscopy, pharmacy, etc. The fees for instruction at the various colleges of pharmacy throughout the country are moderate—about \$75 a term, which covers all necessary expenses.

The work is eminently suited to a skilled, educated woman, though to an admission to any of the colleges only a good general education is necessary. Once qualified as a dispenser there is always employment to be had. The work is not usually well

enough paid to attract an overplus of men, and is consequently too frequently in the hands of indifferent persons, a condition to be deplored when it is remembered that for this particular enterprise women's abilities are unquestionably fitted.—American Queen.

Women Work While Men Fight.
 "Half of the crops raised in Kansas are sown and gathered by women," said Seymour Davis, one of the largest agriculturists in Southern Kansas, in a recent conversation. "This may seem a rather startling statement to comprehend at first, but I know it to be absolutely true. Since the war in the Philippines nearly 1000 more women have begun work in the fields. Nearly every member of the Twentieth Kansas volunteers was a farmer, and they left wives, sisters and sweethearts behind them. These women resolved at once to do the proper thing, and they are running the farms themselves while the boys are away. It's a patriotic thing, but there are more widows, orphans and spinsters who run farms than the other class. Altogether, there are 4000 women in the state who farm. I think that is about 50 per cent. of the farmer population. I mean the heads of families who reside on farms—women and children excluded.

"After they were gone the women went nobly to work. Mrs. Mary Dix and her two daughters run a 250-acre farm in Wilson county. Father and son both enlisted. Mrs. Sample, a widow, whose son is with Colonel Funston, lives on a small tract of land in Sumner county and does the work herself. Her crop yield will be excellent this year.

"I came to the state in 1875 and women had already commenced to farm then. My wife has plowed in the field many a day while I was out hunting after cattle the Indians had stolen. Many of the frontier women of the state did likewise. The girls of this state who work on farms are as highly educated as those who work in stores or adorn the drawing room. Indeed, I have seen some of the prettiest girls in the state on the farms. They wear sunbonnets and do not get tanned. Of course their hands are a little coarse, but that only proves that they are not afraid of work. After all, the Kansas woman is a heroine."—Philadelphia Press.

Fashions Against Suffrage.
 Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in speaking to a club woman the other day, expressed herself as entirely out of sympathy with that kind of feminine taste that induces a woman to go about with a trailing dress and no pocket. She spoke on the matter in this wise:

"To me one of the saddest sights in our streets today is an educated woman wearing a trailing dress that is destitute of a pocket. Behold her! In one hand she carries her umbrella, fan, cardcase, pocketbook and handkerchiefs; with the other she holds up her dress if she attempts to prevent it from trailing in the dust. Thus encumbered, her skill in getting in and out of cars, etc., passes all understanding. True, she occasionally falls, twists her ankle or drops all her possessions, and these the sons of Adam kindly pick up and restore to her."

"I have tried," went on the aged reformer, pathetically, "for fifty years to bring about the equality of the male and female of the human family, but in view of this everyday picture what can I say? I, a mother in Israel, have no influence with my country women compared with the Parisians who set the fashions. All my petitions, appeals and protests have thus far been in vain. Skirts must have a graceful sweep on the ground; they must be tight to the figure to show the outline of form. The pocket was banished from the front that it might not interfere with the set of the skirt, then some one had it sequestered in the gathers at the back, but now the edict has gone forth that the skirt must be tight and smooth all around, so the deathknell of the pocket is heard throughout the length and breadth of the land.

"Suppose some new Beau Brummell should send forth a decree that one's sire and sons should have a flossie on their trousers, or their outer garments should be too tight and smooth to permit them to have a pocket, think you they would submit to such folly? Not they."

"I tremble to think what I have done to get the suffrage for women, fearing all the foolish fashions they might by law come to appear in our midst."—New York Tribune.

Gleanings from the Shops.
 White silk stockings having the openwork instep threaded with white baby ribbon.

White and colored taffeta silk parasols, plain and corded, mounted on bamboo sticks.

Pique stocks in all shades with white ends attached that can be tied in any preferred form.

Long neck scarfs made of delicate pink crepe de Chine showing appliques in rich black thread lace.

A great variety of allovers in tasteful combinations of valenciennes lace and openwork embroidery.

Costumes of figured or striped muslins trimmed with groups of narrow frills arranged in baya lere effects.

Gowns of white foalard lavishly decorated with lace finished on the lower edge with a narrow silk fringe.

Many chemisettes composed of alternating rows of fine lace inserting and bouillonnages of mousseline or gauze.

Costumes of white taffeta made with pointed tunic finished with a broad flounce of rich guipure headed by several rows of matched inserting and lace sleeves.—Dry Goods Economist.

HE LOST HIS PENCILS.

But the Reporter Wrote His Story with an Electric Light Bulb.
 "Did I ever tell you about the time that I wrote a story with an incandescent light bulb?" said the police reporter to a few of his professional friends.

"No? Well, it's a fact, just the same, and all I had to write with was one of these glass globes."
 The hearers moved uneasily and one was heard to say something about taking another draw. The police reporter was undaunted, however, and went on:

"This is no pipe dream. I was working on the Brooklyn Eagle and had been sent down to a small interior town on one of the 'hottest' stories you ever heard about—double murder with a good mystery end—dead people both prominent, and suspected murderer a prominent citizen.

"I pulled into the station at exactly 11 o'clock and of course went into the station, the only telegraph office in the town, to tell the operator that I'd have some 'stuff' to file not later than 1 o'clock in the morning. He was an agreeable fellow, and he said he would go home and get two hours' sleep and be back in time to handle my story. I jumped in the town and in an hour was back to the telegraph office, which the operator had left open for me.

"I peeled off my coat and vest and sat down to write the crime story of my life. My hand sought my upper vest pocket, where I carried my pencils, and, jumping Jupiter! I had lost every one of them. I remembered that I had them a little while before when taking some notes, but they were gone now.

"I then began to gaze around the office. The operator had plenty of ink, but many a pen or pencil could I find. I was in a beautiful hole. Within an hour of filing time and not a thing to write with. I just thought and thought, and in doing so happened to look again at the operator's desk. There lay a pad of thin paper and between the first and second sheets was a piece of carbon paper. The way out of my difficulty came to me like a flash.

"In the little office were three incandescent lamps. I turned the key and put one on, unscrewed it, and in another moment had the pad of paper with its carbon sheet in front of me. At the big end of the bulb was a protruding point of glass. I took the globe in my hand, holding it like a stylus, and marked on the top sheet: 'The Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.' Imagine my joy when I lifted the upper carbon paper to find that it had taken the impression perfectly. Then I went to work and at 1 o'clock when the operator arrived, had a starter for him of a thousand words."

"Did you finish the story that way?" was asked.

"Yes, the operator offered me writing material, but the novelty of the thing had taken hold of me. So I ran the other 1500 words out in the same way."

"Then," drawled the court recorder, "you waked up."—Atlanta Constitution.

Tactful Messenger Boy.
 "One of the beautiful traits in the makeup of Washington messenger boys," said a railroad man who lives in Washington, "is their tactfulness. I think otherwise. They are chock full and loaded down with tact—with the copper on. To illustrate:—

"My wife went over to New York city a few weeks ago to attend the bedside of a seriously ill relative, who was not expected to live. This morning I was sitting in my office, wondering why I didn't get a letter from her by the first mail when a tongs-headed messenger boy joggled open the door.

"Where'll I find de office o' Mr. —?" he asked mentioning my name.

"Right here, son," said I. "You're talking to him."

"Well," said the kid, measuring me up with the probable expectation that I'd do a stage back fall, "I've got a death message fer you, an' they tole me at th' office that it was important."

"Nice, mild, tactful way of putting it, wasn't it? He just left it up to me to wonder, while I was ripping the envelope open, whether the message announced the death of our aged relative or the decease of my wife. It happened to be the former, but I am inclined to believe that that boy would have been just a bit letter pleased had it been the latter."—Washington Post.

How They Catch Scorchers in London.
 A great many communications have recently been sent to the London papers saying that at the Kingston police always catch the wrong person when they attempt to stop the wheelmen from furious riding. The policemen have contradicted these accusations. There seems to be a mistake somewhere. Possibly the true explanation may be found in what is said to be a "true American story" printed in the London Mail. This story, says The Mail, has a great bearing on the case at hand. There is a certain time when the vision of the officer loses the real offender and he never gets him within the range of his eyes again. Here is the story, which is said to explain matters: "A gentleman was leaning out of a railway carriage window to kiss his wife, who was on the platform bidding him good-by. The train, however, moved on with that celerity for which American trains are famous in anecdote; so fast, indeed, that the chaste salute was bestowed on a porter at the next station. The suggestion is that, as the cyclists travel so fast in Kingston, the police do not catch the scorcher, but the slow rider who is coming up just behind him."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Charcoal used to be the fuel in the manufacture of steel. Coke has taken its place.

There are in the world about ninety establishments devoted to spinning silk waste.

Pennsylvania coal-mines are preparing to substitute compressed air for mules as the motive power for the cars in the underground workings.

Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it could not be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white cardboard.

A Turgan steam boiler is now made in Paris, France, which, with a weight under a ton, gives sixty horse power. It only occupies rather more than a cubic yard of space.

Liquid air expands 139,100 foot pounds to one pound of air, and is capable of developing tremendous power, but only the most skilled chemists dare to handle the new force.

Milk has been shown by experiment to have advantages in extinguishing burning petroleum. It forms an emulsion with the oil, and in a limited space is thus made to quench flames upon which water could be thrown with little effect.

To establish a steel-rail works, an expenditure of \$3,000,000, is required before a single rail can be turned out. The steel is made to conform to an accurate chemical composition—the most accurate in the ordinary range of technical operations.

A writer in the Edinburgh Medical Journal declares that many fancied disorders of the stomach are really the results of the metabolic misdeeds of bacteria in the intestines. Rest, milk diet, and cheese are among the remedies suggested.

Electricity, when unretarded by atmospheric influences, travels at the rate of 228,000 miles a second. Along a wire it is of course vastly slower, and a perceptible period of time is occupied by the electric current in sending telegrams over long distances.

It is said that some 9,000,000 acres of land in Italy, the cultivation of which has been abandoned because of malaria, are to be developed by the aid of American capital. Land of this nature can be reclaimed by drainage and proper attention to sanitary laws.

Sawdust is turned into transportable fuel in Germany by a very simple process. It is heated under high steam pressure until the resinous ingredients become sticky, when it is pressed into bricks. One man, with a two-horse power machine, can turn out 9000 bricks a day.

HOW WE WASTE FOOD.

It Costs Twice What It Should to Feed This Family.
 The results of a single dietary study will show the general trend of the investigations of Professor Atwater, the expert of the United States food commission. It was made in the family of a mechanic consisting of father, mother and three small daughters. According to the standards the family should have had a little more than the daily food required by three men.

This family paid for food \$12.22 in ten days, or at the rate of about \$37 per month. Their rent was \$12 per month. When the man had work, he earned about \$50 per month. Deducting the cost of food and rent from this only \$7 per month remains for fuel, light, clothing and the numerous other requirements of a family. With good management in its purchase and preparation, food sufficient to meet the needs of a man at moderate work for a day can be obtained at a cost ranging from fifteen to twenty cents. The food of the family of a well-to-do professional man, whose dietary was recently studied, cost eighteen cents per day, or but little more than half the cost of that of the family quoted in the table. By the proper expenditure of their money the New York family would have been able to buy their food for \$75 to \$26 instead of \$30 per month. The purchase of condensed milk, prepared flour, poultry and most kinds of fish, was unwise. Ordinary milk and flour and the cheaper cuts of beef would have been more economical.

The amount of food purchased might well have been reduced twenty-five per cent., and with some intelligent substitution this would have effected the saving indicated. The cost of their living would have been extravagant for a well-to-do family, and for people in poverty such as theirs it was ruinous.

In general, the investigations show that we waste food in two ways. We throw away a great deal that might well be eaten, and we eat too much. The cure for the former mistake can be found only in more careful household management. The remedy for the latter evil must come from the more general spread of such information as is contained in the tables accompanying this article, and from an appreciation of the fact that in the matter of food, economy and frugality are not only respectable but eminently desirable in giving us healthful bodies and efficient minds.—E. W. Mayo in Ainslie's.

The Uncertainties of Life.
 Colonel Andrew J. Smith, who was in Atchison a day or two ago, has had seven bullets put in him and is well and hearty. Mrs. Henry Wallenstein of Wichita picked up a rose, pricked her finger on a thorn and died within a week. Death is not always met where people most expect to find it.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

The state of Pennsylvania hatched 30,000,000 shad in the Delaware river this year, and the United States hatched 200,000,000 of the same fish in the Delaware and Susquehanna rivers combined.



"You see, madam, Ivory Soap is really the most economical. The cake is so large that it easily divides into two cakes of the ordinary size. There is twice as much soap as you get in the usual cake of toilet soap. Then it is very economical in use, for although it lathers quickly, it is always firm and hard, even in hot water. As it floats, you can not lose it or leave it to waste in the bowl. We sell it to all of our best trade for general use."

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Fun on a Military Transport.

When the United States transport Zelandia carried part of the second expedition of troops from San Francisco to Manila during the early part of the war now in progress aboard were the Tenth Pennsylvania volunteers and the now famous Utah battery.

To divert the monotony of a long voyage the yet untrained soldiers indulged in all sorts of games and pranks during the intervals between drill and school.

The officers were not all inclined to stand upon military dignity, and so when the privates had exhausted each other's good nature they dragged in the "noncoms," who in turn dragged the commissioned officers into the various traps the sky-larkers set for each other.

Says a former private who took the voyage in question: "Some of the boys were gathered together on the forward deck; quietly they passed the word back that so and so was wanted. Coming forward one of the group would beckon to him mysteriously and as he stooped to listen 'whack' would come a tremendous blow from a barrel stave from some unknown source behind him.

"After a yell of laughter had subsided he would be handed the stave and given the privilege of naming the next victim.

"This happened in turn to private, corporal, sergeant, lieutenant, captain and major, and the boldest held their breath as the major, with a grim smile, said:

"Private Smith, present my compliments to the colonel and tell him Major — respectfully desires his presence forward."

"The colonel came, stooped over, received his whack, straightened up and to the delight of the boys shouted: "Tell the chaplain to come forward at once."—Chicago News.

Robert Bonner's Methods.
 Robert Bonner read every manuscript that was submitted to the Ledger before relinquishing control to his sons. There was an old bench in the hall in front of his private office, on which the hungry literates used to sit hour after hour, waiting to speak to him. He followed religiously the barber-shop principle of first come first served. Cards were taken in over a counter in an ante-room, and to this counter the publisher would step from time to time, calling out the name of some visitor. The person would rise and begin a speech, which Bonner would interrupt with the most patient voice imaginable: "We haven't time to talk now; come back on Thursday and I will tell you whether I want the story or not." Before another word could be said he disappeared behind his private door with the precious manuscript.—New York Press.

A Loss, a Puncture and a Find.
 A Melbourne lady whose husband is in the bicycle trade lost a gold nugget brooch the other day while whirling along on her wheel. A St. Kilda hotelkeeper got a puncture in his tire the same day, and took the bicycle to the shop of the husband aforesaid, with the result that the wife's lost brooch was extricated from the puncture.—Sydney (New South Wales) Bulletin.

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