

WHAT'S LOVE?

Pray tell me what is Love?
A thing
Of which the birds
And poets sing?

"There's your wife, Captain! I've brought him aboard according to orders. What shall we do with him?"
Captain Starkweather scratched his head and considered. Then he ordered:
"Get him on deck."



HEROIC WOMEN'S WORK.

Made Bags For Defense of Legations, White Cannon's Hoard.

Lady Macdonald, Mrs. Conger and the other ladies of the legation offered their curtains and portieres for use, and the scissors ruthlessly cut up most exquisitely embroidered draperies into sand bags, while those who were in charge of the fortifications continually sent messengers asking for "more, more."

Lemon is one of the best mediums to use for removing stains from nails, and orange wood sticks should be employed for cleaning the skin beneath the nails.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS:



Decorative Ferns.

Boston ferns, and the sword variety particularly, have lately sprung into high favor in the up-to-date home as a decorative plant, quite equaling, if not surpassing, for the moment the vogue of the palm.

The Young Daughter's Room.

A dainty and pleasant room to which the young daughter of the house lays special claim is furnished in this way: The walls are papered with white paper strewn with apple blossoms, and have a frieze of the faintest tone of green.

When the Cat Travels.

A novel method to insure the comfort and safety of a cat, while traveling, was seen on an incoming train one day last week. The pet kitten was not as usual immured in the darkness and stuffiness of a box or basket.

A Dinner For \$1.50.

A dollar-and-a-half dinner will be found ample for one or two more than the five or six persons provided for, and one need not feel embarrassed at the sudden arrival of a guest if one has a meal such as this:

Take Children Into Partnership.

A lady was recently speaking of her plan to keep all business cares and anxieties from the knowledge of her children—keeping everything depressing out of their life, she called it—that they might be free to enjoy themselves as long as possible, with no feeling of trouble or responsibility.

Light Felt Hats Popular.

Felt assumes every color. Quite recently a taste was developed for pale rose colored, sky blue and mauve of different shades. This does not mean, however, that there is any decrease in the demand for chalky white and pale beige, and for the many shades of light, medium and dark browns.

Short Bolero Coats.

All the new coat costumes for winter wear show the abbreviated bolero coat, but the prettiest have some fashion of basque, either pointed, tabbed or breaking up the plain edge in some manner. Even the bolero which reaches to the waist at the back runs down into tabs or points in front, and the sack coat terminating on the hips shows slightly elongated scallops at the front.

New Styles in Hats.

All the new hats are shallow at the back and stand out a good deal in front, but toques will be very fashionable, and the black velvet picture hat of moderate size is certain to be popular. Fawns is also used for toques and for bows in straw and crinoline hats.

Care of the Finger Nails.

The ugliest hands can be improved if a little careful attention is given to the nails. The paring of them is important, they should be brilliantly polished, and, of course, the appearance of the milk white crescents is one of the chief features of a pretty finger nail.

Concerning Bridesmaids.

There has come a sudden revolution against overelaboration in the costuming of bridesmaids, and their long bag hats and bouquets have been taken from them. It is right enough to have pretty maiden attendants, but their dowry must not dwarf or outshine that of the bride.

HOW TO WALK.

Tea Should Not Be Turned Out—Girls Should Not Be Taught to "March."

On analysis all methods of walking will be found to correspond to three main types. The first of these is the flexion or bent-knee gait, which is used by all uncivilized, sandalled, or moccasined nations, and also by all persons who are obliged to walk long distances in the shortest possible time over uneven ground.

The Second Type of Walking is the straight-leg gait of the soldier on parade.

In this walk the body is held erect, the forward foot is fully extended and strikes the ground with the heel first, the ball of the foot coming down next, the other foot swinging in perfect cadence in front of the first, the heel again striking the ground first, etc.

The Third Type is the gait of the pedestrian on the well-graded surfaces of our city streets.

The great toes should move in parallel lines, pointing directly forward; for while the outward pointing of the toes is normal in the passive standing attitude, it is not normal when the foot is in action. The walk with toes pointing out has been thoroughly inculcated into most of us by nursery maids, governesses and dancing masters, and is the most potent factor in the causation of flat-foot.

An Obstacle to Portrait Painting.

"I'm painting a face," said a portrait painter, while conversing on some of the difficulties of his art. "There is one thing which I have found absolutely insurmountable. That is deafness. A sitter may be restless, self-conscious, unable to assume a natural expression, expressionless—there may be a hundred and one difficulties, but all of them except deafness you can get around in some way. You can surprise your subject into animation, make him smile, catch him in all sorts of ways unawares, and by putting this and that together at last get a characteristic likeness. Deafness alone is fatal. You tell one of your best anecdotes, one which you have used brilliantly time and time again, and your subject looks black and says, 'Beg pardon?' You go over to shout the parenthesis into his ear, and by the time you get back to your place again you've forgotten what fleeting look you were trying to catch or else your subject's face has returned to its passiveness. Deafness alone is the one thing which destroys the mutual sympathy of sitter and painter, and the immediate transference of expression to the canvas, without which a really good portrait is impossible."—New York Sun.

A Woman's Bank Account.

"Do you know, I have begun to save money," said a young woman to her companion on a train on the Erie Railroad the other evening. "My husband increased my allowance \$5 a week, and I am saving every penny of it—putting it in a savings bank and getting interest on it. The country bank where we live would not allow me any interest, so I take it in to New York just as soon as Harry gives me the money. I have \$20 in bank now."

How much interest do you get?

"Three per cent," was the reply. "That will be sixty cents in a year," continued her companion, "and you have made four trips to New York to make your deposit. That is forty cents each time for railroad fare, ten cents for car fare, and possibly fifty cents for lunch, so it costs you \$4 to make your deposits."

You talk just like a man.

"You talk just like a man," was the depositor's indignant comment. "You don't count the pleasure of walking up to the bank clerk and laying down your deposit just like a business man. That is worth a dollar."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Scotch Story.

In a dull Scottish village on a dull morning one neighbor called upon another. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation went thus: "Cauid?" "Ay."

Belligerent Boob's Bird.

Captain Bruhn, of the Kauai, was run into by a booby bird on the way from Kauai on Wednesday night. The creature hitting him a thump on the top of the head as he was on the bridge started him a good deal, and for a minute he thought he had been struck by the wake of the vessel which was cast drift by the heavy seas.

GRATEFUL FOR KINDNESS.

How an Indian Rewarded a Man Who Heeded Him a Service.

President Dwight of Yale college, tells a good story of Indian wit and friendship. In the early days of Litchfield, Conn., an Indian called at the tavern and asked the landlady for food, frankly stating that he had no money with which to pay for it. She refused him harshly, but a white man who stood by, noted the red man's half-famished state, and offered to pay for his supper. The meal was furnished, returned to the fire and told his benefactor a story. "You know the Bible?" said the redskin. The man assented. "Well," said the Indian, "the Bible says God made the world, and then he took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' He made light, and he took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then he made dry land and water and sun and moon and grass and trees, and took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then he made beasts and birds and fishes, and took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then he made a man and took him and look at him and say, 'He good, very good.' Then he made a woman, and took him and look at him, and he no dare say one such word!" That last conclusion was uttered with a meaning glance at the landlady. Some years after this occurrence, the man who paid for the Indian's supper was captured by redskins and carried to Canada, where he was made to work like a slave. One day an Indian came to him, recalled to his mind the occurrence at the Litchfield tavern, and ended by saying: "I am that Indian. Now my turn pay. I see you home. Come with me." And the redskin guided the man back to Litchfield.

THEIR PITIFUL END.

When Indian Women Become Too Old to Work They Are Left to Die.

The attention of the United States government has just been called to a barbarous custom that it still being practiced among the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indians in Oklahoma Territory. The Indians of these tribes, while living under the management of an Indian agent, are comparatively civilized, and do not go on the warpath, but work for their living as farmers. But they have no love in their hearts for one of their own people after that person has passed his or her age of usefulness. An aged squaw, after she reaches the age of eighty years, is sent into the fields and left there to die, unless some sympathetic white person comes along and sends the poor old woman to the Indian agency where she may be taken care of at the expense of the government. Travelers in the reservation may hear the distressing cries of some deserted woman at most any time they care to listen. The women are given a few days' rations, clothed in their best garments and taken into the fields amid the horses and cattle. There they are left alone. Not being strong enough to get away, they have to remain there and die. The plains of this Indian reservation are strewn with the bones of those who have been left to die because they were getting too old to work any more.

Bounced Out of His Seat.

"In the matter of strategy a woman can get the better of a man every time, in minor affairs, at least," said a man who is in business down town, and who rides home in a West Philadelphia car during the rush hour every evening, says the Philadelphia Record. "I usually get a seat, for I take the car away down at Fourth street. The other evening I was busily reading my paper when a woman got aboard at Twelfth street. I glanced up slyly, and saw that all the seats were occupied. Hasty as my glance was she caught my eye and that was my finish. Smiling broadly, she came over to where I was sitting and exclaimed, 'Why, how do you do? How are all the folks? I couldn't place the woman to save my life, but I lifted my hat and replied that we were all well. 'She must be some friend of the family,' I argued with myself, so I folded up my paper and gave her my seat. After she had settled herself comfortably she looked up at me in a queer sort of way and said: 'Really, I must beg your pardon. I took you for Mr. Jones. You look so much like him.' But she had the seat, and she kept it. It was a clear case of a 'neco.'"

He who cannot feel friendship is alike incapable of love.

Lette woman beware of a man who owns no one but himself.—Talleyrand.

MARKET QUOTATIONS.

Table with market quotations for Baltimore and New York, listing various goods and their prices.