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WRITE FOR OUR BIG FREE STOVE CATALOGUE.

FAN PAINTING.

A New Fad That Will Be Popular with the Ladies This Winter.

A new kind of fancy work is come into fashion, and it is one that is not likely to be very common, as it requires considerable talent, a knowledge of painting, and is, besides, very expensive work. It is the painting of fans. This is not exactly new, for fans have been painted on parchment, paper, silk and transparent material for some time, but it is now the fashion to paint on vellum, parchment or pigskin. Even better than any of these is chicken skin, but this is difficult to obtain as yet in this country, and those fans that have been finished have been painted on skins that were bought abroad.

The fan should be of medium size, not large, but yet larger than the empire fan that has been fashionable for so long. The fad is to use two or three shades of one color—for instance, blue or brown—and the design can be a miniature with scrollwork about it, some odd design in arabesque or Grecian pattern, or the design on some old fan may be copied. Museums are ransacked and old books pored over to find designs that are popular to copy. Some women who are ambitious and really have talent for this sort of thing have copied the Watteau pictures; others have contented themselves with much simpler things; and the trouble is with a very simple design that it leaves so much of the skin uncovered, and this requires most careful toning down in coloring—a most difficult piece of work—and as yet the fad is only in its infancy, and there are not many places where this accomplishment is taught.

After the fan is painted comes another difficulty; that is the mounting of it properly. Antique shops furnish rare specimens of carved ivory, tortoise shell and mother-of-pearl sticks, and, of course, these add greatly to the beauty of the work; but they will not always fit the design. The most successful workers buy their sticks first then have the skin cut, or, at all events, marked out into the proper size, and then pay some attention to the pattern on the stick in the design that is painted. These fans make most charming wedding or Christmas presents, but, it must be well understood, it takes some time to finish satisfactorily, and are, as has been said, expensive. They are not good for hard wear, but deserve a place in a cabinet or on a table of fancy trifles. Undoubtedly there will be a great number of these turned out when they are better known, and when women take lessons in painting. Every line of good work will show to advantage, but, alas! every incorrect line will also stand out most conspicuously. Painting on vellum will certainly be one of the new fashions before long, not only for such work as has been described, but for portfolios, book covers and the thousand and one trifles that go on the writing desk. Vellum takes colors most satisfactorily, and for anyone who is artistic enough to blend colors well this work turns out so that it well repays the trouble taken in doing it. Of course slovenly drawing and inharmonious coloring will give an amateurish effect which will rob the work of grace.—Harper's Bazar.

ABBAS II., THE KHEDIVE.

Some Facts About the Young Monarch Whom England Does Not Like.

Abbas II. seems bent upon making himself impossible, and in the event of his deposition becoming necessary the readiest substitute would appear to be his younger brother, who from childhood upward was always the brighter and more amiable boy of the two. But there is an alternative worth consideration, and that is the restoration of the old Mussulman succession vested in the elder branch of the family. This was set aside in 1866 by Sultan Abdull Aziz, who was bribed by Viceroy Ismail to alter the succession to his direct line.

It was then that he received from his suzerain the high-sounding Persian title of khedive. By this arbitrary act Prince Halim, the only surviving son of Mehemet Ali, was excluded from the succession in favor of Ismail's son, Tewfik. Halim, the most liberal and enlightened member of the family, is now dead, but his children remain. The eldest son, Prince Said, who has received a careful European education, would be persona grata to the Egyptian people, both as the grandson of Mehemet Ali and as representing a return to the Koranic law of succession.

The present khedive is the seventh ruler of Egypt in the line of Mehemet Ali, and the second Abbas. The name is a sinister one in the Egyptian dynasty. The first Abbas, who succeeded Ibrahim in 1849, had a brief reign, but long enough to make his memory execrated. Cowardly and cruel, addicted to the most repugnant form of vice, he was assassinated by his own creatures in 1854 at Abbasiyeh, in the palace whose gaunt remains still line the road.

His name became a by-word in Egypt, and the members of the vice regal family have always discreetly consigned him to oblivion as much as possible. He did not reside at the Cairo citadel like his predecessors, Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim, but built himself a rambling palace in the heart of the town, a conspicuous feature of which is a lofty tower, which he used for his hobby of pigeon flying. Latterly he hid himself in Abbasiyeh.—London Chronicle.

Camphor Balls for Winter Use.

Camphor balls, which are so good for chapped hands in the winter, should be made in autumn, so that they may mature and harden completely. They are composed of lard, two ounces; white wax two ounces, and powdered camphor, half an ounce. Melt these together, and make into balls when warm and moist.—Chicago Chronicle.

MOSQUITO TIME IN FLORIDA.

A Period When All Social Life and Outdoor Enjoyment Is at a Standstill.

I shall never forget the feeling I had when one of my neighbors said, at the beginning of the season: "Oh, well, there are not many days when you cannot drive into town in the middle of the day for the mail." I did not understand her, or scarcely believe her, but I do now. I also know of several other families who have regularly prepared for the mosquito season by laying in a stock of sewing and reading, and who announced, when the season began, that they did not intend to go out or to receive until it was over; so that practically all social life is at a standstill, invitations usually ending with, "weather and mosquitoes permitting." The moonlight nights in this little corner of the earth are glorious, but we have only been able to enjoy them from our front piazza steps once in nearly two months, and then only for a brief half hour, while a strong sea breeze swept in over the bay; at the same time, friends living a mile away have sat out on the piazza, "every evening for a while."

I am writing of life on the coast of Florida, more than 300 miles south of St. Augustine, and of a part of the country that, in spite of mosquitoes, has a wonderful future before it, and is already the great truck garden section of the state for early vegetables and tropical fruit, as well as a most delightful winter resort and fishing and hunting country.

Sitting now at my front door, behind a screen of the finest wire work, I can look out on to one of the most beautiful of landscapes, the blue waters of the bay rippling in the sunshine, the long leaves or branches of the cocoanut trees bending and swaying with a pleasant rustling, while the crimson blossoms of the hibiscus bushes are nodding good-naturedly over the gray stones of the wall at the mocking bird playing hide-and-seek among the ginger plants; and just beyond the wall, on the path leading up from the water, and bordered on both sides by banana trees, there comes a man, who has just landed at the wharf with a string of sea trout for me; he wears a frame over his head covered with mosquito netting, and, as they say here, is "batting himself" with a green branch that I saw him break from my favorite guava tree. Of course I shall buy the fish, which will cost a mere trifle, but it will take at least ten minutes to clear the kitchen of mosquitoes that will come in with the sea beauties; for, as my fisherman says, "they are very bad this morning."

If he were a visitor he would have to brush or be brushed off before he could enter with the palmetto brush, that takes the place of the front door bell during mosquito time; for the brushing operation is a noisy one. All out-of-door work must be attended to in the middle of the day, when the mosquitoes are less troublesome.—Harper's Bazar.

IN SELF-DEFENSE.

The Rough Rider Was Modest and Only Wanted to Get Back to Texas.

When the prisoner appeared before the police judge in a Missouri town it was difficult to say what manner of man he was or whence he came. It was evident, though, that he was not entirely sober and had been very much less so. In addition, he had no doubt been rolling in the gutter and had scraped his face over some pretty rough sidewalk. All in all, he was a dilapidated specimen; yet there was something about him that bore the distinctive mark of difference from the common herd of that courtroom.

"Aren't you one of the famous rough riders?" asked the judge after he had talked to him very plainly, watching him narrowly the meanwhile.

The prisoner held up his hand warningly.

"Don't give it away, judge," he said, looking around in alarm.

"What do you mean?" responded the astonished judge.

"Just what I say, judge," repeated the prisoner, bending over so as to get as near as possible. "Don't give it away. I thought I had concealed my identity from the public gaze." And he looked down over himself, half in pride, half in shame.

This was too much for the judge, and, bringing the prisoner nearer, so he could tell his story confidentially, so to to speak, he told him to proceed.

"Well, you see, it was this a-way judge," said the prisoner with a Texas accent, "when I was mustered out and begin to see what the great American people thought of us fellers that fit into the Spaniards at Santiago I seen that if I didn't do something in self-defense purty soon I was goin' to be run for office by the party that got to me first, er that I was goin' to have the face kissed off of me by a string of gals a mile long, and I concluded I'd jist git low-down, common drunk and stay that a-way till I could git to a safe place in Texas. I've escaped up to date, and if you'll not say a word, judge, but jist shove me along west, I reckon I'll git back home in fair enough shape, all things considered. What do you say, judge; is it a go?"

It was indeed, and the judge instructed a police officer to keep an eye on the distinguished prisoner, and see that he was put on the next train pointing its cowcatcher toward the southwest corner of the great republic.—Washington Star.

Agreed with Her.

"Woman's work is never done," complained Mrs. Wrinkle, as she passed the bread to her husband.

"No," assented Wrinkle, as he broke open the biscuit, "wonder why it is they never get done in the center?"—Ohio State Journal.

OF A PERSONAL NATURE.

The duke of Cambridge is the only member of the royal family who employs a woman cook.

A young man named Shivers has been arrested at Chillicothe, Mo., for stealing a stove.

Though one of the youngest general officers in the confederate army Gen. Wheeler was the oldest in the national service against Spain.

Gen. Wood, military governor of Santiago, before the war broke out was an obscure army surgeon with a salary of $2,400 and no prospects.

Rev. Frederick C. Brown, now on the Iowa, which is making the voyage to Manila, is said to be the youngest chaplain in the navy. His age is 25.

Senator Fairbanks, of Indiana, is said to be one of the greatest readers in the senate. All new books, especially history and fiction, are at once purchased by him.

Harrison M. Seal, of Whitcomb, near Brookville, Ind., probably holds the voting record for that state. He voted for Jackson in 1828 and for each democratic presidential candidate since then.

Paul Du Chaillu, who is visiting in Boston, said the other day: "I don't know why I'm always called the 'African traveler.' I spent three times as many years in exploring the 'land of the midnight sun.'"

Balzac's birthday, the 20th of next May, is his centenary, and it is to be celebrated both at Paris and Tours. It is said that his long-forgotten play, "Maratre," will be performed at the Paris Odeon.

OATMEAL FOR BREAKFAST.

The Greek traders seem to have had some knowledge of oats, as they termed them bromos.

It is not known what country first cultivated the wild oat grass to a condition usable for human food, nor is any reference made to this grain in the Old Testament.

Oatmeal in the olden times was an extremely coarse food, as the only means of separating husk from groat was bruising sundried oats between stones by hand and afterward winnowing in a strong breeze.

The phenomenal growth of the oatmeal industry in our country is second to none, when it is noted that as early as 1865 the milling of oats was a most limited affair. The larger proportion of oatmeal sold here came from Canada and Great Britain and it is an amusing fact that the retail druggists carried packages of Scotch oatmeal in stock to meet the requirements of physicians, who would prescribe gruel for their patients made from it.

If our advice was asked regarding the consumption of cereals we would give it emphatically, never eat oatmeal every morning, but alternate it with other cereals such as corn, wheat and rye, which are manufactured in such variety of form that you have no need of duplicating your breakfast food but once in two weeks. It has been definitely shown that the continuous use of oatmeal by the Scotch people has caused more cases of dyspepsia than any other known food.

CONCERNING PERFUMES.

Bartholm says: "The odor of the rosemary indicates the coast of Spain more than ten leagues out to sea."

Cinnamon is an aromatic bark of odorous fragrance. It is a native of Ceylon and India. The Egyptians and Romans held it in high esteem.

The Bedouins use civet to anoint their bodies, a substance of the consistency of honey, strong and offensive in itself, but agreeable when a very small proportion is mixed with other ingredients.

Lavender is an English production and is cultivated about Hertford, Surrey and several other districts. Its name, "lavandula," from "lavare," to wash, indicates its use, which was performing the baths of wealthy people.

Some perfumes have a stronger scent than others, some give out their fragrance at special times. Certain flowers need the warmth of the sun, some the soft rain and others the cool night air before they venture to throw out their redolence into the atmosphere.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NOTES.

Amateur photographers in Russia are obliged to secure licenses.

The late empress of Austria was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and in the course of her wanderings in European countries made over 1,000 studies of the various types of beauty that came in her way.

A photographic film 9½ miles in length is somewhat of a novelty, even in this age of big things. Three of these articles of the size stated are now in progress of construction for use in a cinematograph. The cost of these films is about £200 a mile. Photographic films can, therefore, now be had per yard, per acre, or per mile.

One of the latest and most novel, as well as daring, feats of the amateur photographer is to take portraits in profile, and then trim and mount the same so that the head is completely cut away, leaving only the line of profile. In this the familiar lines, which serve to reproduce what is commonly knownas the likeness, are all preserved.

ODD LITTLE FACTS.

A woman's brain declines in weight after the age of 30.

Many thousands of persons in Chicago wear wooden shoes.

Paper quilts are extensively used abroad by the poorer classes.

In very clear water sunlight penetrates to a depth of over 1,500 feet.

Small nostrils are said by physiologists to indicate small and weak lungs.

Fleas will never touch an epileptic, and will instantly leave a dead or dying person.

IF HE HAD LEFT HIM?

But Mr. Little Stayed by Jerry Macauley and the Sot Became a Power for Righteousness.

"Do you know Jesus?" was the question which to unaccustomed ears may seem abrupt and irreverent.

"And who is He?"

The reply, expressing as much defiance as ignorance, was uttered by a fierce-looking woman on the stairs of a dirty tenement-house at 17 "Cherry Hill," New York city, 27 years ago.

The questioner was Mr. Little, a visitor from an uptown church. The woman had placed herself in his way and disputed his passage.

In a room near by lay a drunkard just awaking from his sodden sleep. Through the partly-open door he heard the stranger's voice, and gathering himself up from the floor, came out to see who it was. The apparition of the unshaven "rough" in his red shirt and high-legged boots was so threatening that Mr. Little retreated downstairs; but the man followed him.

"Say," he called, hoarsely, "what name was it you asked that woman about?"

Mr. Little believed he meant to make trouble, and his surprise may be imagined when the fellow added:

"I used to love that name years ago—when I was in prison—but I lost Him. I wish I knew where I could find Him."

It was a fact that the drunkard was one of the convicts who had been influenced by the preaching of Orville Gardner, the converted prize-fighter, 12 years before, in one of the state prisons. His reformed life and docile behavior had shortened his sentence and Gov. Dix before his term had expired pardoned him.

With no offered opening to encourage the "jailbird" in honest living, his relapse into his old ways was almost inevitable. If he had friends of the true sort, they lost sight of him.

Mr. Little at once returned to the man and took him to a room in New Bowery, listened to his story, treated him as a brother, and saw him sign the pledge.

The next time he met the ex-convict—three nights afterward—the man was in liquor, and making his way to the river in company with a Water street thief. The missionary begged him to turn back and go to his home with him, but he pleaded that he "couldn't starve."

"I'll pawn the coat I have on," said Mr. Little, "before I'll see you steal."

The poor fellow looked at his friend. "If you are that kind of a friend I'll die before I'll steal," he said.

"'Seek first the kingdom of God—and all the rest will be given to you.' Jerry, that's Bible."

"I'll take it," said Jerry; and regardless of his profane companion's abuse, he left him and walked off with the missionary.

Not only once, but five times after this the "reformed" ex-convict fell—and began again, for Mr. Little would not leave him. He followed him with his friendly help, and he summoned aid of his Christian allies, until he saw him safely on his feet, and standing out boldly as a professed follower of Christ.

Jerry Macauley did not fall again. The mission founded by him at 316 Water street, New York, and which bears his name, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary in Carnegie hall the 21st of last November.

It is a health-spot in the purlieus of sin. It has brought life and blessings to hundreds of darkened and debased souls who else would have known no God and no divine teacher.

Against the evil he once did, a grateful community will set the gracious later influence of the sometime thief and outcast, Jerry Macauley.

But what if Mr. Little had left him? In the divine habit of mercy there are years of patience, and "seventy times seven" forgivings to one repulse. Only after such love is wasted, can come the terrible sentence: "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone."—Youth's Companion.

DUTY DEFINED.

Some Good Definitions Recently Elicited by the Ram's Horn in a Prize Contest.

Duty is the fulfillment of all known law.—John Semones.

Duty—That which man owes to God and man.—William H. Cord.

Duty is doing the right thing at the right time.—W. C. Armstrong.

Duty is God's will done—moral obligation reverenced by work.—C. Poling.

Duty is the full measure of man's obligation gauged by the Golden Rule.—C. G. Steinhart.

Duty is that, the doing of which at any given moment is the only course that will put us in right relation to self, to man and God.—T. F. Murphy.

Duty is our obligation or what we ought to do in view of all law, written or unwritten, natural, moral or spiritual.—Mrs. H. C. Wharton.

A nettle that stings the careless hand;
Yet strangely, doth impart
New strength and peace when boldly seized
And firmly pressed to heart.
—N. A. Villus.

A debt we owe; the debt of love,
To man below, to God above;
One we should pay to young and old,
Each passing day in deeds of gold.
—Mrs. E. L. Stapley.

Duty is that one thing which an enlightened conscience tells us we ought to do or say at a certain time; a debt we owe humanity, including ourselves. Duties often come in numbers, but each has its own order of time and place, and never conflict when these are rightly assigned.—Mrs. D. W. Morrison.

Patience.

Patience true is beautifying, but it is also empowering. It does a work in us—a perfect work.—Dr. McElveen.

Highest Fame.

The highest fame is found in self-abnegation that others may be glorified.—Rev. F. C. Harding.

A Fleshy Consumptive

Did you ever see one? Did you ever hear of one? Most certainly not. Consumption is a disease that invariably causes loss of flesh.

If you are light in weight, even if your cough is only a slight one, you should certainly take

Scott's Emulsion

of cod liver oil with hypophosphites. No remedy is such a perfect preventive to consumption. Just the moment your throat begins to weaken and you find you are losing flesh, you should begin to take it.

And no other remedy has cured so many cases of consumption. Unless you are far advanced with this disease, Scott's Emulsion will hold every inducement to you for a perfect cure.

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Men's Suits and Overcoats made to order from $5.00 up. Samples sent free on application. Address,
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A REGULAR $5.00 WATERPROOF MACKINTOSH FOR $2.75.
Send No Money. Cut this ad. out and send to us, state your height and weight, state number of inches around body at breast taken over vest under coat, close up under arms, and we will send you this coat by express, C.O.D., subject to examination; examine and try it on at your nearest express office and if found exactly as represented and the most wonderful value you ever saw or heard of and equal to any coat you can buy for $5.00, pay the express agent our special offer price, $2.75, and express charges.
THIS MACKINTOSH is latest 1899 style, made from heavy waterproof tan color, genuine Davis Covert Cloth, 52 inches long, double breasted, Sagger valued collar, fancy plaid lining, waterproof sewed, strapped and cemented seams, suitable for men's rain or overcoat, guaranteed greatest value ever offered by us or any other house. For Cloth Samples of Men's Mackintoshes and Overcoats as from $5.00 to $25.00, and Made-to-Measure Suits to $5.00, write for Sample Book No. 99C. Address,
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.